Middle Earth: The Final Frontier

by WeWillSpockYou

Summary

The crew of the USS Enterprise encounters a stable wormhole. Though Spock advises against it, Jim takes a shuttle into the wormhole to see where it takes him. The Enterprise loses contact with her Captain who has woken up to find himself far from home and at sword point.

This is the first chapter of this series and will be updated every Sunday.
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter End Notes

My undying love to the amazing Corrie71 who made this cover for me. I had never seen this pic of Chris before today and it was the exact image of him I had in my head for how he looked on the day he ended up in Middle Earth.

I hope everyone who read the story originally will love this cover as much as I do. For those of you who haven't read this story before, I hope you enjoy it. This story is my heart!
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Captain James Tiberius Kirk stared in wonder at the sight before his eyes; a tunnel of purple and blue light pulsing in the cold, dark vacuum of space. This shouldn’t be here, theoretically it shouldn’t exist at all, but there it was, beckoning to Jim’s explorer’s soul. “Spock what can you tell me about this anomaly.”

“Captain, it appears to be a wormhole of unknown origin. Rumors have persisted in this quadrant for decades attesting to the existence of this phenomenon, but as of yet, no scientific proof has come to light confirming or denying what it is in actuality.”

Jim continued to stare out the view screen at the burst of colored light. Spock was always one for downplaying the significance of things he was unable to understand fully and of course being Vulcan, he did not display any sign that the wonder of this sight was affecting him. “Spock send a probe into the wormhole and report your findings. I’ll be in Medbay, with Doctor Parks.”

“So, as you can see Captain, the crew seems to be in top physical form. I would advise a stop to replenish our stores of fresh fruit and vegetables as soon as possible, the human body wasn’t meant-”

Jim had stopped listening. If there was a more BORING Chief Medical Officer in the ‘fleet he would eat his command golds. Doctor Robert Parks was about fifty years old and as much fun as two week old tuna fish. He was antiquated, monotone, liked to talk endlessly about the value of good nutrition, and he smelled like rotten milk. Jim wondered if the guy got hard when you talked produce to him. Jim’s entire body shivered at that thought.

“Captain? Captain Kirk?”

“Sorry, doctor, I was thinking about the wormhole.” Jim felt residual tremors scream through his nervous system.

“Yes well, as I was saying, kale is the super-vegetable of the future, everyone should be eating kale…”

**Spock to Captain Kirk**

“Excuse me please, doctor.” THANK fucking Christ, Spock you beautiful bastard. “Mr. Spock?”

“Captain, the probe I sent out into the wormhole has begun transmitting data back to the ship. I have prepared a report for you as requested.”

“I’ll be right there, Spock. Kirk out.”

“Doctor we’ll have to resume this discussion on spinach another day.”

“It was kale, Captain.”

“Kale? YUCK!” Jim all but ran from medbay.
“Keptin on ze bridge.” Chekov announced when he stepped off the turbolift.

“What have we got, Spock?”

“Captain, the wormhole appears to be stable, although sensors are unable to ascertain where it leads in space-time.” Wormholes were notoriously unstable and so far the Federation refused to allow starships to travel through them.

“Well Spock, we’re explorers, let’s explore!” Jim’s eyes danced in delight. He turned back to stare at the wormhole and knew in that moment just how lucky he was to be standing here, seeing this with his own eyes.

“What is your plan, Captain?”

“I’m taking a shuttle and going in there, Spock.”

The bridge erupted in chaos.

“Captain, ye cannae go alone.” Scotty yelled. “Plus I cannae guarantee we c’n get ya back, please reconsider Jim.”

“Captain, Mr. Scott is right, at least allow me to accompany you in the shuttle.”

“No Spock, someone has to stay on board in command of the Enterprise. I need that person to be you.”

“That someone should be you, Captain.” Uhura was pissed. It still amazed Jim when she was willing to put Spock in danger in order to keep him on the bridge where he belonged; her words, not his.

Sulu only smiled at his Captain; at his best friend. He knew Jim well enough not to argue.

“Talk to me Karu.”

“Well Jim, you’ve already made up your mind, so boldly go, Godspeed, man. We’ll do what we can from here to monitor you while keeping the Enterprise safe.” Hikaru walked to Jim and embraced him, slapping his back. Jim hugged him right back.

“Thanks, Karu. Spock, take good care of our girl, she’s all yours.”

“Indeed Captain.” Spock raised an eyebrow and turned his mind to keeping his captain safe.

“Kirk to Enterprise.”

“Spock here Captain.”

“I’m approaching the entrance to the wormhole. Spock, is it still stable?”

“Yes it is Captain, however I still advise against you piloting the shuttle inside. Mr. Scott is not sure how far you can travel into the aperture before it is too late to beam you back safely.”

“Noted, Commander. I will point out again that we are here to explor-”

“Captain? Captain, can you hear me? JIM?” The bridge crew stood in stunned silence as crackling static was all they heard in response.
“Sulu what readings do you have on the shuttle?”

“None Sir, it’s gone from my telemetry.”

“Lieutenant Uhura, keep trying to raise the shuttle on comms.”

“Aye, Sir.”

“Mr. Scott, do you have a transporter lock on the Captain’s coordinates?”

“No laddie, he’s gone.”

What in holy fuck did I have to drink last night? Jim’s head was pounding, it felt like he’d gone ten rounds with an angry Gorn. His eyes were slammed shut and the roiling in his belly told him it was a good idea to keep them that way. What Jim could tell from his other senses was that he was warm. He could feel sunshine beating down on his body. He was dry, for the most part, he fanned his hands out from his chest and they encountered what felt like dewy grass beneath them. The air smelled fresh and clean, it was almost as if he could smell the sunshine. He could smell the earth beneath him. It was quiet, unnaturally so. He could hear the rustle of the wind through the grass. What he couldn’t hear was the hustle and bustle of everyday life on earth.

Where on Earth was he? Jim slammed his eyes open and was blinded by the sunshine. FUCK ME, Jim thought…the wormhole. The last thing he remembered was being in the shuttle and piloting it into the anomaly. It had been amazing. The way the colors dipped and swirled around. It was peaceful and majestic, so dammed beautiful he could have cried. He wished the rest of the Enterprise could have seen it with him. The Enterprise? Where was she? Was her crew safe? He reached back into his pocket and managed to wiggle his communicator free. “Kirk to Enterprise?”

Nothing. No static, no pissed off Uhura yelling at him to get his damn self back on board. No Scotty telling him the first round was on him for scaring the fuck outta everyone, no emotionless Spock to welcome him back. Where ever the hell Jim Kirk was, he was alone.

Eomer was enjoying his morning ride through the meadow miles outside the gates of Edoras. He could feel the warmth of the sunshine on his shoulders and reveled in the calm his early morning rides with Firefoot provided. “It is a pretty morning, is it not my beauty?” He cooed to the horse. For his part, Firefoot nickered softly and tossed his ears back. He was running through his mind a list of tasks to accomplish for the day when the color of gold caught his eye. Knowing that color was not of his meadow, he turned the horse toward the object and cantered him forward.

As he got closer Eomer thought the object looked like a man, but how could a man have wandered into the Riddermark without raising the alarm. He pulled his sword from the scabbard on the saddle and slowed Firefoot to a walk as he approached the seated body. He spoke as Eomer approached. “Kirk to Enterprise?”

He slid from the horse’s saddle and walked quietly toward the man, heard the stranger sigh and touched the tip of his sword to the man’s neck. “Explain your presence or my sword will taste your blood.”

Jim jumped a mile at the touch of cold steel and at the menace in the strange voice from behind him. How had someone managed to creep up behind him? Jim hadn’t heard a sound. He slowly raised his hands in the air. “My name is James Kirk, I’m the Captain of the Starship Enterprise. As you can see,
I am unarmed, now would you kindly take the point of your sword away from my neck?"

“How did you slip past the guards and into Rohan? These are troubled times and strangers are not welcomed here.” Eomer took a moment to examine the man. His hair was short and shone like gold in the sunshine. His shirt was golden as well; the color he had seen from afar and he wore thick breaches on his legs and black boots. His mind wandered for a moment wondering what that golden hair would feel like against his fingertips.

Jim rolled forward onto his knees and away from the kiss of the blade. He kept his arms raised in submission as he got to his feet and turned around. The man with the sword was a bit taller than he was, with long golden hair and angry hazel eyes. He wore a baggy green colored shirt over broad shoulders and fawn colored leggings with boots that came up almost to his knees. He held the sword, still pointed at Jim. “Hey man, nice costume, who are you supposed to be, Joan of Arc?”

“Never mind who I am, who are you? Speak quickly, I do not suffer fools lightly.”

“I told you, my name is James Kirk. My friends call me Jim.” He reached a hand forward to the stranger, hoping his sign of friendship would cause the man to lower his lethal looking blade.

“Eomer, son of Eomund, Third Marshall of Riddermark.” He switched the sword to his left hand and reached forward to grasp Jim’s hand in his own. He felt the strength and power in the other man and also a jolt of something run through his whole body. A jolt of what? Awareness? Lust? Hell if he knew and now wasn’t the time to delve more deeply into the subject.

Jim felt Eomer’s touch sizzle across his nerves. The other man had rough, calloused skin; he was a man used to hard work, a man who worked with his hands. “It’s nice to meet you and thanks for dropping the sword, just where am I exactly?” Jim kept Eomer’s hand firmly ensconced in his own. Why he found the other man’s touch so comforting, he couldn’t say. This man was the only person who could answer his questions and he needed his help to get back to the Enterprise.

“You are in Rohan, how did you come to be here?” Eomer eased his hand from Jim’s grasp and felt the loss when the contact between them was broken. Who was this bewitching stranger?

“I’m not totally sure you would believe me if I told you Eomer.” Now that the sword was no longer pointing at anything vital, Jim took a moment to look around and he spotted Firefoot. “Is this your horse?” Jim asked with wonder in his voice, taking a step toward the animal, stopping short when Eomer’s sword came back up to point at his chest. “I thought we’d moved past the sword, I’m not going to hurt you and I’m sure as hell not going to hurt that magnificent animal.” Jim sidestepped Eomer and his sword and reached a hand out to the horse as he approached. “You’re such a beautiful boy, aren’t you? Yes, you are. I’m Jim and I’m kinda hoping you’ll be my friend, since all your master wants to do is run me through with his sword.” Firefoot bumped his muzzle into Jim’s hand and Jim scratched above his nose. He brought his other hand up to pat along the horse’s neck. Firefoot blew a breath out through his nose and bent his head to nuzzle against the side of Jim’s face. Jim laughed. “You’re a lot friendlier than your master, huh, boy?” Jim continued to croon and pet the horse.

Eomer was stunned. Firefoot didn’t like anyone but him and there were some days when even he would doubt the horse’s affections for him. This was unheard of, Firefoot was acting like a teenage girl, stomping his hooves and tossing his head prettily in front of…Jim Kirk, what a strange name, why did he have two names and why hadn’t he identified his father? Eomer had too many questions and not enough answers, it was time to stop this now. “Jim,” He said, testing his name out on his tongue, it felt strange yet somehow safe. “Why are you here in Rohan, how did you get past the guard, who is your father, where are you from?”
“Hold on there a minute, cowboy, why don’t you let me answer a few of those questions, before you ramble on with more, okay? But first, is there a stream or something nearby where I can wash my face and have something to drink?”

Cowboy? What strange language. Eomer sighed, “Follow me.” He walked back to his traitorous horse and sheathed his sword. If Firefoot was willing to abide Jim’s touch, then he would bring no harm to Eomer.

They walked on silently together. Jim was trying to figure out the best way to explain this all since Eomer looked so…medieval. How was he going to explain the idea of a ship that flew through space and now time? “My name is James Tiberius Kirk. I was born in the year 2233 in a place called Iowa.” Jim paused to look over at Eomer who was standing with his mouth agape. “Are you okay, Eomer?”

He shook his head trying to clear it, if Jim were to be believed he was seven hundred eighty-eight years old. “This is year 3021 of the Third Age. That would make you almost eight hundred years old, Jim. This is not possible.”

“There is a lot that is not possible, a lot more which you may have a hard time believing.” Jim ran a hand up the back of his neck and into his hair. Eomer watched the way his hand moved; his fingers were graceful and flowing. They had arrived at the stream and Jim knelt down to cup water in his hand. It was frigid, but felt good when he slapped it up against his face. He dropped his hands back into the water and brought them up to his lips and drank deeply. The water was sweet and pure. Once Jim had his fill, he sat down on a nearby, sun-warmed rock. He took a deep breath before beginning again. “I’m not from here, Eomer, not from your world. I- I’m not sure how to explain this to you. Where I am from, I am only twenty-six years old. I went to school at a place called Starfleet Academy. It’s a school where you learn how to…to—” How the fuck could he explain this without Eomer thinking he was bat-shit crazy? Fuck it, go big or go…well just fuck it. “It’s a school that teaches people how to fly ships to the stars.”

Eomer was lost in the story Jim was telling him. He knew of ships, had seen them at the port in Gondor when he was a child. They were hulking masses of timber, it seemed impossible that something so heavy could stay afloat. He did not understand how it was possible to move that great vessel from the water into the stars. “How is that possible Jim? I do not understand.” His hazel eyes looked puzzled, but his body language remained calm.

“Your people fight battles with swords, yes?” Jim asked and when Eomer nodded in the affirmative, he continued. “What did your people use for weapons before swords?” Jim smiled at Eomer, his eyes sparkling in the morning sunshine.

“My ancestors used spears, bows and arrows, before that, rocks.” Eomer’s lips quirked quickly in response to Jim’s smile. Jim had the most amazing eyes Eomer had ever seen. They reminded him of the sky on a summer afternoon or of the flowers that bloomed in the springtime meadow. He could get lost in eyes like those. Eomer felt his hands twitch, felt himself wanting to reach out and touch Jim, to walk his fingers down the side of Jim’s face, to brush across his full bottom lip. He needed to stop his wandering mind, as Jim had begun to speak again.

“Just as your methods of warfare have advanced, so have methods of transportation in my world. We have developed technologies- devices, machines, rather, that allow us to move at greater rates of speed, to actually leave the earth and fly through the air like a bird.” Jim raised his arms up into the air and swooped them around to look like he was flying.

He took a deep breath before he continued on. “I know it sounds crazy, I do, but I’m telling you the truth.” Jim dropped his head into his hands as he felt desperation creep up his spine and settle around
his brain. How did you explain space travel to man whose culture had not yet progressed beyond the Bronze Age? More importantly how was he ever going to get back to the Enterprise? He was surprised by a warm hand on his shoulder. He picked his head up from his hands and looked to see Eomer standing beside him. How did such a big man move so soundlessly? His hand was heavy on Jim’s shoulder, the weight was comforting. There was kindness in his hazel eyes which were now glowing green. They were beautiful. He was beautiful.

“There are many mysteries in this life Jim. Strange and mystical things man is not meant to understand yet, if at all.” Eomer squeezed his shoulder and then lightly ran his thumb against Jim’s collarbone. “I do not disbelieve your story, though it is rather fantastical. It is plain you are not from Rohan, nor from anywhere close by. I can also see that you do no mean me or my people any harm. If you choose to accompany me, I would bring you back home with me.”

Jim let out the breath he was not aware he was holding. He was close to tears, close to losing his composure and his control. He reached a hand up and placed it on top of Eomer’s, holding on for dear life. Jim was surprised when the other man threaded their fingers together and squeezed. “You could use a bath and a hot meal, I wager?”

“Yeah, I could certainly use both.” Eomer pulled his hand back from Jim and turned to walk to Firefoot.

“Eomer?” Jim called out.

He turned around to look back at Jim and his eyes were so green, so vibrant in the morning sunshine. Even if Jim weren’t stranded a million miles and a thousand years from home, he still would have been in trouble. His shoulder felt cold now that Eomer’s warmth was gone. “Thank you. I would like to see your home and meet your people.”

Eomer nodded his head sharply and turned. Jim watched him trudge back up the bank of the river and watched the way his ass swayed in his tight breeches as he walked. Yeah, Jim Kirk was in trouble all right. He took a deep breath and tried to find his inner calm again. The most important thing is that he was safe. Spock was in command of the Enterprise and he knew she was in good hands. He also knew Spock and the rest of the crew would do everything they could to find him and bring him back home. It wasn’t much, but it was enough. He stood up and followed Eomer.

When Jim reached the crest of the riverbank he saw Eomer was sitting astride his horse, he was bent forward and seemed to be whispering in his ear. The horse snorted and Eomer snapped his head up to see Jim standing nearby watching his interaction with his horse. “His name is Firefoot.” Eomer said by way of introduction.

Jim walked toward the horse. He put out a hand so the horse could recognize his scent. Once again he nuzzled at Jim’s hand. “Firefoot is magnificent, you’ve been well named.” He stroked his hands down the sides of the horse’s face. Eomer wondered what it would feel like if Jim petted and stroked him that way. He felt his cock start to harden. This was not good as Jim was going to have to ride behind him all the way back to Edoras. It was an hour back to the gates at a gallop and Eomer wasn’t sure if Jim was experienced enough to make that kind of ride. Eomer’s mind started picturing other kinds of rides he would like to take Jim on, making his cock harden fully and painfully.

“Eooooomer? Earth to Eomer?”

His head snapped up to look at Jim, who had apparently been trying get his attention. “Sorry Jim, what were you saying?”

Jim smiled his sunny smile at his new friend. He loved the way Eomer looked astride Firefoot. He
looked like he was born to the saddle. “I was asking what your home is called. You said this land is called Rohan?”

“Can you ride, Jim?” Eomer asked in return.

“Yes, we had horses on the farm back home.” Jim’s face looked wistful.

Eomer offered his arm down to Jim. “Come, I will tell you about my home as we ride.”

Jim grasped the proffered arm and swung himself up behind him. Jim tried to settle into the saddle. He had been telling the truth when he said he’d grown up around horses, but it had been some years since he had ridden and knew he would pay the price for his time in the saddle tomorrow morning. Jim noticed his hands were shaking as he reached forward to slide his arms around Eomer. He could feel the muscles of his abdomen ripple under his hands, could feel the strength and the heat of him. Jim even went so far as to touch his nose to Eomer’s long hair. The silky strands tickled his nose. Jim inhaled deeply and found Eomer smelled like horses and sunshine.

“Are you ready to ride, Jim?” Eomer had turned his head to ask, interrupting Jim’s perusal of him.

Jim held on tighter. “Ready.” He smiled and thought he caught a small smile on Eomer’s lips before he turned to face front again.

Eomer nickered softly to Firefoot and they were off like the wind. Jim held on tighter as the horse flew through the meadow. He ducked his head down to rest his face against the back of Eomer’s neck. He closed his eyes and let the motion of the horse lull his chaotic mind. He stopped worrying about the Enterprise. He knew she was in good hands with Spock and Scotty. He focused instead on the man he held in his arms. It was all Jim could do not to lick out his tongue to taste Eomer’s hair and slick through the silky strands until his tongue reached the smooth velvet skin of his neck. He could feel his cock start to harden as he continued thinking of all the things he would like to do to Eomer with his tongue. He knew he would need to rein his unruly cock in and soon, because Eomer was sure to feel his erection pressed into the crack of his ass. But what a magnificent ass it was! He lifted his head from Eomer’s neck so he could look down between their bodies at the way his ass looked as it repeatedly struck the leather of the saddle. That view was enough to make Jim almost spill in his pants.

Eomer had decided to push Firefoot as fast as his legs could carry them just to see what kind of horseman Jim really was. Obviously the man had been telling the truth about his skills because all Jim did when Firefoot began to gallop was hold on tighter. When Jim laid his face against his neck, it felt oddly soothing. He had ridden double on horseback more times than he could ever count, but never once did it feel like this. Eomer could feel every point of contact their bodies had in common and he wanted more. His mind cast back to the way Jim had slid his hands across his abdomen as if he were caressing him, rather than just securing his arms to hold on. He could feel Jim relax against his back as they continued to ride at breakneck speed. He enjoyed the feel of Jim’s face against his neck and wished his hair wasn’t in the way so they could touch skin to skin.

After some time, Jim felt Eomer stiffen beneath his hands and felt the horse slow to a walk.

“Everything okay?”

“Firefoot could use some water, as could I. This is a good chance to stretch your legs while I tell you about Rohan.

Jim reluctantly pulled himself away from Eomer’s back and slowly glided his hands from around his torso to rest on Eomer’s thighs, which were hard and hot as he leaned forward in order to throw his right leg around the back of the horse to slide to the ground. Eomer dismounted closely behind him
and grunted as he took himself off toward the nearby trees. Jim walked down to the water’s edge with Firefoot at his heels.

Eomer joined them a few moments later. He washed his hands and then drank deeply from them cupped to his face. “Rohan,” he said moments later. “Is home to generations of horse lords.”

Jim smiled at him. “That’s why it seems like you were born to the saddle. You are an amazingly skilled horseman.”

Eomer laughed. “That is true enough, I was in the saddle before I could walk.”

“What an incredible way to grow up.” Jim had been raised around horses, but they were no substitute for his dead father and absent mother. “Tell me more about your home.”

“It is called Edoras and it sits upon a hill guarded by high walls. Rohan is at peace with her allies, but there are always those who will wish to do us harm.”

Jim knew that well enough. Peaceful worlds were always targeted by those who thirsted for more land, more power in the galaxy. “Do you have a militia? A means of defending yourselves?”

Eomer grinned, “Yes Jim. It is one of my duties to train the men of Rohan in the art of war.”

Jim was in awe of his new friend. “Would you be willing to add me to the ranks of your men? To train me to defend myself and your lands?”

“You would wish to participate in the protection of Rohan, Jim? You’ve not yet even seen most of it nor met her people.”

“I know you and that’s enough. It seems I’m stuck here and I’ll need a job to do, I’ll need a way to earn my place in your home. My best friend back on the Enterprise…” Jim paused and tried to clear the tightness in his throat. He had felt his heart clench in his chest at the thought of Hikaru and the mention of the Enterprise. “My best friend, Hikaru was trained in sword play and taught me a few of the moves, so it’s possible I know some of the basics. Plus I’m good with my fists.”

“You do not fight with swords in your world, Jim?” Eomer looked doubtful.

“No, Eomer, we use something far different and much more exciting.” Jim’s eyes glowed brilliantly.

“What is it that you use that is more exciting than the broad sword?” Jim had peaked Eomer’s curiosity. He was always looking for new weapons to make his warriors stronger, faster and better.

Jim leaned in close and whispered a single word in response. “Lightning.”

Eomer laughed, “How is it possible to harness lightning from the heavens to use as a weapon?”

Jim simply smiled at him.

“Come, the day grows late and I have other responsibilities that require my attention.”

Chapter End Notes

I would like to welcome any new readers from the LOTR fandom and hope that you
will not judge me too harshly in this crossover attempt. It took a long time to find Eomer's voice and I hope I have captured him correctly. I know what all of the McKirkers are saying..."Where's Bones?" Good question...

Please let me know what you think of this idea. Are you excited for the new chapter next Sunday?
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The Enterprise is still looking for Jim who has vanished while exploring a wormhole. Where is our hero? He's in Middle Earth spending his first full day with Eomer.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Mr. Scott, the Captain has been missing for five-point five hours. You are telling me the only solution to the problem you are able to postulate at this time involves the Enterprise embarking upon a rescue mission into the very anomaly into which Captain Kirk has disappeared?”

“Well when you put it like tha’…Spock, we know the location of the shuttle when we lost contact with the Captain, we can take the Enterprise into the wormhole but stop her well before we reach those coordinates. Use the ship’s scanners to look for his comm signal and the shuttle.”

“Mr. Scott I cannot put the Enterprise and her crew in that kind of jeopardy to rescue the Captain. He would not risk the same in an effort to save me.”

“Tha’s where yer wrong, laddie.”

Jim was nearly asleep in the big wooden bathtub when the door to his room slammed open revealing Eomer who was carrying what looked like a bundle of rags. “Enjoying your bath, I see.” He grinned down at Jim in the tub.

“You said you were a horseman, was I wrong to take you at your word?” He arched an eyebrow and waited for Jim’s response.

Wait, was Eomer flirting with him? He sat up in the tub and felt the water sluice off his skin. He raised his arms high above his head in a long, lazy stretch, that happened to show off his muscled arms and shoulders in the process. When he looked back at Eomer, his eyes were not on Jim’s, they were roaming over the bare, wet skin Jim had revealed. “No, you weren’t wrong to take me at my word, it’s just that I don’t get much of a chance to ride anymore.”

The sound of Jim’s voice startled him away from his perusal of Jim’s beautiful skin. “Because there are no live horses on your Enterprise, I gather?”

Jim laughed at the thought of the conniption fit Spock would throw if he brought a horse on board. “No, there are no live horses on board, although it would be worth having one if only to see the look on my first officer’s face.” A sad smile crossed Jim’s features.

“You miss your fellow soldiers, Jim?” Eomer did not like the distance he saw in Jim’s eyes or the
longing and a hint of despair.

“Did you happen to bring a towel with you? The water is getting cold.” This wasn’t exactly true, but Jim was already vulnerable in his state of nakedness and did not want to add to that by talking about his friends.

“If you mean drying cloths, then yes, I have several. I also brought you some of my clothes. We are of a similar height and build and I thought these blue tunics would match your ey- I thought they would suit you.” Eomer cursed himself for revealing his thoughts out loud. Jim seemed upset and distracted at the mention of his…space ship and perhaps he did not catch his slip of the tongue. Eomer took a sharp breath as his mind wondered what it would be like to taste Jim’s damp skin.

Jim reached out a hand and Eomer passed him a cloth. He had not missed the comment about his eyes and wondered what kind of colorful language the horse lord was using to berate himself with at this moment. Jim decided that if Eomer was so interested in his skin, why not show him more? With devilish blue eyes locked on hazel ones, Jim stood up from the tub. He raised his arms and the drying cloth up to his blonde hair before moving to his face and slowly sliding the now damp material down each of his arms.

Eomer couldn’t breathe, there was so much of Jim to see, his eyes and lust crazed brain didn’t know where to begin. He followed the movement of the cloth as Jim slid it across his pale skin, his cock jumped in his pants as he watched. Jim turned his torso so that his back was now mostly facing Eomer as he began to ease the material back and forth across his broad shoulders and then down his back.

“You were injured!” Eomer shouted, taking quick strides to Jim’s side. He roughly grabbed Jim’s shoulders and shoved him around so that more of the light from the fire would illuminate Jim’s skin. It wasn’t the fact that Jim’s back was scarred that was upsetting him, but the fact that those marks were old. This had happened to his golden boy, to his Jim, in childhood. He felt his heart break and his blood boil simultaneously. Scars were the mark of the warrior, sometimes they were all a man had to prove his worth. It was an honor to bestow a scar upon another man, an honor to receive one because you were stronger than your enemy and you will live to face him again. These marks were not delivered by a man of honor, but by a coward.

“Eomer, I’m fine, really. It’s okay.” Jim tried to struggle out of his grasp, but the warrior’s grip was like iron; hard and biting into his skin.

Jim felt the feather-light kiss of Eomer’s fingers as they slowly traced the scars on his back. In his haste to show off his body, he had forgotten the marks that had torn his flesh and stolen his childhood. He felt the slight tremor in Eomer’s fingers and heard a sharp intake of breath as he mapped the longest, raised mark on Jim’s skin. “Who did this to you? I shall run him through with my sword and let Firefoot prance upon his corpse.” Eomer whispered into his skin as he bent his head forward and brushed a gentle kiss across Jim’s skin.

No one had ever touched Jim like this before. He had gotten used to fucking his lovers from behind so that he never again had to feel hands pull away from him in disgust when they encountered the raised marks that marred his back. But now…now this hardened soldier was touching him like he was precious, treasured and offering to kill those who had dared to hurt him. Jim couldn’t handle his tenderness in light of losing his crew and his ship. He felt tears forming in the back of his eyes and he was dammed if he was going to let Eomer see them fall. Feeling his soft lips and his prickly, short beard float over his back was the last straw. Jim pulled away and stepped out of the tub. He wrapped the sodden cloth around his middle and strode to the fireplace.

Eomer had crossed the line. Jim had lost everything today, his compatriots and his home, and there
he was forcing his attentions on the man because he listened to the urgings of his unruly cock. He took a deep breath and cleared his throat before he spoke. “I have left clothes on your bed, you are welcomed to join us for the evening meal in the great hall. If you would rather eat in your room, you may tell Sorcha or Glendy when they come to remove the tub and they will see a tray is sent to you.”

Eomer strode from the room, closing the door quietly behind him. Hearing the click of the lock mechanism, Jim let his tears fall.

Jim spent a long time debating eating in his room or in the great hall. In the end, he decided he needed to make an appearance since these people were now all he had in the world, well, in this world. He also owed it to Eomer to be there, he had done so much for Jim today. It wasn’t his fault Jim was feeling…fragile. He dressed in the clothes Eomer had left for him and when he caught a look at himself in the tiny mirror, he had to admit, the shirt did make his eyes seem more blue than usual.

Jim made his way slowly down from his room. Eomer had pulled him through the keep and up the stairs quickly when they arrived and Jim hadn’t had a chance to look around at his surroundings. He had reached the bottom of the stairs and still had yet to catch sight of Eomer. Jim moved deeper into the cavernous room. He returned the nods and smiles of the curious people already present. Jim looked to his left and finally spotted Eomer. What he saw made his heart sink. Eomer was talking with a beautiful woman, probably the most beautiful woman Jim had ever seen. She had long flowing blonde hair that reached to her waist and a smile that took his breath away. Eomer was smiling warmly back at her and his hand cupped the left side of her face. Fuuuuck, Jim thought, well of course he had someone in his life, look at him, he’s tall and handsome and kind. Jim turned to leave the room when Eomer’s booming voice stopped him cold. “Jim, there you are, come join us.”

Jim plastered a smile back on his face and strode toward Eomer and his lady. When he reached their side, Eomer slid an arm around his back, slapping his shoulder. “Eowyn this is Jim Kirk, the foundling I was telling you about. Jim, I am pleased to present to you the Lady Eowyn; my sister.”

“Sister?” Jim was finally able to breathe again and the icy fist gripping his heart retreated. “It is a pleasure to meet you. I didn’t know Eomer had a sister.”

“He is rather protective of me JimKirk.”

Jim smiled at her mispronunciation of his name.

“Please call me, Jim, Lady Eowyn.” Eomer increased the pressure of his hand at Jim’s shoulder and Jim knew he was getting upset at his innocent flirtation with his sister.

“And you must call me Eowyn.” Her smile was truly dazzling.

“NO, he will call you Lady Eowyn. Will you excuse us, please?” Eowyn nodded her assent and Eomer pushed Jim forward, steering him toward an alcove.

“I am pleased to see you, Jim. I was not sure you would be joining us this evening.” He had his hands clasped behind his back. The temptation to reach out and cradle Jim’s face in his hands was too great for him to bear. The hours since Eomer had left Jim’s room had not been pleasant ones for those forced to endure his company. His men enjoyed his usually easygoing manner and did not know how to handle the dark mood that had come over him. Most tried to stay out of his way.

Eomer was unused to feeling…well anything really. He had his duties and he saw to them precisely and competently. There was no time in his life for gentle feelings or passion. Sure, he had sex; there
was never a scarcity of those willing to share their company with him for a quick blowjob in the barn or a quick, hard fuck under the stars, but that was different, that was satisfying a physical need like hunger. Why was it now all of his thoughts were consumed with taking care of Jim and of seeing images of he and Jim wrapped up in each other making love in his giant bed? How had this… foundling managed to charm his way past every defense Eomer had erected? Worse still, how had he done it so quickly? They had only known each other for half a day, but it felt like they had known each other forever.

“I wanted to meet your friends and family and I owed it to you to be here this evening. You’ve done so much for me and—”

Eomer held up a hand to interrupt. “Jim, you do not owe me anything. You will begin to earn your keep soon enough.”

“Oh will I now?” The sparkle was back in Jim’s eyes and he couldn’t help but lean in a little closer with his question.

Eomer gripped his hands harder together behind his back. There would be marks there in the morning if he kept this up. He needed to brush his bare skin against Jim, to feel his warmth and claim it for himself. His grip tightened further. Instead of touching Jim he simply smiled, “Yes you will, meet me at dawn in the stables, we will work the horses together.”

Dimples. Jim laughed when Eomer smiled at him. He didn’t know why it was so funny that this battle hardened warrior had the most amazing dimples he had ever seen. He reached a finger out and traced a downward curve. Eomer licked out his tongue to catch Jim’s finger as it moved near his lips. Arousal instantly flared through Jim’s body, he knew he was playing with fire and he wanted to get burned. “At dawn.” He whispered. The loud gong announcing dinner halted further conversation.

Jim had eaten way too much. Everything had looked so delicious and Eomer kept spooning giant, heaping servings onto Jim’s plate telling him to eat, else a good, strong wind would knock him over. This was different; being cared for was different. No one had ever shown any inclination to do so in the past. Jim wasn’t sure how to feel about that but he supposed the bigger question was what was he going to do about it? His racing mind was stopped by a knocking at his door. “Come in.” He called out.

Eomer opened the door to Jim’s chamber and stepped inside, shutting the door behind him. He was dressed in a long white nightshirt that came to his knees and he must have had a bath because his hair was damp and curled slightly. “Is there anything else you need before going to sleep, Jim?”

There were so many things Jim longed to ask for in that moment, but in the end settled for the simplest thing. “Would you sit a minute with me?” Jim folded back the covers in invitation.

Perhaps he should have thought his plan out a bit more. Jim was lying shirtless in bed, Eomer hadn’t thought to bring him a night shirt and since he could also see Jim’s pants sitting on a nearby chair, the chances were good he was naked under the covers. He took a deep breath to calm his racing heart. “Yes, Jim.” He climbed up on the bed next to Jim, pulled up the covers and rested his back against the pillows and the headboard. They were sitting at eye level with each other.

“I can’t get over the size of this bed. Back on the Enterprise my bed in the Captain’s quarters was a third the size of this one.” Jim stretched out his bare legs like a starfish, his left leg brushed against Eomer’s and he felt his cock jump against his boxers.
“If you are the captain why was your bed so small?” This was a mistake, his brain was shouting at him to run and run fast, while his cock urged him to stay. Surprisingly, he listened to his cock.

“There’s only so much room on a starship, so crew quarters are small. Don’t you have small sleeping areas when your men are on campaign?”

“We do, but since I am in command, my tent is the biggest.” Eomer smiled at Jim and brushed his leg against Jim’s.

Jim rolled on his side and stared toward the fire. “I like this, laying here talking by firelight with you. I don’t know, it feels like we’ve know each other for more than one day.” Jim shifted his eyes back to Eomer and saw the other man was watching him.

Eomer could see how tired Jim was, it had been a long day for his golden boy. He reached forward and pulled Jim into his arms. Jim came willingly and rested his head on Eomer’s chest. “I like this too, Jim.” He whispered. He took the opportunity to run his fingers through Jim’s hair. It was soft and warm. Jim must have had the same thought in mind because his right hand glided up Eomer’s chest, skimmed past his neck to tangle in his damp strands. Jim sighed contentedly and closed his eyes. He didn’t know what tomorrow would bring, but he knew he was safe tonight.

Jim’s breathing evened out and his hand went slack in Eomer’s hair, he was asleep. Eomer knew he should untangle himself from Jim and go back to his own bed, but he couldn’t make himself move. Instead he watched the play of firelight across their joined bodies and enjoyed the warm weight of Jim in his arms. He felt his eyes growing heavy and he fought against sleep. He didn’t want to waste one moment with Jim, he needed to stay awake and memorize everything about him, the feel of his hair, the sweet way his breathing hitched before evening back out, the contour of Jim’s hip bone against the palm of his hand. Eomer fought as hard as he could before sleep finally claimed him.

Jim woke the next morning to the feeling of lips and rough stubble against the back of his neck. He hummed in response and a band of iron tightened around him. “Morning lazy bones.” A sleep-thickened voice murmured in the vicinity of his ear.

He smiled, ‘Good mornin’, wha’ time’s it?’

“Long past time to be up and about, Jim.” Eomer’s lips curled into a smile against his neck.

“’K, I’m up now, but if we’re gonna get moving you’re going to have to let me go.” Jim was enjoying this early morning cuddle and the last thing he wanted was for Eomer to let go of him, but he knew there were responsibilities far more important that needing tending to.

Eomer felt his heart clench at Jim’s words, he knew Jim meant he had to release him from his arms so they could get out of bed and start the day, but somehow his words held more gravity in Eomer’s mind. Quickly dismissing that thought, Eomer kissed into Jim’s hair and released him. “Meet me in the great hall when you have dressed.” He rolled out of bed and ducked out the door.

Jim used the pitcher of water to quickly wash. He dressed and hurried down the stairs to meet Eomer who was now pacing the floor of the hall. He stopped and smiled when Jim reached his side. “Ready to work?”

“Yeah, ready.” Jim was, it would be good for him to be out in the fresh air.
They headed outside. It was a beautiful morning, the sun was not yet above the mountains, but pink light suffused the landscape. Eomer reached into the bag at his hip and pulled out an apple which he tossed to Jim before retrieving one for himself.

They walked into the stable and could hear Firefoot snorting and stamping his hooves as if to say, ‘Where were you, I’ve been waiting.’ ‘Blame Jim for sleeping in, my beauty.’

“No, blame Eomer for not waking me up sooner.” Jim smirked at the horse who tossed his head. “Why did you let me sleep?”

“You looked so tired last night. I knew you needed your rest.”

“I work such long hours on the Enterprise and I don’t have a lot of time to sleep. Thanks for taking such good care of me.”

Eomer smiled and the horse bit out at him. “Yes my beauty, breakfast time.” He pulled out an apple and offered it to Firefoot and then gave one to Jim for him to offer the horse as well.

“Will you lead him out to the ring, Jim?”

“Sure, thing, come with me, my sweet boy.” The horse followed Jim like an enthusiastic puppy, nudging against Jim on the hunt for more apples.

“Stop ruining my war horse, Jim.” Jim laughed and Eomer joined in. He found he liked the sound of Jim’s laughter and wanted to hear more of that sound. Problem was, he was a warrior, not a court jester. Did he even know how to be funny?

Jim walked back to Firefoot’s stall to find Eomer filling a bin with oats. “Do you know how to muck stalls?”

“Yeah, I can shovel shit with the best of them.” Eomer laughed at this and found it was as pleasurable to be made to laugh by Jim. He grabbed two shovels and handed one to Jim.

“Why do you do this yourself? Aren’t there stable hands to do this for you?”

“Firefoot is my responsibility. I alone care for him, but for your assistance this morning.” The men set to work in silence.

“Yes, I miss my crew on the Enterprise; my friends.” Jim said suddenly.

Eomer didn’t understand what Jim meant at first and then he remembered his unanswered question from the night before. “They are like family to you.”

Jim looked a bit misty eyed. “Yeah, they have become family to me. In truth they are really the only family I have left.”

Eomer was unsure if he should ask, but Jim seemed to be in a talkative mood. “What of your father?”

“Fathers are really important to your people, aren’t they?” When Eomer nodded, Jim continued. “My father was called George and he died on the day I was born. I never met him, he died saving my life and the lives of a lot of other people.”

Eomer set down his shovel and walked to Jim. He cupped his face with one hand, rubbing his thumb against Jim’s cheek. Jim wrapped his arms around Eomer’s waist and laid his head on his shoulder. Eomer held on tighter. Jim tried to pull back and Eomer would not let him. He mumbled into Jim’s
hair. “Your father was a great hero. It is the ultimate sacrifice to give your life for those you love. He was a true warrior, Jim.”

Jim snuffled against his neck and pulled back. Eomer finally let him. “So, what’s next?”

Three hours later Jim was working on the last stall. Eomer stood in the doorway watching the way he moved. He loved the play of muscles under his shirt and that ass? Troubadours would write songs about that ass, if only Eomer allowed it. He wouldn’t, but it was a nice thought.

Jim felt eyes on his back and turned around to see Eomer watching him, with a funny smile on his face. “Are you okay?”

“Fine.” He cleared his throat and his mind of thoughts of Jim’s bare, wet ass from his bath yesterday. “Come, I have something to show you.” Jim followed him out of the stall and then out of the barn. Eomer led him into another, larger barn.

“Boy you ARE serious about your horses.” Jim looked around in wonder at the enormous structure.

“They are our livelihood and our passion.” He led Jim to stand in front of a stall that housed a beautiful black mare with a white star marking on her forehead. Jim sucked in a breath. He was in awe of this magnificent animal. Eomer watched the emotions work across Jim’s face. He saw amazement and love glow in Jim’s sky blue eyes. What Eomer would give for Jim to look at him in that same way. “Her name is Starlight, Jim and she is my gift to you.”

Jim’s mouth hung open in shock. “OH no, no, no, no. I can’t accept this kind of gift from you.”

“You do not approve of her, Jim?”

“NO, she is the most magnificent creature I have ever seen. Far too great a gift for me.”

“She matches you in magnificence. It is why I chose her for you. You deserve her and so much more besides.”

Jim was speechless, he gaped at Eomer, opening and closing his mouth with no sound coming out. His throat was dry and he gave up trying to speak. He held out a hand and the haughty mare tossed her head at Jim, drawing a giggle from his throat. “Hello baby girl, I’m Jim and I’d like to be your person.” The horse pawed at the ground with her front hoof. “Come on beautiful, don’t play hard to get.” Jim teased. Starlight lowered her head and walked to Jim, sniffed his hand and bumped against him. “That’s my sweet girl.” Jim cooed and raised his other hand to her neck.

Eomer watched the interaction between Jim and Starlight. He was enthralled. He was enchanted. Fuck, he was in love.

Jim and Eomer spent the next three hours riding through Rohan. Jim was learning how to command the horse with clicks of his tongue and with his thighs. Eomer was impressed with how quickly Jim and the horse had become one. He had a knack with horses. No doubt about it.

Eomer signaled to Jim, who raced Starlight right to him. “Let us stop for something to eat and to rest the horses.” Jim agreed and both men dismounted. Eomer pointed to a nearby wooded area and set off. Jim brought the horses to the water’s edge so they could drink and then headed in the direction he had seen Eomer go. Jim walked quietly through the trees and spied him staring up at the treetop
canopy, lost in thought. Jim came up behind him and spun him back into a nearby tree. Jim kissed him for all he was worth, his cock going rock hard instantly. That was when Eomer pushed him back and punched him dead in the face. Jim landed flat on his back. The look on Eomer’s face was lethal and cold. Jim scooted backward and brought a hand to his eye, it came away bloody. He got quickly to his feet and ran for his horse as fast as he could move.

“JIM, WAIT.” He heard Eomer call from behind him.

Fuck that and fuck you, he thought. He kept running until he reached Starlight. He mounted and urged her into a gallop.

Eomer sprinted after Jim. He saw Jim mount and give the horse the command to run. “JIM, WAIT.” He called again and was either not heard or ignored.

Jim rode and rode, angrily swiping at the tears falling rapidly from his eyes. What the fuck, man? He knew Eomer was attracted to him. He’d spent the entire night cuddled in the man’s arms and there sure as fuck was NO mistaking Eomer’s massive morning erection stabbing into his ass when Jim woke up this morning. Why had Eomer reacted that way to Jim’s kiss? And why the fuck did Jim care so damn much?

Eomer sat by the river waiting for Jim to return. Even when Jim did return, he wasn’t sure what to say. He didn’t know how to explain why he acted the way he did.

Hours passed and Jim still had not returned. The sun was beginning to set and Eomer was worried, well, that wasn’t exactly true, he was frantic. He knew how smart Jim was and that he could get back to Edoras without him, so he set off for home. Jim would be there. He had to be.

Eomer set a brutal pace back to the gates and knew Firefoot was at his physical limit. He threw the reins to a stable hand and yelled very specific instructions as to his care; to brush him down and feed him. Eomer set off at a dead run for the great hall. Jim wasn’t there and no one had seen him since that morning. Eomer tore up the stairs and burst into Jim’s bedroom without knocking. Jim was not there, but his meager belongings were. Eomer let out a ragged breath and sat on Jim’s bed trying to calm his mind enough to think clearly as to what needed to be done next. He had to find Jim.

Twenty long minutes and one trip to the kitchens later Eomer was ready to ride. He had chosen a stallion named Repentance and took off. The only place Eomer could think to look for Jim was in the meadow where he had first spotted him.

His mind was in turmoil. Could Jim find it in his heart to forgive his actions? Eomer shuddered at the thought that this thing with Jim could end before it even began.

Eomer raced into the meadow and thanks to the light of the full moon, spotted Starlight grazing. Eomer raced to her. “JIM!” He shouted and winced when he heard his voice echo off the distant mountains.

Jim was lying flat on his back in the tall grass, staring up at the stars. He raised one arm in the air. Eomer ran to him “Jim, are you well? Thank goodness I found you.”

“Why? So you can finish what you started earlier?” Jim’s voice was small, dead. It would have hurt less if Jim had run him through with a sword.
“May I join you and explain my actions?” Eomer was going to throw up.

“Sure.” Jim whispered. He had ridden hell bent for leather back to this place. He cursed, he shouted and he prayed in turn when all he heard from his communicator was static. He spent the last few hours flat on his back staring at the jumble of unfamiliar stars. He had just made the decision to ride back for hom- no, for Edoras when he heard pounding hoof beats. He knew the cadence of Firefoot’s gallop and knew this was not the horse he was hearing. What had happened to Eomer’s prized stallion?

Eomer sat down on the ground near Jim and lay down on his back, his arms pillowing his head. He tried to marshal his scrambled thoughts again and failed. “Jim, I am so very sorry for my earlier actions.”

“You always lead people on and fucking punch them when they kiss you or is this a new thing just for me?”

“Jim, I never led you on.” He took a shuddering breath. “I am a soldier; a warrior trained to defend myself at all cost. You snuck up on me, startled me and my reaction was purely instinctual. I did not mean to strike you. Please know I would never intentionally hurt you.”

“Yeah, well you could have fucking fooled me.” Jim was sulking and he knew it.

Eomer rolled to his side to face Jim. He could just barely make out the ugly bruise on the side of Jim’s face and reached out to brush a finger over the mark. Jim flinched but allowed Eomer to see and feel what he had done.

“I would take your pain as my own if I could, Jim.” Eomer’s breath hitched violently.

Jim rolled to his side so they were now facing one another.

“I was frantic trying to find you.” His voice was hoarse with emotion. “I could not stop until I found you. I had to tell you, Jim.” His breath was still hitching in his throat, but Jim stayed where he was. Eomer took another shaky breath. “Had to tell you I was sorry and beg you not to leave me.”

The pain in Eomer’s voice broke Jim and he reached forward to pull the crying warrior into his arms. Eomer clung to Jim, so thankful he’d found him and that he was safe. Jim rubbed Eomer’s back and soothed a hand through his hair. “It’s okay.” He whispered. “We’re both okay, we’re safe.”

“No one is safe, Jim. These are dangerous times, anything could have happened to you and I could not have lived with myself if anything had happened to you.”

Jim rolled them up so they were seated. The moonlight glittered in Eomer’s tears. Jim reached his hands up to brush them away. “Can you forgive me, Jim?”

“I forgive you, but don’t forget I owe you one.” Jim laughed at his own joke and saw Eomer’s watery smile.

“Alright. Jim…will you stay with me?”

Jim sighed and stood up. “Forty-eight hours ago I was on a space ship just living my life and now I’m here. All I know since yesterday is EVERYTHING has changed; who I am, my destiny, everything’s changed. I’ve never backed down from a fight in my life, the old me would have kicked your ass, but now? All I could think to do was run…run from the reason why I couldn’t hit you back, Eomer. I couldn’t bear the thought of raising my fists in anger and ruining what we have. I’m sorry I ran and caused you to worry, but I needed time to calm down. Maybe, I’m finally growing
Eomer stood and pulled Jim into his arms. Jim wrapped his arms around Eomer in return. They stayed like this for a long time until Eomer pulled completely back and took Jim’s battered face in his hands. He smoothed a thumb over Jim’s bottom lip and Jim licked out to taste him.

“May I kiss you, Jim?” He smiled.

“Please.” Jim breathed.

Eomer leaned forward and brushed his lips across Jim’s. He hummed in his throat and tried to move forward and take control of the kiss. Eomer stopped him by holding his face more firmly and lightly biting his bottom lip. When Jim relaxed again Eomer began to lick his tongue across Jim’s lips, first sliding across his top lip, ghosting to lick across his bottom lip before licking into the seam of his lips.

All Jim could do was moan, everything in him urged him to move forward and move fast, but he ignored that and stayed where Eomer had put him, content to just feel. When Eomer curled his tongue against Jim’s lips he opened them. Instead of sweeping his tongue inside, Eomer was content to continue to lick his tongue along the inside of Jim’s lips. He had begun to moan as well and moved one step closer, into Jim’s personal space. The only points of contact between then were their lips and Eomer’s hands on Jim’s face.

It was the hottest kiss of Jim’s life. Long and slow, it was sweet torture. Jim felt like he was being kissed for the first time. Eomer took one more step forward bring their bodies into full contact. Jim gasped at the press of their chest, hips and hard cocks. He couldn’t stand still any longer and brought his hands up to Eomer’s face, dancing his fingers against his temples and down his cheeks. It was that lightning bolt of contact that brought Eomer’s tongue to rub against Jim’s. His knees buckled and Eomer had to catch him. “Are you ready to go home now, my heart?”

Jim shivered at his words. “Yes, take me home.” Eomer linked their hands and brought Jim to stand beside Repentance. He walked to Starlight and tethered her to his own horse.

“I can ride.” Jim said.

“I know you can, but I need to hold you now. Will you let me?” Jim nodded.

Eomer motioned for Jim to mount first and he quickly followed settling himself into the saddle behind Jim. He wrapped his arms around Jim securing his right hand on Jim’s left shoulder and his left hand on Jim’s right. Jim brought his arms up to hold Eomer’s. They stayed like this for some time until the click of Eomer’s tongue sent Repentance toward Edoras; home.

Chapter End Notes

One of the ways I gauge if a story is "meant to be" is how quickly it get's itself down on my screen or on paper. I wrote most of this chapter on my lunch break on Monday, LONGHAND! I think I sprained my wrist. I spent so much time with this story, sketching it out, doing research, writing and editing, when I came up for air, I realized how much Eomer has become a part of my life. It's gonna be hard to say goodbye to his voice in my head when this is written, but I think I know how to keep him around, maybe, we'll see. I've fallen and fallen HARD for this warrior with a heart of gold!
Jim tells Eomer, "All I know since yesterday, is everything has changed." If this line sounds familiar to you, it is. It's a line from the Taylor Swift, Ed Sheeran song of the same name. I was driving to work on Monday, having literally spent all weekend hunkered down with this story and this song came on the radio...the lyrics about "Green eyes, your freckles and your smile." I mean, come on, that's Eomer! So this has become the unofficial song of Jim and Eomer!

Hello to all the McKirkers!!! *waving* Bones is coming, I promise. I have to tell you all that I have really missed him this week and have set this aside to write some other McKirk stuff because I missed that sweet southern drawl in my ear!
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Jim learns how to wield his "weapon."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“The Captain has been missing for three weeks and I am willing to entertain any other suggestions for rescuing Captain Kirk that do not involve the Enterprise flying into the anomaly.”

“Ve should take ze shuttle into ze vormhole Commander Spock. I volunteer.”

“I agree, Commander.” Uhura said.

“Me too.” Sulu joined in.

“Aye, me as well. It seems you’re out voted.” Scotty smiled.

“Are you threatening mutiny, Mr. Scott.”

“If it comes to it, yes laddie.”

Jim woke to the feel of Eomer wrapped around him. They were both naked and Jim could feel Eomer’s cock rocking back and forth in the crack of his ass.

“Good morning, my Lord Marshall.” Jim giggled.

“Yet I wonder if you will pass muster this day?” Eomer nipped at the back of Jim’s neck.

Jim rolled in his arms so they were now face to face. “There’s my handsome warrior, hi.” Jim kissed him open mouthed and slow, letting their tongues get reacquainted with each other after a long night spent apart.

“Good morning to you, my heart.” Eomer kissed him back, sliding his hips forward to bring their hard cocks into contact with each other. Jim hissed through his teeth.

“Very nice turnout this morning, Jim. I am impressed with your form.” Eomer said as he slid a hand from the root to the tip of Jim’s weeping cock. Jim gasped as he leaned in to lick a stripe up Eomer’s neck. Eomer had taken both of their cocks in hand and began to slowly stroke them together. He felt Jim shiver against him. “Feel good?”

“So good, more please.” Jim panted, staring back into stormy green eyes.

Eomer kept up his slow, languid pace. He was in no hurry to see this end. He loved watching Jim slowly fall apart, knowing he was the cause of it. He loved even more the way Jim would moan his name when his own release found him.
“Faster please, need more.” Eomer also loved it when Jim begged, but that didn’t mean he would give in to Jim’s request.

“No Jim, not faster, slower, much slower.” Eomer practically stopped moving his hand enjoying the squeak of disapproval this brought from Jim’s lips.

“No, please, need you so much, please.” Jim’s voice broke on the last ‘please.’ Eomer sped up a bit more.

“So good, so good.” Jim leaned in to kiss him again, knowing just what he liked. Jim licked his tongue into Eomer’s mouth, rubbing slowly against him. Jim felt him stiffen and caught Eomer’s moan in his mouth. His hand in turn sped up on their cocks.

“Need you to come for me, Jim.” Eomer whispered, his eyes glowing.

“Y-you need to come too, need to feel you on my skin. MINE. You’re mine, s-say it.” Jim mumbled, he was so very close.

“All yours, Jim. I am yours.” Eomer tipped his head back, closing his eyes.

“No, don’t close your eyes.” Jim begged. “Need to see you when you come.”

Eomer made eye contact and felt Jim pulse in his hand. Jim crying out his name brought on his own release. He kept stroking their cocks as they rode out their orgasms together. Eomer’s hand was covered in their combined fluids and he brought it up between them. Both men licked out, moaning as the taste of themselves and each other flooded their mouths and their senses.

“Did I pass muster, my Lord?” Jim giggled

“Indeed you did.”

Jim had been in Rohan for three weeks. He was settling in pretty well, although he would have given anything for a flushing toilet and some chocolate, though not necessarily in that order. He had been working in the stables with the horses; mucking, feeding, watering, brushing and training them. Jim loved every minute of it. He could never have pictured his life away from the Enterprise and space, but he had to admit he was enjoying the pace of life in Rohan, getting up early, doing a full day’s work and falling asleep in Eomer’s arms agreed with him.

Eomer had promised to teach Jim how to wield a sword properly, but so far there hadn’t been time. Most nights Jim and Eomer ate dinner in the great hall together and went to bed. It had been one week since Jim had given up the pretense of having his own room. He and Eomer shared his large chamber and had not spent one night apart since Jim’s arrival in Rohan. They would cuddle together in the firelight and tell tales of their days interspersed with long, slow kisses. Everything with Eomer was slow, not only the pace of how they kissed but also in terms of what they did together sexually. So far things had only progressed to hand jobs. And Jim would be lying if he said he didn’t long to taste and then devour Eomer’s cock. Jim had debated asking about this but they had both been so happy since the day Eomer had…well since that day.

They had ridden slowly back to Edoras that night. Eomer had kept his arms locked tightly around Jim and kept up a running monologue the whole way home. He mumbled terms of endearment, hoarsely whispered apologies, promises for a better tomorrow and words of kindness. Jim was lulled by the sound of his voice and even if he hadn’t been, he still would not have interrupted Eomer. He had needed absolution and Jim was more than happy to give that to the giant warrior. When they got
back into the keep, Eomer led Jim to his room and stripped them both to their bare skin. He sat Jim in front of the fire and tended to his face as best he could, still mumbling apologies. Jim finally asked him to stop apologizing saying that he was fine, that they were fine. Eomer had a hard time accepting that until Jim kissed him and let his lips and hands bear witness to his words. They tumbled into bed together and held each other close as they fell asleep wrapped in each other.

Jim was snapped out of his reverie, by Eomer who was watching him from the door of the stable, dressed to ride. “I request the presence of your company on a ride, Jim. Will you come? Eomer’s look was devilish.

“I’m just about done here.” Jim smirked back, desire lighting in his impossibly blue eyes.

Half an hour into their ride, Eomer called a halt to the horses and both men dismounted. Jim ran to Eomer and pressed their lips together. “Missed you today, missed you so much, need to touch you.” Jim rambled.

Eomer smiled against his mouth. “I missed you as well, my heart. I have a surprise for you.”

“Oh really? Do you now? Bet I can guess what it is.” Jim winked.

“Not that kind of a surprise Jim.” The man in question gave an exaggeratedly pathetic pout. “Close your eyes for me.” Jim obeyed and heard Eomer walk away from him, returning moments later. He brushed his lips against Jim’s and they traded slow, wet open mouthed kisses. “Ready for your surprise?” Eomer whispered.

Jim opened his eyes and smiled. “Yes, please.”

Eomer took a step away from Jim and brought something forward from behind his back. It was a scabbard and sword. “For you.”

Jim’s eyes shot wide and his hands shook a bit as he took the sword from Eomer. He pulled the hilt and marveled at the craftsmanship and then at the whisper the blade of the sword made against the scabbard. “This is for me?” Jim had never owned something more beautiful.

“It has taken these last several weeks for the smith to make it to my specifications for you.”

“You had this made special for me?” Jim couldn’t seem to catch his breath.

“Jim, you must understand, a man’s relationship with his blade is as deeply personal as his relationship with his horse. You cannot be a Rider of Rohan without being in tune with both at the same time.

“It’s amazing…the detail…I’m stunned, thank you. I will cherish it always.”

“It is not enough to cherish it Jim. You must learn to become one with it. To use it as an extension of your arm, of yourself.” Eomer smiled at the wonder in Jim’s eyes, both at the blade and of his explanation of what the blade symbolized.

“You wish me to become a member of the Rohirrim?” Jim felt dizzy, this was an unparalleled honor.
“Yes, Jim. Was that not always our plan?”

“It was, but you hadn’t mentioned it since we first discussed it, so I figured you had changed your mind.”

“I could never change my mind about your worth, courage and honor, Jim. As a Marshall of Rohan it is my duty to see that we have the strongest fighting force possible. What kind of leader would I be to leave a man of your strength and abilities home to mind the women and children? I thought it would be easier to start your lessons in private”

“Easier?” Jim winked.

“Very well, more enjoyable too.” Eomer bent closer for a quick peck at Jim’s lips, but Jim started sucking on Eomer’s bottom lip and all thoughts of a quick kiss vanished instantly. He cupped the side of Jim’s face and let their tongues tangle together. Eomer stroked out and Jim rubbed back. Their hands tightened on each other and Jim moaned into his mouth. Eomer stepped back.

“We must work first, Jim and then perhaps there will be time to play.”

“All work and no play makes Eomer a dull boy.”

“You find me dull Jim?” Eomer was surprised and a little hurt.

“No, no.” Jim pulled him forward for a kiss. “It’s a saying, meaning if you work all the time there’s no time for fun. I was kidding. You are the most exciting man I have ever known.”

“Truly Jim?”


Eomer growled in response. “Jim, I must ask you something.” He took a step backward choosing his words carefully.

“Anything.” Jim smiled and rubbed a hand through his hair.

“I would like to….” He took a deep breath. “That is to say, I would like to pleasure you with my mouth, Jim.”

Jim thought his heart would stop. His cock went instantly hard and he palmed himself knowing Eomer was watching. “So, if I am hearing you correctly, you would like to suck my cock?”

“You brought a live chicken with you, Jim? You are asking me to wrap my lips around live fowl?”

Jim snorted, he couldn’t help it. A moment later Eomer joined in too. “Did you just make a joke, Eomer?”

He giggled at Jim. “I think I did Jim although I am more warrior than court jester.”

Jim started palming his cock again. “We’ll work on your comedic genius later, but you didn’t answer my question. Are you asking to suck my cock, Eomer?”

“Yes, I would…would like to suck your cock.”

“How does it feel to say that?”
“Good.” He said moving closer, swatting Jim’s hand away so he could palm him through his pants. “I have wanted to do this for so long, Jim.”

“Why didn’t you say something sooner?”

“I didn’t want you to feel rushed. May I Jim, please?”

“Only if I get to return the favor.” Jim smirked.

Eomer swallowed hard, nodded and sank to his knees in front of Jim. His hands shook as he reached up for the ties to Jim’s breeches. Jim sank his hands into Eomer’s hair as the other man took his pants down and licked his lips. He swiped his tongue out to taste the pre-come glittering on the tip of Jim’s cock. Both men moaned loudly. Eomer licked around Jim’s head, alternating long, slow passes with the flat of his tongue and short, quick flicks.

“So good.” Jim moaned and Eomer looked up into his eyes. Jim’s cock jumped when their eyes met and held. Eomer continued his slow exploration with his lips and tongue all the way to the base of Jim’s cock. He mouthed his way back up to the tip which he sucked gently into his mouth.

“Fuck yes.” Jim panted. Eomer began to take more and more of Jim into his mouth. He gagged when Jim hit the back of his throat and he backed off.

“Out of practice, Jim.” He smiled shyly.

“What? You were celibate before me?”

“No, I was always on the receiving end.” He dove back onto Jim’s cock with renewed relish.

Jim would have to ponder the meaning of that last statement later, when Eomer wasn’t trying to suck his brain out through his dick.

“That’s it.” Jim urged. “Take it all, suck my cock. Fuck, so good, so good.” All Jim could do was ramble, lost in the sweet heat that was Eomer’s mouth. He may have claimed to be out of practice but Jim had never had better head in his life.

Eomer could feel Jim get harder in his mouth. He wasn’t kidding when he said he was out of practice. He’d not done this in almost ten years, preferring instead to have this act done to him.

“Gonna come Eomer, fuck, please.” Jim tightened his hold in Eomer’s hair.

Eomer held on as Jim began to spurt into his mouth. He swallowed as fast as he could, but still couldn’t keep up. Jim’s come dribbled out the sides of his mouth and down to his chin.

Jim looked down at Eomer who was a mess. His hair was tangled from where Jim had been holding on for dear life, his eyes were watery and had a chin full of come. “You’re so fucking gorgeous.” Jim whispered as he sank to his knees in front of his lover. He leaned in to lick himself from Eomer’s chin. “Thank you.” Jim murmured against his lips before he kissed Eomer who opened up for him. Jim swept his tongue inside, tasting more of himself and moaned.

Jim pushed gently against Eomer until he fell back into the soft grass. Jim tucked himself back into his pants and tied the laces. When he was done, he laid down against Eomer’s chest.

“That was satisfactory, Jim?”

“Are you kidding me, it was incredible.”
“You are not trying to spare my feelings? As I said, it’s been some time since I did that last.”

Jim leaned up and kissed his lips hard. “It was perfect, so perfect in fact I’m going to want you to do that again and again.” Eomer laughed. “Tell me what you meant when you said you were out of practice?”

Eomer frowned before he began. “We haven’t talked a lot about this Jim. You know my uncle is the King?” Jim nodded. “Being second in line for the throne brings…well that is to say.” He stopped not sure how to go on.

“People offered and you said yes?” Jim supplied.

“Yes, there was no shortage of men and women who wanted to service me and I allowed that.” He looked embarrassed.

“I understand. You had a life here before we met, and that’s okay.” Jim smiled reassuringly.

“It is different with you Jim. I never wanted to give anything to those other people, just needed to take; it was just physical. They sucked my cock, as you would say and then I walked away. But now with you I find myself only wanting to give to you. To see to your pleasure and know you are well satisfied because of my hands and my mouth. I want to give you all that I have and all that I am. That’s why we go so slow.”

“I don’t understand.”

“My encounters before were hurried, a quick blowjob in the stable or a quick fuck in the hayloft. I didn’t want them touching me any longer than was necessary. But you Jim, I never want to let you go, never want you to let me go.”

Jim felt his heart start to pound in his chest. He knew what Eomer meant, his past lovers could not hold a candle to what he had found in this man’s arms. He didn’t ever want to let go either. It was frightening how quickly he had stopped worrying about the Enterprise and her crew. He felt at home here in Rohan, he felt like he had a real home for the first time in his life.

He leaned up and kissed Eomer, let their tongues dance together. “I couldn’t let go of you even if I wanted to, Eomer. You are a part of me, I can’t imagine how I ever lived without you.”

Eomer rolled so he was lying on top of Jim. “What both of us were doing before was waiting Jim, this is living.” Eomer leaned down to kiss him and humped his hard cock against Jim’s leg. Jim growled and wrestled Eomer onto his back. His eyes opened wide in question.

“You’re right, I’ve never felt more alive.” Jim’s eyes danced as he pulled himself up on all fours and scooted backward until his head hovered over Eomer’s dick. “May I suck your cock, my Lord Marshall?”

Eomer’s eyes rolled back in his head. All he could manage was, “Jim.”

Jim took that as a yes. He ran one hand down the hard ridge of Eomer’s cock and felt his whole body spasm in reaction. “Feel good?” Jim cooed.

“Yessss. Please.”

“Please, what Eomer?” Jim was still palming his cock through his pants. There was a wet mark from pre-come leaking into the material. Jim fingered over that and Eomer jumped again.
“Want you to taste me Jim, please.”

“That so? Anything else?” Jim bent his head and licked the wet spot, sucking it into his mouth. Eomer groaned and grabbed Jim’s head, hard.

“Sorry, I didn’t catch that.” Jim’s smile was dazzling and devilish.

“Jim.” He panted. “Need you, need you so much, please…”

“Tell me what you need. Come on, you can tell me.” Jim bent back to Eomer’s cock and continued to work it though his pants with tongue and fingers. Eomer moaned loudly, couldn’t seem to catch or hold a thought.

“Suck my cock, Jim, suck me until I’m shooting down your throat. Now, Jim, NOW!”

“Is that an order, my Lord Marshall?”

“Dammit, Jim, yes, now.”

Jim winked and undid the laces to Eomer’s breaches, tapping his hip to get him to lift up so Jim could take down his pants the rest of the way. “How does that feel?”

“You are not touching me, touch me now, please Jim.”

He ran a slow hand down Eomer’s length, the other man twitching and canting his hips forward with the movements of Jim’s hand. “Does the sunshine feel good on your cock, Eomer?” Jim sucked the head into his mouth and swirled his tongue around slowly as Jim continued to suckle.

“Hmmm, does the sunshine feel good?”

“Yes Jim, so good, pleasepleaseplease.”

“Look at you,” Jim hummed. “Such a bad boy.” Jim sucked all of his cock into his hot, wet, greedy mouth. He needed to have all of Eomer, needed Eomer to know he belonged to Jim. Jim continued to bob up and down, establishing a slow rhythm until he suddenly pulled off.

“No, no, no, no…”

“Such a bad boy away from his duties to have sex with me in the middle of the day.” Jim inhaled him again, down to the root and swallowed around him. Eomer shouted, sounded hoarse.

“Bad boy, Jim.” He whispered. “Such a bad boy for you.” Jim’s dick jumped in his pants, he almost came from the sound of Eomer’s voice.

Jim sucked his cock all the way down again, so slowly he was barely moving. He was determined to go slow, to make this last. He didn’t want Eomer to compare him to the other faceless lovers in his past. His tongue licked and stroked over his length again and again.

“More, more.” His voice was barely a whisper. He was lost in Jim and everything Jim was doing to his body and to his soul.

Jim stopped and pulled off again, a long strand of drool connecting Jim’s lip to Eomer’s dick. “No Eomer, not gonna go fast.” Jim was panting, he had never been more aroused in his life. “This is going to be the best fucking blowjob of your life, so lay back and enjoy it.”

“Jim,” was all he could manage, the one word he still had at his command. His eyes were glassy and
unfocused, his muscles strung tight. God, he was fucking beautiful.

“So beautiful.” Jim whispered. Eomer’s eyes went wide and Jim dipped back to his cock. He sucked down the full length and gave his balls a tight tug. That was the lucky stroke, before Jim knew it, Eomer was shouting his name and coming in waves down his throat. Jim kept swallowing, not wanting to miss one precious drop. He eased off Eomer, once his aftershocks had passed and curled up against his chest.

“You’re awful quiet, you okay?” Jim lifted his head to look at Eomer who was staring up at the sky. He smiled, “Yes Jim, I’ve never done this before in the light of day. It was always under cover of night, sneaking around then finding my own bed alone. This is different.”

“This is different.” Jim leaned over and kissed him again before standing back up. “C’mon old man, you gonna show me how to use that sword?”

“Jim if you do not know how to wield your weapon on your own, I am not sure what I can do to aid you.” Eomer winked.

It had been a long two hours. Jim was sweaty and sore and not in a good way. Eomer was kicking his ass. They had started off with the basics, Jim needed to learn how to hold the sword and was having a hard time understanding that his hold on the grip of the sword needed to remain loose.

“This makes NO sense, why shouldn’t I hold on as tightly as I can to the handle, Eomer?”

“First Jim it is called the ‘grip’ not a handle. Secondly, you hold on loosely so that you are easily able to readjust your hand’s position as the battle situation changes. Let’s try again.” Eomer brought his sword back up.

That was another thing, he never got tired. It seemed Eomer could raise his sword arm all day. Not only could he fight like hell on wheels with his right hand, he could also fight with his left.

“Shouldn’t I learn how to fight left handed too?”

“Let us focus on one thing at a time, Jim.” Was that another joke? Jim couldn’t tell and was too tired to care.

Jim’s technique was coming along well. Eomer was impressed not only with how quickly Jim picked up the physical movements involved but with how hard he worked at his craft. Jim seemed tireless and would want to repeat movements again and again even past the point of the movements becoming rote.

At the moment, both of their blades were engaged. The strength of both men thrown behind their blades, steel pressed against steel with nowhere to go. Jim’s feet were dug as he danced Eomer around in a circle, not giving an inch of ground. He was using all of his power to hold Eomer’s blade against his own, which is why it came as a complete surprise to Jim when Eomer swung out his leg and hooked Jim’s ankle. Jim hit the ground hard landing on his ass and lower back.

“Jim you must remember to use all of the weapons at hand when swords are engaged like that. You must strike out with your fist or your legs in order to gain the advantage over your foe.”

“Yeah, I can see that now.” Jim said from his position on the ground. His sword had flown from his hand when he hit the ground. He rolled forward onto his feet in a crouch and made like he was looking around for it in the grass when he launched himself forward and caught Eomer around the middle with his shoulder. Both men crashed to the ground in a heap, which knocked the breath out
of Eomer, who seemed to be trying to laugh.

“Something funny, my Lord Marshall?” Jim grinned down at him from his position atop his chest.

“You never cease to surprise me Jim. That was an interesting maneuver; however I still have my sword.”

“I know, it’s poking into my hip.” Jim laughed.

Eomer threw his weight to his left and flipped them over so he lay on top of Jim. “Is this how you plan to defeat the enemy in battle, Jim? By batting your beautiful eyes and making suggestive comments?”

“Hey, you said to use whatever weapons I had at hand, remember?”

“I am not sure I want my heart flirting with every man with whom he crosses swords.”

“Your heart, hmmm?”

“Yes Jim, you are my heart.” Eomer finally released the grip of his sword to cup Jim’s face in his hands.

“Well if I am your heart then what are you?”

“Yours, Jim. I am yours.”

They rode back to the gates of Edoras together, Jim was sitting in the saddle behind Eomer and Starlight was tethered to Firefoot as they rode. Jim’s chest was flush against Eomer’s back and his hands were busy on Eomer’s thighs. Jim had moved Eomer’s mass of hair to rest over his right shoulder, leaving his neck available to kiss and nibble. Jim was currently licking that sweet spot just behind Eomer’s left earlobe and whispering dirty things. “You feel my hard cock against your ass? Hmmm? Feels so good, this is what you do to me all the time. One day Eomer, it’s not just gonna rub against your ass, it’s gonna be pounding into it.” He could feel the man in his arms stiffen. Jim kept sliding his hands up Eomer’s thighs getting closer and closer to his cock. He could feel the vibrations in Eomer’s throat as his hands kept moving upward.

Eomer gasped and jerked against Jim when his hands made contact. One was rubbing his sack while the other palmed his cock. “God I love how hard you get for me. Can’t wait for the day when your big, fat cock is balls deep in my ass, you fuckin me so hard I’m gonna limp for days.” Jim started to undo the laces of Eomer’s breeches. “You ever get a handjob on a horse, Eomer?”

He shook his head no.

“No? Well there’s a first time for everything.” Jim went back to licking behind his ear as his hands worked to free Eomer’s cock. “Not even gonna stroke your cock, Eomer. Gonna let your horse do all the work for me. Understand?”

Eomer nodded and shivered against Jim. “The motion of the horse is gonna bring you off in my hand. When you’re done coming all over my hand, you’re gonna lick every last drop, understand?” Jim pulled his cock free and leaned closer to peer over Eomer’s shoulder to watch.

Eomer turned his head to the side, making eye contact with Jim. His eyes were unfocused and glassy, thank Christ Firefoot was well trained or they could crash into a mountain or end up in Oz
Jim thought. Jim smirked at him and turned his eyes to the cock in his hand, he could feel its hard heat sliding through his fist as the horse ran at a full gallop. Jim’s only regret was that since the horse was moving so fast he didn’t think Eomer would last long, especially with the filth Jim continued whispering in his ear. “That’s my cock Eomer, right? It’s just for me, all mine. Can’t wait til we get home so you can fuck my throat again and again. Gonna swallow every last inch of your cock.”

Eomer nodded and turned his head into Jim’s neck. Jim felt Eomer’s cock pulse in his hand. “Watch, keep watching, want you to see this.” Eomer moved his eyes down to watch his cock continue to spurt as it glided through Jim’s fist which was now soaked in his come. Jim unwrapped his fingers and brought them up between them, Eomer licked out at the mess on Jim’s hand. Jim smiled and stuck out his tongue to join in.

Later that night Jim and Eomer were wrapped together in the firelight after a lengthy and mutually satisfying sixty-nine session. Eomer had been unsure of the logistics and Jim kept assuring him it would work. Eomer was confused until Jim directed him to lie on the floor in front of the fire on his left side. His eyebrows were up into his hair line until Jim lay down next to him but on his right side, his hard cock right in front of Eomer’s watering mouth. “What form of witchcraft is this, Jim?” Jim winked and swallowed him down.

They were both awoken shortly before dawn by pounding against the bedchamber door. Eomer leapt from bed and pulled himself into his breeches. “Enter.” He ordered.

A member of the city guard entered the room. “The night watch has spotted a war party riding to the north of Edoras.”

“How many riders?”

“Not sure my Lord, fifty maybe more.”

“Assemble the Council of War, I will be there shortly.”

The guard nodded and left the room.

Jim was out of bed and dressing the moment the door shut behind him.

Eomer turned and saw Jim lacing his breaches. “Jim?”

“I’m coming with you. This is my home too.”

Eomer nodded. They left together.

Chapter End Notes

I would like to thank you all for your continued support of this story. It does my heart good to see that you are all enjoying this most unlikely duo!

AH, more horseback sex, Corrie71, this is for you my friend as you were the first person to write and tell me how hot the "horse scene" was back in chapter one.
Speaking of Bones...yes I know, we still have not met him. Eomer keeps telling me his story and he's going to get as much room to run as he wants. There are times when my heart clenches in my chest when I think about this fic ending, so Eomer and I are of one mind to stave that off as long as possible. Bones will wait his turn.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

A party of riders threaten the safety of Edoras. Jim and Eomer lead forces into battle.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Commander Spock, we’ve received a subspace message from Starfleet Command regarding the search for Captain Kirk.”

“Please relay it, Lieutenant Uhura.”


The bridge was silent.

Eomer had been quiet as they walked to the council room and Jim had not wanted to disturb his thoughts. Jim had gone into “Captain” mode the minute he heard there was a threat to Edoras. He was frustrated by the lack of information. The guard had said “maybe” fifty riders, but that could mean anything especially in the low light of early morning; more forces could be coming from another direction or could be a ways behind the first riding party. The only thing worse than not being able to act is not having enough information to act upon.

Eomer stopped suddenly and turned. Jim crashed into his chest. “Come this way.” Eomer grabbed his elbow and led him into a dark, cold chamber, shutting the door behind them. Eomer moved Jim against the wall and kissed him quick. Jim didn’t have time to respond before he was pulling away again. “My heart, follow my lead and be ready for anything. Different factions within my ranks will be spoiling for a fight at all costs, others will not wish to start trouble until trouble knocks at our gates. Know I trust you unquestioningly, it may not be possible to show it in there. Do you understand?” He kissed Jim again, loving the feel of Jim’s lips against his own. Jim slipped his hands under Eomer’s tunic and glided them over his back, he felt Eomer shudder against him and Jim smiled into their kiss, before pulling back.

“I’ll do what I can to help you, help our people. I had to take several classes on command tactics and I know some strategies that may be useful. Plus I do have command experience in battle situations. Believe it or not, I can be diplomatic when the occasion calls for it.”

“Thank you for thinking of Rohan as our people Jim. Hearing those words from your mouth brings me great joy.” He cleared his throat, reining his emotions back. “Please feel free to speak up, voice your thoughts and strategies. Just know I may not respond as warmly as I do now.” He moved in
closer for one last, lingering kiss. He licked his tongue into Jim’s mouthed and curled it against the roof of his mouth. Jim shivered in his arms, as his fingers dug into his back. Eomer reluctantly pulled away.

“This is a good a time as any to tell you I don’t believe in no-win scenarios. Let’s go.”

The council room was dark and cavernous. A fire had been started but it was weak and ineffective. The room was cold and somber, perfectly matching the mood of the meeting being conducted. Jim kept his own thoughts to himself at first, taking stock of the warriors surrounding him. These were serious, proud men, it was plain how much defending their home and their people meant to them. It just seemed like no one could agree on the best way to do this. Eomer had started the meeting by reiterating the intelligence he had received that morning. A party of possibly fifty riders was heading toward Edoras. There was another party of Rohan’s advance scouts that had been sent out following the return of the first and they were still waiting on word from those men. There was not enough information at hand to make a clear decision therefore Eomer sided with diplomacy.

“I would like to take a party of one hundred Rohirrim with me to meet these riders head on. It is possible they mean Rohan no harm and it would not be wise to make enemies where none exist.”

The room erupted into shouts at Eomer’s words of peace.

One man shouted from the back, “We need to ride out and stop this threat now, they can explain their presence in Rohan at the point of our spears.”

Another shouted from Jim’s left, “Afraid to raise your sword in battle Eomer? Would you rather be home cuddling with your boy then, instead of serving as Marshall of the Riddermark?”

Other voices supported Eomer. “Edoras needs no more enemies, I ride with you Marshall.”

“We should wait to see what course the riders take, what if they mean us no harm?”

This had been going on for an hour. Eomer hadn’t been kidding when he told Jim about the division of opinions. Some wanted to ride out now, others wanted to wait as long as possible, while a third group was content to follow Eomer’s lead.
“Kill them all before they kill us!” Shouts of agreement rang out through the room.

“I understand your desire to protect Rohan. However, we must see this situation from all angles.” Eomer’s skull felt like it would shatter apart, they were getting nowhere.

“The Rohirrim can defeat any foe.”

“Not if we are outnumbered three to one.” Jim spoke up at last, no longer able to sit by and watch.

“Who is this, this foundling to try and tell us how to best act?” It was the same voice who had urged no mercy, a large ugly man with questionable oral hygiene.

“I am someone who has a vested interest in the safety of Rohan and her people.” Jim was standing tall and confident. He was ready to take on all comers.

“Because you are our Lord Marshall’s lap dog.” Another voice called from Jim’s left. The men sniggered at this comment.

Eomer did not like the direction the conversation had taken. He had a feeling Jim was trying to bring the focus of the discussion on to himself, but Eomer did not know why, yet.

Jim laughed. “You have a point, but you’ll find I am more of a lap “lion” if anything. I may be just a ‘foundling’ in your eyes, but I have years of tactical and combat training. Training I am willing to share with all of you. Rohan is my home now and I will do everything in my power to protect her and her people. Now, are you ready to talk battle strategy or would you like to insult me more? Anyone?” Jim turned in a circle around the room, making eye contact with as many warriors as possible, he had no takers, a pity really as he was spoiling for a fight. “All right then, my plan is simple, what we should do is send out two parties, one riding for the north to meet the advancing riders head on. The second party will ride east and double back around to the north.”

“This is madness, why should we break our forces into two groups. Strength lies in numbers.” Rotten Teeth called out.

“Ordinarily you are correct, but since we do not yet know the size of the war party or their intentions toward Rohan, it is best to have as many riders as possible ready for what is to come. If these riders are not hostile, then the second group of riders never need show themselves, they will simply ride
back the way they came, no harm done.” Jim took a deep breath and watched the men watching him, some had skeptical looks on their faces, but all were listening to him. “If however, the riders are hostile the second party of Rohirrim will swoop in from behind them and cut off their retreat. We will fight our way back to each other and meet in the middle.” Jim smiled at Eomer.

Eomer was also watching his people watch Jim. Some of them were still openly hostile, but it was obvious Jim knew the business of war, knew how to rally men to his side, knew how to let them know he was fighting for them and the things they hold dear.

“Of course there is a third option no one has brought up as yet.” Jim looked at Eomer, who wore a shuttered look on his face. Eomer nodded for Jim to continue. “There is a possibility the riders that were spotted are only an advance party. It is possible there could be an invasion force following behind the first group. In that case, it is better to have more riders in place to circle back around and with fresh men and horses in reserve in case their numbers are greater than we are led to believe. A third group of Rohirrim should be stationed just outside the gates of Edoras, ready to ride in that event. Each of the two groups of riders will have scouts on horseback for the express purpose of riding back to our gates to summon the third party of riders. In that eventuality another group of riders will be ready to replace them at the gates. Any questions?” Jim took a breath and looked around the room. The men seemed awestruck for the most part, the silence was deafening. He turned to look at Eomer who looked back at him impassively.

Eomer now understood what Jim had been doing by drawing the attention of the room on himself. He was proving to the hardened warriors that he was going to fight for them, that he considered himself one of them. Eomer had to admit this was a stroke of genius. He had not mentioned this to Jim earlier, but he had wondered how Jim’s spaceship training could possibly help his own people. He was glad now that he had kept that question to himself. It was crystal clear why Jim had attained the rank of captain back in his own world.

He was also on board with Jim’s tactical plans for each of the scenarios he had outlined. Diplomacy was a skill not only needed when meeting strangers and allies, but within one’s own house as well. It would be difficult to be in complete agreement with Jim, but it would best serve the interests of Rohan. “I like this plan.” Eomer stood, announcing suddenly.

The room erupted in chaos. Men were standing and shouting at Eomer, at Jim and at each other. “ORDER.” Eomer bellowed. “We do Edoras no good arguing amongst ourselves. I will lead a party of one hundred north, while Donall will lead another one hundred east. Fergus will lead the third party which will be stationed at our gates, ready to ride to our aid if needed. Be ready to depart within the hour. DISMISSED.” The men began to file out. Eomer stayed behind as did Jim.

When they were at last alone, Eomer turned to speak, “That plan is genius, my heart.”
“Well I can’t take all the credit, it was the brainchild of a brilliant warrior called Alexander the Great.”

“So when the Rohirrim is a success in battle this day, will I have to call you James the Great?”

“Don’t you already?”

Jim was assigned to Donall’s group to ride to the east. Once they were outside, Jim had a chance to draw up the battle plan in the dirt, explaining the strategy and effectiveness of the maneuver. Eomer was impressed. This plan was genius and he was a little upset he had not thought to affect this maneuver in past engagements upon the field of battle.

Eomer had explained that he wanted Jim with Donall’s group in case they needed more guidance with the strategy of the attack. He lied. He wanted Jim away from as much of the action as possible. All of it, if there was no rearguard attached to the raiding party. He hated lying to Jim, but he hated the thought of losing Jim more. He had to admit this thought was jarring as he prepared to ride into battle. He had never before had someone to come home to, someone he wanted to come home to him. It surprised and humbled him at the same time.

Before they parted for the stable, Eomer kissed Jim, wrapped both arms around him and let his tongue plunder Jim’s mouth. “Do not forget to praise Starlight, she will need to know she is serving you well.”

Jim smiled and kissed him back, patting the side of his face. “Good boy Eomer, you are strong and brave.” Jim cooed into his ear.

“What are you doing, my heart?” Eomer questioned.

“Praising you for serving me well, of course.” Jim winked.

“I am not a horse being ridden into battle.” Eomer teased.

“Not yet.” Jim kissed him again and strode off for Starlight’s stall, whistling.
It was the first time they had publicly acknowledged their relationship.

The rest of the morning flew by in a flurry of activity, horses were outfitted, men strapped into their armor. Jim was thinking he needed to find Eomer to say...he would see him later, not goodbye, never goodbye, when Eomer came up behind him and wrapped him in a hug. Jim brought his arms up to wrap around Eomer's. Jim took a moment to get lost in his scent. He smelled like horses and sunshine, Jim liked nothing more than being wrapped up in his lover and his scent.

Eomer held Jim close, his mouth was pressed in a flat line against the back of Jim's neck. He was holding on tighter than usual. Jim moved his arms down and turned around in his arms.

"You will stay safe, my heart." The look on Eomer's face brooked no argument.

"It will be fine. I will be fine." Jim smiled, his blue eyes were crinkled in the morning sunshine.

"I mean it Jim, I could not bear it if..." He stopped, unable to continue and sucked in a ragged breath.

"Eomer, look at me." Jim cupped his face and the giant warrior met blue eyes with stormy hazel. "It will be fine. This isn't my first fight."

He huffed out a breath. "It is with a sword and on horseback."

"No problem, you taught me well." Jim, stroked his stubbled cheeks.

"You had one lesson, it is not enough Jim, it is not-"

"Eomer, I'll be fine. I'll meet you in the middle of the battlefield, my love, I promise."

"My love?" Eomer was stunned, felt the breath go out of him.

"Well, 'my heart' was already taken." Jim smiled before leaning in to kiss Eomer, open mouthed and full of promise. They kept their eyes open, staring deep into the other's soul. There was nothing left to say when they broke apart.

Jim rode east. He could tell some of the others were certain this was a waste of time and resources. Jim had a feeling in his bones; almost a sixth sense and it had been tingling since the guard pounded on the bedroom door that morning. He knew there would be a rearguard of riders, knew it would be up to him and Donall to keep those riders back from Eomer's troops.

"So, fuck meat," Rotten Teeth sneered as he pulled up alongside Jim. "You will be responsible for the death of our Lord Marshall with this plan and while there is warmth still in his body, yours will join his in death."

"Shhhh." Jim whispered.

"I do not take orders from you, boy."
Donall had ridden back to Jim’s position. He wanted to speak with the young man and learn more of his thoughts on the action to come. He and Eomer had grown up together. He trusted the man with his life. Jim may be a “foundling” but it was obvious he had not only tactical skill, but command skills as well. Fighting alongside him was going to be glorious. Eomer had chosen well.

“Donall, can you hear that?” Jim whispered as the other man joined him.

It was faint, but he could hear the sound of galloping cavalry. It had begun.

Eomer held up his fist, signaling a stop to his riders. They were in a large, open area with no trees. It was a good place to wait, as he had a clear line of sight in all directions. Eomer began issuing orders to his advance scouts and they set off to ride forward. Other scouts had reported back with more accurate numbers earlier in the ride. There were seventy five riders in total on the move toward them. The scouts were unable to see any insignia on the horses they rode or the flags they carried. Eomer could only guess it meant they were hostile. If they were allies of Rohan or innocent travelers, their colors would be proudly on display.

His thoughts kept drifting back to Jim and he was regretting sending Jim along with Donall. It’s not that he didn’t trust the other man, but he should have kept Jim with him where he could have watched and protected him. He could only hope that Jim was right, that the small amount of instruction Eomer had given him would be enough to keep Jim safe.

The sound of pounding hooves and a cloud of rising dust caught Eomer’s attention and he held his up to signal his riders to be at the ready. The advance party rode into sight; they were coming hard and showed no signs of slowing. Eomer pulled his sword from the scabbard at Firefoot’s side and held it aloft. “FOR ROHAN.” He shouted.

“FOR ROHAN.” His men echoed back.

Jim could feel himself sweating under his helmet. He blinked up at the bright sunlight and offered up a quick prayer for Eomer and for the other Riders of Rohan. He wondered if his own God would be able to find him here. That was his last thought as the Rohirrim raised their swords in the air and let loose a savage battle cry. Jim raised his sword and added his voice to the chorus.

He knew what he had to do, where he needed to ride. As space was freed up in front of Starlight he urged her forward with the click of his tongue. The sound of steel on steel and men screaming caught his attention and he had to fight hard to keep control of his rising panic. What had he been thinking, telling Eomer he was ready for this? He had killed men before, yes, from afar with a phaser. He never had to look into the eyes of the men he killed or see their blood run red. He tried to tell himself that they were trying to kill him, therefore justifying his actions, but that didn’t help him sleep at night.

This was much worse than he ever could have imagined, much worse certainly than he read in books or manuals. He could smell blood and death and the ringing of sword against sword was deafening.

A large man on an even larger black horse roared toward him. Jim raised his spear and let it fly, he missed his target and the horseman kept coming, his own spear loosed from his hands. Jim clicked at Starlight, ordering the horse to change direction as he leaned into her neck as far forward as his body could manage in his armor. He felt rather than heard the spear soar over his head. He pulled himself back up and swung forward with his sword, catching the man across his helmet and knocking him
from his horse. Jim continued forward as the next rider bore down on his location. He swung his sword again and it clanged against that of his opponent. Jim could feel the vibration jolt through his arm so strongly that he almost dropped his sword. He did not remember Eomer ever striking his sword this hard. He would have words about this later with him.

The other horseman wheeled his stallion around and came back at Jim, his sword moving in hacking motions the closer he got to Jim and Starlight. Jim kicked out a booted foot at the horse as his blade bit into the shoulder of its rider, the man screamed as he slid from his saddle and hit the ground.

Jim had broken through to the end of the rearguard and was now in out in the open. He turned Starlight around and was shocked at the battle he saw raging around him. He was the only man still on horseback. All of the other members of the Rohirrim were now fighting on foot, sword to sword, fist to fist. The ground was littered with fallen men, some lying still in pools of their own blood, others trying to regain their feet or screaming for help. He patted Starlight’s flank as he slid off her back. “Be back soon, my beautiful girl, stay safe.” He patted her neck and ran off to the aid of his people.

Eomer was fighting on foot, having long since slipped from Firefoot’s back. He stepped forward to meet the charge of an advancing rider and slipped in the mud. That slip saved his life as there was a man charging in from behind with a spear. It flew over Eomer’s head and stuck deep into the man who had been charging at him. He quickly got back to his feet as there were more men coming at him. His thoughts turned briefly to Jim. Where was he, was he okay? Eomer felt panic rise up from his gut and had to shove it back down, there would be time to deal with this later. Right now he needed to survive in order to fight his way back to Jim, to his heart, to the man he loved.

The Riders of Rohan had been stuck into this battle for some time. These men were strong and well trained. It had been long enough that if Jim had been wrong about there being a rear guard of soldiers, his group would have joined in the fight here by now. Eomer knew they had run into other soldiers.

“MY LORD MARSHALL.” Eomer heard the voice rise over the sounds of battle and Eomer could see a lone horseman making his way through the fray toward him. It was one of his advance scouts, a boy name Gilley. Eomer began to work his way through fallen men and weapons to get to the scout.

“What news Gilley? Eomer was breathing heavy by the time he reached the boy.

“Your second group of forces is heavily engaged to the north, Sir. Donall said they could use the help of the soldiers here or the third guard waiting back at the gates. They are not overwhelmed yet, but the force they are fighting seems to be larger than Jim had anticipated.”

“Ride for Edoras, tell the third wave to engage, we will start to make our way north to Donall’s position.

“Yes, my Lord.” The boy nodded.

“What of Jim, Gilley? Does he fight on?” Eomer felt his heart clench in his chest and felt it difficult to draw air.

“He was fighting strong and proud when I left him, Sir. He is a real credit to Rohan and to your ability to train men. The only person I have ever seen fight harder in battle is you, my Lord.”
Amidst the carnage Eomer found a reason to rejoice and be glad. He had lost a lot of men this day, would probably lose more in the hours to come, but for now his heart was safe. He felt pride surge through him. It’s true he had seen greatness in Jim, but having that feeling turn into reality was something far greater than Eomer could ever imagine. Their reunion this night would be the stuff of legend. He would tell Jim tonight that he loved him, that his soul was Jim’s forever.

Jim could see the battle was lost. So many good men lay either dead or dying and Jim’s sword arm was beginning to tire. He thought of Eomer and his ability to fight ambidextrously and wished that was something they had at least practiced a time or two so his muscles would have the memory of the motions to rely upon. Jim kept moving forward kept swinging his sword, kept swinging his fist.

“FOR ROHAN!” The roar caught Jim by surprise. He fought harder, digging for a second wind knowing help was on the way. He swung his sword forward again, relishing the clang of steel on steel and waited for Eomer to find him.

Eomer could not find Jim as he continued to push Firefoot closer to the battle. His spear was at the ready in his left hand and he let it fly at a soldier who was aiming his own spear at Firefoot. His aim was true and the man yelled in agony. When Eomer rode by he yanked the spear from his chest. He continued to ride and fight until two men attacked at once and pulled him from his horse. Firefoot screamed in protest and quickly danced away from the swinging swords. Eomer kicked his booted feet out at the two men from his prone position on the ground, striking one in the gut and sending him sprawling backward. He used his slight advantage to regain his feet and rolled forward to his grab his sword which had been jarred loose from his grip when he fell. The man who had kept his feet charged at Eomer who was able come back to his feet and hit the man in the chest with his shoulder, just as Jim had done to him yesterday on the practice field. Was it really just yesterday? It seemed weeks had passed between then and now. Eomer quickly dispatched both men and moved forward to his next target, still searching for Jim as went.

Jim couldn’t find Eomer. He kept moving, kept swinging his sword, trying to work his way toward where Eomer’s soldiers were fighting. He was so tired, could never remember being this tired in his whole life. His sword sliced through the neck of his last opponent and when he turned to see what was next, spotted Eomer about fifty yards away, he was fighting three men at the same time. Jim stood watching in awe, he had never seen anyone fight like that before. He imagined that’s what the Norse Berserkers of old must have looked like in battle; Eomer looked superhuman, indestructible. His helm was gleaming in the late afternoon sun and Jim started working his way toward him.

He was half way there when a fallen enemy soldier reached for his foot and brought Jim down hard on top of him. The man punched Jim in the face and Jim started hitting him back again and again with his left arm, his right was practically useless. He kept hitting the man until Jim was sure he was dead. He reached out for his sword and got back to his feet, immediately searching for Eomer. He found him about seventy five feet away fighting two men with a third about to join. Jim moved toward them as fast as he was able. He saw Eomer slice through one opponent just as the third man reached them. Eomer had engaged the blade of the second man and his arms were raised into the air exposing his left armpit, leaving the most vulnerable part of himself open for attack. Chain mail did not cover a warrior’s armpits as it was so heavy, it would drag the sword arm down and limit the wearers range of motion in a fight.

Jim saw the man draw his sword arm back and begin to thrust forward toward the opening in the
armor, toward Eomer’s heart. “EOMER!” Jim yelled racing toward him. Jim watched helplessly as the sword thrust into Eomer. Jim heard him grunt and saw him start to fall backward, saw the blood staining the man’s sword. It seemed the world was moving in slow motion. “NOOO!” Jim yelled breaking free from his trance as Eomer’s body hit the ground. Jim leapt over him and he started slashing at the man who had taken him down, slicing him to ribbons and quickly turning his sword on the other man.

Jim spun back around to Eomer, who was lying flat on his back. “Eomer.” Jim panted, falling to his knees beside him. “How bad is it?”

“Jim, my heart.” He whispered. “You are safe. I am much pleased.”

“Never mind me, tell me about your wound. Tell me what to do to help you.”

“The wound is under my left arm, move it as far back as you can and tell me what you see.

Jim did as Eomer asked and pushed his arm up and away from the wound. There was so much blood. Jim reached under his own mail to rip at the tunic underneath, tearing the fabric. It was cleaner than the material of his pants. He used it to swipe away the blood.

“The cut is clean and it looks deep. You’re losing a lot of blood, there’s so much blood.” Jim was looking at Eomer whose skin looked grey. He was sweating and his eyes were dull and foggy.

“Put pressure on the wound, Jim. Push hard and do not let go, no matter what. You have to stop the bleeding.” He closed his eyes and focused on breathing through the pain.

“Eomer.” Jim yelled. “Stay with me, stay awake.” Jim was frantically looking around for something clean to use to staunch the flow of blood from the wound. There was nothing to be found, everything was dirty, covered in blood.”

“Jim.” Eomer whispered. “I must tell you, promised myself that I would tell you, I love—” His eyes fluttered shut, his mouth gone slack.

“Eomer? Fuck, Eomer, can you hear me?” Jim was patting his cheek with his free hand but Eomer would not stir, he would not wake up. Jim needed help, needed to hear Eomer laugh again and tell bad jokes. He needed Eomer to tell him everything would be alright and for him to call Jim, ‘my heart’ again. He needed to tell Eomer that he loved him too.

Jim started screaming for help.

Chapter End Notes

I had not intended to leave this as cliffhanger when I sketched out this chapter, however, Eomer had other plans for me. I’ve said before that he has as much room to run as he wants and he has taken me up on this offer. What you just read is only half of what I planned for chapter four. You will read the rest next week. Does that mean this story will last longer than I had originally planned? Oh yes!

One thing I wondered about was what would happen when a situation arose where both men would be qualified to be in a position of leadership? Eomer has always been in the lead in this relationship, with Jim content to follow. Do not mistake that for submission,
it's just the way their dynamic works. However in the council room we see Jim rise to front with his ideas and strategies. There are a lot of ways Eomer could have responded to this, not the least of which was to dismiss his ideas outright, but he doesn't. He admits Jim knows things he doesn't and supports Jim's plans not because of their relationship, but because it's a sound tactic. I am pleased with how they can let the other play to their strengths without feeling less of a man for following.

Let me know what you think, are you as crazy in love with Eomer as I am??

There is a lot of love here and with love comes pain.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

The battle on the field is over, however the battle to save Eomer's life has just begun.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scotty called the meeting to order. “I know what a risk it is for all of us to be here together, so let’s be quick. What ideas do we have on how to rescue the captain?”

“We need more data on ze vormhole itself if ve are to determine where ze Keptin vas lost.”

“Spock mentioned there had been reports of this wormhole surfacing for decades, it’s why we were sent here to investigate.” Sulu offered.

“Right, wee lad and Sulu, search the computers for any mention of this anomaly, scientific observations or eye witness accounts.”

“Aye, Mr. Scott.” They both replied.

“Lassie, I need to you to keep an eye on Mr. Spock. It pains me ta ask ye, but if he catches us at this it’s charges of mutiny for all of us.”

“Understood.” She whispered as the chime to Scotty’s door chimed. Everyone froze.

“Come.” Scotty called.

Spock walked in surveying the guilty faces of his senior bridge staff, of Jim’s senior bridge staff, he mentally corrected. “Am I correct in assuming you have gathered clandestinely in order to formulate a plan to locate and retrieve Captain Kirk?”

“Aye laddie, that we have.” Scotty challenged.

“How may I assist you?”

It took five soldiers to hoist Eomer into Firefoot’s saddle and into Jim’s arms to begin the long ride back to the gates of Edoras. Jim rode with a contingent of twenty able bodied soldiers who had not been injured in the fight. Jim longed to break Firefoot into a full gallop, but with Eomer out cold, he could not risk him slipping off the horse, so he had to be content with their current pace. He thought back to the events that had unfolded once help had arrived for Eomer.

Jim had managed to shed his own armor to get to his semi-clean tunic underneath. He had ripped it into shreds to be used as a way to bind the wound and stop the bleeding. As he was doing this, other men were busy carefully stripping Eomer of his armor and chain mail. Jim called for water, which he used to clean up the wound as best he could without touching the skin. Everything was so dirty and Jim feared infection even though there were more pressing concerns, such as how much internal
damage the blade had done and getting the bleeding to stop. Once the wound was as clean as it was going to get, Jim folded squares of his shirt and pressed them against the wound as Gilley wrapped the longer strips of fabric around Eomer’s torso to secure the makeshift bandage.

Jim whistled for Firefoot and Starlight and the struggle was on to get Jim and Eomer seated on the edgy stallion. The horse knew there was something wrong with his master and he danced around not wanting Jim or anyone else to touch him. Jim approached him with his hands held out. “It’s okay, Firefoot. I need your help, we have to work together to get Eomer home.” Jim could feel tears pricking at the back of his eyes. This was the first moment he had since the battle ended to marshal his thoughts and the only thing he could see playing again and again in his mind was the blade of the sword piercing Eomer’s side and the warrior falling to the ground in a heap. Jim kept hearing Eomer’s aborted attempt to say “I love you.” His mind was screaming at himself for not being the bigger man and saying it first weeks ago when he discovered the true depths of his feelings.

Jim took a deep breath and tried to bring himself back under control. All that mattered now was getting Eomer home and healed. Firefoot knocked into his hand with his muzzle and Jim knew he understood.

After what seemed like an eternity, the high walls of Edoras came into view and Jim urged Firefoot into a gallop. The other riders raced to keep up and began shouting the password for the gates to be lifted to allow their entrance. Jim rode the horse right up to the stairs of the keep, shouting orders. “I need five strong men to help get him down. Send the best stable hands to feed and brush down Firefoot. Send for the doctor, the healer and Lady Eowyn. Order hot water and clean cloths from the kitchen and laundry.” No one moved, they were all staring blankly up at Jim. “Why is everyone standing around staring at me? MOVE, NOW!” That broke the trance and everyone moved at once. Guards rushed to Jim and gently pulled Eomer down off the horse. Jim followed them into the keep and started to pray.

Four soldiers helped carry Eomer up to the bedchamber and worked to get him undressed. Sorcha came in carrying a bucket of hot water and clean cloths which she set down near the bed.

Jim picked up the cloths and began to bathe Eomer, washing off the dirt, sweat and blood from his body. His stomach was queasy but not because of the blood. Jim had come so close to losing him today and could still yet.

A few moments later, Glendy came in with Eowyn and the doctor.

“How was he injured?” the doctor asked, stepping to the bed and reaching out to touch Eomer. His hands were filthy, covered in the dried blood of others he had seen to.

“Stop!” Jim shouted, startling Eowyn with the force behind his voice. “Don’t you dare touch him!”
“Jim.” Eowyn said softly, “He is the doctor, let him see to my brother.”

“He’s not touching Eomer with those dirty hands, Eowyn.”

“I need to examine the wound if I am to assist him.” He reached forward to touch Eomer again.

Jim flew from the other side of the bed to grab the doctor and push him away. “I don’t think you’re listening to me, your hands are filthy, you’re not touching him until they are clean. Do you understand me?” Jim was shouting, his face red, fists balled at his sides. “Don’t you people know anything about hygiene and the spread of infection?” He turned around the room helplessly looking at everyone. They were all staring back at him as if he had lost his mind.

“Look, you will need to step back and let me see to the Marshall. I will not be responsible for his death.”

“You will be responsible if you touch him with those hands. Now go wash, there is hot water behind you.”

“Jim?” Eomer whispered, barely opening his eyes.

“Eomer, thank goodness, you’re awake. You’re home, I brought you home and we’re going to help you, you’ll be fine, okay?”

“…Fighting about?” His whisper was barely audible. “You could wake the dead with yelling like that, my heart.”

Jim huffed out a rough laugh, his voice sounded foreign to him. “The doctor’s hands are dirty and I won’t let him touch you.”

“He will obey your wishes Jim. I trust my life to you.” His eyes dropped closed again.

Jim turned to face the doctor, “Wash, now.”
“I will not be ordered about by some foundling. If our Lord Marshall has placed his trust in you then you can heal him. There are other wounded members of the Rohirrim who need my assistance.” He turned to Eowyn, “My lady, the death of your brother will grieve me.”

“You will not speak such things in the presence of my brother. Once this day is behind us, we will no longer need your services as doctor. Now go.”

Eowyn turned to Jim. “He has never trusted like this before, Jim. He must love you a great deal. As do I, for you are willing to stand up and fight for him. You will keep me apprised of his condition.” She smiled at him and left the room.

“Glendy, I will need more hot water, more cloths and bandages. Please bring the healer and a needle and thread to stitch the wound.” She nodded and walked toward the door. “Oh and Glendy, bring as much whiskey as you can carry.”

Jim walked back to Eomer and sat on the bed beside him. He reached out and ran a hand down the side of his face. Eomer opened his eyes. “My heart.” He rasped out. “You are safe.”

Tears flooded Jim’s eyes. Eomer was gravely injured and the only thing that mattered to him was that Jim was safe. It was too much, it was all too much for him to process, he would think about this all later, when Eomer was out of danger. “Yes, I am safe, you taught me well.”

“Do not cry, my heart. All will be well.” He reached out a hand and Jim grabbed hold. His skin was cold and clammy to the touch. Jim felt fingers of cold fear walk up his spine and settle around his heart. Jim wasn’t a doctor, but this couldn’t be a good sign.

“I don’t know how badly you are hurt. The blade could have damaged your lung or something else internally.” Jim swiped at his eyes. “I saw you fighting, there were three men attacking you, I tried to get to you, but there wasn’t enough time.”

“So brave, my heart, so-” His eyes closed again and Jim let him rest. He would need his strength for what was to come, they both would.

Jim stood up from the bed and walked to the fireplace, rested his arms on the mantle. He needed to find his focus and calm down. He would need to set his emotions aside and do what needed to be done for Eomer.
Glendy came back into the chamber carrying two buckets of steaming water, she was followed by Sorcha with the whiskey and a third woman whom Jim had never met, she was carrying a large covered basket.

“I am Islyn, the healer. You are Foundling-Jim?” Her voice was bright and clear. Beautiful green eyes found his and held.

“Yes, I am Jim, thank you for coming so quickly.”

“May I examine the Marshall, Jim? My hands are clean.” She held them up for his inspection.

“Please.” Jim motioned her forward.

She placed a hand to Eomer’s forehead. “No fever, as yet. We shall have to keep a close watch on him.” She moved her hand to his neck to feel for his pulse. “His heart beats strong, yet I suspect you know of this, Jim.” He nodded.

She moved to examine the wound. “The bandage must go.” Islyn reached into her basket for scissors and quickly cut through the makeshift field dressing Jim had applied. She held them out to Jim, “Burn these.” Jim obeyed.

“He has spoken to you since the injury, Jim?” Her eyes were kind.

“Yes, just before you got here.”

“Did his voice sound wet Jim?”

He felt the breath hitch in his throat. “No, his voice was weak, but clear.”

“Did he cough or choke at all?”
“No, none of those things.”

“He is fortunate Jim, as are you. I do not believe his lung was injured. The wound will need to be cleaned and stitched. Wet one of the cloths for me in hot water, Jim and I will begin.”

Jim did as he was asked.

Islyn placed a hand on Eomer’s chest and brought the cloth down to cleanse his skin. When the cloth made contact, Eomer roared and threw out his arms and legs, fighting for all he was worth. Islyn landed on the floor and Jim rushed to help her up and then went to Eomer. He was still screaming, eyes wild.

“Eomer, look at me, it’s Jim.” Jim was holding his shoulders down and even in his weakened condition was still a formidable opponent. “It’s Jim, Eomer look at me, look at me.”

Eomer stopped flailing and looked at Jim. “It’s okay, you’re safe. I won’t let anyone hurt you, my love, you’re safe.”

“Jim.” He whispered. “Hurts, Jim.”

“I know. I know it hurts, you have to let us help you. The wound needs to be cleaned and stitched. Let us help you, please.”

“You, Jim. I trust you. You will do this.” Eomer closed his eyes again.

“Sorcha, a cup of whiskey, please.” She gave him a questioning eyebrow but brought him a cup.

“Eomer, I need you to wake up.” He opened his eyes. Jim shifted an arm under his head and brought the cup to his lips. “Drink this for me, come on, all of it.”

He took a sip and sputtered. “Whiskey?”

“Yes, it will help with the pain, drink it all down.” Eomer did and Jim laid his head back on the
pillow. “Islyn, what do I do next?”

“Clean the wound with hot water, you must make sure to get all of the dirt out. It will hurt and even though it is you ministering to him, he may lash out again.”

Jim nodded. “Candles, Glendy, please bring me as many as you can.”

It was several moments before Glendy came back with more candles. Jim hoped it had given the whiskey enough time to work through Eomer’s system.

“Eomer, I’m going to rest my weight on your shoulder to help keep the area still, okay?” Jim leaned into Eomer and started to clean the wound. It was slow going. Jim was afraid of hurting him more and worked slowly and with deliberation.

“How are you doing, Eomer?”

Eomer huffed a high pitched breath. If Jim didn’t know him better he would have thought that was a giggle. “Hello beautiful.” Eomer did giggle this time. “Do not tell my Jim you heard this from me, but your eyes are the color of a summer’s sky.” More giggles.

“Eomer, I am your Jim.”

“YOU are my Jim?” Eomer was stunned. “Why am I not kissing you?”

“We aren’t kissing because you have a sword wound in your side.”

“Well, repair me with all due haste so we may get to the kissing. Have I kissed you before, Jim?” He giggled again.

“Many times, Eomer.”

“I am quite the lucky bastard am I not?”
Jim laughed. “Glendy, more whiskey please?” He grabbed more clean cloths and packed them against Eomer’s skin. He turned to take the re-filled cup from Glendy and turned back to Eomer. “This is going to hurt a lot, okay?”

“Then you must kiss me first, Jim.” Eomer winked at him.

“Think I gave you too much whiskey, pal.” Jim smiled and patted his face.

“Which is exactly why you must kiss me, pal.” Eomer puckered up. He looked like a beached fish.

Jim sighed and leaned in to give Eomer a chaste kiss on the forehead.

“You call that a kiss, I must instruct you better in future.” Eomer pulled him forward and planted one on him, licking out his tongue at the seam of Jim’s lips.

“Now that is a kiss, Jim.” Eomer grinned. “You may proceed with your ministrations and then you will kiss me again.”

Jim put a hand on his chest and started to pour the whiskey over the open wound. Eomer screamed. “I’m so sorry, I have to do this.” He poured more and Eomer screamed again. “It’s done, it’s done. I’m sorry, so sorry.” Eomer was breathing heavy, pain contorting the features of his face. He had begun to sweat and Jim mopped at his brow. “I’m sorry Eomer, so sorry to have to do this to you, it will help prevent infection. Jim was on the verge of tears again and he was only half done. The worst was still to come; he had to stitch the wound closed.

“Jim.” Eomer whispered.

“Right here.” Jim squeezed his hand.

“Changed my mind.”

“About what, Eomer?”
“Kissing you, Jim.”

“Oh?”

“Hurts too much to kiss you. You will have to suck my cock instead.”

Jim laughed, he couldn’t help it.

Eomer passed out halfway through the stitches. Jim thought it was a blessing. It hurt too much to see the pain etched across his beautiful face. Islyn showed him how to make small, neat stitches in the skin. When the stitching was done, she gave Jim a jar of salve for the injury and instructed him how often it needed to be reapplied.

“Jim, you must keep a close watch for fever. It is your greatest enemy. If it spikes you must do all you can to keep him as cool as possible. If the fever rises too high he may become combative or confused, you must be kind to him and tell him you mean no harm.”

“Can I lie with him and hold him close?”

“Of course, it will comfort him to have you near, it will comfort you both. Send for me if he worsens. You are his reason to recover Jim. He will fight his way back for you. I am so pleased you have found each other.”

Once everyone had gone and Jim had bathed, he slid into bed beside Eomer. Jim was laying on Eomer’s good side, resting his head on his shoulder. “I love you so much, Eomer. I know you can’t hear me, but it’s true. I promise when you wake up, I’m gonna tell you again and again until you’re sick of hearing it.” Jim cuddled closer resting a hand on his heart. He slipped into an uneasy sleep.
It raged on for five days. Eomer was angry, babbling and weepy in turns. He raged on at Jim, thinking he was one of the faceless enemy trying to harm “his heart.” Other moments were spent with Eomer thinking Jim was a childhood friend named Liam, retelling tales of their boyhood adventures. Other moments were spent with Eomer crying for his lost family begging Jim to allow him to join them in their rest. Jim had barely slept or eaten himself during this time and Eowyn had to force him from the room several times.

“Jim you are no good to him if you become sick yourself. You must eat and get some sleep. Come with me.”

“I can’t leave him Eowyn.”

“Islyn is with him, she will keep him safe for you. You do not wish him to be angry at you for neglecting yourself when he wakes. Come, Jim.”

Jim followed her from the room.

Later that evening when Eomer woke, it was as himself. He had been moaning in his sleep and that is what woke Jim. He sat up and immediately put a hand to Eomer’s forehead to feel for fever; he was finally cool. “Eomer, it’s Jim, can you hear me?”

“Jim, what has happened? I feel as if I have been trampled by a runaway horse. Hurts all over.” He grimaced

“Do you remember the battle?”

“Yes, you are safe, my heart.” Relief flooded his face.

“I am fine, you were wounded on your left side.”

“Will I live, Jim?”
“Yes, I won’t have you dying on me Eomer, you hear me?” Jim could feel the tears starting again.

“I would not dream of disappointing you, Jim. Thirsty.”

Jim got him a cup of water and helped him sit up enough to drink it. Once he was finished, Jim laid him back on his pillow and made sure he was comfortable. He rested back on his own pillow, images of the last few days assaulting his mind.

Jim started to cry. “It’s been so long, didn’t know if you would make it through, Eomer, you were so sick, so feverish…” Jim gasped and threw himself forward to hold on to Eomer’s uninjured shoulder.

Eomer brought his arm up to hold on to Jim as tight as he could. He did in fact feel like he had been trampled by a horse and could only imagine what Jim had been through caring for him. “Jim, come closer, please let me hold you.” Eomer lifted his arm so that Jim could move to lie on his chest.”

Jim snuggled in close and let his tears fall. He had never been so scared in his life as he had been since the moment he had seen Eomer fall. Eomer was so unwell, he had not wanted to think beyond the moment, didn’t want to think of the future or dream of what they could have together, but now that he was awake and free of fever, it all came rushing forward, crashing down on him all at once. “Was so scared, scared you wouldn’t make it off that battlefield alive, scared I wouldn’t get you back here in time to save you, then we had to clean and stitch the wound and then you had a fever. Eomer, I thought I would lose you so many times I lost count.” Jim just held on and felt Eomer hold him tighter.

“I am sorry I scared you, my heart.” He pressed his lips to Jim’s forehead.

“It’s okay, you’re okay. I’m just so glad you tried to say it when I found you on the battlefield and I never got to say it back. I was so upset that I might never get the chance to say it back to you. I promised myself that when you woke up, I would say it again and again until you got sick of hearing it.” Jim couldn’t stop rambling.

“Say what, Jim?” Eomer knew what Jim meant. He remembered trying to tell Jim that he loved him before he passed out on the battlefield.

Jim realized he was just going on and on and hadn’t really said the words that had been sitting on his tongue for so long now. “I love you, Eomer, so much. I love you so much.” Jim was staring up into
his beautiful green eyes and could see for the first time how very much he was loved in return, but that didn’t mean he didn’t need to hear it again and again.

Eomer smiled back at Jim and ran a hand down the side of his handsome face. “And I love you, my heart, more every day. Say it again, Jim, I shall never tire of hearing you say those words.”

“I love you, I love you, I love you.” Jim kept saying it again and again to Eomer, who joined in and said it with him. They whispered words of love until they fell asleep tangled in each other.

Jim woke the next morning with Eomer wrapped around his back and one hand stroking his cock. “At last, my heart awakens.” He murmured low into Jim’s ear. “I was beginning to wonder if more persuasion would be necessary.”

Jim smiled and pressed his ass back against Eomer, whose own morning erection pressed into the crack of Jim’s ass. “Good morning, I love you.”

“Shhhh, Jim, let me love you. There will be time for words later.” Eomer continued to stroke Jim’s cock. It had been so long since they had been together like this. Jim relaxed back against him and let Eomer’s clever hand love him. He knew it wouldn’t take long. Jim felt his orgasm racing closer and closer, he whispered Eomer’s name again and again as he came hard, in gushing pulses.

“Sleep, my heart, I love you as well.” Jim obeyed.

When Jim opened his eyes again it looked to be late afternoon and Eomer was not in bed with him. As Jim sat up to stretch and look around he noticed Eomer was not in the room with him at all. Just then the door opened and Eomer stepped inside. He was dressed in fawn breeches and a green tunic. He looked tired.

“Where were you? I was worried.” Jim smiled at him.

Eomer smiled back. “You were sleeping so soundly I did not wish to disturb you. I went to request a bath be brought up for us both as I can surely use one.” He sat on the bed near Jim who scooted
closer to hug his lover.

“How do you feel?”

“I am still weakened, but it feels good to move about. I should like us to visit Firefoot later.”

“He has been missing you something awful and my daily visits make him edgy. He needs to see you are okay.”

“We will go see him together, Jim.” Eomer turned to kiss Jim, who opened his lips and welcomed Eomer’s tongue. They kissed lazily, getting reacquainted with the feel and taste of each other. The knock at the door startled them apart. “Come.” Eomer called out.

The door opened and Glendy and Sorcha entered carrying steaming buckets of water. Two guards followed close behind them carrying a large wooden bathtub. “Thank you.” Eomer nodded at the guards as they left the room. To Glendy and Sorcha he said, “I understand you both were instrumental in my recovery and in taking care of my Jim. For that, I thank you both.” They nodded at Eomer and smiled at Jim as they left the chamber.

“Come, Jim, shall we bathe each other?”

Jim felt his cock twitch and he nodded, getting out of bed. “Seems to me that you’re overdressed for a bath.” Jim smirked as Eomer looked down at himself.

“You will just have help me off with my clothes, Jim.”

“Mmmm, I certainly will.” Jim purred, sliding his hands under Eomer’s tunic. He ran his hand through the hair on Eomer’s stomach his hands tingling as they felt Eomer’s heat sink into them. Eomer moaned low in his throat as Jim’s hands began to push his shirt up his chest. Jim eased the material up past his injury and Eomer took over pulling his shirt off his uninjured arm. Jim walked his hands up the newly bared skin, brushing past his chest and neck to tangle in his beard, his thumb rubbing against Eomer’s bottom lip. Jim leaned in and kissed him slow and sweet, their lips brushing together, once, twice. Jim licked out his tongue at Eomer’s bottom lip and Eomer returned the favor, licking out at Jim’s lips. Both men moaned loudly when their tongues finally connected.

Jim’s hands wandered back down Eomer’s chest and stomach and came to the ties of his breeches,
he quickly undid the laces and ran his hand down the hard ridge of his cock. Jim kissed Eomer’s lips one last time before he began kissing his way down Eomer’s neck, kissing his way onto his chest and then his stomach, as Jim sank to his knees. “Jim.” Eomer whispered.

Jim smiled up at him as he worked Eomer’s pants down past his hips and down his legs. Jim tapped on each foot in turn asking Eomer to lift up so he could free him completely of his breeches. Jim swiped his tongue across the wet head of Eomer’s cock, moaning when his flavor hit his tongue. It was familiar and good, it tasted like home. He felt Eomer’s hands land in his hair and urge Jim closer. He moved his mouth lower and lower down Eomer’s cock, swirling his tongue the whole way down. Jim sighed when the cock hit the back of his throat and his nose tickled in Eomer’s dark nest of hair. Jim swallowed around him and brought his hands up to the cheeks of Eomer’s ass, urging him forward. He felt Eomer twitch in his mouth as he began to move his hips, slowly fucking Jim’s mouth.

Eomer looked down to watch Jim swallow his cock. He had never seen anything more beautiful than the sight of Jim with those plush, full lips wrapped around his cock. He could hear Jim moaning in the back of his throat and felt his hands flex on his ass. “Are you ready to swallow my seed, Jim?”

Jim moaned loudly and pulled Eomer’s ass forward.

“Swallow for me, Jim.” He urged as he started to spurt in Jim’s mouth. He kept whispering Jim’s name as his cock continued to pump in and out of Jim’s throat. When he was finished and began to soften, Jim pulled back and stood up. He kissed Eomer, open-mouthed and sloppy. Eomer could taste himself on Jim’s tongue. He moaned in response and felt his cock twitch.

Jim moved back. “Let’s get you clean, so I can get you dirty again.” He held out a hand to help Eomer step into the bathtub and sit down. The water splashed up and over his stomach. Jim knelt down on the floor and started to undo Eomer’s bandage. Once it was removed he stood and walked to the fire, throwing the soiled bandage in to burn. He walked back to the tub, his impossible blue eyes locked on Eomer the whole time. He bent low over the tub to kiss Eomer again before grabbing a wash cloth and a bar of soap. Jim reached into the tub and pulled out Eomer’s right foot, he ran the soapy cloth along the sole of Eomer’s foot causing the giant warrior to giggle. He tried to pull away but Jim held firm. “My brave warrior has ticklish feet, does he?” Jim laughed.

“You will not tell a soul of my weakness, Jim. I would have your promise.” Eomer’s eyes were alive and dark with passion.

“I never kiss and tell Eomer, you know that.”
“I would not mind you telling of the kissing Jim, if it meant you kept your silence about my feet.”

“I will tell no one anything, this time is ours and ours alone, Eomer.” Jim soaped up his calf then his knee and thigh, stopping just short of Eomer’s reawakened cock.

“You missed a spot, Jim.”

“No I didn’t.” Jim smiled, Eomer pouted his bottom lip.

Jim rolled the soap in the cloth again and slowly worked his way up Eomer’s left leg, once again stopping short of Eomer’s cock. He moved instead to wash his lower abdomen.

“Jim, you missed a very hard, very dirty part of me, in fact I think you may have to wash it twice to make sure it is completely clean.” Eomer was breathing heavy.

“I know I missed your back, but I’ll get to it later.” Jim winked.

“It is not nice to tease a wounded man, Jim.” Eomer grinned.

“You’ll survive, Eomer.” Jim was soaping up his broad chest, taking special, repeated care to ensure his nipples were clean.

“Yes, Jim, thanks to you I will survive. How do I repay you for saving me? Do you want coin? A title? Jewels? You have but to ask and it is yours.” Eomer’s dark eyes were serious.

“You have already given me my heart’s greatest wish, Eomer.”

“And that is what?”

“Your heart still beats. That is all I could ever ask for. You are alive and you are mine.”
“Jim, you must let me repay you.”

“You will repay me soon, Eomer, I am filthy.” Jim kissed him quick and hard. “I need you to lift your left arm for me, so I can clean the wound. It may hurt, okay?”

Eomer obeyed. Jim was as gentle as he could be, but Eomer still flinched and took a hard breath through clenched teeth. When Jim was done he lowered Eomer’s upraised arm and leaned in to kiss his warrior.

“Is there room in there for me?” Eomer nodded and pulled his knees back to his chest. Jim climbed in, standing in front of Eomer who leaned forward to lick the head of Jim’s cock.

“Jim, it has been so long since the flavor of your nectar has danced across my tongue. How I have missed the feel of you in my mouth.” Eomer took the head into his mouth and began to suckle, moaning at the feel of his lover’s cock on his tongue.

Jim leaned his head back and closed his eyes to better focus on Eomer’s lips and tongue on his cock. His hands slipped around to the cheeks of Jim’s ass and he squeezed into the hard flesh. Eomer took one hand away to pry the washcloth out of Jim’s hand. “Soap, Jim?” He bent over the side of the tub, grabbed the bar and handed it to Eomer. “Turn around.” He barely whispered.

Jim obeyed, his cock twitched twice and he was afraid he wouldn’t last through whatever Eomer had planned for them. He felt Eomer wash up his right leg and then down his left leg. He could hear Eomer rolling the soap in the cloth before Eomer began to wash the cheeks of his ass, his empty hand caressing Jim’s skin while the other hand washed him. This went on for a few minutes and then Eomer switched. Jim moaned and could not imagine ever tiring of this man’s hands on his body. Eomer’s hands dropped away from his ass and he heard the bar of soap thump to the floor.

“Bend over, my heart.” Eomer whispered.

He bent forward, pushing his ass back as he leaned his hands on the side of the tub. Eomer’s hands slowly made their way up Jim’s legs before landing on his ass again. Jim moaned when one of Eomer’s fingers brushed past his pucker.

“Will you allow me entrance, Jim?” Eomer panted, his breath coming in short bursts.
“Yes, yes, fuck, yes.” Jim’s breaths were fast and hard.

His fingers brushed past Jim’s hole again and again before he felt light pressure from one finger against the furl of muscle. He groaned as the tip of Eomer’s finger pushed past the first ring of muscle and kept a slow steady pressure pushing forward. Jim sucked in a harsh breath when the finger grazed past his prostate. “Ah, there is your magic place, Jim.” He rubbed his finger back and forth several more times, enjoying the way Jim was trembling in response. Eomer slowly backed his finger out.

“Please, no.” Jim begged.

“Patience, Jim. I am not yet finished preparing you.” He reached down to grab the soap, once again rolling it in his hand, covering his fingers in suds. He dropped the bar and brought his fingers back to Jim’s ass. He rubbed the loosened muscle with both soapy fingers before pushing forward.

“Yes, yes, more, fuck, more.” He pleaded.

“So hot and tight, Jim. We shall fit together perfectly.” He continued to push forward, brushing past Jim’s magic place. Jim whimpered and pushed back against Eomer’s fingers.

“You like this Jim? My fingers deep inside you, preparing you to take my cock?”

“Yes, please Eomer, need you now, need to feel you inside me, filling me up.”

Eomer pulled his fingers free. “Go lie on the bed and wait for me, Jim.”

Jim climbed out of the tub and grabbed a drying cloth. He quickly rubbed the material over his legs and ass and hurried to lie on the bed as Eomer asked.

Eomer stood up from the tub, water running off his muscled body. Jim’s eyes were wide as he stared, watching as Eomer climbed from the tub and began to towel himself off. When he was finished, he gave his cock a couple long slow pulls. He heard Jim moan and watched as Jim reached out to stroke his own cock.
“Do not come, Jim, you will wait for me.” He walked to a chest across the room and rummaged around inside. He grabbed a small pot with a lid and walked back to the bed, setting the pot down on the bedside table.

“What is that?” Jim asked

“It is saddle grease. It is used to treat leather, to keep it supple. However, I have found it also serves another purpose. Today it will be used to ease my way into your tight passage, Jim.”

Jim had to grab the base of his cock to keep himself from coming.

Eomer reached his fingers into the jar and walked over to Jim. “Spread your legs, my heart.” When Jim did, Eomer swiped his lubed fingers against Jim’s asshole. Jim jumped a bit when the cool lube touched his hot skin. Eomer rubbed it against his pucker and slowly pushed back inside. He reached out to jack Jim’s cock in rhythm with his penetrating fingers which Jim could feel moving within, opening him up.

“Please, now, Eomer, now.” Jim whispered as his head thrashed back and forth on the pillow.

“You will ride me Jim. I do not have the strength to take you as I would like. Will you ride my cock, Jim?”

“Fuck, yeah.” Jim whispered. It would be the ride of their lives.

Eomer pulled his fingers out of Jim’s swollen hole and dipped them back into the lube and working it onto his cock. “Move over Jim, so I may lie down.”

Jim obeyed and when Eomer was settled on the bed, Jim rose to straddle him. Locking blue eyes to hazel as he leaned down to kiss him. Their tongues met, dueled and mated again and again.

“Ride me Jim, I need to feel myself inside of you, need to feel your heat surround my flesh.”

He nodded and rose up, positioned Eomer’s cock at his entrance and began to slowly sink down to impale himself on Eomer’s length. Both men moaned as Jim took more and more of him inside of his
“Are you ready, my heart?” Eomer eyes glowed, glassy and green as he stared up at Jim.

Jim nodded and continued to push down on Eomer’s cock. He closed his eyes. “No, Jim, do not close your eyes, I need to see into your soul as I love you.”

His eyes snapped open and stared into Eomer’s as he pushed again against Jim’s magic place, both men moaning loudly when Jim bottomed out.

“We are part of each other, Jim.” Eomer said, reverently. “You are mine for all of time.”

“I am yours forever, as you are mine.” Jim replied. He lifted up and almost completely off of Eomer’s cock before slowly sinking back down to the root. Eomer reached forward and took Jim’s hip in one hand and his cock in the greased hand. Jim loved the slide of their skin against each other.

Jim continued to rise and fall on Eomer’s cock slowly, their soft moans joining to mingle together in the quiet room. “More, Jim.” Eomer coaxed and Jim began to move a bit faster. Eomer’s hand on Jim’s cock sped up as well.

“Jim, please. Please move faster.”

“No Eomer, we go slow, remember?”

“Jim, this is nothing like I have ever felt before.”

“Tell me.”

“I never want this to end, Jim.”

“It won’t Eomer, I swear to you.”

“I am close to spilling myself, Jim, so close.”

“Me too, me too.”

Eomer’s hand sped up when he felt his spine tingle and his balls tighten. He shouted Jim’s name as his cock started to spurt deep in Jim’s ass.

Feeling Eomer pulse deep inside of him triggered his own release and he yelled Eomer’s name until his voice cracked, staring deep into his eyes, into his soul.


“And I you, my heart.”

Chapter End Notes
Was it a long week for you waiting to see what would happen to Eomer? As I mentioned at the end of chapter 4, I had originally sketched it out so that chapters 4 and 5 would be combined. As Eomer continued to talk to me though this, I realized I would be doing us all a disservice by glossing over details and cramming these two chapters together. The same thing has happened with chapter 6, it will be broken into two parts as well.

The scene where Eomer is drunkenly hitting on Jim and is genuinely surprised that Jim is "his Jim" is based on a hilarious YouTube video where a man is waking up from anesthesia and thinks the woman in the room with him is hot. When she tells him, she is his wife, he says that he hit the jackpot with her. There was enough angst and pain going on without making this scene even more dreary and dark, so Eomer got sloppy drunk and hit on Jim.

I love that Jim's family has not given up searching for him, it comforts me. However, and some of you have mentioned this to me, the Enterprise searching for Jim will change the outcome of events between Jim and Eomer and of course we have still not yet met Doctor Leonard Horatio McCoy.

As always, I am so grateful for your continued support of me and of this story. Let me hear what you think!
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Eomer continues to heal from his injury and is quite a grumpy cat in the process.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“It has been one lunar month since we last met to discuss what to do next in our search for Captain Kirk. What have we learned about the anomaly in that time?” Spock asked.

“Vell, the prevailing theory is zat ze vormhole connects from here to a distant solar system. It is purely myth and urban legend from zose who have claimed to have tra-weled through ze vormhole and back.”

“However,” Sulu interjected, “If that conjecture weren’t bad enough news for us and Captain Kirk, the point of egress is estimated to be one hundred years in our past in the space-time continuum.”

“If the data is to be believed, there is one Class M planet in the solar system. It is called Middle Earth.” Uhura stated. “The problem with this is that if we travel there through traditional means, we are in the right place, but in the wrong time.”

“The only way we are going to get the Captain back is to send someone through the wormhole to get him and I volunteer to go.” Sulu offered.

“As do I.” Chekov announced.

“The odds that Captain Kirk was able to navigate the shuttle through the wormhole without his craft breaking up or spiraling out of control to then land safely on this lone Class M planet after the travelling through the distortion of the anomaly is one in one million, three point.”

Scotty interrupted. “If anyone can navigate tha’ wormhole and come out on the other side, It’s Jim Kirk. He’s there, laddie.”

It had been the longest month of Jim’s life. Eomer was getting stronger and healthier every day and they had a lot of time to spend making love, which was a big plus in Jim’s book, but Eomer was growing more and more restless with every day that passed. He hated being confined to sitting on the sidelines, unable to ride and unable to work his sword arm. In simple terms, he was grumpy.

One thing he had insisted upon was Jim working out with the rest of the Rohirrim every day. Jim’s sword skills were getting better as he continued to work with Donall. They had even progressed to Jim learning how to fight left-handed at Jim’s insistence. He didn’t want to be caught short again with an aching sword arm and no choice but to press on with it in a weakened state. Eomer longed to get out there and spar with him, but no one would let him anywhere near a sword, none of these battle hardened soldiers wanted to face Islyn’s wrath.

Jim was finding it harder to keep quiet as Eomer continued to complain about his injury. “Jim, I must
be about my duties instead of sitting around like a laundry maid.”

Jim sighed, if he had a coin for every time he had sighed in the last few weeks, he’d be a wealthy man. “First of all, you will re-injure yourself if you try to work that arm now which would set your recovery time back even more and secondly, laundry maids don’t sit around.”

“You know what I mean, Jim. I must get back to performing my duties and contributing to the defense of Rohan.” Eomer was beyond frustrated at this point in time. He felt useless.

“I understand Eomer, I-”

“I do not think you do, Jim. What responsibility for the well being of others have you carried?”

“OH, I don’t know, Eomer, maybe being Captain over a crew of four-hundred lives depending on me and my decisions for their safety?”

“I hardly think that is the same as defending an entire city from attack.” Eomer snarled back at him.

“Yeah, you’re right Eomer, it’s not the same thing at all.” Jim wasn’t in the mood to try to explain the similarities to his hard-headed boyfriend. Boyfriend? The term floating through his head made him giggle which was the worst thing he could do at the moment. He slapped a hand to his mouth.

“Something funny, Jim?” Eomer’s tone was edgy, angry.

“No, Eomer, nothing is funny, just a word floating around in my head.” Nothing had been funny for two weeks. Jim could only pray Eomer healed quickly. He wasn’t sure how much more tongue biting he could take before he blew up at his hard-headed, stubborn boyfriend.

A week later, Eomer, much to Jim’s delight, was finally deemed completely healed by Islyn and would be able to return to his regular duties in the morning.

“Thank fuck.” Jim muttered to himself. He hadn’t felt this kind of relief since Eomer woke up from his fever a few weeks ago.

“What did you say, my heart?” Eomer asked as he shrugged back into his shirt now that Islyn was done examining his injury. A smile had found its way back to Eomer’s handsome face.

“Nothing, Eomer.” He turned to the healer. “Islyn, I can’t thank you enough for taking such good care of my grumpy warrior.”

Islyn laughed; a lyrical giggle. “You care for each other, Jim. I merely provided the instruction on how to care for his injury.” She nodded at both men and walked from the room.

“Grumpy warrior?” Eomer asked, his eyebrow raised into his hairline.

“Yeah, you’ve been a bear to deal with these last two weeks, not being able to be as active as you are used to being.” Jim raised an eyebrow right back.

“I seem to recall you getting plenty of action, Jim.” He said, stalking to Jim and pulling him close.

“I wasn’t complaining about the action I’ve been getting.” Jim leaned in to kiss his grumpy warrior,
his tongue rubbing lazily against Eomer’s. “I was complaining about you complaining about not being able to work at your full capacity.”

“I am a warrior Jim, grumpy or not. I am unused to being idle.” Eomer was back to being serious again.

“Yes, I am well aware that you are a warrior.” Jim eased back and pulled away.

“What does that tone of language mean, Jim? Why are you moving away from me?”

“You’ve spent the last month recovering from an injury that nearly killed you. You’ve been horrible to deal with these last few weeks, biting my head off and being touchy about the smallest things. Now that you are fit to return to duty, everything is all roses again?” Jim could feel his temper rising and was a little worried where this discussion was headed. He paced the room.

“You are upset because I was difficult to handle?” Eomer looked confused.

“Yes, you haven’t been very pleasant to be around with your sword out of your hands.” Jim was trying hard to hold on to his patience. He was failing.

“I am a warrior, Jim, it is my life.” Eomer did not understand what had Jim so on edge.

“Dammit, Eomer! Don’t you see it’s not just your life anymore? It’s our life now.”

“Yes Jim, we are building a life together, but I do not understand what my job and responsibilities have to do with you?”

“I love you, dammit.” Jim yelled. “You don’t understand what your responsibilities have to do with me?” Jim could not believe Eomer could possibly be that dense. “I can’t live without you. I almost lost you once and now you just want to go on as if nothing happened? You almost died and then acted like a total jackass because you couldn’t play warrior anymore.” Jim was quickly losing control of his emotions. This was not going to end well if he didn’t get out of this room and soon.

“I am a warrior, Jim. I do not play at anything.” He offered again as if this time his explanation would make sense to Jim.

“Yes, you’re a warrior. You’ve made that perfectly clear. You’ve also made it perfectly clear where you stand on my feelings as well.” Jim knew he needed to leave before he said something he would regret. He strode from the room without saying goodbye.

Jim was more angry at himself than he was at Eomer. He realized this as he rode Starlight through what he’d come to think of as “his” meadow. He knew full well what Eomer’s responsibilities to the Rohirrim entailed but-. Well, fuck, this was all Jim’s problem and he needed to find a solution quickly. On one hand Jim knew Eomer couldn’t just abandon his people and his duties just because his lover was scared he’d get hurt again. On the other hand, he needed to explain his fears more clearly to Eomer. It seemed he had no care for himself, that Eomer was just willing to throw himself in the line of fire with no thought to how this would affect the people closest to him. Well, alright, with no thought as to how that would affect Jim. But still, how could Jim make him understand that life without him wasn’t a life Jim wanted to live.

Jim and his horse were meandering around the meadow. Jim was whispering to the horse and thought she was listening until Starlight’s ears pricked up and her head swung around to the north. Soon after, Jim heard the familiar cadence of galloping hoof beats. A moment later, Eomer and
Firefoot flew into view. He pulled the horse up short, fifty yards from Jim and sat there staring at him.

Jim could see he was breathing heavily and felt a sharp stab of guilt that he had caused Eomer to chase after him. He knew Eomer would worry that Jim was alone outside the gates and he admitted to himself maybe that was why he had come here. Maybe he wanted to put a little of the fear he felt into Eomer, instead of carrying it all alone. Jim put that petty thought aside. This wasn’t the time for feeling like that. Eomer was here and Jim needed to make this right between them.

He eased Starlight forward ten yards and halted. “I’m sorry I made you worry.” Jim called out to him.

Eomer had felt cold fear rise up in him when he had gone looking for Jim and found that both he and Starlight were gone. Rohan was still not safe for lone travelers even those who had Jim’s sword skills, one man alone was no match for a raiding party. It struck him as he saddled Firefoot that the fear he felt churning his guts might be the same thing Jim felt when he thought of Eomer leading his troops into battle again. He was not used to being accountable to anyone but himself, was even less used to anyone with the exception of his sister worrying after him. He guessed Jim’s emotions weren’t that hard to understand after all. Jim was also right that he’d been a bastard to deal with lately. He had so much to apologize for. He only hoped Jim would listen to him and accept his apology.

Eomer brought Firefoot forward the same number of paces. “I am sorry I did not understand the fear you feel for me.”

Jim was encouraged by Eomer’s choice of words. It seemed maybe Jim taking off without escort had given Eomer a taste of the fear Jim had been living with for the past month. It was petty but Jim was grateful for the common ground.

Jim and Starlight came forward again. “I know your duties to Rohan come before me.”

His duties to Rohan came before all else, but Jim still needed to know he meant everything to him. “I cannot live without you either, my heart.” Eomer said as he brought the horse forward.

“I’m sorry I ran. More sorry that I scared you.” They were side by side now.

“I will never be sorry I followed.” Eomer reached out his hand to Jim’s face.

Jim leaned forward and kissed Eomer, bringing his hands up to tangle in Eomer’s hair. He let go of his fear and worry and to focus instead on his love for the man under his fingers.

“I love you so much, Eomer.” Eomer opened his mouth to respond, but Jim held up a hand. “I can never ask that I come before Rohan. I just need you to know how much you mean to me. What it would mean to me and my life if I lost you.”

Eomer smiled. “My heart, I have never before had anyone worry for me as you do. I am glad you understand my duties and responsibilities to Rohan, but know you are first in my heart. I love you as well Jim and the thought of living without you chills me to my very bones. There is something I would discuss with you after we have finished making up from this disagreement.”

“Oh, you think I’m just gonna rollover and make up with you?”

“Yes Jim, that is exactly what you will do for me…roll over.” Eomer’s gaze was positively filthy with desire.
Eomer leaned in and licked Jim’s face. His lips moved across to land on Jim’s lips and when they did they were harsh and insistent, his tongue demanding entry to Jim’s mouth. Both horses started to dance around each other as Jim and Eomer kissed. “We should dismount to continue making up Jim, we are making the horses edgy.

Jim nodded and slid off of Starlight. Eomer dismounted as well and ran to Jim, wrapping him up in his strong arms. Jim held on for dear life.

“Jim.” Eomer whispered as his tongue reached out to tangle with Jim’s. His hands were under Jim’s tunic rubbing up and down his back. Finally, they wandered to his ass where he began kneading Jim’s flesh in his hands. He needed to touch Jim’s skin, needed to feel their hearts beat against each other, needed to know that Jim still wanted him just as badly.

Jim was busy with the ties of Eomer’s breaches. He needed to get his hands on Eomer’s bare flesh. He needed to write his apology on Eomer’s body with his tongue. When he had the laces undone at last, he pulled back from their wet, sloppy kiss and sank to his knees. Jim’s lips wrapped around Eomer’s hard cock and he began to suckle, moaning in the back of his throat all the while as Eomer’s taste danced over his tongue, invading his senses. He hated disagreeing with Eomer, hated fighting even more. He needed him to understand how sorry he was for being hard-headed about his duties and responsibilities to Rohan.

Eomer loved the feel of Jim’s hot mouth on his cock. He tilted his head downward so that he could watch Jim’s plush lips work around his tool. He could feel Jim’s hands digging into the meat of his ass, dragging him forward and urging him deeper into Jim’s mouth. Eomer knew things were different in the world Jim came from, that they weren’t as black and white as they were here in Rohan, his duties were his duties and there was no arguing them, no setting them aside for anyone. As much as Eomer was enjoying Jim’s attention to his cock, it wasn’t enough, he needed to have his mouth and hands on Jim as well.

“Let’s sixty-five, Jim.” Eomer said, reaching his hands down to cup Jim’s face.

Jim snorted around Eomer’s dick, drool running down his chin. “You mean sixty-nine?”

Eomer looked puzzled. “Oh, was that the number assigned to this sex act?”

Jim fell back onto the ground and laughed. “It’s called sixty-nine because…oh well, who gives a fuck now, just take off your shirt and get down here.” Jim reached back to haul off his own shirt and lay back to shimmy out of his pants.

Eomer stood in front of Jim, stark naked and hard as a rock. Jim marveled at his bronzed skin and blonde hair blowing in the breeze. It still amazed him that this man loved him, that this man belonged to him.

“Come here.” Jim urged, his hand slowly working his cock.

Eomer knelt down in front of Jim, his hungry eyes traveling the length of his body from head to toe and back again before lying down to cover Jim’s body with his own. Both men moaned when they connected skin to skin. Jim brought his arms up around Eomer and was stroking his back and ass, enjoying the way his hot skin felt under Jim’s fingertips.

Eomer’s hands were caressing Jim’s face as his tongue was rubbing lazily against Jim’s neck, he was breathing in the scent of Jim; he smelled like the woods and of sunshine. As his lips continued to play down Jim’s throat his hips were busy canting into Jim’s. He enjoyed the friction rubbing his cock against Jim’s provided, but it was getting to the point where that was no longer enough.
“Turn around.” Jim murmured to Eomer. The brief contact between their cocks was no longer enough for him either. He needed Eomer back in his mouth, now and needed to feel Eomer’s heat surround his cock as well.

“Not side by side as we were the first time we did this numbered dance, my heart?” Eomer questioned, not quite sure how this was supposed to work if he were turned around. Turned around how, on his back?

“It will work, Eomer, I promise.” Jim smiled. “Stand up.”

Eomer regained his knees and rolled back onto his feet. He was still looking unsure, and didn’t know where to go next.

“Come stand by my head.” Jim directed. Eomer did this but was facing away from Jim who was trying very hard not to laugh at his confused warrior. “Turn back around Eomer.” Jim urged, letting a little giggle escape.

“This is precisely the reason I do not dance. Too many numbered steps. Who knew sex would also be numbered?” He was mumbling to himself as he turned around. The sight of Jim naked and hard, stopped his voice and stole his breath. “Ah, this is much better, my heart, a more promising view, anyway. What is the next step in this dance of love?”

Jim’s heart was pounding, what this man did to him. “Kneel down with your knees on either side of my head.” Eomer did as Jim asked and Jim rewarded him by reaching up high enough to lick a stripe up Eomer’s balls.

“I begin to see the allure to this position, Jim. Do that again.” Jim obliged him and began to suckle on Eomer’s sack, taking first one than the other into his mouth. “Again and again, my heart.”

Eomer was lost in the sensations of Jim’s mouth, he could feel Jim’s tongue swirling against his skin and the gentle pressure of Jim’s lips.

Jim moved one hand to circle Eomer’s cock to begin light strokes while he brought his other hand up to the small of Eomer’s back to direct him where Jim wanted, no needed him to go.

“I shall never tire of your lips upon my body.” Eomer whispered as he felt Jim’s hand gently pushing on the small of his back, urging him forward. Eomer moved as Jim’s hand instructed and found himself eye to eye with Jim’s drooling cock. He caught himself on his hands before lowering his mouth to lick the pre-come off the head of Jim’s dick. He took it in between his plush lips and began sucking the head of Jim’s cock.

Jim pulled his mouth away from Eomer. “I’m glad to see you got the hang of this.” He giggled softly before sucking the head of Eomer’s cock into his own hungry mouth. Sighing to himself as he felt completed by Eomer’s cock in his mouth, both sucking and being sucked.

Eomer gasped at the upside down feel of Jim’s mouth on his cock and responded by thrusting downward deeper into Jim’s mouth. This was witchcraft indeed, he thought as Jim’s mouth continued to work its magic on his cock. The first time Jim suggested trying this they were laying side by side, but now with Jim sucking him from below he could see the advantage of this position, more so when Jim thrust his hips up, sending his cock deeper into Eomer’s mouth. Eomer groaned around Jim and began to use more tongue on the shaft of Jim’s dick.

Jim’s hands were roaming the hard flesh of Eomer’s ass, lightly caressing then digging in harder when Eomer increased the suction on his cock. Jim was thrusting up into Eomer’s eager mouth
following the rhythm Eomer was setting from above him. Jim wondered why they didn’t do this more often, they should be sucking each other off together like this every day. He loved the feel of Eomer in his mouth as Eomer sucked on Jim in return.

Thunder rumbled in the distance as Eomer felt his cock get harder in Jim’s mouth. He pulled off Jim’s cock. “We are in for a storm, my heart.”

Jim stopped sucking but did not release Eomer’s cock from his mouth. He mumbled something which to Eomer sounded like, “Drown me in your love.” Eomer obeyed, feeling his balls begin to tighten and his lower back start to tingle. He went back to Jim’s cock just as he started to come. He felt Jim answer by beginning to pulse and spurt into his own mouth. He could hear Jim moaning loudly around his cock as he felt his own spasms get stronger and stronger. He could not remember coming harder in his life.

Jim was gagging on Eomer’s cock and come. He was spurting so hard and fast Jim couldn’t keep up, instead letting it gather in his mouth. When Eomer was finished coming, he swallowed the rest of his load. He felt Eomer release his own cock and roll to the side off of Jim and onto the ground next to him. Both men lay side by side trying to catch their breath.

“That is witchcraft, Jim.” Eomer panted.

“You liked it, huh?” Jim was exhausted but all smiles.

“Oh yes, give me a few moments more and we shall do that again.”

Jim laughed and reached out his hand to tangle with Eomer’s.

Much later when the sweat had cooled from their bodies and they were dressing, Eomer turned to Jim. “I have been thinking, my heart.”

“About what?” Jim walked back to him and wrapped his arms around his giant warrior, resting his face on Eomer’s shoulder.

“About taking you away for a few days.”

Jim pulled back, smiling. “Like a vacation?”

“I do not know that word, Jim. I planned for us to bring one of the large campaign tents and spend a few days in the wilds of Rohan together.” Eomer had planned for a lot more than that, but had a feeling he was going to have ease Jim into accepting the other things he had planned for them.

Jim laughed. “That’s a vacation; a few days away with no work and no responsibilities. Sounds like a great plan to me, when do we leave?” This was just what they needed, a few days away from the hustle and bustle of Rohan. Time to reconnect as a couple, time for a lot of hot, sweaty sex. Jim couldn’t wait.

“I am afraid this is not a vacation, Jim, as we will be working and will have many responsibilities.” Eomer was studying Jim’s face, hoping he would not see tension form in the corners of his mouth or see his eyes harden.

“I don’t understand.” And he didn’t understand, what responsibility could there be attached to a couple of days of camping? You pack some warm blankets a whole lot of alcohol, food and lube and you’re good to go.
“What you said earlier about not being able to live without me started me thinking about your lack of survival skills, Jim.” Eomer winced when he saw Jim’s eyes go glacial. Gone was the brilliant shining blue of a moment ago, replaced now by the ice of the coldest winter.

Jim pulled back and walked away from Eomer. “I meant I couldn’t live without you in my arms, in my life Eomer. Not that I’d drop dead without your guidance and hand-holding. I’m not an invalid.” He was starting to get pissed off again. Who the hell did Eomer think he was to say Jim couldn’t survive alone?

“My heart, do not be cross with me. I want to spend time alone with you, hunting, fishing, swimming and loving you under the stars Jim, will you let me?” This was not going the way Eomer had planned and he knew if he didn’t get Jim to see where he was coming from quickly, they would be back where they had started earlier in their bedchamber; at crossed swords.

“Who do you think it was who brought your bloody, half dead ass back home, huh? In case you forgot, that was me! You think I can’t survive without you?” He demanded, furious now.

“Yes Jim, you did bring me back to Edoras. But would you have been able to save me without Islyn’s help?” He felt his heart pinch as he asked this question.

Jim glared back at him. “I would have figured it out without her. Again, Eomer, I am not an invalid.”

Eomer knew he needed to come to this from another angle. “You are not an invalid, Jim. Will you do something for me?” Eomer paused, waiting for Jim to agree. When he nodded his head, Eomer continued. “Build me a fire, Jim. Please.”

“What here? Now?” Jim realized instantly Eomer’s point. He could build a fire back in their bedchamber with matches and wood laid out, but here in the middle of nowhere without matches and wood? Impossible. Jim spun around looking for materials to gather, feeling panic rise up within him. Knowing Eomer had a point. Fuck, Eomer could probably start a fire out here with a bucket of water. He sighed.

Watching Jim was breaking Eomer’s heart. He knew Jim had finally seen his point. “This is my fault. You have been here for two months Jim and I should have been teaching you how to survive in this new world you’ve found yourself stranded in rather than fucking you into next week, as you would say. I blame myself. I was irresponsible and the fact that you survived in battle was due to your own cunning and strength, not due to the one sword lesson I had given you. You should have had more training. As Third Marshall it is my duty to see to the well being of my people. I have failed you.”

Jim could see the seriousness and love in Eomer’s eyes as he spoke. He could also see his guilt over not having not given Jim the tools he needed to keep himself safe. Jim felt all of the fight go out of him when blue met hazel and their eyes held. “Is it possible to do both Eomer?”

“Both of what, Jim?” He noticed Jim’s eyes had thawed and the sparkle he loved so much was back again.

“Teach me to build a fire and fuck me into next week?” Jim smiled at him.

Eomer laughed, relieved Jim was no longer angry and defensive. “Yes Jim, we can do both so long as you agree to come on a working vacation with me.”

“Do I get to fall asleep wrapped up in you every night beneath a blanket of stars?”

“My own heart would not survive if you did not, Jim.”
Jim walked back to Eomer and held him tight. “I love you so much, Eomer. Yes, I will come.” He kissed his warrior hard on the lips. “I’ll go on vacation with you too.”

Eomer laughed and felt the pinch around his heart ease. He was not used to navigating a relationship, having a care for the feelings and needs of someone else other than himself. It was going to take some getting used to on his part.

“Tell me again what things you would like to teach me on our trip. I should have been listening harder before instead of assuming the worst about your intentions.” Jim eased his head back down on Eomer’s shoulder and began to sway their bodies together.

“We will camp near a beautiful lake Jim. The sun will rise over it every morn, it is quite a sight to behold. The lake is a perfect place to swim. Do you know how to swim?” He began to sway along with Jim, having to take a step backward or to the left every so often to avoid falling over.

“Yes, I learned how to swim when I was a little boy, back home in Iowa. Do you do it for fun here or as a training exercise?” Jim continued to move with Eomer across the meadow. He wondered if Eomer realized they were dancing.

“Yes, we swim for pleasure Jim. I do not mean to make it sound like this trip will be all responsibility and work. We will have our share of pleasures as well, my heart.”

“Mmmm.” Jim leaned in to kiss Eomer’s neck and he shivered in return. “What else will we be doing?”

“Hunting and fishing, Jim, maybe tracking as well. Have you done these things before?” Eomer was having to step backward and to the side more and more often.

“Yes, I’ve been fishing a time or two, but not hunting or tracking.” Jim was smiling against his skin.

“I will be at ease in my mind Jim if I know you can fend for yourself. I do not think you a child, I just worry for you, as I now know you worry for me. I have never before had anyone who cares for me as you do. It will take some getting used to, Jim. Can you give me time to sort this all out in my mind?”

“We have all the time in the world, Eomer.”

Chapter End Notes

I think most of us have been in Eomer’s shoes at one time or another, being sick or injured and unable to do the things we are used to doing. It’s frustrating to say the least. I love that they can be at completely opposite sides of an issue, they can be angry, but they never hurt each other. They listen and try to understand each other, they apologize when they are wrong and they both know how important it is to reconnect.

I think a lot of Eomer’s innocence shows through in this chapter, you’ll see more of it next week. The idea that he is this big, strong, capable warrior with a soft side intrigues me to no end. He has no idea how to negotiate a relationship, he’s learning as he goes and I love the fact that he’s able to ask Jim for time to figure things out. I truly fall more in love with him every single day.
The bit about Eomer wanting to "sixty-five" with Jim is hilarious, I giggle like a 12 year old girl when I hear his puzzled voice in my mind asking about numbering sex acts! He's an absolute joy to write and spend my free time with.

I'm one of those people who can also see where Jim is coming from in all this. At one time I was engaged to a police officer and all I could do was kiss him goodbye when he'd leave for shift and pray he'd come home when it was over. That's all Jim can do, but he doesn't have to like it.

My favorite thing about Jim here is when he accuses Eomer of charging head long into danger with no thought of himself...hmmm, where have I heard that before? Perhaps Jim will pick this up from Eomer in time?

As always, thank you for loving these boys as much as I do!
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Eomer takes Jim camping.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Eomer had given Jim very specific packing instructions for their survival training “vacation.” He was only to bring a change of clothes, his sword and himself. Hell, Jim needed more equipment than that to go to the bathroom, never mind having to survive several days away from home in the middle of nowhere.

“What about packing food and supplies, oh and FOOD?” Jim had asked.

“We will hunt and fish for our food, Jim, else we will starve.”

“That sounds encouraging. Why did I agree to go again?”

“I believe it had to do with nights wrapped up in each other under the stars.”

“Yeah that’s right, you hooked me with sex.”

“Are you not proud of my wit and cunning, Jim?” Eomer challenged, his eyes dancing with glee.

Jim snorted, he had to admit Eomer was turning into a friggen comedian. He loved it. “I'll be sure to remind you of your wit when we're starving to death and debating which horse we should eat first to survive.”

“That would be an easy choice, my heart, the first thing we would eat if we were starving is you.”

Jim didn’t think Eomer was kidding.

They rode out of the gates together the next morning. The morning was cool and crisp. The country was beautiful and the air was fresh. He could see the snow capped mountains now tinged pink from the rising sun and could hear birds singing their greetings to the new morning. Jim was enjoying the silence of the ride, it was nice for them just to be alone together under the steadily lightening sky.

Eomer was riding behind Jim and was enjoying the view himself. He wasn’t looking at the sun rising over the mountains, he was watching Jim’s perfect ass slapping against the saddle as he rode. He couldn’t remember ever being so happy in his life and it was all because of Jim.

Jim slowed Starlight to a walk and waited for Eomer to catch up. “Are we there yet?” Jim asked, grinning like a fool.

“Not yet, my heart.” Eomer leaned over to kiss him.

Half an hour later, Jim asked again. “Are we there yet?”
“Not yet, Jim.”

A short time later, Jim asked again. “Are we there yet?”

“Dammit Jim, we are not there yet. I swear if you ask just once-”

Jim interrupted by bursting out laughing. Eomer looked momentarily confused.

“Oh, I see. This is an instance of you ‘funning’ me, Jim. Is it not?”

Jim was laughing too hard to answer, so he just nodded his head. Eomer joined in and playfully slapped his ass as he rode past.

“Well Jim, what do you think?” They were sitting side by side, still astride their horses in front of a beautiful lake framed by the mountains. The grass was high and swished in the late morning breeze.

“It’s beautiful.” Jim breathed, in awe of the sight before him.

“I agree, it is beautiful, and it will be our home for the next few days.” Eomer loved the look on Jim’s face. Jim was enchanted with Rohan and that made his heart swell with pride. He had chosen the perfect camping spot.

“I love it, Eomer.”

“And I love you, my heart.”

“I love you more.” Jim smirked.

“No Jim, that is not possible.”

Jim was about to explain what Eomer’s response should have been, but he could see the earnest look on his warrior’s face, could see the honesty and pure love in his eyes and decided he had liked the answer he had gotten much better.

“Ready to set up camp, Jim?”

“Ready.”

Half an hour later, the tent had been set up and they had hauled enough rocks to create a fire pit. It was a warm afternoon and Eomer had been working without his shirt. Jim knew there was much more work to be done, but he couldn’t contain himself anymore. He had been watching the play of Eomer’s muscles as he worked; his strong arms and the muscles of his back rippled and worked easily in the summer sun. He was beautiful and Jim was going to die if he didn’t put his hands on those muscles right this minute. He walked up behind Eomer and hugged him from behind.

“Hi handsome.” Jim said into his hair.

“We have much work to do, Jim.” Eomer wanted to drop everything and turn in Jim’s arms and kiss him until his lips went numb. He knew if they started something he would have to finish it and he had a lot planned for their first day in the wild. He had to admit his iron will began to crumble as Jim nuzzled his warm lips against Eomer’s neck and slid his hands up his stomach.
“Okay.” Jim said, pulling back and walking away. He was tackled to the ground moments later by a flying Horse Lord.

“You give up much too easily, Jim.” Eomer teased. He was lying on top of Jim’s back. Jim threw his weight to the right to try to dump Eomer off his back. It didn’t work.

Eomer yawned loudly. “Did you attempt to dislodge me, Jim?”

“Funny. Of all the warrior’s in Rohan, I get the one with a sense of humor.” Jim started to cough and it sounded like he was struggling to breathe. He tried several times to clear his throat, but just ended up coughing again. “Can’t…breathe.” He wheezed.

Eomer moved instantly, that was his fatal mistake. As soon as Jim felt his weight slide from his back, he moved with lightning speed, pinning Eomer beneath him.

“What were you saying Eomer?”

“That was a dirty trick Jim.” Eomer pouted.

“Oh, was it? I remember someone once telling me to fight with every weapon available to me. My oxygen starved brain can’t seem to remember who told me that.”

Eomer reached up to wrap his legs around Jim’s tightly and started to tickle him. His hand played over Jim’s ribs and it wasn’t long before he was howling with laughter, gasping and panting for breath for real this time.

“Dirty trick.” Jim managed between giggles. He was thrashing and trying to escape, but Eomer was clamped around him like an octopus. Jim wondered if they had octopusses or was it octopi here in Rohan?

“Do you surrender, Jim?”

Jim nodded, still giggling. “I surrender to love, Eomer.” This brought a fresh wave of giggles.

As usual, his warrior was serious. “You are mine, Jim.”

This sobered Jim up. “I am yours, Eomer.”

Eomer brought Jim’s head down for a kiss, it was sweet and wonderful. At least until Eomer started to tickle Jim all over again.

Jim was tromping through the forest looking for firewood. Thankfully he had a piece of canvas with handles on either end to stack the wood in and carry back to the campsite. As nice as that was, it didn’t do much to appease his anger. You see, Jim was hunting firewood alone. Eomer was acting like Horse Lord of the manor by lying on the warm ground, napping, while Jim did all the heavy lifting.

“Were you not always the one telling me to rest, my heart? Was that not you, or am I confusing you with another beautiful, blue-eyed boy?”

“Flattery will get you nowhere.” Eomer frowned, which would have ordinarily been cute, now, not so much. “And I wanted you to rest because you had a gaping sword wound in your side, you stubborn warrior.”
“Flattery will get you nowhere, Jim.”

To add insult to injury, and Jim’s arms and back were killing him, Eomer had rejected almost half of the wood Jim brought back.

“Whataya mean it’s wet? It feels dry as a bone to me.” Jim’s blue eyes were murderous, thankfully he was too exhausted to act on that feeling and Eomer was kinda cute when he was acting all judgey.

“Trust me Jim, wet wood will smoke unduly and you will not be pleased with the way your dinner will taste and is it not your job to make sure your man is well satisfied at his feast?”

Wait, what? “Now just wait a dammed minute, first you reject my perfectly acceptable wood, then you tell me the firewood is no good, only to insinuate I am here to serve you and keep you fat and happy?”

Eomer beamed at Jim and gave him a slow and sexy nod. Jim tromped off to get more wood, muttering as he went. “Don’t see why I’m the girl, you’re the one with the long hair.”

Jim came back with what he hoped would be an acceptable load of firewood and Eomer was happy with a couple of his choices. “You know.” Jim grumped. “I think you just like watching me do all the work.”

“I will admit that is part of it, Jim.”

“Oh, yeah?” Jim started to haul off his shirt.

“I didn’t like watching that much.” Eomer deadpanned.

“You rotten bastard. Why did I agree to come on this trip again?” Jim was biting his cheeks to keep from laughing, this was serious, dammit.

“I tricked you with sex, remember?”

“Which is fine, but for the fact there has been NO SEX!”

Eomer winked at Jim and closed his eyes again. Jim started back for the woods. “OH and Jim? My parents were properly wed else I was conceived.”

Jim face palmed. “Of fucking course they were.” He said under his breath.

Two hours and ten trips later, Eomer deemed they had enough firewood for now.

“Thank Christ.” Jim said as he collapsed onto the ground in front of the tent. It was too much work to crawl inside, so he stayed put.

“Up, Jim.” Eomer commanded.

“’Bout fuckin time.” Jim palmed his cock in compliance with Eomer’s order.

“Not that kind of ‘up’ Jim, although I admit you paint a pretty picture.”

Jim cracked an eyeball open and gave him the finger.

“One what, Jim?”

“We will set snares in hopes of catching small animals for supper.”

“We will then kill, clean, skin and roast.” Jim could feel his mouth start to water.

“You are half right, Jim.”

“Oh, no! No, I refuse. No!”

“Jim, what is the point in catching your supper if you are unable to eat it? The squirrels will not thank you. They will laugh at your foolishness.”

“Laugh at my foolishness?”

“Yes, Jim, squirrels are smart creatures.”

“If they’re so smart why do they end up in snares and why are they always losing their nuts?”

“A question for the ages, Jim. Come, there is work to be done.” He offered Jim an arm and pulled him to his feet.

Jim was a quick study. Eomer was pleased with how quickly he picked up how to tie and set snares. He had no doubt he would get the hang of the rest. Jim was kind hearted and it was one of the things Eomer loved best about him, but when you’re starving there is no room for softer emotions. Eomer wondered how food was caught and killed aboard his Enterprise. “Jim, how is it you do not know how to catch and kill your own food?”

Jim had wondered when this question was coming and was surprised it had taken Eomer this long to ask. “Back on Earth we buy food that has already been killed and skinned.” Jim shivered at the thought of skinning. “We go to a marketplace, similar to the one in Edoras, well except that it is indoors and is much bigger and uses electricity to keep the food cold.” Okay, it actually wasn’t the same thing at all.

“Electricity, Jim?”

“Lightning, Eomer. It powers machines that keep food cold, helping to preserve it until it can be cooked and eaten.” Jim watched Eomer trying to puzzle out how this was all possible. Jim figured the less said about the Enterprise’s food replicators, the better.

“We need to find good, sturdy wood, Jim.” Eomer said once all of their snares were set.

“Been trying to get you to pay attention to my good, sturdy wood all day.” Jim palmed himself through his breeches and watched Eomer’s eyes go wide and then darken.

“I do not suppose it would matter much if we made fishing poles now or later.” He could feel his heart pounding in response to the monster erection growing in Jim’s pants.

As if he could read Eomer’s mind, Jim started taking down his pants. “I don’t suppose it will.” He pushed them all the way down to his feet. When he stood back up, Eomer’s eyes were trained on his bobbing cock and he looked ravenous. “Sturdy enough?” Jim teased, as he ran a hand down his cock.

Eomer strode to Jim and fell to his knees in front of his lover and inhaled Jim to the root.
“What, I don’t get a kiss at least?” He felt Eomer smile around his cock.

Jim moaned when the head of his cock hit the back of Eomer’s throat. In all of his years hunting and riding through these woods Eomer had never done anything like this before. He was doing so many new and exciting things because of Jim and also for Jim. He knew he’d pushed Jim hard today and he supposed it would not hurt to “lighten up” as Jim was always telling him to do. His eyes locked onto Jim’s and he felt a bolt of love and desire shoot straight to his cock. Instead of palming himself he reached around Jim to grab the globes of Jim’s ass to pull him closer, urging Jim to fuck his mouth. Fuck, did he love the feeling of Jim’s meat slamming into his mouth and down his throat.

Jim felt his cock jerk in Eomer’s mouth as he yanked him forward. He loved it when Eomer urged him on like this. He knew what Eomer was asking; he wanted Jim to fuck his face and fuck it hard. Jim reached into Eomer’s hair and held onto his head. He began slowly fucking his cock past Eomer’s plush, swollen lips, across his tongue and into his throat.

Now it was Eomer’s turn to moan, this was nice but not what he wanted, not by a long shot. No, what he needed from Jim was for him to lose control completely, but Jim refused to move any faster.

“Oh, it’s hard when you don’t get what you want, isn’t it, Eomer?”

He groaned in response and the vibrations his voice made around Jim’s cock almost made him come right then and there.

“This is for all those times today when all I wanted to do was suck your cock and you pushed me off with, ‘There is much work yet to do, my heart.’ It’s not much fun to be pushed off, is it Eomer?”

Eomer shook his head to the side and Jim gasped at the way Eomer was swinging his tongue along Jim’s cock as his head moved.

Jim could see the fire light in his eyes. He kept fucking slowly into Eomer’s mouth, but using a bit more force now. Eomer groaned in delight.

“What was that, I didn’t hear you?” Jim thrust deep into his throat and stayed where he was, his cock lodged in Eomer’s throat.

Eomer was in heaven. He was filled to bursting with Jim’s cock. His own cock was so hard in his pants it wouldn’t take much to set himself off.

Jim felt Eomer surrender around his cock, felt himself slip deeper inside. He felt Eomer moaning around him. “Like that, huh?” Jim smirked down at him.

Eomer nodded, not breaking eye contact with Jim.

“Me too.” Jim’s smile was lethal, beautiful. He slowly pulled back from Eomer’s throat, with Eomer trying to follow, not wanting to let him go. “You ready for me?” Jim whispered.

Eomer groaned loudly and Jim began to fuck his face, with quick deep thrusts. “So fucking good, just like that.” Jim pleaded as he continued to drill Eomer’s throat with his cock.

Eomer was lost, loving every thrust of Jim’s cock deep in his mouth. He kept up a steady stream of moans as Jim continued to urge him on.

“That’s it Eomer, take it all for me. So good, gonna cum, but don’t swallow, hear me, don’t-” Jim backed up enough that he started to spurt in Eomer’s mouth and not down his throat. He shouted his way through his orgasm as Eomer continued to lick and suck him through it.
He didn’t understand why Jim didn’t want him to swallow his nectar but he obeyed. Anything for his Jim.

When Jim’s last aftershock had passed, he hit his knees in front of his warrior. He had a bemused, blissed out look on his face and all he wanted to do was kiss Eomer, who kept his mouth closed not understanding what Jim wanted. Jim finally got his intent through when he began to lick at the seam of Eomer’s lips. Jim moaned into Eomer’s mouth when he finally opened up to Jim and he was able to taste himself of Eomer’s tongue.

When Eomer realized why Jim wanted to kiss him, he lost control. His hand moved to palm his cock through his pants as he continued to share Jim’s come from his mouth.

Jim noticed the movement of Eomer’s hand and placed one of his over Eomer’s. He cried out into Jim’s mouth as he came and Jim kissed him through it. They kissed each other long after Eomer stopped trembling from the force of his climax.

Jim smiled at him, love shining in his eyes. “What were you saying about needing good, sturdy wood?”

They were standing barefoot in the lake. Each man has his pants rolled up to his knees. Jim thought Eomer looked like Huck Finn and was going to tell him that, but at the last minute he realized Eomer wouldn’t know who that was. It might make for a good story to tell him when they were cuddled together in front of the fire come winter. Jim sighed happily.

“Jim, the smallest sound will frighten the fish, you must be still.” Eomer meant what he said, but couldn’t help but wonder what thought made Jim so happy.

They had been standing there forever, well Jim would have sworn to it anyway. He was hungry and tired and sunburned, okay he was horny too, but that was nothing new when he was around Eomer. They had not caught anything yet and Jim knew this was their only chance of a hot meal tonight, as all of the snares were empty when they had checked them earlier.

Eomer felt a slight tug on his line and he whipped his fishing pole backward. A fish flew out of the water and through the air to land on the sandy bank of the pond. Eomer charged after it, pulling his knife from his belt as he moved forward. When he reached it, he quickly cut its head off.

Jim wasn’t feeling quite so hungry anymore as he watched his handsome barbarian gut and clean the fish. Eomer laughed at him. “What’s so funny?”

“You, my heart, you never cease to amaze me. You look at me now as if I am some fiend, yet your mouth will sing later when I fill it with my delicious meat.” He wasn’t playing fair. He knew that, he also knew that if Jim vomited in the pond it would scare the fish away.

“You’re gonna fill my mouth with delicious meat, huh?”

Eomer was staring past Jim and into the water. “Pull, Jim.” He ordered.

Jim had no idea what he was talking about until he felt the tug on his line. He yanked his pole backward like he had seen Eomer do and a larger fish flew out of the water onto the sandy band. Jim giggled as he watched Eomer chase it down. Just when Eomer thought he had it, the fish flopped in the other direction.

Eomer loved the sound of Jim’s laugh in the fresh evening air. He was going to hate what came next,
they both would. Jim’s innocence was precious and Eomer hated the thought of Jim losing just a tiny
bit of it. “Come here, Jim.”

Jim’s laughter died in his throat, Eomer was going to make him behead and gut the fish. Oh FUCK, what happened if he couldn’t do it? What would Eomer think? Would he laugh at his cowardice? He trudged out of the water and up the bank to stand at Eomer’s side. Taking a deep breath, he knelt down beside him.

“How do you see where the gills end?” He looked up at Jim who was swallowing rapidly. Jim nodded. “That is where you will cut. Can you do this Jim?” Jim nodded again.

He could, he could do this, dammit. It was a small fish, not a puppy or a person. He rested his left hand on Eomer’s and held the knife poised over the fish.

“Thank you for doing us the honor of being our supper.” Eomer said solemnly as Jim made his cut. Eomer walked Jim through the rest of the cleaning and deemed them finished for the night.

“You should take a swim to clean up, while I prepare our dinner, Jim. You did well.” He dropped a kiss on Jim’s head and walked back to camp.

Jim took a hurried bath in the lake. He needed to get back to Eomer to thank him for all that he had learned today. Jim admitted to himself a long time ago he was unprepared to survive in Rohan alone. Eomer was doing all he could to change that, to make Jim self sufficient and stronger. Jim knew he had been abrasive about this when Eomer first brought it up and was a bit pissy today when he wasn’t getting his cock masterfully sucked. Jim pulled himself from the water and walked back to camp, naked and dripping.

“There you are, my heart, supper is almost ready.” Jim kissed him, wet and sloppy, just the way Eomer liked it. “You certainly are clean.” Eomer laughed. “Get dressed and we’ll eat.” He kissed Jim back and swatted his ass as he moved past.

“I must apologize to you, Jim.” Eomer said once they had sat down around the campfire to eat.

“No, you don’t. I need to apologize to you.”

Eomer looked puzzled. “Whatever for, Jim, you have done nothing that needs forgiving.”

Jim smiled at him. “Yes I have, I’ve been a complete dick about this whole thing. I knew a long time ago that I couldn’t survive here alone. It makes me sick to my stomach to think what would have happened to me that day if you hadn’t found me in my meadow.”

Eomer’s face turned serious instantly. He had never said anything to Jim, but he had thought of that same thing himself. So many things could have gone wrong if Eomer hadn’t found him. He shivered and Jim clapped a hand on his shoulder.

“You taught me so much today, how to tell direction by using the sun, how to make camp, how to build a fire pit, how to gather the right kind of wood, how to snare, how to fish, how to clean the fish. Eomer, I can’t say thank you in enough ways for you to understand how much today has meant to me.”
“You are most welcome, my heart. It was my pleasure, truly.” Eomer leaned forward to kiss Jim. “It is I, however who must beg your forgiveness Jim.”

“What for?” Jim honestly had no idea what Eomer was talking about.

“For teasing you all day. I must admit it was quite enjoyable to see you all wound up and needy.”

“That didn’t sound like an apology, but then again, I’m not originally from here.” Jim laughed and Eomer joined him.

“I am getting to that part, Jim, you must be patient.” Eomer was still laughing. “I did not want to have sex with you today. I wanted to tease and torment you all day. You see I have a surprise for you.”

“You not wanting to have sex with me is surprise enough, don’t you think?” Jim was smiling but was slightly alarmed at the same time.

“I agree, Jim. Let me say that it is more of a gift and less of a surprise.”

“Tell me, Eomer, I have no idea what you could possibly mean.”

“Does it not strike you as odd that in all of the times that we have made love, I have never asked you to penetrate me?”

FUCK! Jim had been paying attention before, but now ALL of him was paying attention to this conversation. Jim enjoyed having sex with Eomer, loved the way it felt when his lubed cock would slide into Jim’s ass, but he would be lying to himself if he didn’t admit he wanted to give that same pleasure to Eomer.

“Yeah, I mean, I wondered about that, but what we have is so good, I didn’t want to risk it by asking for something you might not be comfortable in giving to me.”

“Well, the thing of it is Jim,” Eomer took a deep breath.

If Jim didn’t know better, he would think Eomer was nervous.

“I did not think I would be this nervous in the telling, Jim.” He cleared his throat. “I have not been with another man in that manner, my heart. I was hoping you would be my first and my last.”

Jim couldn’t believe what he had just heard. Did Eomer just tell him that he was a virgin? “Eomer, you’re saying that no other man has ever made love to you before, that you’re a virgin?”

“Yes, Jim. I am a virgin. There has never been anyone that I loved enough to give myself to, until you.”

Jim felt his cock jerk in his pants. On the one hand, he had never been more turned on in his life. On the other hand, no one had ever said anything like this to him before. No one had ever thought him special, or certainly not this kind of special. Jim could feel tears prickle the corners of his eyes and he took a deep breath to fight for control. “This is an incredible gift you are offering me. I didn’t think it was possible to love you any more than I already do, but I was wrong.” Tears started to fall down Jim’s cheeks and when he looked up at his warrior he could see tears shining in his eyes as well. “I just fell in love with you all over again.” Jim whispered and Eomer pulled him close.

“It is an amazing feeling, my heart. I find new reasons to fall in love with you every day.” They continued to hold each other in the firelight under the newly awoken stars.
Jim found himself being lulled by heat of the fire and the love in Eomer’s arms. He could stay like this forever. The Enterprise, his old life and his friends, seemed so far away, like they existed in another lifetime. Even if his grand lady sailed into the night sky he would not return with her. He would stay here with Eomer and live their forever together.

“I will go bathe and leave you some time to prepare yourself for what is to come.” Jim nodded and Eomer stood up from the fire and walked off in the direction of the lake.

After Eomer walked off, Jim stood up and went into their tent. He shucked out of his shirt, deciding to leave his pants on for now. He washed his face with the water in the tent and used his cloth to clean his teeth. He noticed his hands were shaking; he was nervous. He wanted this night to be special for Eomer, for both of them.

Eomer was nervous. He knew he should have walked back up to the campsite, back to Jim, quite a while ago, but he just needed a few more minutes to calm down. It wasn’t like they had never done this before, they were just switching places. The part Eomer loved the best when they were making love was the look in Jim’s eyes when he would slowly start pushing himself inside Jim’s welcoming body. That look was hard to describe, being part awe, joy, love and something else he could never quite identify. He wondered if he would have a similar look on his face when Jim entered him, wondered if he would beg and thrash and scream his release the way Jim always did. It was time to stop wondering and find out for himself.

Jim was pacing around the inside of the tent, when Eomer stepped back in, slightly damp and naked from his swim in the lake. Jim smiled and Eomer’s smile in return was shy. It was the sweetest thing Jim had ever seen. His giant warrior was nervous too. Jim walked to him and ran a hand down the side of his face, he picked up one of Eomer’s hands and brought it to his lips where he kissed across his knuckles. Eomer sighed. Jim tugged him toward their bed. He could feel the tremor in Eomer’s hand and he squeezed it.

Jim pulled Eomer on to their bed and laid down himself so they were lying side by side, their hands still linked. Jim was staring up at the way the firelight was dancing across the canvas of the tent, which was softly lit on the inside. It took a little while, but Jim could finally feel Eomer start to relax and Jim rolled to his side to look down at him. “Hi, Eomer.” Jim smiled at him.

“Hello, my heart.” Eomer returned his smile and reached his hand up to cup Jim’s face.

Jim kissed him, soft and sweet as their bodies came together. Jim’s hands tangled in his hair and Eomer was tracing the bones of Jim’s back. “Roll over.” Jim whispered to him.

Eomer’s eyes went wide, surely not yet. He wasn’t ready yet.

“Trust me, Eomer.” Jim said, seeing the alarm on his face.

He did trust Jim, trusted him with his very life. He rolled over onto his stomach, but made sure he was still facing Jim, whose smile had not wavered.

“That’s nice, Eomer.” Jim moved up to his knees and straddled himself across Eomer’s lower back. He leaned forward to kiss the back of Eomer’s head and both men moaned when Jim’s bare chest came into full contact with Eomer’s back. “Just relax and let me love you.” Jim whispered. He felt Eomer nod against his lips.

Jim moved his mass of hair to one side so he could kiss his way down Eomer’s neck. His hands
followed the path his lips had taken and his fingers began to rub at the tense muscles he encountered. His hands spread out across Eomer’s shoulders and he could feel not only the strength but the tension in his finely tuned body. Jim’s hands worked themselves into the knots of his shoulders and he heard Eomer groan in appreciation. “That’s it, just relax.” Jim cooed.

He was going to need to ask Jim to do this more often. He was enjoying the way his strong hands were working his muscles. He was relaxing and was also incredibly turned on. He’d been thinking about this for a long time; wanting Jim to take him. He had been about to suggest it before their lives had been turned upside down by the battle and his injury. This was better, he thought, here in the wilds of Rohan with the light of the fire dancing across the tent, just the two of them, as if they were the only people in the world.

Jim scooted down Eomer’s ass and continued to massage his back. He was trailing kisses down his hot skin as his fingers continued to do their work. When Jim reached Eomer’s perfect ass, he got up and moved to his side.

“Jim?” Eomer asked.

“Shhh, it’s fine, just admiring you. Leave your face on the bed, but get up on your knees for me, please.”

“Jim,” his voice trembled. “I would have us do this facing each other.”

“We’re not there yet, Eomer and we will, I promise, trust me.” Jim was petting him as he spoke.

Eomer sighed and pulled himself up on his knees. He kept his shoulders and his head on the bed.

“Thank you,” Jim whispered as his hands began a slow slide down his lower back and onto his ass. Jim skimmed his hands down Eomer’s thighs and all the way down to his feet. Eomer giggled.

“You promised to never expose this weakness, Jim.”

“I’m not exposing it, I’m exploiting it, I love your giggle.” Jim’s hands walked back up his legs and paused on his thighs again. Jim pushed outward with his hands, directing Eomer to spread his legs more, wanting him to be completely open to Jim. It took a few moments, but Eomer obeyed.

“That’s good, so good.” Jim kept his hands where they were, because if he moved now he would dive right into Eomer’s ass and he didn’t think he was ready for that yet. So instead, Jim bent his head and began to kiss his way up one thigh, then did the same thing to the other. He could feel Eomer relaxing again and smiled into his skin. Jim was rubbing the flesh of Eomer’s ass and began to gently pull his cheeks apart. He leaned in and blew a cold breath against Eomer’s heated skin. Jim felt him shiver.

Eomer had no idea what Jim had planned but he felt his insides clench when Jim blew across his most sensitive skin. He was completely unprepared a moment later when Jim kissed his pucker.

“Fuck, Jim.” He hissed and bucked his hips.

Jackpot, Jim thought. “Not yet, soon, be patient.”

“Y-you-” Eomer stuttered. “You cannot kiss me there, Jim.”

“It doesn’t feel good?” Jim didn’t believe that for a minute and kissed him a second time.

Eomer moaned and Jim kissed him again, this time open mouthed, the same way he kissed Eomer’s lips.
“Not only will I kiss you there again, Eomer, but soon you’ll be begging me for more.” Jim kissed him again and he pushed his ass back against Jim’s mouth. He decided that was the perfect moment to lick his tongue over the furl of muscle guarding Eomer’s entrance.

“Witchcraft.” Eomer screamed. Jim continued to lick and swirl his tongue around Eomer’s hole. “What…kind of…witchcraft is…this, Jim?” Eomer panted.

“Would you like me to stop?”

“NO! No, do not stop, please Jim, please.”

Jim huffed out a giggle and continued to rim his lover. He knew Eomer would never have experienced this before and he was pretty confident Eomer didn’t know men did this with each other. He had never offered to do this for Jim, but he had a feeling the favor would be returned soon enough. The thought of that made him smile.

“Jim.” Eomer was out of his mind with need. He wasn’t entirely sure what he needed, but was sure Jim would figure it out for him.

He loved seeing Eomer like this, completely open to him and lost in his own desire. Jim sucked on his index finger and began to trace it against Eomer’s hole. He felt him push back. “You’re ready for that, are you?” Jim whispered. He dipped his tongue to continue licking as his finger began to push through the tightly wound muscle. “Just relax, Eomer. Relax and let me in.”

This is what he needed. Eomer recognized it the minute he felt Jim’s finger move to enter his ass. His finger wasn’t enough he was going to need more. Eomer yelled out Jim’s name when his finger made it through the first ring of muscle. He could feel Jim working that finger inside him and almost blacked out when Jim scraped across his sweet spot. He screamed instead to stay conscious.

“Found it.” Jim grinned and went back to licking Eomer, who was babbling. It sounded to Jim like a mixture of his name, pleas to continue and charges of witchcraft. Jim would have laughed at this if he weren’t so dammed hard himself. He pulled his index finger out and did laugh at the pitiful whine Eomer made at the loss of contact. “Be patient.” Jim urged.

“My patience is at an end, Jim, I would have you now.” He demanded.

“Roll onto your back, please.” Jim had never seen Eomer move so fast as he rolled to obey Jim.

“Now Jim, now.” He had both arms out, reaching for Jim, finally grabbing his shoulder and pulling him forward, crushing their mouths together.

Jim canted his hips forward, grateful for the friction against his cock. Eomer wasn’t ready yet and Jim needed to calm him down. “No, Eomer, not now. You are not ready for me. I won’t hurt you. Be patient.” Jim smiled and pulled back, reaching for the pot of lube Eomer had left next to their bed. He smiled to himself at the way Eomer growled at him in displeasure.

Once Jim’s fingers were coated he went back to working at Eomer’s entrance, stretching him to allow to fingers to work inside his tight ass. “Relax for me, loosen your muscles, it’s okay.” Jim smiled as he watched Eomer take a deep breath and close his eyes. He was able to slip both fingers in and began to scissor them deeper and deeper inside Eomer. He found his prostate and began to rub against it. Eomer’s eyes shot open and locked on Jim.

“This is what it feels like when I do this to you, Jim?” He never wanted this feeling to stop and was a bit mad at himself that he’d denied himself this experience for all this time. He could never regret, however, that his Jim was the first one to introduce him to this pleasure.
Jim nodded. “It’s what makes me scream your name.” He bent forward, his two fingers still working inside, to kiss his warrior. As Eomer deepened their kiss, Jim began to work a third finger inside his snug passage. Eomer keened into his mouth and Jim continued to kiss him. Jim kept kissing him until he knew Eomer was ready for him. “Ready?” Jim whispered against his lips. Eomer nodded. Jim kissed him one last time and slid his fingers free. He hopped up to his feet and took off his pants.

“You are beautiful, Jim.”

“So are you, especially in the firelight.” Jim knelt between Eomer’s legs and reached for the lube, slicking up his cock with long, slow passes. Jim moved forward over Eomer and nudged the head of his cock against Eomer’s hole. Both men gasped. Eomer closed his eyes as Jim started to push forward. “No, open your eyes, Eomer. I need to see you.”

He remembered making the same request of Jim the first time they had made love. He somehow managed to open his eyes and smile up at Jim.

Jim nodded and continued to push forward, he saw Eomer’s eyes roll back in his head when the head of his cock pushed inside. “So tight and hot.” Jim said. It was taking all the strength he had not push forward the rest of the way.

Eomer wasn’t giving him much of a choice. He had reached up and grabbed Jim’s ass and was trying to pull him forward, urging Jim to go deeper.

“Are you sure?” Jim groaned.

“Yes Jim, I must have all of you.” Eomer screamed his name as Jim bottomed out. They were both breathing heavy. Jim was naming off all the Admirals in Starfleet to keep himself from coming. Eomer was crazy with need. He could not imagine what that need was since Jim was buried to the hilt inside him, but he surely needed something.

Jim rested his forehead against Eomer’s and slowly began to pull back and almost out. Eomer was clutching at his ass to try to keep Jim where he was. Jim pulled his head back and watched the look in Eomer’s eyes as began to push back inside him. His eyes were dark, pupils blown and he was making the sexiest grunts in the back of his throat. “Are you okay?” Jim asked.

“We are one, Jim.” Eomer reached up for another kiss and he felt Jim shudder from the power of his words.

“We are one, Eomer.” Jim said solemnly. Jim picked up the pace urged on by his own body’s needs and by Eomer’s hands digging into his ass. He bet there would be bruises tomorrow, but he didn’t care.

Jim started to pound himself into Eomer’s body. Eomer responded by holding Jim tighter and began rambling Jim’s name over and over. Jim knew Eomer was close, he was too.

“Please Jim, need to come, please.”

Jim started to move faster and thrust harder into Eomer’s body. He braced himself up on his arms so he could watch Eomer’s cock spurt his release. He didn’t have long to wait. A few strokes later Eomer was screaming for Jim as he came in hard, pulsing blasts that landed on his chest and stomach. The look in Eomer’s eyes and force of his orgasm brought Jim his own. He kept his eyes open, staring into Eomer’s soul as his cock emptied itself into his lover’s body.

“Love you so much, Eomer.” Jim panted, slowly pulling his softening cock from Eomer’s body.
“Jim.” It was all Eomer could manage. It was all he needed to say.

Chapter End Notes

Of course Jim asking, ”Are we there yet?” Is in homage to the Simpsons. I have to admit all of these years later that is still hilarious and I always say it when I am on a long car trip!

The idea of Jim not knowing how to survive in the wilderness in light of what happened on Tarsus IV was brought up in a comment last week and I wanted to address that here. In the JJ-verse, we've not yet been told if THIS Jim Kirk was on Tarsus IV. Maybe the universe figured Jim losing his father was enough and did not add to Jim's burden further. In this AU, Jim was never there. I am sending kudos of my own for how well you all pay attention and for calling me out!

I want to know what you all think about the idea of Eomer being a virgin! I have to admit this thought captivated me. I was dying when he asked Jim to be his first and his last lover. He is this big, strong man, the ultimate warrior, but the thought that he is sensitive and thoughtful on the inside makes my heart sing.

A quick note on the Enterprise...I am sure you all noticed there was no scene placed there, you won't see one next week either, only one day has passed since chapter 6 and chapter 8 will pick up on the day after that. There isn't anything of note going on in such a short period of time. You will see the Enterprise again in chapter 9. She's coming for her captain, make no mistake about it. Jim's thought about not returning with the Enterprise if she sailed into the sky, emotionally compromises me. I won't lie, it breaks my heart.
Jim was startled awake sometime before dawn by the sound of some animal’s scream. It sounded like it was dying. “Eomer.” Jim shook him. “Eomer, wake up.”

“What is it, my heart?” His voice was sleep-thickened. “Do you hunger for me again?”


“It’s a screech owl, Jim. That’s how it calls to its mate.” Eomer had to admit this was a side of Jim he had not seen before, he liked being Jim’s protector, even if he was protecting him from a tiny owl.

Jim laughed against his shoulder. “It sounds awful henpecked.”

“It is the way of nature, to be henpecked by one’s mate.” It was Eomer’s turn to snort. Jim was so cute when he was riled up.

“Now just a minute, are you trying to say I henpeck you?” He knew Eomer was baiting him and decided to play along.

“You, Jim? Of course not, you are the exception to the rule.” Eomer couldn’t believe he’d said that with a straight face. “However, if I had a coin for every time you told me to take it easy while I was recovering, I would be a very wealthy man.”

Jim huffed out a breath. “Hey, I was just making sure you didn’t reinjure yourself. You’re not the only handsome warrior around, you know. I’m sure there’s someone else who wouldn’t mind my henpecking.”

Possession crept into his voice, “You are mine, Jim.” Eomer leaned up on one elbow toward Jim.

“I am yours.” Jim whispered back just as Eomer kissed him. It was slow and sweet with their lips gliding against each other, tongues seeking each other out to reacquaint themselves after hours apart. Jim moaned into Eomer’s mouth and Eomer pushed himself over to lie on top of Jim. They canted their hips together enjoying the slide of bare skin. Hard cocks rubbed against each other causing Jim to cry out from the pleasure of it.

“I would have you take me again, Jim.” Eomer whispered into Jim’s neck, still a little shy in voicing his need for that particular act.

Jim pushed at his shoulders needing to see his eyes. He wanted to see the desire there and wanted to see his reaction to Jim’s concern for him. “How do you feel? Are you sore at all?” Jim wouldn’t hurt him for the world.
I am not sore from the loving, my heart, yet I ache for you.” Eomer had to admit his ass was a bit sore from their first joining, but it was certainly not uncomfortable enough for him to not want Jim again.

Jim reached up to kiss him, his hands running into Eomer’s hair. He shifted them to the left and Eomer got the message to roll over. When he was resting on his back, Jim sat up and grasped both of their cocks in one hand. Eomer hissed at the double contact of Jim’s hand and his hot, hard cock.

“Jim.” Eomer panted. “You must be inside me when I spill myself.”

“Oh, must I?” Jim grinned down at him and continued to stroke their cocks slowly together.

“Yesss, Jim, you must.” Eomer needed Jim to slow down. He did not want to spill himself like an untried lad. His hand felt so good on his cock and the slide of their hot dicks against each other was almost too much for him to bear.

Jim dipped his head down to lick across the head of Eomer’s cock. He moaned when Eomer’s flavor hit his tongue. It was hard to pull away when all he wanted to do was swallow Eomer to the root. He grabbed for the lube and slicked up his fingers.

Eomer felt like he was on fire. If Jim did not enter him soon, he was sure he would lose his mind. He had mixed feelings about waiting so long to engage in this kind of sex. He had been on the giving end more times than he could count. It had always been fast, hard and dirty, with Eomer walking away once his cock softened. It was different being on the receiving end, so to speak. Not only was there the trust issue; being able to trust someone enough to give them this kind of power over him, but also having the desire for another man to take him like this. He wanted more, he wanted Jim.

Jim swiped his fingers across Eomer’s pucker and heard a sharp intake of breath.

“Finally, Jim.” Eomer groaned. He had never felt this kind of urgency before, he needed Jim to be inside of him, needed to feel whole again. That admission stunned him. Jim completed him. This physical act of loving made that fact all the more real for him.

Jim made sure Eomer’s entrance was greased up before sliding one finger into his ass. He loved how responsive Eomer was to his touch. His eyes glittered in the dark and he was never shy in vocalizing what he wanted and what he liked.

“Ahhh, yes Jim.” Eomer was pushing back against Jim’s hand trying to get as much of Jim inside himself as possible. It wasn’t enough, he needed more than just Jim’s finger.

“Eager, are we?” Jim grinned.

“Dammit, Jim. I need to feel you- Uuuggg.” Eomer broke off in a moan when Jim brushed past his sweet spot. “Now, Jim, please.” Eomer begged as Jim slid a second and a third finger inside his willing body.

“You are ready, aren’t you, Eomer?” Seeing Eomer undone like this was almost enough to send Jim over the edge as well. He was always so controlled in everything. Eomer flying apart at the seams was a glorious thing to see, to know he was the one responsible for doing this to him.

“Please, Jim.” Eomer rasped out, his voice was harsh with his need. Eomer was canting his hips in the air, hoping for any contact he could make and was squirming and pushing against Jim’s fingers. He whined when Jim pulled his fingers free to reach for the lube.

“Please, please, Jim, do not make me wait any longer. We must become one.”
Thankfully Jim was finished prepping himself. He needed to be inside of Eomer as badly as Eomer needed him to be. He nudged the head of his cock against Eomer’s entrance and his warrior’s eyes flew to meet his own. “Jim.” He whispered, reaching his hands up to cup Jim’s face.

Jim pushed forward and both men hissed as Jim breached the hard ring of outer muscle. “More, Jim.” Eomer coaxed, not knowing how badly Jim wanted to surge forward and bury himself deep.

When Jim bottomed out, he took a deep breath and leaned down to kiss his warrior. “Love you, Eomer.”

“And I you, now stop talking and start fucking.”

Jim snorted a quick laugh before moving to obey his demanding lover. Jim used hard and fast strokes, every second or third one aimed at hitting Eomer’s sweet spot. Eomer was so tight around his cock. He loved the resistance he met with on every stroke. He loved even more knowing that he was the only man to have ever enjoyed this pleasure with Eomer. That thought alone sent a bolt of possession spiraling through his body. He understood now why Eomer insisted Jim was his. “Mine.” Jim managed to ground out as he continued to pound into Eomer’s body.

His dick jumped at that one word. “Yours.” He whispered back. Jim was driving him crazy, he badly wanted to tell him more, to tell Jim that he would belong to him for all of eternity. That nothing in his life felt better than being with him like this. He wanted to tell Jim nothing could shatter their bond, but couldn’t find the words. All he could do was feel. He loved the way his tight passage gripped Jim, loved the way Jim was holding his hips hard. He would carry Jim’s finger marks for days to come.

Jim felt his lower back tingle. He knew he was close and wanted Eomer’s body to explode at the same time as his own. He started stroking Eomer’s cock at the same speed he was using to fuck him. He was hard and hot in Jim’s hand, the head covered in pre-come which Jim used as lube. “That’s it Eomer, come for me.” Jim urged.

“Fuck, Jim.” Eomer cried as he started to spurt in Jim’s hand. His vision dimmed and he cried out as his orgasm intensified with Jim pounding only against his sweet spot.

One more thrust and Jim joined him, calling out for his lover as his cock pulsed deep in Eomer’s body.

“Love you, love you, love you.” Jim whispered, collapsing on Eomer’s chest as his softening cock slipped from his body.

Eomer wrapped his arms around Jim and he rolled them to their sides. “Love you, my heart.” He tangled their legs together and both men slept.

“Dammit Eomer, I’ll never get the hang of it, can’t I just use my sword?” The frustration Jim was feeling was obvious in the tone of his voice. It was hot, he was sweating and he didn’t seem to be making any measurable progress. Fuck.

“If you are fleet enough of foot to catch a running deer, Jim, then by all means, use your sword.” Eomer had to bite his tongue and take a deep breath before he continued. “However, my heart, I have seen you run, and let us say it is best to keep practicing with your bow and arrow.”

“What is that supposed to mean, that you’ve seen me run?” What was he trying to imply here?
Eomer ducked his head. “I believe a wounded turtle could outpace you, Jim.” Eomer tried, he really tried to keep a straight face, but burst out laughing.

“So you are saying a turtle with a limp could outrun me, is that it?” Jim was biting the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing too. He wasn’t a very good runner, but didn’t need Eomer pointing that out to him.

Eomer nodded and continued to laugh.

“Fine, I see how it is. I’ll become the best Bowman Rohan has ever seen and it’ll be because I’ll see your laughing face on every target I aim at.” So there, Jim thought. And he would, dammit, just as soon as he was able to start hitting the target tree rather than other trees five feet away.

“Well, I guess it is good for me then,” Eomer said between giggles. “Because that same wounded turtle is a better archer than you, as well.” Eomer collapsed on the ground and continued to howl with laughter.

Jim had switched to biting his tongue so he wouldn’t burst out laughing too. He stomped to where Eomer was lying on the ground. The warrior was so over come with the giggles that he was rolling back and forth, fighting for breath. He spotted Jim, and could only point weakly and shake his head no.

Jim assumed this was an apology and moved to straddle Eomer’s thighs. He grabbed both of Eomer’s hands in one of his own and held them over his head. “You think it’s funny, huh?” Jim asked with a grin. Eomer nodded, still giggling.

“I’ll give you something to laugh about.” Jim used his free hand to slip under Eomer’s shirt, up to his side and started to tickle him. Eomer’s eyes went wide and he howled with laughter. “That’s it Eomer, laugh it up, pretty boy.” Jim continued to tickle as his Horse Lord tried to free himself.

Eomer managed to wriggle one hand free and flipped them over. “You think I’m pretty, Jim?” He asked shyly.

Jim framed his face. “I do. You are pretty, with all this blonde hair, your killer green eyes and that smile, add in those amazing dimples and plush lips.” Jim poked him in the side to make him laugh again and when he smiled he traced his fingers down Eomer’s dimples. “You’re beautiful, inside and out, never forget that.”

“Thank you my heart, I will never forget.”

“Just like I won’t forget the limping turtle.”

An hour later saw Jim finally hitting the targets Eomer called out to him. He hadn’t found complete accuracy yet, but Eomer knew it would come in time. Jim was relentless when he had the bit between his teeth. He worked on his bow skills tirelessly until Eomer had to take his bow away.

“Come Jim, you will be sore enough in the morning.”

“Is that a promise or a threat, Eomer?”

“Both.” He said as he leaned in to kiss Jim. Their tongues met and tangled as Jim slipped his hands under Eomer’s tunic to rub his back.
“How about a swim, my heart?” Eomer wasn’t afraid to admit he wanted Jim naked again.

“Sounds good.” Jim whispered and saw Eomer’s eyes darken as he smiled.

“I shall race you to the water’s edge.” He shoved Jim backward to throw him off balance a bit and took off running for the water.

“Dirty, cheating, bastard.” Jim yelled as he caught his balance and took off running. Eomer thought he ran like a gimpy turtle, did he? Jim would show him. The lake was in sight as Jim caught up and blew past him into the water, boots and all.

Eomer stopped at the water’s edge, breathing hard. He bent forward with his hands on his knees trying to catch his breath and failing because he was laughing so hard at Jim flailing around in the water and laughing himself.

“I WIN!” Jim crowed. He stomped out of the water and shook himself off like a dog near Eomer. Jim shrugged out of his wet clothes and laid them on the ground to dry in the sun.

Eomer was still bent over breathing heavy. “C’mon old man.” Jim said as he tugged at Eomer’s shirt. Once it was off, he went to work on Eomer’s pants. Eomer took them off the rest of the way, along with his boots. Jim picked up one of his hands and tugged him into the water. Once they were hip deep, Jim stopped and slammed his lips against Eomer’s.

He felt his stomach flip as Jim’s fingers tangled in his hair and moved to grip his head tightly. Eomer roughly grabbed Jim’s hips and pulled them against his. He could feel Jim’s hard cock against his own and grabbed them both in one hand, gripping them firmly. He couldn’t stop himself from moaning into Jim’s mouth as he continued to mash their lips together.

Jim continued to kiss Eomer hard and let out a low growl when his lover grabbed his hard cock. Jim dropped one hand from Eomer’s hair and wrapped it around his hand and their cocks. He stroked in time with Eomer’s hand. He was nipping at Eomer’s bottom lip, stopping once to hold his bottom lip in his teeth and give it a small bite. His tongue laving over Eomer’s imprisoned lip.

When he released his lip, Eomer kissed him back harder, quickening his pace on their cocks. His free hand was gripping the hard muscle of Jim’s ass. He was kneading Jim’s flesh as they continued to kiss. He reached out with his teeth to lightly grab Jim’s tongue.

Jim’s eyes snapped open and met Eomer’s as he groaned out loud. Eomer’s lips quirked in response. Jim’s eyes were a darker shade of blue than usual when they made love. Eomer promised himself to see Jim like this again and soon. He released Jim’s tongue and swept his own back into Jim’s mouth to devour him all over again.

Jim was getting close. Fuck this was hot. Usually their encounters were unhurried and loving, while this was possessive and almost violent. Jim had never been more aroused. He could feel the same coming from Eomer as he grabbed their dicks harder trying to milk them into coming. He liked using his teeth on Eomer and liked having him use his teeth on Jim in return.

A few more rough strokes and Jim cried out. He began to pulse hard in their hands. Eomer joined him seconds later, moaning low. He lowered his forehead to Jim’s once his cock was finished coming. “Mine.” He growled.

Jim could only nod.
Once both men were capable of standing without assistance, they began to swim and enjoy themselves in the water. Jim couldn’t believe it when Eomer accused him of witchcraft yet again, when he saw Jim floating on the water’s surface.

“Eomer, stop accusing me of witchcraft, dammit. I’m just floating on my back.” Jim thought it was hilarious every time Eomer made that accusation, although it did make him wonder what the fine people of Rohan did when one of their own was accused as a witch.

“Yes, Jim, floating is the sign of the witch. We throw an accused witch in the water with a stone tied to her body. If she sinks, she is innocent. If she floats, she is a witch.” Eomer was so matter of fact.

“You realize how ridiculous that sounds, she has a rock tied to her, of course she will sink. She may be innocent, but she’s also dead, which is sort of inconvenient.” This reminded Jim of what the resident’s of Salem, Massachusetts did to their accused witches. They were all innocent as well, but dead was dead.

Eomer looked unsure and only shrugged.

“Or, is it you just claim witchcraft about something you know nothing about, like 69ing and rim jobs?”

Jim could see Eomer’s cheeks go red in embarrassment. “I’ll take that as a yes.” Jim swam to him and kissed his yummy collarbone freckle. “You’ve spent two days teaching me things. I think it’s time you learned something. You’re gonna learn to float.”

Eomer shook his head.

“No?”

“I do not think it wise, Jim.”

“Oh no?” Jim knew he was afraid of failing.

“No Jim, I will not float.”

“Yes you will.” There was no way Jim was taking no for an answer.

“Will not.”

“Will.” Jim smirked.

Eomer sighed. He’d learn to float or drown trying.

“Onto your back.” Jim commanded.

“Why does that order give me mixed feelings?” Eomer giggled nervously and flipped over to his back in the water.

Jim was holding him under the small of his back and under his neck. “Lift your feet off the bottom of the lake, Eomer. Stop cheating. Don’t be a dirty cheater who cheats.”

“I assure you, Jim, I am quite clean. You, however are a taskmaster of the worst sort.” He lifted his feet up and bobbed down a bit. He threw his arms out for balance, panic in his eyes. He did not like floating. Being held by Jim was nice, floating was not.
“Eomer, the water will hold you up, trust me.” Eomer was grumbling under his breath Jim could swear he heard the word “witchcraft” at least twice. Jim bit back a giggle.

Eomer leaned back in the water and let it hold him as Jim instructed. He felt his hair fan out under him in the water and felt the water hold his body up. He could feel the sun on his face as the water sluiced across his body. It worked, he was actually floating. “I am floating, Jim!” Eomer said excitedly, sitting up in the water and immediately sinking. He sputtered as he popped back up to the surface.

“You were floating, Eomer.” Jim said from some distance away.

“Wait, you have left me?” Eomer asked as he splashed his way to his feet.

“You were fine without me.”

“I will never be fine without you, Jim.” Eomer knew this to be true to the core of his soul.

After a quick lunch Eomer led them back to check their snares. There was a nice fat squirrel in the first one.

“Fuck.” Jim muttered.

“Not now, my heart. Look at our bounty. We will eat well this night.” Eomer knew why Jim was upset, it meant having to kill this animal. They needed to eat and Jim needed to know how to do this as distasteful as he found it. “Come Jim, I will show you and the next one is yours.” He looked up at Jim who nodded. Eomer showed Jim how to kill, gut and skin the animal.

Jim managed to keep his cool and his lunch in his belly. A major victory, Jim told himself. He knew the point of this trip was to teach Jim how to survive if push came to shove. The thought of killing animals put a sour taste in his mouth, but Eomer was right if it came down to his life or this squirrel’s he knew what choice he would make. He needed the skills Eomer was teaching him.

The next two snares were empty, but the third held another squirrel. Jim watched it for a few minutes, while Eomer watched him, curious to see what he would do.

Jim took a deep breath, strode to the squirrel and repeated every step Eomer had taught him flawlessly. So what if he was blinking back tears as he worked. He had done it and they would eat tonight.

“Well, Jim, what do you think?”

He swallowed hard. “That’s one tasty squirrel.”

Eomer laughed. “Do you remember the way to prepare the meat?”

Jim slipped a hand up to the bulge in Eomer’s pants and squeezed gently. “I know how to prepare the meat.” Jim laughed, Eomer hissed.

Eomer stood and reached his hand down. Jim took it and Eomer pulled him to his feet. He went into the tent, reappearing a moment later with a blanket folded under one arm. He slipped his hand into Jim’s and they walked off together into the open area behind the tent. Eomer spread the blanket out
and motioned to Jim. They lay down together, staring up at the stars. “Tell me more about sailing a ship to those stars, Jim.”

Jim smiled and took a moment to gather his thoughts. “To me, the stars have always meant freedom. Space is vast and endless. You would never run out of places to travel. Home could be anywhere I chose to make it.” Freedom to travel the stars didn’t seem so important anymore. Instead he lived for the freedom he found in this man’s arms.

“Are you disappointed choice was taken from you, Jim?”

“No, not one bit.” He wasn’t. He had fallen in love hard with Rohan, her people and her Third Marshall.

“I am glad to hear that, Jim.” It was music to his ears. He wanted Jim to be comfortable and happy with him in every way possible.

Jim smiled, “I wish I were more familiar with your stars Eomer. In all my time in the black, I have never seen these stars before.

“They are very beautiful, Jim.” This was the first time since he was a boy that Eomer had really taken the time to study the stars, to look for pictures in them and to see their beauty.

Jim nodded and shifted so he was laying perpendicular to Eomer’s body with his head on his chest, their bodies making a sideways letter T.

Eomer had one arm under his head, the other was wrapped around Jim’s chest. Jim had their hands tangled together.

“Space is dark, Eomer. That’s why people call it ‘the black.’ Space is black and lonely and beautiful and tragic all rolled together. It’s an adventure, but not so different from the adventures your people find in battle.”

“Do you miss your Enterprise, Jim?” Eomer wasn’t sure he wanted to know the answer. He held his breath as he waited for Jim to answer.

“No Eomer, I don’t.” The words felt odd in his mouth, but they rang true in his heart. He had loved every single moment he served as the Captain of the USS Enterprise, yet he loved his life here in Rohan more.

Eomer hadn’t been expecting this, Jim sounded so sure, so certain. Jim sounded like his heart was at peace.

“I mean, I miss my friends, Hikaru, Scotty and Spock, but I am happy I am here in Rohan, with you.”

“Such odd names.” He laughed.

“Okay, AYY-OH-MARE.” They laughed together at Jim’s exaggerated pronunciation of his name.

“Tell me about them.” He couldn’t believe he had never asked about Jim’s other life before now.

“I’ve known Hikaru for years. We went to school together, he is a botanist and a pilot on the Enterprise.”

“What is a botanist, Jim?”
“It’s a person who studies plants. How they grow, how to make them yield more food at harvest. They also discover any medicinal purposes or healing properties they may have.”

“I do not know about yielding more food, but Islyn does much work with our plants and the medicines she prepares.”

“It’s similar, Eomer. He also grows flowers.”

“Flowers on a spaceship that sails the stars. Beauty in the black, as it were.” Eomer sounded wistful, as if he wished he could see these things for himself.

“Then there’s Scotty, he takes care of the ship and make sure she runs properly and safely. He also runs the ship’s still.” Jim giggled thinking of some of their drunken adventures while Spock had manned the Captain’s chair.

“He is a good friend to you.” It was a statement, not a question. He liked seeing the life in Jim’s eyes and they way they lit up as he talked about his friends. Eomer took a moment to be glad that Jim had lots of people in his life who cared about him and whom he loved in return.

“He’s the kind of friend who’s there for you in the middle of the night no matter what. You’d like him, Eomer. I have a feeling you would enjoy telling each other funny stories about me. You’d also enjoy his homemade moonshine.”

“You think I would get on with your friends, Jim?” Eomer wondered what he could have in common with these men from another space and another time, aside from Jim.

“Yes, I think they would like you a lot.”

“And what of Splunk?”

Jim laughed. “You mean Spock.”

“Yes, Jim, Spock. I still think it an odd name.”

“Odd is a good word to describe him. He is not from Earth like Scotty, Hikaru and I am. He’s from a planet called Vulcan. It’s a place where they value logic above all else and they strive to suppress all emotion.”

“You mean they do not laugh or cry?” Jim shook his head no. “How truly bizarre, do they love, Jim?”

Jim turned himself around to lie on Eomer’s chest and his warrior wrapped him tight in his arms. “They love, but they don’t show outward signs of it, they don’t tell each other how much they love each other.”

Eomer let out a thoughtful sound. Jim knew he was considering this lifestyle and all that it implied. “I cannot go more than five minutes without wishing to tell you of my feelings, Jim. I would not like this Vulcan way of life. I would make a poor Vulcan, constantly telling you of my love.”

Jim laughed, picturing Eomer as a Vulcan, not just with the ears and short hair, but with their understated mannerisms. He sighed and tucked himself in closer to Eomer. “I wish you could see her just once. To stand on her bridge and look at Middle Earth from space.”

“You must be careful what you wish for, my heart.”
They had fallen asleep under the stars. Jim woke several hours later, according to the position of the moon. Jim was being eaten alive by mosquitoes. He shook Eomer awake and went back to their tent, they tangled themselves together and fell back to sleep.

For the first time since his arrival in Rohan, Jim woke up alone. He reached out his arms seeking Eomer’s warmth and found only empty space. “Eomer?” He sat up and his warrior was nowhere to be found. Just as he was about to get up and go looking for him, Eomer walked back in with an armload of flowers.

“Oh, fuck, Jim.” He said and turned around and walked back outside.

Jim tried hard not to giggle. “I see you’ve mastered that word. You okay, Eomer?”

“You were supposed to still be asleep, my heart.”

“Oh, I… am… so… sleepy.” He gave an exaggerated yawn. “I am falling back to sleep now.” Jim made loud, grunting snoring sounds.

Eomer shook his head and fell in love with Jim all over again. He slipped back into the tent and placed the flowers all around their bed. He stripped and slid back in beside him.

Jim had stopped “snoring” and was content to wait and see what Eomer had planned. He felt him slip into bed and felt him pull Jim into his arms. He kissed Jim’s head.

Jim opened his eyes. “Good morning.”

“Good morning, my heart. I am sorry you missed me when you woke alone.”

“I’ll always miss you when we’re apart.” He hugged Eomer more tightly and kissed his neck.

“We will ride for home today, Jim.”

“So soon?”

“It is time, Jim. I am so proud of you. Proud of all you have learned in so short a period of time. There are many duties back in Edoras that wait for us both.”

Jim didn’t want to go back, he wanted to stay here forever, just the two of them. “It will be nice to sleep in our own bed again.”

“You did not enjoy sleeping under a blanket of stars, Jim?”

“The blanket was fine, it was the bugs that sucked.” Jim laughed. Eomer joined him.

“What do you think of the flowers, Jim?”

“No one has ever given me flowers before, they’re beautiful. Thank you.”

“You are most welcome, Jim.” Eomer rolled up to cover Jim’s body with his own. “Let me love you, Jim.”

“Always, Eomer. Always.”
They rode Firefoot back to Edoras later that afternoon. Jim sat behind Eomer in the saddle and held him tight as they rode home.

Chapter End Notes

I've said it before and I think it bears repeating; I am so hopelessly in love with this fic and it's characters. Yes, it's just a story, but having spent eight weeks with Jim and Eomer, I can tell you they are a part of my soul. Yes, I have tears in my eyes as I type this, which is a bit of foreshadowing in and of itself. I write for myself. I write the kind of things I want to read. I share with you in hopes you'll come to love my vision of things as much as I do.

Now that's out of the way...

What did you think of Eomer in this chapter? I hadn't realized how funny he was until now! The line about the limping turtle being a better archer than Jim cracks me up! I love finding different sides to Eomer, he is much more complex than I ever imagined him to be.

Yes, this is one more week without a look at the goings on aboard the Enterprise. She'll be back next week as her crew starts to zero in on the location of her Captain. It continues to amaze me that Jim has settled so completely into his new life in Rohan. He misses his friends, but he's never been happier than he is now...fuck, crying again.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Eomer and Jim are back in the real world after their camping trip.

Just a little pronunciation key for the new names you'll see:

Saoirse = Sear-sha
Siobhan = Shiv-awn
Sibeal = Shib-ale

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Sulu to Enterprise.”

“Enterprise here.” Spock said.

“We have reached the entrance to the wormhole.”

“Commander Scott, do we have a transporter lock on Mr. Sulu and Mr. Chekov?”

“Aye laddie.”

“To what range is that transporter lock effective?”

“I cannae say.”

“We are entering ze vormhole, stand by.” Chekov said.

Jim couldn’t sleep. Eomer was locked around him from behind and Jim could feel his breath on the back of his neck. It was still dark and silent, but Jim’s mind was whirling. It would be back to business as usual today. Jim would go back to work in the stables would continue to take sword lessons in the afternoon with Donall and would sit in on tactical meetings. Eomer would be back training the Rohirrim for battle.

He knew Eomer’s duty to Rohan came first, in his head. His heart was another matter. It still wished Eomer was employed doing something far less dangerous, like gardening.

“What is it, my heart?” Eomer whispered into Jim’s skin. He curled his body more tightly around Jim’s.

“I miss camping.”

“As do I, but do not take me for a fool, Jim. I know that is not what is keeping you from your rest.”

Jim sighed and snuggled back into Eomer. “I’m worried about you going back to work today.”
He kissed Jim’s neck. “I know. It is my duty, but I do understand your concern. This is what I was born to do.”

“I know.” Jim whispered, feeling tears prick his eyes.

“I will be as safe as I can, Jim.”

He turned in Eomer's arms and buried his face in his neck. “I don’t want to lose you.” His voice was muffled.

“You will not, Jim. I promise.”

“Ah, Eomer.” Theoden said. “I wish you a good morning.”

“And I to you, Uncle.”

“You were not yet returned when your intended bride arrived last night.”

Eomer choked on the apple he was eating. “My what?” He managed to say after Theoden gave him few hearty whacks to the back.

“You are to be married, sister-son.”

“Uncle, I agreed to no such thing.”

“You cannot spend your life with your boy, Eomer. You have responsibilities to Rohan to produce strong, healthy sons to succeed me.”

“Uncle, surely Theodred will give you many fine, strong grandsons. I-”

“As will you, Eomer, starting now. Come with me to the main hall and I will introduce you.”

“I will not marry this girl, Uncle.”

“The marriage contracts are made, you have no choice. This is who you were born to be. You may keep your boy on the side, I certainly did.”

“I will NOT-”

“SILENCE! Do not presume on our relationship to tell your KING what you will or will not do. Am I understood?”

Eomer was crushed. Jim. All he could think about was Jim and how he would react to this news.

“Well?” Theoden boomed.

“Understood.” Eomer said, his voice and eyes were glacial.

“It is my pleasure to introduce Eomer, son of Eomund, Third Marshal of the Riddermark.”

Saoirse curtsied silently.

“My lady.” Eomer said, bowing low over her hand.
“Oh Eomer, there you are.” Jim said as he walked into the great hall. He’d been looking for Eomer everywhere and this was the last place he thought he would find him. “There is something wrong with Firefoot, he’s edgy and won’t eat.”

Eomer didn’t react much to Jim’s news and that was cause for great concern. That horse meant everything to Eomer. It was then that Jim looked around and finally noticed the group of women in the room. He took a moment to study his lover and Eomer looked panicked and edgy himself. What was going on here? Whatever it was, Jim had a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach.

“Jim, may I introduce Saoirse, her lady mother, Siobhan and her sister Sibeal.”

Jim bowed over each hand. There was something really wrong with Eomer, he had never seen him act this way before, almost as if he were sleepwalking.

Eomer took a deep breath, “Saoirse is to be my wife.”

There wasn’t enough air in the room to breathe and Jim would swear he felt his heart stop beating in his chest. “Congratulations to you both.” Jim said, trying to keep himself calm so no one would know his life had just ended.

Eomer couldn’t meet Jim’s eyes. Hearing his tortured congratulations was bad enough, but he couldn’t bear to see the pain on Jim’s beautiful face.

“Ladies, it was a pleasure to meet you, but I must return to the horses.”

“I will come as well, my-” Eomer stopped, almost saying his special name for Jim out loud. “I will come as well to see to Firefoot. My ladies.” He bowed. “If you will excuse me, please.” They nodded.

Jim and Eomer were silent until they were outside. Eomer grabbed Jim’s elbow and led him to a secluded stone bench near the gardens. “Jim, I had found out only moments before you walked into the great hall. I am sorry you had to find out about this as you did.”

“I don’t understand any of this.” He felt broken and alone. How was he going to face life in Rohan without Eomer?

“My uncle contracted this marriage without my knowledge or consent. I put up a strong fight against this but in the end, must do as my King requests. I do not have a choice, my heart.”

Jim’s heart clenched at the sound of Eomer’s sweet voice saying his name. He wouldn’t be anyone’s “heart” after today. He stood up from the bench and paced around, trying to get hold of his emotions. His greatest fear was losing Eomer, he had assumed it would be on some battlefield. Jim never dreamed it would be in a pretty side garden next to the keep. He could feel tears welling up in his eyes, the pain of this news ripped through his whole body. It was useless, his tears were coming, there was no way to stop them falling, so he let them come.

Jim’s tears broke Eomer. He would never forget the look on Jim’s face, tears streaming down his cheeks, eyes wide in horror or disbelief. Eomer guessed it did not matter which, both were equally devastating.

“We didn’t even make love this morning.” Jim whispered before he started crying in earnest, great heaving sobs and greater heaving breaths. Jim’s right hand was clutching at his heart.
Eomer moved forward to comfort him and Jim put a hand out to stop him. All he could do was shake his head no. Eomer obeyed and gave Jim space to calm down.

Jim bent over and put his hands on his knees. His breakfast was threatening to revolt and he was fighting hard to keep it where it belonged. He took a couple of shaky deep breaths and managed somehow to get the upper hand on his emotions. There would be time to cry later.

“I will not do this, Jim. I will find a way to stop this happening, I swear to you, even if we must leave Rohan.”

“No Eomer.” Jim said, sadly. “How many times have you told me about your duty to Rohan and her people? Hundreds.” Jim said, answering his own question. “You can’t go back on your duties now. You said just this morning this is who you were born to be.”

“But Theodred is the heir.” Eomer argued.

“Theodred could drop dead tomorrow. We both know how fragile life is here. Anything can happen at any moment. You have to do this Eomer. “

Eomer opened his mouth to argue and Jim pushed on before he could speak. “A life on the run isn’t for you, Eomer. You are not a coward. You will do your duty to Rohan.”

Eomer sighed, he knew Jim was right. There was no way he could abandon Rohan, not even for Jim. “This changes nothing between us, we can still be together, Jim.” Eomer was grasping at straws, desperate to hold on.

Jim didn’t know what hurt more, the thought of Eomer getting married or Eomer thinking nothing had or would change between them. “Eomer this changes everything.” Jim said sadly. He could see tears threatening to fall from Eomer’s beautiful green eyes and he wanted to run to him and hold him close. He stood his ground. “I will not interfere with your new family.”

“Jim, you cannot mean that.” The tears Eomer had been fighting back began to fall, sliding down his cheeks and into his beard.

“I do mean it. Your marriage needs trust, even if there is no love between you, especially if there is no love between you. She deserves that much of you at least. I won’t be the reason your family fails.”

“Jim, no.” Eomer pleaded.

“Don’t ask this of me. Don’t relegate what we had into the shadows, Eomer. Don’t ask me to sneak around behind her back to see you. Pride in myself as a man is all I have left now. Please don’t take that away from me.”

Eomer could not respond. He felt hollow and empty.

“I will always love you.” Jim whispered.

Eomer strode to him and pulled him into his arms. Both men held on for dear life. Jim tried to memorize the feel of him, his heat and his scent.

Eomer couldn’t think so he just felt. This couldn’t be the last time he held Jim in his arms. There had to be another way. “I will always love you, my heart, never doubt it to be true.”

Jim gave him a watery smile and leaned in to kiss his lips, softly and chastely. He set Eomer back
from himself and walked toward the barn, his head held high.

Eomer could only watch him go.

Jim spent the rest of the morning in a daze. He worked as quickly as he could, knowing that he needed to run as far away from Rohan as possible. He needed time to think, time to grieve. He had known there was something wrong with Eomer when he hadn’t responded to the news that Firefoot was unwell, Jim wondered if the horse had somehow felt his master’s emotions and was mirroring them with his own behavior. Whatever the reason, he seemed fine now. Jim was standing in front of his stall. He had known Eomer would come to the stallion’s aid once they had parted, so Jim had begun his duties in the adjacent barn, not wanting to run into Eomer. He could remember all of the times he would casually walk past Firefoot’s stall hoping that he would “accidentally” run into Eomer. Now all he wanted to do was hide.

Firefoot nudged Jim’s shoulder with his massive head, jarring Jim from his thoughts. He reached up to caress the warhorse. “Promise you’ll take care of him.” Jim whispered. He gave the horse one last pat on the neck and walked away. He could hear Firefoot neighing loudly after him and stomping his great hooves against the floor of his stall. Like master, like horse, Jim thought sadly.

Eomer had done all he could do for Firefoot. It was obvious the horse was in quite an agitated state when he got to the stall. Nothing Eomer did would calm him down. He left instructions with the head groomsman to find Jim if Firefoot continued to act out and not eat. Jim always had an easy way with the high strung animal, if anyone could soothe him, it would be Jim.

He didn’t know what to do with himself after his confrontation with Jim and his visit with Firefox. He had duties to attend to with the Rohirrim, but that didn’t seem as important to him as it had just a few hours ago. Nothing mattered anymore, how could it without Jim?

Jim stood in the middle of their bed chamber, well he guessed it was Eomer’ chamber now. He battled hard against the tears that were threatening to overwhelm him. He sat on Eomer’s side of the bed and pulled his pillow tight against his chest. He inhaled Eomer’s scent one last time before he stood and began to pack his things. The last thing he packed was the tunic Eomer had worn yesterday during their ride back to Edoras. He jammed it into his satchel and walked from the room without looking back.

Starlight was saddled and ready to ride when Jim returned from the kitchens. He had left his belongings back in his own chamber, the one that had been given to him when he had first come to live in Edoras. He knew he could not stay in the main keep for much longer and would have to search for his own cottage out amongst the other soldiers. He couldn’t bear to run into Eomer and Saoirse, his heart couldn’t take that. Come to it, how would he deal with sparring with Eomer on the practice field? Or lining up next to him on the field of battle? Or just running into him unexpectedly? How would he ever find the strength to keep his hands to himself and NOT take Eomer up on his offer that they continue their relationship? He mounted Starlight and rode out of Edoras.

Jim was tempted to ride to his meadow, but he knew that would be the first place Eomer would look for him when word got around that Jim had packed supplies and his bedroll and left on his horse. He continued on instead to a place they had ridden past just yesterday. It was near the roar of the river and was wooded, providing plenty of cover. He set up his small campaign tent and went in search of
rocks for a fire pit. The irony of the situation was not lost on Jim. Eomer had spent the last three days teaching Jim how to survive on his own in the wilds of Rohan. It was a safe bet that neither man imagined Jim would need these skills so soon. He quickly amassed enough rocks for the pit and built it just the way Eomer taught him.

He walked into the woods and began to gather firewood. His heart caught in his throat every time he reached for a piece of wood that was not completely dried, remembering Eomer’s caution that the wood would smoke too much and ruin his meal. Jim cried out into the silence of the woods. He hit his knees hard on the forest floor and screamed for Eomer. His heart was shattered, there was no coming back from this. He screamed and screamed for Eomer until his voice was nothing but a ragged gasp.

“Fuck all, Eomer.” Donall yelled as he had come precariously close to slicing his sword into Eomer’s torso.

Eomer had caught Saoirse and her sister stopping to watch the sparring match and what little concentration he had was gone. It had nearly cost him. Not that he cared much about that at the moment. What was the point without Jim? Seeing Saoirse made his blood run cold and turned his stomach. It’s not that she wasn’t a beautiful woman, she was, with her dark hair and green eyes. It was that she reminded him of all he had lost. Eomer knew he would be of no further use with his sword this day.

“My lord.” Saoirse called to him.

Eomer sighed to himself. “Yes, my lady.”

“Would you come for a walk with us through the garden?” She batted her eyes prettily at him.

He felt despair wash over him and begin to drag him down. He had no choice. “Certainly.” He called back as he walked toward the waiting women.

Eomer saw her as nothing more than a brood mare. Royal marriages were notorious for not being love matches. Important people married for land, money, extra soldiers, not for love, never for love. Her job was singular; give birth to fine, healthy sons. Nothing more was required of her. Eomer needed to find a way to explain this to Jim so that he would understand that no one, probably not even Saoirse herself expected Eomer to be faithful to his vows.

“My Lord?” Saoirse was looking at him expectantly.

He looked around, unaware of what she had said and also noticing that her sister was nowhere to be seen. “I beg your pardon, my lady, would you repeat what you said.”

Saoirse giggled. “Would you like to kiss me, Eomer?” She said, her voice in awe as she spoke his given name.

FUCK! Eomer did not want to kiss this simpering girl. The only giggle he wanted to hear was Jim’s. The only lips he wanted to taste we’re Jim’s. “My lady, my duties to Rohan call and as much as it pains me to say, I must attend them. If you will excuse me?” Eomer strode off not bothering to wait for an answer.

Jim somehow found the strength to pick himself up off the leaf litter. He brushed at his clothes and
went in search of a fishing pole. Fifteen minutes later he found himself sitting crossed legged on a sun-warmed rock, dipping his line in the water. He had managed to grab enough food from the kitchens to assure his dinner should his attempt at fishing fail. He needed to succeed, needed to prove to Eomer that he could survive on his own. Even though his warrior would never know what he’d done. He felt his throat tighten with that thought, but thankfully he was all cried out. Jim felt a tug on his line and yanked it out of the water. A beautiful fish soared through the air and landed on the bank of the river, flopping its way back to the safety of the water. Jim pounced from his seated position up onto the bank of the river to grab the fish and quickly prepare it for his dinner. “I did it, Eomer.” Jim whispered.

The fire crackled in the pit as Jim sat alone enjoying his catch. He wondered what Eomer was doing. Was he enjoying a hearty dinner in the great hall with his family or was he sitting alone on their empty bed missing him? He wished he knew more about the girl. He had noticed she was pretty and young, but that didn’t matter to Jim and it was certainly no indication of how she would treat his… Eomer. Jim sighed and crawled into his tent. He pulled out Eomer’s shirt and held it to his face. The soft material caressed his cheeks and Eomer’s scent filled his mind. He shrugged out of his own clothes and slipped Eomer’s shirt over his head. He wrapped his arms around himself and laid down. It was the first time in his twenty-six years that James Tiberius Kirk had cried himself to sleep.

He should have been prepared to walk into their bed chamber and find Jim’s things gone, but he wasn’t. The room looked much the same as it did this morning, but without a few simple touches that had made this chamber home. Gone was Jim’s sword and his all of his clothes but for one blue tunic he had left on Eomer’s pillow. Eomer didn’t see his own shirt from yesterday and assumed Jim must have left one of his own in its place. Eomer took a deep shaking breath. He wanted to crawl into Jim’s shirt and then into bed, but he still had to attend the celebration dinner in the great hall. He didn’t have the strength for this, how was he going to sit on the dais and eat next to Saoirse when all he wanted to do was sit and laugh with Jim. Would Jim even be there tonight? Eomer doubted it, why torture himself needlessly. He picked up Jim’s shirt and held it close to his face. Breathing in Jim’s smell and trying with all of his might to hold back his tears. He curled into a ball on the bed, crushing the shirt to his chest and cried for Jim and their broken hearts.

Dinner was insufferable. It was the first time in his life Eomer wished for death. Saoirse giggled throughout the entire meal. He tried to tell her about Rohan, about their people and what life was like here. She was not interested in any of that, she was only interested in kissing him or at least making insinuations that she would rather be doing that than suffering through his boring history lesson. He excused himself early from the feast, telling her mornings came early and he needed his rest for the day to come. Saorise leaned close to him and asked if she could tuck him into bed. Eomer practically ran from the hall.

He found himself outside Jim’s bedchamber door. He hadn’t seen Jim since their teary farewell in the garden earlier that morning. He held his fist up to the wood, hesitated, then knocked. There was no response, so he knocked again, louder this time. When there was no response again, he opened the door and stepped into the empty room. It was much the same as it looked the last time he had been in there. Jim had finally agreed to give up this chamber in favor of moving into his larger room and he had been helping Jim to pack his things. All of Jim’s things sat on the floor in bags that day, just as they did now. He sat on Jim’s bed, determined to wait for his return so they could talk. Hopefully this time with cooler heads. Hours later Eomer fell asleep curled up in Jim’s bed, waiting for his lover to return.
Jim woke with a start and reached his arms out for Eomer. All they encountered was empty space. Jim cracked open his sticky eyes to look around the tent. The events of yesterday slammed back through him and he felt sick to his stomach. He wanted to curl back up under his blankets and find sleep again, but he knew Starlight needed to be cared for. He shucked out of Eomer’s shirt and back into his own. Moments later he stalked from his tent to care for his horse.

The morning was cloudy and it looked like rain was about to fall at any moment. As much as Jim wanted to spend a few days out in the woods, he knew he should pack up and head back to Rohan. Starlight was nervous and edgy as Jim approached her. He knew she could feel the coming storm. “Would you like to go home, my beautiful girl?” She responded by knocking her head against Jim’s shoulder as she sniffed around for the apples she knew he had for her. He left her munching happily on her apple as he went to pack up camp. He would head back to Edoras and face his worst fear head on.

Eomer woke before sunup. He was cold and wrapped around Jim’s pillow. He scanned the room quickly and realized nothing had been moved. Jim had not come home last night. Eomer’s heart seized with terror. He left Jim’s room at a dead run for the stable.

“Jim left around noontime, yesterday. I thought you knew that, being as how you are so close.” The head stable master could see the fear and panic on Eomer’s face and knew instantly his Lord knew nothing about Jim’s trip outside the gates.

“Where was he going?”

“He didn’t say, Sir, but he looked packed up for a long trip. Had his sword, bedroll and a package of food from the kitchens.”

Eomer’s shoulders slumped in defeat. He had given Jim the tools to survive on his own in the wild and not a moment too soon. He trudged back to the keep. Alone.

Several hours later, Jim rode back through the gates of Edoras. He took his time brushing down Starlight after their long ride. When he stepped back from her, he noticed Eomer was standing in the door of the stall. He looked awful. His hair looked stringy and unwashed and from the look in his eyes it appeared he hadn’t slept much either. “Hey.” Jim rasped.

“My heart, what happened to your voice?” Eomer stepped forward to go to Jim, but the sad look on his face stopped him in his tracks.

Jim shrugged and went back to caring for Starlight. It was killing him to see Eomer like this, wrecked and lost, he knew the looks on their faces mirrored each other. He wanted to throw his arms around him and tell him how much he had missed him last night, but he stayed where he was. “M’okay.” He whispered.

“I am not.” Eomer said. “I waited for you in…” Feeling his throat close up on him, he cleared his throat. “Your room.”

“Yeah, I spent the night near the river. Was gonna spend a few days out there but a storm’s blowin’ in and Starlight was nervous, so we came back today.”
“I missed you last night, my heart.” Eomer’s voice broke on that last word.

It took all of Jim’s strength to stay where he was, knowing what he was about to say was going to hurt them both a great deal. “Eomer, we have to stop doing this. It’s obvious we’re both suffering, but continuing to see each other and pine for what we can’t have is only going to hurt us more. I can’t see you anymore. I’ll talk to Donell today about getting a cottage with the unmarried warriors and I’ll move out of the keep as soon as I can.”

“You cannot mean that, Jim” Eomer whispered, he had no energy left to face this, but he needed to stay strong, he needed to convince Jim to stay with him somehow.

“I do mean it. We have to move on from each other. We both need time to heal and I can’t do that if I see your sad face around every corner.” He turned back to the horse. “Goodbye, Eomer.”

“Jim, please. I can’t live without you. Saorise is just a brood mare, I will never feel for her the way I feel for you. Come back to me and let me love you.”

“What, so I can be the quick fuck in the hayloft?” Jim winced at the venom in his own voice.

“Jim?” Eomer was taken aback by the anger in Jim’s voice.

“Remember what you told me before about your other conquests, blowjobs in the stable and quick fucks in the hayloft, remember? You want to turn this…beautiful thing we have from sunshine into shadows? With us scurrying around like rats in the dark? No, Eomer, I won’t do that.” He patted Starlight lovingly on her neck and strode past Eomer just as the first tears began to fall.

“Yesss, just like that.” Saoirse moaned. “Faster, fuck me faster.”

Eomer stood stunned, listening to the commotion going on in the weapons room. He had been searching for his uncle when he heard the commotion and a familiar voice coming from behind the closed door. He sent a servant to his uncle and another for Saoirse’s mother and hoped against hope she would still be moaning like a half-penny whore when the cavalry arrived.

“This had better be worth being roused from my nap.” Siobhan said as she walked down the hallway toward Eomer and Theoden. The words were no sooner out of her mouth when a high-pitched keen came from the room. “Saoirse?” She yelled as she charged through the door, Eomer and Theoden on her heels. What they saw stopped them dead in their tracks. Saoirse was bent over the arm of a couch being taken from behind by one of the kitchen boys. Seeing that he had an audience, he pulled out and shoved himself back in his pants, his face flaming as he rushed from the room. Eomer wanted to hug him.

“Mother!”

“You foolish, foolish girl. You have ruined everything.”

Jim ran down the hallway and charged into the middle of the fray. “What’s going on? I was told there was an emergency, are you alright?” Jim was panting from his run in from the stables. A servant had come to him with a message of an emergency in the weapons room and that Eomer needed to see him immediately.” Jim had dropped what he was doing and run for the keep.

Eomer pointed to his “intended.” He saw Saoirse trying to wriggle back into her gown as her mother screamed at her. “What’s going on?” Jim was stunned.
“I will not taint Rohan with the bloodlines of a whore.” Eomer announced loudly

“I concur.” Theoden said. “You will all be out of Edoras by sunrise.” He turned and stalked from the room.

Saoirse and her mother rushed from the room soon after, leaving Jim and Eomer alone. Jim walked toward the door.

“Jim, wait!” Eomer yelled, unable to believe Jim was walking away from him now that he was free. Jim walked to the door, shut and then locked it. He turned back to Eomer with a smile on his face. “Didn’t want to be disturbed.” He rasped out.

Eomer ran to Jim and pulled him roughly into his arms. He was never going to let Jim go ever again. He couldn’t believe he had him back in his arms and it was taking all of his strength to not burst into tears as they held each other. “What happened to your voice?” Eomer ran his hands down the sides of Jim’s face, checking him over to be sure he was not injured.

“Got into a shouting match with a tree.” Jim smiled at him.

“Will you come back to me, my heart? As you heard and saw, my engagement is at an end.” Eomer held his breath waiting for Jim’s reply.

“This is going to happen again, Eomer.” Jim said, sadly. Your Uncle will just find another bride with another dowry and we’ll be right back where we started yesterday. I can’t bear to go through that again.”

“We will not go through that again, Jim. I swear to you. I will meet with my Uncle in the morning and let him know I will marry a bride of my choosing when I am ready, which I shall never be.”

“What about needing to sire strong sons for Rohan?”

“There are others capable of doing that in my stead.”

“Eomer, I can’t let you give this up for me.”

Eomer kissed him, he let their lips slide against each other gently. After what Jim had said to him in the stable this afternoon he thought he would never get to do this again. He licked out his tongue against Jim’s lips and Jim opened up for him. His tongue swept in and mated with Jim’s. He captured Jim’s low moan in his mouth. “I give this up for us, Jim. I will not live my life without you. Come back to me, please.”

Jim nodded past the lump in his throat. He would let Eomer deal with Theoden and the fallout from what had happened over the last several days. Jim was tired. Tired of fighting his feelings for Eomer and just plain tired. He would let the chips fall where they may, he had his stubborn warrior back in his arms and he wasn’t going to let him go ever again.

“I love you, Jim. Love you so much. I cannot bear to live through another night like last night.”

“I love you too, Eomer.” Jim yawned loud and long. “Take me to bed?”

Eomer nodded and led him back to their bedchamber.
In the novel, Théoden refers to Eowyn as "sister-daughter" a fancy word for niece. I have added that in for Eomer as well, having Théoden call him "sister-son" or son of my sister...

The line of succession is seemingly the most important thing in royal families. It is critical that there be legitimate male offspring to keep the crown in the family, so to speak. Of course Eomer is caught in the middle between his duty to Rohan and his love for Jim. Eomer's duty to Rohan is a continuing theme.

Don't you just love Jim when he tells Eomer he won't sneak around with him? A lot of people think Jim Kirk is a hedonist, only out for his own pleasure. Those people are wrong, IMHO! LOL This is the real Jim Kirk and I love him to pieces.

When Jim tells Eomer, "I will always love you," this is thanks to my friend KCGirl, who suggested song fic to something by Dolly Parton. All I could hear in my head was that song, so here it is...enjoy the earworm! I heard Dolly's original version, that is.

The Enterprise is getting closer...
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Rohan is celebrating the anniversary of the coronation of her king.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Based on the calculations and readings taken by Mr. Sulu and Mr. Chekov the anomaly will remain stable enough for the Enterprise to reemerge on this side for another twenty-six point three four hours. If we have not located the Captain within that time period, we must abandon him to his own fate.” Spock sighed softly, the most emotion he had outwardly shown since Jim went missing.

“Aye laddie, that is my calculation as well.”

“Are we all agreed to go in search of the Captain?” Spock asked, knowing full well what the answer would be.

Everyone nodded.

Mr. Sulu, plot a course for the center of the wormhole. Mr. Chekov, monitor the anomaly and alert me at the slightest variation in stability.

“Aye, Keptin Spock.” Chekov agreed.

“Course laid in.” Sulu replied.

“Let us begin.” Spock ordered.

“It’s all or nothing, laddie. All or nothing.”

Jim was balls deep in Eomer’s ass. They had been making love since Saoirse’s tawdry scene had played out in the weapons room yesterday evening. They hadn’t had much of a chance to talk about things, with Eomer promising he would talk to Theoden about never again betrothing the Horse Lord without discussing it with him first. They had almost lost each other and neither man could bear to be out of touch with the other, both preferring to be joined as one.

Jim wasn’t thinking about betrothals at the moment, he was too busy driving Eomer crazy. “Feels good, doesn’t it?” His own muscles were starting to tremble he knew his own control wasn’t going to last much longer.

“J-jim,” Eomer shuddered beneath him. He was wrecked. His hair was a matted, twisted fur ball drenched in sweat. Jim had been edging him close to orgasm by thrusting against his sweet spot, then
abruptly stopping when he knew Eomer was about to come. They had been doing this for close to an hour this time. “I…command.” Eomer sucked in a deep breath as Jim’s cock nudged against him again.

“Oh, you command, do you?” Jim leaned down to kiss him, scraping his cock against Eomer’s prostate as he moved forward.

“Yesssss, Jim, I—” Eomer moaned as Jim moved to withdraw. ‘Do not go,’ his mind shouted. Jim pulling away from him just that much was too far away. Eomer was wrapped around him like a starfish and was tightening his legs around Jim’s waist to keep him close.

Jim stopped with just the head of his cock inside Eomer’s body and waited to see what Eomer would say next. When Eomer had become especially needy of Jim this night, he had begun to wheel and deal with his stubborn, beautiful lover.

“Jim, please. Give you your own kingdom.”

“My own kingdom, huh? Last time it was a nice piece of land on a lake. Hmm.” Jim slid in deep and Eomer keened breathlessly. “I think I’ll just keep at this, pretty soon, you’ll give me all of Rohan.” The first time Eomer had offered Jim Firefoot’s first sired stallion. Jim had readily agreed and had fucked Eomer into next month. After all, Jim would have been crazy to turn down an offer like that.

“Jim, anything, give you anything, please. I need—”

Jim liked it when Eomer was destroyed and needy. “Tell me what you need, gorgeous.”

“Come, Jim, need to—” Eomer groaned as Jim began to fuck him with short, hard thrusts.

Jim saw his eyes roll back and knew he was close. “Come for me Eomer, that’s it.”

The sound of Jim’s voice urging him on was enough. His cock erupted between them, sending gouts of hot release onto his and Jim’s stomach’s. Feeling Eomer spil against his skin was enough to pull his own orgasm from his body. Eomer was softly moaning Jim’s name as his voice had been shouted out hours ago. When his cock was done twitching, Jim withdrew and reached for a cloth to the clean them both up.

When he was finished, Jim curled up against his side. All Eomer had the strength to do was wrap his arms around Jim. “Do not ever leave me again, Jim. My heart cannot bear it.”

Jim snuggled in closer, a bolt of cold fear snaked up his spine and twined around his heart. “I won’t Eomer. I—” Jim shivered and Eomer pulled him closer. “I can’t live without you.” Jim whispered into the dark.

Eomer had been true to his word. Once he and Jim had managed a few short hours of sleep, Eomer went to speak with Theoden. An hour and several broken chairs later, Horse Lord and King had come to an arrangement. Theoden would table any betrothal talk for Eomer unless and until Eomer became heir to Rohan. Neither man was overjoyed with the agreement, but they both could live with it and by extension, each other.

Once the topic of Eomer’s future had been settled, Theoden had moved on to a topic much less volatile. “My fifteenth year of rule is upon us. A feast is in the works. I would ask that you participate in a mock sword battle. Perhaps a scene with your boy would be fitting.”
Eomer grinned, Theoden including Jim in his coronation feast festivities was a step forward in the right direction. “I will arrange it, Uncle.” Eomer turned to leave.

“Eomer.” Theoden called as he reached for the door. Eomer turned back to face him. “You’re different these last months, happy and free of burden. I am glad of this change, sister-son.”

“It is because of Jim, Uncle.”

Theoden nodded and Eomer left the chamber.

One week later found Jim and Eomer battling to the death…with wooden swords. “Jim, you have dropped your right shoulder. You must keep it elevated.” Eomer had come up with a daring sword fight that would include fast, hard passes, dives, fake falls and the eventual “death” of his foe, Jim.

“Eomer, we’ve been at this for hours. My arm feels like it’s gonna to fall off.”

“Perhaps I should ask one of the toddler girls to spar with me instead.” He tried to keep the smile he was hiding off his lips.

“So you’re saying a child would make a better sparring partner?”

“I am merely asking if you need a break, my heart. You are looking a bit…fragile, shall we say.”

Jim’s mouth flattened into a straight line. “Fragile, my ass. Let’s fight.”

Jim was being danced around the practice yard. Eomer engaged with several quick swings, catching the left and right sides of Jim’s blade alternately. Jim dug his feet in and when Eomer advanced again, Jim was thrown to the ground.

“Perhaps I should be doing this with the children. Jillie is particularly strong and brave.” The little girl in question was three years old and shorter than Eomer’s sword. He reached down with his forearm to help Jim back to his feet. Jim took hold of his arm and Jim jerked him forward, Eomer had his weight thrown back in anticipation of pulling one hundred and eighty pounds of Jim upright and was unprepared to for his momentum to be pulled in the other direction. He hit the ground hard and Jim used the force of Eomer’s weight to pull himself back to his feet. When he had his full balance, he leveled his sword at Eomer.

“This kinda reminds me of the day we met.” Jim smiled at Eomer, remembering the feel of cold steel against his neck as Eomer had snuck up behind him unheard and unseen. “Thought I was a goner when I turned around and saw your angry look and long sword.”

“No, my heart.” Eomer smirked, remembering that fateful day in the meadow himself. “I was captivated by those blue eyes and your beautiful smile. I would not have run you through for those things alone. If you had proved a threat to me, I would have dragged you all the way back to Edoras behind my horse and made you my slave.” Eomer laughed thinking about Jim scantily clad and in chains.

“You didn’t seem captivated when you raised your sword as I moved to see Firefoot.”

“A man’s horse is sacred, Jim.” Eomer smirked.
“Remember riding double on the way back here?” Jim shivered remembering the way Eomer’s ass was slapping against the saddle as they rode. “Had to keep thinking about ugly girls to keep from getting hard against your ass.”

Eomer laughed. “I was erect for the duration of the ride home, why do you think I stopped in the midst of our journey? I needed a break from you being wrapped around me otherwise I may have taken you there and then, Jim.” Both men laughed.

“Remember falling asleep together that first night?” Eomer nodded. “As I slipped toward sleep, I remember feeling my life change, like I would never be the same man I had been that morning.” Jim smiled sweetly, remembering how it had felt drifting off to sleep feeling safe and protected.

Eomer loved the happy little smile on Jim’s face. “Do you plan to keep me at sword point all morn, Jim?” Eomer sneered at Jim’s wooden sword.

“Maaaaaaaybe.”

Eomer moved like lightning and scissor kicked his legs, grabbing Jim and pulling him to the ground. Eomer bounced back up.

Jim’s eyes darkened as he calculated his next move. He backed up slightly and sprung back to his feet. Eomer came at him with several quick thrusts which Jim deflected with enough skill that he was able to get in an offensive blow of his own.

“Donall has taught you well, Jim. Not well enough to defeat me, but you are improved. Slightly.” Eomer grinned at his dig.

Jim ducked Eomer’s blow and swung out again, raining blows against Eomer’s sword and knocking him back. “Less talking, more fighting.” Jim snarled as he danced forward again, repeating the moves that had previously landed him on his ass. Instead of digging in his feet, he pressed forward and kept Eomer on the defensive. He ended by sweeping his leg out and hooking Eomer’s foot, spilling him onto his gorgeous ass.

“You fight like a small girl, Jim.” Eomer said, soundly truly bored.

“Really? How then do you explain your position on the ground? Hmm? The only place your ass gets a worse pounding is in our bed chamber.” Jim danced out of range of Eomer’s long legs.

“Your mother was a camp follower.” Eomer snarled his top lip at Jim.

“Yours showed her the ropes.” Jim challenged back.

Eomer threw himself forward back onto his feet again. He came at Jim, sword raised and aggressive. He pummeled Jim with blow after blow. Jim stood his ground and fought back. To the casual observer it would seem they were simply sparring, but Eomer knew better. He could feel his cock stir to life in his pants and wondered if Jim was similarly affected. It was not the words from Jim’s mouth turning his cock to steel, but the violence of their battle play.

Jim kicked out again and knocked Eomer off balance. Eomer managed to kick back at him before he hit the ground causing Jim to stumble and fall on top of him. Eomer’s question as to whether Jim was similarly aroused was answered as Jim’s cock brushed hard and hot against his leg.

Jim locked eyes with Eomer. Both men were breathing heavily, mouths hard and fierce. “Stables.” Eomer commanded. His tone brooked no argument. He needed to fuck Jim and fuck him hard, now.
Jim raised an eyebrow, not moving a muscle otherwise. He didn’t blink, didn’t even breathe. He nodded and got back to his feet, pulling Eomer up with him. They strode to the stables in silence. Wooden swords forgotten on the ground.

Eomer pushed Jim into the first empty stall they came to and shut and barred the door. Thankfully, the stall had been recently cleaned, Eomer thought briefly before his brain was once again swallowed whole by the thought of his cock sliding deep into Jim’s ass. He turned back to Jim, his eyes hard and dark and roughly grabbed his arm, shoving him into the back wall of the stall face first. Eomer reached for both of his hands and placed them high up against the wall. “You will not move or speak, Jim. Nod once if you understand.”

What the hell was this? Jim asked himself. He had never seen this side of Eomer before, where the fuck had it been up to now? Jim nodded his head and kept his hands where Eomer had placed them. His body was tensely coiled in anticipation of what Eomer would do next. He would attempt submission for Eomer if that is what he needed from him.

Eomer didn’t know what had gotten into himself either. His joinings with Jim were usually leisurely and long. This would be neither of those things. He reached around Jim, quickly undid the laces to his breeches and yanked his pants down as far as he could reach. He used his boot to slide the pants the rest of the way to the floor. “You have a smart mouth, Jim.” Eomer snarled against his ear and he felt Jim shudder against him. “I will hear no more of it.” He bit Jim’s earlobe to punctuate his meaning. “Nod if you understand, Jim.” Jim shivered again and nodded.

Eomer kicked out Jim’s feet as far as they could go, caught up in his pants as they were. He knelt down behind Jim and roughly pulled his cheeks apart. He swallowed hard as he stared at Jim’s hole. He couldn’t get rimming out of his mind since Jim had done it to him on their camping trip. This was the first opportunity Eomer had to return the favor and he dove right in, stabbing his hot tongue at Jim’s hole.

Jim cried out. FUCK. He had expected a lot of things, with Eomer in the frame of mind he was in, but a rim job was not one of them. He was so caught up in what Eomer’s tongue was doing, he hadn’t realized he had broken Eomer’s command of silence.

Eomer pulled his tongue back the moment he heard Jim cry out. “You did not understand the rules, Jim.” Eomer said as he rose back to his feet. He pressed his body against Jim, flattening him closer to the wall. “You will not make another sound, am I understood?”

Jim nodded again. He could feel Eomer’s cock against the crack of his bare ass and he couldn’t be absolutely certain, but it felt bigger to him, more intense somehow. He needed to convince Eomer to shove it inside him and soon.

“Good boy.” Eomer bit Jim’s neck where it met his shoulder. Bit him hard enough to leave a mark. Eomer felt him tremble against his mouth. He released Jim and knelt back down. He slurped his tongue over Jim’s hole and Jim managed to stay silent, though the effort nearly killed him. Eomer smiled against Jim’s skin. The ‘good boy’ was implied. Eomer’s tongue went back to work, licking its way around Jim’s hole and getting it nice and wet. He never imagined this act could be so intimate, but it was. He would have to tell Jim that when he was finished fucking him. That thought made him smile again.

Jim’s cock was hard as steel and pressed against the wall of the stable. Eomer was pressing against him so hard he was afraid his dick would get splinters. He almost giggled at the thought of explaining this to Islyn as she went at him with her tweezers. Somehow he made the mental image
go away as Eomer seemed pretty serious in his desire that Jim be silent, he wasn’t even sure if he was allowed to breath heavy.

Eomer was stabbing his tongue into Jim’s hole. The muscle was hard and unyielding. “You will relax for me, Jim.” Eomer commanded. The tone of Eomer’s voice surprised him, this was the voice he used on the practice field, the one that proved he was in charge of the situation and his lead was to be unquestioningly followed.

Jim took a deep breath and did his best to loosen his muscles. He was taut as a bowstring not knowing what Eomer was going to do next.

Eomer sucked on his first finger and then swirled it around Jim’s entrance, he was applying steady pressure and soon his digit sank in to the second knuckle. “Good boy, Jim. You will stay relaxed in that manner for me.” He withdrew his finger and heard Jim’s breath hitch. Eomer’s finger was quickly replaced by his tongue which pushed past the first ring of muscle.

Jim moaned low in his throat and was given a stinging smack on his left cheek. FUCK! He took a shuddering breath an knew his ass was going to be bear the marks of Eomer’s hand by the time all was said and done, this felt too damn good for Jim to keep silent thorough it all. Jim’s last conscious thought was that he figured that was Eomer’s plan all along. He felt sparks tingle all the way down his spine.

Eomer felt his cock jerk hard in his pants when he slapped Jim’s ass. It jerked again a few minutes later when he looked up to see his raised handprint on Jim’s cheek. He focused his attention back on Jim’s ass. His tongue was curling and uncurling as deep inside Jim’s ass as it could go. He could feel Jim’s legs trembling and knew his lover would end up on the floor in a heap at some point. He pushed Jim’s cheeks further apart and redoubled his efforts with his tongue. He was sweating from his efforts and his jaw and tongue were sore but there was no way he was stopping, not now.

*Witchcraft*, Jim’s mind shouted. If he didn’t know better, he would swear he could come just from Eomer’s tongue in his ass. He felt Eomer pry his ass further apart and felt his tongue slip in even deeper. His tongue just barely hit against his sweet spot and Jim saw stars, bucking back against Eomer’s face and groaning in pleasure. He felt Eomer’s hand slap against his other cheek. Thank fuck he hadn’t removed his tongue. The stinging slap against Jim’s ass made his cock that much harder.

Eomer pushed deeper against his ass, and curled his tongue again. Jim’s whole body jerked and Eomer pushed his tongue in just a bit more and started rubbing against Jim, who let out a strangled cry as he began to come all over the wall in great jerking blasts. Eomer’s tongue finally retreated when he felt Jim’s body stop twitching. He stood and unfastened his breeches, rubbing his cock against the crack of Jim’s ass he leaned in to whisper. “Such a good boy, my heart. Did you enjoy that?”

Jim opened his mouth to answer and remembered he was not supposed to talk. He nodded instead. Jim didn’t know how much longer he could remain on his feet after what had just happened.

“How clever of you to remember not to speak. I am well pleased. I will ride you now. You will come again, Jim. Are we understood?”

FUCK. After that, Jim wasn’t sure he’d be able to come for another month. Surely he must be running on empty. He nodded willing to allow for Eomer’s skill at being able to coax another orgasm out of his wrung out body.

Eomer went to town licking and sucking at his hand. He spit as much into the palm of his hand as he
could manage and slicked up his leaking cock, using the pre-come as extra lube. He nudged the head of his cock against Jim and applied steady pressure until the head popped inside. He growled into Jim’s ear.

It was a little rough going for Jim. He was unused to doing this with so little lube. It felt fucking amazing. His ass burned and he felt a full in a way that he had never experienced before. He wanted Eomer to thrust fully inside him but wisely held his tongue. Just as it felt like he was going to withdraw, he surged all the way forward and buried himself to the hilt. Jim felt his cock stir back to life with a vengeance when Eomer scraped against his sweet spot. He bit his tongue to keep from moaning out loud and had to bite his cheek to keep from crying out at his bitten tongue. His ass bucked backward at Eomer’s invasion. If he had been permitted to speak Jim would have been begging Eomer to fuck him.

Eomer could feel Jim struggle with accommodating him. He would have to thank and praise Jim to the stars later on but now he listened only to his body’s instincts which shouted at him to move, to fuck, to own. Eomer fucked Jim with hard deep strokes. He knew immediately, that he was not going to last long and wanted to make every thrust count. “You are mine, Jim.” Eomer ground out between thrusts. “Forever mine.” Eomer shouted to Jim as his cock surged deep into his ass one final time and began to spurt. Eomer kept thrusting during his release and heard Jim suck in a ragged breath followed by a shaky moan which he knew to mean Jim was coming again as well. When his cock stopped twitching he collapsed forward against Jim’s back.


The great hall was filled with celebratory people in a festive mood when Jim and Eomer entered it later that evening. They were both dressed in their finest clothes and had both had baths. Jim loved the way Eomer’s hair curled softly around his face and the urge to drag him back to their chamber, wrap his fist in Eomer’s hair and jerk off was so great that Jim had to walk away from his side, lest he act on that desire. Eomer quickly followed and grabbed for Jim’s hand, not wanting to be separated from Jim at all.

Eowyn quickly made her way over to Jim and Eomer when she spotted them. “How handsome you both look this evening.” She curtsied to each of them and Eomer cupped her face kissing her cheek.

“You are enchanting, sister-mine.”

Eowyn moved in for a quick hug with Jim and she giggled when she saw Eomer’s face darken as she held her brother’s lover close to her heart. “I hope you enjoy this night. I have gone to much trouble selecting the food and drink to be served.” She smiled again and moved off to mingle with her guests.

Jim took a moment to look around the room. There were bright forest green banners hanging from the high ceiling. Colorfully dressed jugglers roamed the room tossing brightly colored balls into the air, catching them behind their backs and doing all sorts of other tricks to delight the children. Jim spotted a man or two roaming the room with a musical instrument that reminded him of a mandolin, but with a longer handle, perhaps it was a lute.

A tall, hawkish man motioned to Eomer and bent to whisper in his ear. Eomer nodded and crooked a finger at Jim. As he waited for Jim to join him, he noticed a strange man standing with Eowyn. He was dark haired and was speaking to her with intent and a familiarity that was clearly not invited. He shuddered as he watched the man place a hand at Eowyn’s back and lead her toward where Theoden was presiding over the feast. He would have to remember to ask Donall later on who that man was.
and what business he had in Rohan. His thoughts were interrupted as Jim approached. “It is time for our battle to begin. Are you ready, my heart?”

“Ready as I’ll ever be to die in shame for Rohan.” Jim grinned and they walked off to retrieve their swords. This mock battle would be performed with their real swords, not the wooden ones they had used on the practice field earlier in the day.

“Hear ye.” A loud voice boomed from the center of the room. “Now begins the re-enactment of The Battle of Lorren Falls, the battle in which Theoden, our great King, proved his worth against his sworn enemy Aeron.”

Eomer leapt forward and engaged Jim’s blade, the clang of steel ringing loudly in the silent hall, the sound echoing against the high stone walls. Jim thrust forward in response shoving Eomer back. The crowd gasped as Eomer stumbled and one knee hit the stone floor. Jim was wearing a hateful look on his face, he was an enemy to Rohan after all and it wouldn’t do for him to be all smiles.

“The battle did not start well for our hero.” The troubadour sang out. “Aeron had the advantage of youth on his side.”

Eomer threw his body forward at Jim and their blades met again, sparks flying into the air from the force of the collision of metal on metal. Eomer took great hacking swings at Jim, who calmly deflected them all. He had affected an almost bored look to his face. He was imitating the look Eomer had been giving him this morning as they sparred.

“Aeron had never been beaten in battle and did not expect to be the loser on this day. Theoden’s head would make a nice trophy to bring home to his people.” The crowd began to boo and hiss at this statement.

Eomer continued to rain blows down upon Jim who continued to deflect them one by one. Eomer was panting, sweating and growing tired. His sword arm was tired and drooping. His strength was failing him.

“Just when all seemed lost, when Theoden appeared to be beaten…”

Eomer kicked out a booted foot and hooked Jim’s ankle. Jim hit the floor hard and cheers went up through the crowd. Eomer pounced on his fallen opponent and inflicted the “fatal” blow with as much flair as he could muster. Donall rolled him a stuffed sack with golden straw sticking out through holes in the material. Eomer grabbed it and held it aloft. It was a replica of his foe’s severed head.

“Theoden-King was victorious in battle and has lead Rohan ever anon.” The room cheered loudly for “Theoden” who helped a miraculously recovered Jim back to his feet. Both men bowed and waved to the crowd.

“Hear ye.” A loud voice boomed from the center of the room later in the evening. “Gather round and I shall tell you the tale of Eomer the Brave.”

Jim grabbed Eomer’s hand and pulled him close to the troubadour. They both sat cross-legged on the floor. Jim’s eyes were gleaming in excitement as he waited to hear a tale of Eomer. It surprised Jim in that moment he had never asked to hear stories from Eomer’s early life. What had he been like as a little boy? What had happened to his parents which had cause Eomer and Eowyn to become their uncle’s wards? Where was his first battle? Jim shook his head at all of the unanswered questions. All
he knew about Eomer’s early life is what Eomer had revealed as he fought against his raging fever, but even that information had been rambling and disjointed. Jim figured he had enough questions to last through a long, cold winter.

*I start this verse as a song*  
*Of a youth tall and beardless*  
*Grew to be a great man, fearless*  
*Searching for his place to belong*  
*Worked his body and mind to be strong*  
*Courage abounds in his goodness*  

*In many deeds and battles did he prove brave*  
*His sword arm swings, he advances dauntless*  
*On the field of battle our warrior is heartless*  
*Sending foes to an early, blood-soaked grave*  
*On many occasions, Rohan, did he save*  
*His deeds and story are ageless*

Jim sat with tears in his eyes, gripping Eomer’s hand. He was entranced by the tale the troubadour wove, picturing Eomer in his mind as a beardless youth, without his family, growing into the man he loved whole-heartedly. He leaned in to kiss Eomer on the lips chastely and stood. Jim moved to the troubadour. He whispered something to the man who nodded and smiled.

Eomer wondered what Jim could be up to; perhaps he was asking the troubadour to tell the tale a second time. He was unprepared for what happened next.

“Hear ye.” He sang out again. “Jim would like to sing a ballad of love in honor of Eomer.” He bowed graciously to Jim and stepped away.

The room was silent, waiting for Jim to begin. He could feel cold sweat running down his spine and the crack of his ass. He cleared his throat. “Hi, ummm, this isn’t as poetic as what you just heard, but, well here goes.” Jim cleared his throat again, locked eyes with Eomer and sang out in heartbreaking beautiful baritone.

*Wise men say only fools rush in*  
*But I can’t help falling in love with you.*  
*Shall I stay, would it be a sin?*  
*If I can’t help falling in love with you.*

*Like a river flows surely to the sea.*  
*Darling so it goes.*  
*Some things are meant to be.*

*Take my hand, take my whole life too,*  
*For I can’t help falling in love with you.*”

Tears were flowing freely from Jim’s eyes as he sang the last note of the song. Eomer was crying as well and was swiping at his face with his sleeve. He had never heard words like that before and would have to ask Jim later to sing those words for him again and again. He would never forget them, nor the sound of Jim’s voice if he lived to be one hundred.
In all of the research I did in writing this piece, I was unable to find how many years Theoden ruled Rohan. We have met Wormtongue, so obviously we're coming down to the last few months of Theoden's rule. To me, it seemed like the actor who played Theoden in the movies looked to be about 45-50 years old. So if this is year 15 in his rule he would have become King when he was 30-35.

And yes, though unnamed, the creepy guy talking with Eowyn and begging for introduction to the King was Wormtongue.

The Battle of Lorren Falls and Theoden's enemy, Aeron are creations of my own. Aeron is a figure in Welsh mythology and the name means carnage or slaughter in Welsh.

The poem the troubadour sings about Eomer is in the traditional meter used in the Middle Ages. I see Rohan placed in that period of our own history.

I knew early on Jim would sing a song to Eomer at this celebration and I sent a challenge out to our writing circle for songs that Jim would sing to Eomer in this situation. The responses I got back were amazing, heartbreaking and numerous. I am sending sincere thanks to Corrie71 and KCGirl for all of their suggestions.

I went with Can't Help Falling in Love by Elvis Presley because of the line "Shall I stay." Plus the words of this song are timeless. People felt this way about each other at dawn of time and will still have these feelings back in Jim's century.

Speaking of Jim's century...it's about to catch up with him. I debated having this happen as the last scene in this chapter, but I figured Jim and Eomer deserved for that to wait one more week.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

The USS Enterprise finds her Captain.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The USS Enterprise glided softly out of the wormhole. This time and place looked like any other they had visited in the course of their five year mission of exploration. The only difference between this mission and those was the ship and her crew were running out of time.

“We have attained geosynchronous orbit around Middle Earth, Captain Spock.” Chekov stated.

The planet was earth-like in its dimensions. There were large masses of land surrounded by deep blue seas. It was a beautiful sight to behold. Now to find the Captain, if he was in fact there to be found.

“Enterprise to Captain Kirk.” Spock knew the chances of the Captain being alive were slim, knew the chances that his communicator was still working were even slimmer and knew the odds of Jim answering his comm were infinitesimal. “Spock to Kirk, come in, Captain.” Spock took a deep breath. He was fully prepared for this eventuality, but knew his crew would take it hard. He needed to keep them all busy while the search progressed.

“Lieutenant Uhura, keep trying to reach the Captain via his comm unit.” She nodded and turned back to her switches. “Mr. Scott attempt to locate a signal from the Captain’s comm, we need a way to triangulate his location.

“Aye laddie.”

“Mr. Sulu, scan all areas for signs of the Captain’s shuttle, set sensors to maximum and keep me updated on your progress.”

“Aye, Sir.”

“Mr. Chekov, continue to closely monitor the state of the anomaly, you will give this ship plenty of time to make her escape, am I understood?”

“Aye, Keptin.”

“As for the rest of you. I am open to suggestions on how we may successfully locate our Captain.”

Eomer was humming *Can’t Help Falling In Love*, as they worked together in the stables. He had been humming it all morning and every now and then would sing a line or two under his breath. Jim loved the sound of his deep, but off key warbling. Eomer was a great warrior and an even better man, but he couldn’t sing for shit. Oh well, Jim thought, there had to be something wrong with him somewhere. This wasn’t so bad as far as faults went.
They had slipped away from the party last night after everyone was done congratulating Jim for his performance. Eowyn had asked him why he had never sung before and Jim only shrugged. Donall slapped him hard enough on the back to leave a mark. Jim and Eomer retired to their room and spent the rest of the night making love. It was a far different sort of love than what Jim had experienced earlier that afternoon. He had wanted to ask Eomer what the hell that was and would there be an encore performance. Damn, he thought, that was hot as fuck. There simply hadn’t been time to discuss doing that again, as Eomer had kept Jim’s mouth well occupied deep into the night.

“My heart?...Jim?” Jim was staring off into space and Eomer had been trying to catch his attention for several minutes. He walked to Jim and put a hand on his shoulder.

Jim jumped a mile at the contact. He turned to see Eomer staring at him with concern etched across his handsome face.

“Are you well, Jim?” Eomer cupped his face in his hands.

“Yeah.” Jim giggled. “Was just thinkin’ about something.” He could see himself spread-eagle against the stable wall and could swear he was able to still feel Eomer’s tongue inside his ass.

“That was obvious, my heart. May I ask what it was that had your mind so occupied?”

Jim blushed bright red down to the roots of his hair. “Well, I was, uhhh, thinking about yesterday.”

“Oh? What about yesterday, Jim?” Eomer knew damn well ‘what about yesterday.’ He had been waiting for Jim to say something about what had happened in the stable.

“That was pretty damn hot, Eomer.” Jim grinned and stared down at his feet.

Eomer brought Jim’s head back up and was about to kiss him when they were interrupted by members of the King’s guard.

“My Lord Eomer, Jim. You must come with us. It is urgent.”

They exchanged alarmed glances and followed the soldiers out of the stable.

Jim and Eomer were led outside. Jim had to shield his eyes from the bright morning sunshine. Before them were a party of Rohirrim and standing between the horsemen was a very familiar face. Jim schooled his features to betray nothing, waiting to see how this would play out and trying to think of a way to speak with Eomer alone.

“What is this?” Eomer asked. Strangers made him wary, where there was one, there were bound to be more. It was possible this was a scout.

“Found this stranger wandering in the meadow in which you first found Jim, Sir. We confronted him and asked his name yet he would not speak to us.”

Jim reached for Eomer’s hand and gave it a discreet squeeze. He hoped his small signal would be enough for Eomer to realize what he wanted.

Eomer felt Jim squeeze his hand and understood what Jim wanted of him, he did not think it a coincidence that this man had been found in the same meadow in which he had found Jim. He was willing to trust Jim enough to find out what he intended to do with this stranger. “You will bring this man to the council chamber and post a guard outside. Jim and I will be along to deal with this threat
shortly. He has been searched for weapons?"

“Yes my Lord. He had this…item with him.” The soldier held out a comm device that matched the one Jim had showed him.

It dawned on Eomer this man was from Jim’s Enterprise. He felt cold fear explode through his body and needed a minute to throw that feeling off. “Take him to the chamber.” Eomer ordered and the guards rushed to obey his command.

Jim and Eomer stood, unmoving until the guards were well out of hearing range. “You know that man, Jim.” It was not a question. Tears shimmered in Eomer’s eyes and he was fighting to keep them from falling. Jim nodded. “It seems your Enterprise has found you.” Tears began to course down his cheeks, slipping into his beard. Eomer was scared. He had never known this feeling before and he wanted it gone, now.

“Eomer, it’s going to be okay. Yes, I know that man. It’s Scotty. If he is here, then yes, the Enterprise is up there waiting.” Jim pointed to the sky before grabbing Eomer’s face in his hands. “Let’s go see what he has to say.”

Eomer heard the words come from Jim’s mouth but he didn’t believe them. Now that his beloved ship had found him, how could Jim not go back with them to sail the stars? His shoulders began to tremble and Jim pulled him into his arms.

“I love you.” Jim whispered into his ear. “Never forget that you are my forever, Eomer.” Jim pulled back when he felt Eomer’s composure start to return. Jim wiped the remaining tears from his face and linked their hands. “Let’s go meet my friend. He’s gonna love you, okay?”

Eomer nodded and Jim tugged him toward the keep.

Eomer dismissed the guards stationed outside the door to the council chamber. He waited for the guards to disappear around the corner before opening the door and ushering Jim inside.

“Boyo!” Scotty yelled, when Jim came into the room. Scotty ran to Jim and grabbed him up into a bear hug. “Though’ we’d never see you again, Jim.” Scotty held on tight and met Eomer’s scowling face over Jim’s shoulder. “Who’s yer friend?”

Jim backed away. “Eomer, this is Montgomery Scott. Scotty this is Eomer.”

Scotty stepped away from Jim and reached his hand out to shake Eomer’s hand. “You’re a big boy.” Scotty said, rubbing his hand after Eomer finally released his hand from his iron grip.

“I am Eomer, son of Eomund, Third Marshal of Riddermark. Welcome to Rohan. Jim has told me much about you.” He slipped his hand into Jim’s and Jim gave him a comforting squeeze.

“Soo, you two are…?” Scotty asked.

“Yes, Scotty, we’re together. Eomer was the one who found me after I disappeared into the wormhole. What the hell happened and where is my shuttle? How is the Enterprise? Is her crew safe?”

“Why don’t we sit, my heart and let your friend explain.” Jim nodded and Eomer led him to a chair.

“From what we’ve been able to tell Jim,” Scotty began. “This was a stable wormhole, which is rare
in itself, however making this all the more rare are two things, the first being that the wormhole always brings travelers to the same place in space-time, however, that spot is one hundred years in the past.”

“What?” Jim’s mind reeled with the ramifications of what Scotty had just said. One hundred years in whose past? Time was a funny thing like that, Jim’s mind zeroed in on the most important piece of information. “What do you mean this ‘was’ a stable wormhole?”

“We found ye in the nick o’ time, Jimmy. The wormhole is destabilizing and Chekov estimates we only have about twenty-four hours before it collapses for good.”

“What do you mean one hundred years in the past, Scotty?” Eomer asked with wonder in his voice.

Scotty smiled at the huge warrior. “If we flew the Enterprise… Jim does he know about the Enterprise, who you are and what we do?” Jim nodded and huffed out a small laugh. “If we flew the Enterprise to Middle Earth without using the wormhole, the events that are happening right now, would have occurred one hundred years in Middle Earth’s past.”

Eomer’s mind was blown, this was all happening in the past, just as Jim assumed it was. “So this wormhole, what does it do?”

“The wormhole is like a tunnel, but instead of it being a short cut from one place to another, it’s a short cut from one time to another. Does tha’ make sense, te ya?”

Eomer nodded, he squeezed Jim’s hand and looked into his eyes. Was this it? Would Jim be going back to his Enterprise now without him? What could Eomer offer him compared to a life aboard his starship?

“How did I end up here, Scotty and where is my shuttle, how did you find me?” Jim was rambling.

“We jus’ don’ know, Jim. We were not able to find any sign of the shuttlecraft and trust me, we went over this planet with a fine toothed comb. We were able to find you through your communicator, Jim. Chekov and Uhura were able to find a way to make it communicate even though it was powered down. It’s a bloody miracle we found you, Jim. Once we had a rough idea of where the device was, I volunteered to beam down, sorta.” Scotty grinned with glee.

“Sorta?” Jim knew this was going to be good.

“Well I was the first one to hop on the transporter pad and yell ‘energize.’ Sulu and Chekov were hot on my heels, but I trapped them in the turbolift and beamed down to the surface alone.” Jim and Scotty laughed, Eomer looked confused.

“We need to get you back on the bridge, boyo.” Scotty smiled.

Eomer knew this was the end. Jim would kiss him goodbye and Eomer would be left to pick up the broken pieces of his life alone.

Jim could see the slight tremble in Eomer’s lower lip and knew what his brave warrior was afraid of, he assumed Jim would go back to the Enterprise and her crew and he was right. “Scotty, hail the Enterprise and tell her you have three to beam up.”

“Three?” Eomer and Scotty asked at once.

“Three.” Jim leaned in to kiss Eomer. “Remember when I told you I wished you could stand on the bridge of the Enterprise so you could see Middle Earth from space?”
Eomer’s mouth was hanging open like a trout. He managed to nod.

“Well it looks like I’m gonna get my wish. Come with me Eomer, come see my beautiful girl, so that I can say goodbye.”

Goodbye. The word sounded so final. Eomer’s heart broke into a million pieces. Jim had been lying all of those times he’d said he’d never go back if his ship found him. Maybe it was all a lie, maybe Jim didn’t love him at all.

Jim watched as Eomer shut down right in front of him. He expected Eomer to be a bit more excited over the news that he wanted to see his friends one last time and say goodbye to them. “Eomer? What’s wrong?”

“You are wishing to say goodbye, Jim.” His eyes were swimming in tears.

“Goodbye to them, Eomer, not to you. You thought that I-” Jim stood and pulled Eomer into his arms. Eomer had thought Jim meant to say goodbye to him. Silly warrior, Jim thought. “I promised you I would stay even if they found me, I meant it.” Jim pulled back to look at Eomer’s face. He seemed calmer and wasn’t on the verge of crying any longer. “Come with me,” Jim’s eyes sparkled with excitement. “Come with me and see my ship?”

Eomer nodded and pulled Jim close.

“Scotty to Enterprise, three to beam up.”

“Uh, you may want to hold on tight, Eomer.” Jim grinned as white light began to swirl around them

“WITCHCR-” Eomer began to yell as he dissolved into nothing.

“AAAAAFFFTTTTT.” Eomer was still yelling as he materialized on the transporter pad aboard the USS Enterprise.

“It’s okay, Eomer. You’re fine. Are you fine?” Jim asked. He grabbed Eomer’s face in his hands and looked him over. He seemed fine and was probably just in shock.

Eomer was spinning around, slowly taking in the transporter room, how was it possible that sunshine glowed in this closed room? Where were the candles? Who were all these strange people and how in fuck had he gone from the council chamber to this room? “Jim?” Eomer was speechless, he didn’t understand anything.

“Welcome aboard, Eomer.” Scotty slapped his back and laughed at the open-mouth expression on his face.

“Come with me.” Jim held out his hand to Eomer who, although still stunned was smart enough to grab hold. “Are you alright?” Jim asked him, squeezing his hand reassuringly.

“I am well, Jim. This is…” Eomer looked around again. “Unbelievable.”

“It is. I’m sorry, Eomer. I should have prepared you for this, can you forgive me?”

“There is nothing to forgive, my heart. I wish to see your home as you have seen mine.”

Jim nodded and tugged him out of the transporter room. It struck Jim that getting Eomer into the turbolift could be problematic as well. He smiled to himself.

The doors to the lift swished open when Jim pressed the button. Eomer looked around inside the
room for the person who had opened the door. “Jim, where is the person who opened this door for you?”

“There is no person Eomer. This ship is powered by lightning, remember we talked about that?”

“I do not know about lightning, Jim, I do, however, know about witchcraft.” Eomer grinned shyly when Jim laughed at him.

Eomer lurched forward, crashing into Jim when the lift started to move. Jim wrapped his arms around his lover and held him closer as the lift brought them to the bridge.

“Keptin on ze bridge.” Chekov called out and the room broke into applause for their returned Captain. Uhura rushed forward and pulled Jim in for a hug. Hikaru was there slapping him on the back and telling him it was good to see him and what was with the long beard. Jim laughed.

“You have brought a guest, Captain.” Spock’s lips quirked slightly when Jim looked at his first officer.

“Spock.” Jim said and rushed to hug his friend. Spock, surprisingly hugged him back.

“I know you all must have a lot of questions.” Jim said as he pulled away from Spock. “I will do my best to answer them, but first I need to introduce you all to Eomer.” He reached his hand out to the love of his life and introduced him one by one to the bridge crew.

When the introductions were over, Jim turned back to his crew. “I have an announcement to make and this concerns all of you.” Jim turned around to look at everyone, memorizing their faces as he moved from person to person. “I’m going back to the planet with Eomer.” Gasps were heard all around, but for Spock who had a small smile playing on his lips. Jim turned to him. “Spock, the Enterprise is all yours. I know you’ll take good care of her and her crew. I assume you are breaking orders by coming into the wormhole after me, yes?” Spock inclined his head. “I appreciate you all risking yourselves and the ship to come after me, but here’s what going to happen. I am going to show Eomer around the ship and we’re going to beam back to Middle Earth. You will all escape the wormhole and never breathe another word that you found me, this planet or that you disobeyed Starfleet regulations by coming to find me. Am I understood?” Jim was awed by the devotion his crew had shown him. They were all willing to risk their lives to make sure he was found, safe and sound.

“Yes, Captain.” The crew shouted in unison.

Jim felt tears in the back of his eyes. That was the last time anyone would call him, Captain. He looked around for Eomer. Jim found him standing in front of the view screen. He had his hands braced against the glass and his mouth hung open.

“Eomer?” Jim slipped his arm around him as he came to stand beside him.

“Is that Middle Earth?” Eomer said in a voice barely above a whisper.

“Yeah, that’s it. Amazing, huh?”

“This is why you wished me to see this with you?” Eomer turned to look at Jim, his face was full of love and wonder and Jim knew in his heart that he had made the only decision he could by giving up the Enterprise and his captaincy to spend the rest of his life loving this man. Jim couldn’t wait to beam back down to planet to start their lives together.

Jim nodded and slipped an arm around Eomer. They stood arm in arm, staring into space together.
Eomer still felt like a fish out of water. He could not get used to the way the doors would simply open when he stepped near them. He was mightily confused at the nearly naked ensigns in their thigh length uniform dresses. “Jim, there are camp followers in space?” Eomer said in a low voice.

Jim laughed, “No Eomer. Those women are wearing regulation uniforms.”

“You allow them to dress that way, Jim?”

“No Eomer, the women dress as they please.”

“The women of Rohan don’t.”

Jim shook his head and lead Eomer into his quarters.

“The stars seem close enough to touch, Jim.”

Jim looked up from the bag he was packing and walked to the window that Eomer was staring from. “Light’s off.” Jim commanded, the computer beeped twice, startling Eomer and the room darkened. Jim wrapped himself around Eomer from behind and nuzzled into his neck.

“What kind of magic is this?” He whispered to Jim. He was speaking about the lights turning off when Jim commanded them to do so, but he could have been talking about their relationship and Jim’s decision to come back home with him. Eomer still could not believe it was real, Jim was his, really his.

“I’ll explain it all to you one winter night when we are wrapped in each other, too tired to make love again.” Jim kissed the back of his neck. “I promise.”

“I will never be too tired to love you, Jim.” Eomer turned in his arms to kiss Jim. Their tongues met and danced together.

*Spock to Captain Kirk.*

Eomer turned around looking for Spock and was puzzled when he did not see Jim’s strange friend. He watched as Jim walked to the wall and pressed a button. “Kirk here, Spock.”

“Captain, there appears to be some sort of disturbance on the planet below.”

“Define ‘disturbance’ Spock.” Jim met Eomer’s eyes across the room and saw panic in them.

“It seems as if a battle is taking place.”

“We’ll be right there, Spock.” Jim moved toward the door.

“What is going on Jim, how does Spock know what happens on Middle Earth?”

“Come on,” Jim walked to the door. “I’ll explain as we go back to the bridge.

“Keptin on ze bridge.” Chekov announced as Jim and Eomer strode toward Spock and the Captain’s chair.
“Spock what’s going on?”

“There appears to be a large scale battle taking place on the surface of the planet. This is occurring only five point one-six miles from Edoras.” Spock turned to Eomer. “Do you know this place?” He pointed to the window, which was now no longer a window. Eomer recognized what he was seeing, but how was this possible? More lightning? Eomer was looking at a place he knew well.

“Yes, it is the Ford of Isen. Jim we rode past there on several occasions.”

“I remember.” Jim shivered as he thought about the battle to come. “Alert the transporter room, Spock, we will be beaming down to the surface now. I guess this is goodbye.” Spock pulled him in for a hug and Jim held on. He walked through the bridge saying a final goodbye to all of his friends. Spock was the last thing he saw as the doors of the lift shut in front of him.

“Take this wi’ ya, boyo.” Scotty pressed a communicator into his hand. “The Enterprise will stay in orbit for eight more hours before we have to leave. Use it if you need to. I’ll miss ya, Jimmy.” Scotty gave him a hug. “You take good care of him.” Scotty said to Eomer and was surprised when the large barbarian pulled him in for a hug.

“Thank you for being his friend when I could not be.” Eomer’s smile was genuine and warm. If he had learned anything on this short trip to Jim’s Enterprise it was that these were good people and they all loved and cared for his Jim.

Scotty nodded, knowing if he opened his mouth to speak he would begin to cry. He was going to miss his friend with every fiber of his being. Jim Kirk was one hell of a Captain, he was an even better friend.

Jim patted his shoulder as they stepped onto the transporter pad together. “Energize.” Jim called out and then in a softer voice. “Goodbye, my beautiful girl.” The lights of the transporter began to swirl.

The transporter set them down in their bed chamber. Eomer moved to change his clothes, throwing his green tunic on the bed as he walked to his chest to find what he needed to wear under his chainmail. There was a loud knock on the door as he was getting dressed. “Enter.” Eomer called out.

“My Lord.” One of the King’s Guard said as he entered the chamber. “Theoden-King requests both of you in his war room.”

“Both of us?” Eomer asked, stunned his uncle would ask for Jim.

“Yes, my Lord, both.” He nodded and turned from the room.

Eomer finished dressing. He and Jim left the chamber together.

“Come.” Theoden shouted when Eomer rapped on the door.

Eomer held the door open for Jim and stopped cold in tracks at the sight before him. Theodred, his cousin, heir to the throne of Rohan lay dead on a long table. Eomer felt tears prick the back of his eyes. He and Theodred had grown up together when he and Eowyn had come to live in Edoras after the death of their parents. They were best friends, brothers. “What has happened?” Eomer demanded, seeing red and feeling the need for vengeance pound through his veins.
“There is a battle going on at the Fords of Isen, that is where Theodred fell. We were beginning to muster troops when the riders carrying Theodred’s body crossed through the gates. We will go to war, Eomer. I want you and Donall leading our forces into battle. Theodred will be avenged.”

“I will prepare for battle, now Uncle. However, I would ask why you asked for Jim to be present at this meeting?”

Jim had a very bad, very sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. He knew full well what the death of Theodred meant for Rohan and for Eomer.

“You are now my heir, Eomer and heir to the throne of Rohan. You will one day be King. We can use Jim. I am told he has a strong tactical mind and is quite a strategist. He is welcome to stay in Edoras as long as he likes. However this,” He waved his fingers around in Jim’s direction. “Ends today.”

Jim felt as if he had been punched in the gut. He had two choices, stay in Edoras without Eomer or leave Edoras without Eomer. He reminded himself wryly that he didn’t believe in no-win scenarios, but it was cold comfort. He would lose either way.

“YOUR SON LIES DEAD BEFORE YOU!” Eomer thundered. “Rohan is at war, yet all that concerns you are my marital prospects?” Eomer was incredulous. He could not believe this is what he was hearing. “You expect me to arm myself for battle, to fight valiantly for Rohan, when you have just stripped from me my only reason for living, Uncle?”

“Don’t be so dramatic Eomer. You may bugger whom you wish once you are safely wed. You will be KING!” Theoden shouted back at him. “That is your reason for living, not this boy.”

Jim began to back away from the room, he turned on his heels and headed for the door. He could still hear the two men yelling at each other as he strode down the hall. When he reached the grand staircase he broke into a run.

Jim burst through the door of their chamber and bent forward, his hands on his knees. Jim was struggling for breath, from his flight up the stairs but also from having his entire future ripped out from under his feet.

Eomer slammed into the room moments later and pulled Jim to him. They crashed together violently, chests slamming against each other and their teeth knocking together as they moved to kiss. Eomer backed away after a few moments, still trying to catch his breath.

“Jim, you must return to your Enterprise.”

Jim had expected Eomer to assure him they would find a way to be together. He expected Eomer to tell him to be patient and endure with him. Of all the things Jim expected Eomer to say, this was not one of them. “What are you saying, Eomer?” Jim’s heart was threatening to beat out of his chest, he felt tears welling in his eyes.

“It is as my uncle said, Jim. I am heir to the throne now. There is no way to avoid my duty to Rohan. You must leave with your ship while there is still time.”

“Come with me, Eomer. Come sail the stars with me. Let’s live our forever in my world instead of yours.”

Eomer shook his head sadly. “I would that I could, Jim.”

“Eomer, please. I can’t live without you.”
“Nor I you, my heart, but this is the only way. You have said you cannot compromise yourself with me if I am married, nor could you ruin my family. I cannot bear to see you day in and day out and not be able to touch you or make love to you, Jim. This is the only way, you must go.”

“But, I love you. It is worth it to stay just to be able to see you.” Jim begged.

Eomer shook his head. He walked to his chest and began arming himself for battle. “I will be greatly disappointed in you, Jim if you are still here when I return.” Eomer strode toward the door.

“Eomer!” Jim yelled out. “Don’t leave me without saying goodbye, you have to say goodbye. I love you!” Jim was crying. His sobs were loud and harsh, echoing off the chamber walls.

Eomer’s back stiffened when Jim called his name. He couldn’t leave like this, couldn’t walk away from the only person he would ever truly love. He needed to kiss Jim one last time but was terrified he wouldn’t be able to let him go. This was for the best, the only way Jim could ever be happy again was for Eomer to let him go. He turned around and Jim ran to him. They wrapped themselves around each other and kissed each other greedily. Lips moved together and their tongues slid easily against each other. Eomer cupped Jim’s face and pulled away. “I love you, Jim Kirk. Never forget that I will always love you, my heart. Promise me, Jim, promise me you will have the courage to walk forth alone.”

Jim nodded. Eomer kissed him for the last time and strode from the room slamming the door behind him. He felt his heart splinter apart in his chest. His tears scalded down his face as he walked away from Jim, away from his life as he knew it.

Jim looked around the room one last time. He grabbed his sword and reached for his communicator which was still attached to his belt. “Kirk to Enterprise.”

“Enterprise here, Jim.” Scotty answered sounding puzzled.

“One to beam up.”

“Aye, Jim.”

Jim noticed Eomer’s discarded shirt on the bed, he reached for it as the lights of the transporter began to swirl. “I have the courage to walk forth alone, Eomer.” Jim said as the room dissolved from sight.

Chapter End Notes

I am emotionally compromised.

I suppose now is as good a time as any to tell you how this story came to be. I was brainstorming a list of prompts for a future 30 day challenge when I typed out "Jim and Eomer in Middle Earth." That little note sat for the longest time in a folder on my computer. I kept thinking about the idea in my head and finally sat down to sketch it out and see if there was really a story here to be written. The line about having the courage to walk forth alone was the first line of this story that I wrote. I knew how this story would end before it even began. What I didn’t know all of those weeks ago is WHY it would end with Jim and Eomer apart. As the weeks went on and I continued to write, I
still couldn't come up with a reason big enough for Jim to leave Middle Earth. I got all kinds of suggestions, things like those damn Romulans threatening Earth, to something happening to Winona or Sam and none of these things rang true to me. Then one night I was brainstorming and it hit me, there was only one thing that could make Jim leave Eomer and that was Eomer himself. I had always lined this story up so that the end of it would coincide with The Two Towers and we all know the role Eomer would play in that story and The Return of the King. One thing I will mention here is that the death of Theodred is based more on what happened in the book than in the movie.

It is no word of a lie when I tell you I wrote the end of this chapter with my eyes closed. I was crying so hard, I couldn't see the screen. I cried again just now as I re-read this one last time before hitting the publish button. I am so grateful for all of you that have followed this story faithfully over the last eleven weeks. I can only hope you can see the silver lining that is Doctor McCoy. You will meet him next week in the final chapter of this story.

I never expected to fall so deeply in love with Eomer and Jim. I am so blessed to have spent the last three months with these two whispering in my ear. It was worth every tear I shed to be able to share this story with all of you.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Jim picks up the pieces of his shattered heart and we FINALLY meet Dr. Leonard Horatio McCoy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The anomaly was a metaphor for Jim’s life. It collapsed soon after the Enterprise emerged safely on the other side. It collapsed as Jim hit his knees in front of the viewscreen, his mouth shaped into a wordless scream and his arms reaching out for something he could no longer hold. Where there was once a pearlescent purple light was now only the cold, black vacuum of space. It was gone and with it Jim’s soul.

No one knew what to do with their newly returned Captain as he sat on his knees staring sightlessly into the black, an ancient weapon and a green shirt clutched in his arms. No one knew what had gone so tragically wrong in so short a period of time. They could only stand by and watch as silent tears coursed down his cheeks to land in the long, shaggy beard he had grown during his time in Middle Earth. The bridge crew finally settled for a discreet call to Scotty.

“C’mon, me boyo.” Scotty urged as he knelt down next to Jim and put a hand on his shoulder.

Jim startled at the contact. His eyes were unfocused and tear-filled when he turned to look up at whoever was touching him. Not that it mattered. He would never again feel the battle hardened, scarred, perfect hands of his lover on his body. He felt Scotty, trying to urge him to his feet. Jim obeyed and Scotty led him from the bridge.

Fresh, hot tears began to spill down Jim’s face as he entered his quarters. His mind flashed back to a few hours ago when Eomer stood in this very room. Had it only been a few hours? It felt like years had passed. He set his sword and Eomer’s shirt on his bed and walked to the window where they’d stood, wrapped in each other.

“Jimmy, ye’ll pardon me askin’, but fuck laddie, wha’ happened? You were so happy when you left and now?” Scotty was at a loss for words. The last thing he had ever expected to hear was the sound of his Captain’s voice hailing the ship.

“His cousin was killed in battle.” Jim’s voice was flat, dead.

“What does that ha’ to do with why you’re back here?” Scotty knew what Jim was going to say and could kick himself for making Jim go through the explanation.

“He is heir to the throne of Rohan and must marry and…” Jim didn’t have the strength to say the rest.

“He needs to sire sons to continue the line.” Scotty finished for him. Fuck. Scotty said a quick prayer asking his God to hold on to his friend tightly.
Jim nodded and scrubbed his hands over his face.

“How can I help you through this Jimmy?”

Jim found a sad smile, “Whiskey.”

“You got it me boyo, now yer talkin’.”

“Good morning, my heart.”

Jim smiled, “Mornin’, Eom-” Jim reached for Eomer and all he found was emptiness. He jerked upright in bed and swung his head around in confusion, now fully awake. The Enterprise. He was in his quarters on the Enterprise and Eomer was gone; lost to him forever. He wrapped his arms around himself, snuggling deeper into Eomer’s shirt. He took a deep breath and was able to smell his lover on his shirt. Jim collapsed backward on his bed. Tears spilled from his eyes, down his temples and into his hair.

“Spock to Captain Kirk.”

Jim was startled awake later that morning and reached for his communicator. “Kirk here.”

“Captain, we are about to dock at Space Station 111, where we are to take on our new Chief Medical Officer, as Doctor Parks will be leaving. Would you like to be present when he beams aboard?”

Work, Jim thought. The only thing he had left was his job. “I’ll be there, Spock.” Jim rubbed at his gummy eyes, sore and angry from crying.

“Captain, you will be shaving this morning, will you not?”

Jim ran a hand through his beard. A blade had not touched it since the fateful morning he’d gone exploring into the wormhole.

“Captain?”

“I’ll shave and be in uniform, Spock. Kirk out.”

“Keptin in ze transporter room.” Chekov chirped as Jim walked into the room.

Jim raised an eyebrow at his ensign, he knew Chekov was trying to lighten the mood and get him to smile.

The lights of the transport began to spin and when the transport cycle was complete Jim was stunned. The man was tall with short, dark hair and green eyes he’d recognize anywhere. “Eomer!” He called and started for the pad.

The dark haired man looked confused at the strange name being called out to him. His confusion turned to concern when the chief engineer grabbed hold of the Captain to halt his progress. He shook his head and whispered into the Captain’s ear.
“Doctor Leonard McCoy. Friends call me Leo.” He held out his hand to the Captain as the red-shirted engineer stepped back. He watched as the Captain’s face crumpled and his bottom lip quivered slightly.

“Jim Kirk.” He said. Jim shook hands briskly with the new doctor and turned to go.

“I’ll wanna see ya tomorrow morning for a physical, Captain.” The doctor drawled, sweet southern honey dripping from his lips.

“Not due for a physical for months yet.” Jim said, his back to McCoy, ready to move out the door.

“You spent months on a foreign planet we know nothin’ about. I need to check you over, Captain, get a baseline on all your readings to make sure you’re okay.”

“I’ll never be okay again, Bones.” Jim sighed and strode from the transporter room.

Two weeks later Jim had still not been to medical bay to see Doctor McCoy for his physical. McCoy didn’t know what to make of his new Commanding Officer and his new crewmates had been surprisingly quiet about him, except to say what a good Captain and strong leader he was. McCoy had never seen such loyal crew members and friends as the ones Captain Kirk had made on board the Enterprise. He wondered how to get through to the man as he pressed the door chime to his quarters.

“C’mon in, hope ya brought lotsa more whiskey, Scotty. I-” Jim stopped short when he saw his visitor was Doctor McCoy and not his chief engineer.

Jim was a mess. His hair looked like it hadn’t been washed in days. It was sticking up in places, matted down in others. He hadn’t shaved and was wearing a wrinkled green tunic of some sort that he looked like he’d been living in for weeks. He wasn’t wearing any pants.

McCoy cleared his throat, “Captain, I’m here for your physical. Since you haven’t been to medical, I figured I’d come see you.”

“Go ‘way, Bones.” Jim waved him off, almost losing his balance in the process. “Less a course you got some whiskey.”

Bones arched an eyebrow in response. “Seems like you’ve had enough for both of us, Captain.”

“Call me Jim, Bonshss.” Jim slurred, blowing out a heavy breath.

“Why don’t you sit on the bed, Jim and we’ll see what’s doin’.” Surprisingly Jim obeyed and sat on the edge of the bed. “How about we take that shirt of so I can get a better look at’cha.”

“No.” Jim’s voice was petulant and child-like. “It’s Eomer’s shirt.”

There was that name again. Who was this guy and how was he responsible for the sorry state of Captain James T. Kirk. Leo pulled his tri-corder from his bag and started scanning Jim. He was drunk, but Leo had already known that from Jim’s blown pupils and slurred words. What he hadn’t known was that the Captain had been drunk for some time, days perhaps.

“That’s the second time you’ve said that name Jim. Who’s Eomer?”

Jim shrugged out of the shirt and tossed it behind him. “He’s just the love of my life, who dumped
me to be King and have lotsa fat babies.” Jim sing-songed.

Well that was a mistake, Leo thought. He figured with the Captain being drunk he stood a good chance of getting an honest answer and not some damned fractured fairy tale.

“You look like him Bones, that’s why I called you by his name when we met.” Jim raised his hand to McCoy’s face. Leo flinched briefly at his touch but stayed put, curious to see what Jim would do next. “Same green eyes.” Jim sighed and rubbed his thumb gently against Bones’ cheek. “Changed color when he was mad or happy or turned—” Jim breathed heavily and dropped his hand from the doctor’s face. “He was second in line to the throne of Rohan, back on Middle Earth.”

“Ya don’t say.” McCoy muttered, continuing to scan Jim for injuries and signs of illness.

“His cousin was killed in battle which made Eomer heir to the throne. His uncle, the king, commanded him to give me up so that he could marry up to his station and make strong sons to assure the continuation of their line.” Jim shuddered when Bones placed a strong hand on his shoulder. “The wormhole was collapsing and he sent me back to the Enterprise since it would be too hard to live together and not be together.” Jim was struggling to breathe again.

Leo listened to Jim’s story thinking it didn’t sound so far-fetched anymore. He knew a few of the details about the Enterprise’s escape from the wormhole from gossip he’d picked up around the ship. He knew Jim was telling the truth.

“So now that you’re apart from him, you’re thinkin’ that drinking yourself to death’s the way to go?” Bones gently pushed on Jim’s shoulder, urging the other man to lie down, so that he could examine him more fully.

Jim grabbed Eomer’s shirt and brought it to his nose, snuggling his face in the soft material. “Doesn’t give a fuck ‘bout me, sent me away.”

“Sent you back to a job you’re good at and friends that love you, you mean.” Leo said softly, understanding Eomer’s motivation in sending Jim back to the Enterprise. Here, he would be with friends who loved him and would have a job he could lose himself in as his broken heart healed. Had he stayed in Rohan, he would have been alone in a strange place, forced to watch his lover’s life from afar. Leo admired the man for having the courage to do what was best for Jim even though his own heart must have been shattered at the thought of losing his lover.

“Sh’up Bones.” Jim mumbled, moving toward sleep. “Beautiful eyes.” He whispered and was asleep.

McCoy finished his exam and dosed Jim with a hypo of painkillers and something to ward of the titanic hangover his Captain was in for tomorrow. He draped his sleeping Captain in a blanket, thinking he looked so much younger in sleep. His brow was smooth and unworried, his jaw no longer hard and determined. Leo needed to find a way to bring Jim back to himself, he just didn’t know how. He ordered the lights off and showed himself out.

Jim had taken to wearing his sword slung low on his hips. None of his crewmembers asked him about it. They all knew making mention of the sword would involve Jim telling them how Eomer had the sword handcrafted just for him and would usually include a tale or two of how Jim had used his sword in battle. No one wanted to hear the story again, what they wanted less than a retelling, was to see the look of pain on their Captain’s face as he relived those days in his mind.
Spock had no problem with the sword either. In the month before Jim had taken to wearing it, he would show up for his duty shift in dirty, wrinkled clothes, smelling of booze and having not shaved in days. Now that he was wearing the sword, Jim was attired in a clean uniform and was once again clean shaven. It was small progress, but it was progress all the same.

“Come.” Jim called out when the chimes to his ready room rang. “Bones.” Jim greeted when the doctor walked in. It was still startling for Jim to see such a close facsimile of his former lover. He wondered when the shock of Doctor McCoy’s eyes meeting his own would fade.

“You wanted to see me, Jim?”

“I did, I need you to join my away team tomorrow.” It was the first away team mission Jim would be leading since his return to the Enterprise ten weeks ago.

McCoy felt his insides clench at Jim’s words. He wasn’t a good sailor and the thought of his atoms being scattered across the galaxy made his stomach hurt.

Jim could see the wariness in his CMO’s bright eyes. “I’m meeting with a diplomatic team from Clovis II and I need someone with medical expertise as part of my team. Clovis II is home to a rare plant that—”

“The Rainforest Flower!” Bones interrupted, his eyes wide, fear of the transporter forgotten.

“You’ve heard of it?” Jim was amazed at the transformation that had come over Bones, one minute he was looking like he was going to lose his lunch and the next like he’d just seen Santa Claus.

“A course I have Jim, rumor has it, the healing properties of that plant can cure the decades long plague on Rigel VI. Sure would like to get my hands on it to do more research.” He smile was beaming and Jim could see the gears turning in his mind as to how that research would progress.

“So I can count on you tomorrow, your issue with the transporter notwithstanding?”

Leo swallowed hard. “You can count on me, Jim.”

Fifteen grueling hours later, the Federation and one Doctor Leonard Horatio McCoy were in possession of The Rainforest Flower, several of them in fact. Five for The Federation and the sixth, a gift from Jim to Bones, entrusted to the safe-keeping of Sulu.

Jim crawled into Eomer’s shirt before he got into bed. He pulled his sword out from under his pillow and held it close to his chest. The cold of the steel radiated into the warm skin above his heart. He wondered what Eomer was doing. Jim hoped he was doing better than he was. He hadn’t cried in ten days which was a new record for him. He had to admit that being back to work was a blessing in disguise. It kept his mind off Eomer and the goings on in Middle Earth and today had been a good day.

He had been impressed with his new CMO’s credentials when he had finally gotten around to reading them. McCoy was a double doctor; having both an MD and a PhD in psychology, but Jim was even more impressed with the man himself. Bones had come to their meeting well prepared. His remarks were on point and passionate concerning how The Rainforest Flower could help so many people. Jim enjoyed the doctor’s easy, confident manner and was looking forward to working with him again on other missions.
“Bones!” Jim called out a month later as he entered McCoy’s office in the medical bay. “You know what they say about all work and no play, Bonesy?”

Bones raised the eyebrow of doom. He knew dammed well what all work and no play made. It made him grumpy, goddammit. “Whattaya want Jim, busy here.” McCoy mumbled not even glancing up from the PADD he was working on until Jim set a bottle of bourbon down in front of him. Bones reached for it and Jim jerked it back.

“Not til you make eye contact like a normal human being, Bones.” Jim threw himself into the chair opposite Bones’ desk and made himself right at home. When Bones finally made eye contact, Jim smiled at him, realizing it no longer hurt to look into Bones’ eyes. They still reminded him of Eomer and probably always would, but at least he could maintain eye contact without dissolving into tears. He set the bottle on Bones’ desk.

Leo returned Jim’s smile and reached into his desk for two glasses. He was about to open the bottle when Jim’s voice stopped him.

“Walk with me, Bones.” He stood up and walked toward the door.

“Alright, Jim.” Bones grabbed the bottle and the glasses and followed Jim out the door.

“So you like boys, Jimmy?” Bones asked hours later from his position on the floor.

Jim laughed. It felt good to laugh again. “Yup, I like boys.” Jim declared from his position on the floor a foot away from his CMO.

Jim’s walk had led them up to the Observation Lounge. They were both lying on the floor in front of the window looking out over the backside of the Enterprise and into the black. Jim had spent a lot of time up here in the four months since he returned to the Enterprise. He would come up with a blanket, Eomer’s shirt and his sword and lie on the floor staring at the stars, just as he and Eomer had done on the last night of their camping trip. He would reminisce about their times together. Sometimes he would remember conversations they’d had, other times he would remember the sword training and mock battles. It was the nights when he would remember more intimate moments that were the hardest. Jim would cry bitter tears wondering if anyone would ever love him again or if he’d had his one chance and lost it. He wondered if he’d ever feel hands touch him with such love and care as Eomer’s had done. Those nights ended badly with Jim curled on the floor crying the night away with only the stars for company.

“Me too, Jimmy.” Bones said, slapping his arm out against Jim’s shoulder, “Me too.”

“Thought you were married, Bones?”

“I was Jim, but a man’s entitled to change his mind, sure nuff.” Leo drawled. Jim noticed his accent got thicker the drunker he got and Bones was drunk now. They’d finished the bottle of bourbon long ago and had commed Scotty for a bottle of his best moonshine, which was now half way gone as well.

“How’d you do it Bones? How’d you survive walking away?”

“Well shit, Jimmy. She had fucked her way through halfa Atlanta afore I finally caught her with her legs in th’ air for one of my colleagues.”

“Shit, Bones I had no idea.” Jim took a long pull from the bottle and soldiered on, “But weren’t there
nights you missed her so bad you thought it would kill you?”

Bones knew what Jim was after. He needed to know someone else had gone through the heartache he was battling and came through whole on the other side. “Yeah Jim, I had nights like that, when all I wanted to do was call her up and beg her to come home, that I’d forgive everything and we could start fresh. Then one day I just realized I had the courage to walk forward alone and it got better from there.”

“What did you say?” Jim whispered as he sat up, his eyes were blown wide and his mouth formed a disbelieving “O.”

“Said, it got better from there, Jim.” Bones turned his head from the stars to look at Jim and was startled to see the strange look on his face. He looked liked he’d seen a ghost. “Jim? What is it?”

“What you said about courage to-” Jim stopped and sucked in a deep breath not wanting to lose his composure. It had been thirty-three days since he’d last cried, a new record for him and he didn’t want to lose all the ground he’d gained.

Bones sat up too, when he saw Jim’s lower lip tremble. “What, you mean about how I had the courage to walk forward alone?”

Jim nodded his head, afraid that if he spoke the tears would start to flow again. He shook his head and took several deep breaths. “That was the last thing Eomer said to me, Bones. He wanted me to promise him I would have the courage to walk forth alone. And just now when you said it, with those identical green eyes, I just-” Jim couldn’t hold the tears back any longer and sunk his head into his hands so Bones wouldn’t see him cry.

Bones scooted across the floor and sat beside Jim. He wrapped an arm around his back and patted his shoulder. “It’s okay, Jimmy, I’m here, you can let go. You’re safe.”

Jim crumpled onto Bones’ shoulder and cried his heart out, not really caring that his streak was broken. He had something better than a streak; he had a friend who cared about him.

“Helloooo ladies.” Jim cooed at a bikinied couple as he and Bones walked the pink sand beach on Maui. It had been six months since Jim had returned to duty aboard the Enterprise and he was on a medically mandated shore leave. Neither Jim nor Bones had ever been to Hawaii, so they decided to go together, what the hell, right?

Bones had really come to value Jim’s friendship over the last several months. He had seen Jim become stronger and more confident every day. Bones was able to witness first hand all of the things that made Jim a good leader and an even better Captain. It was easy to understand why his crew was so loyal to Jim; he was always the first person to throw himself in harm’s way and the last person to get himself out of danger.

“Wanna beer?” Bones asked as he sat back down in his beach chair after their walk.

“Sure.” Jim said. Bones passed him the cold bottle and Jim couldn’t help but notice a small tingle of awareness as their fingers brushed against each other. “Wanna go dancing tonight, Bones?”

“Not really in the mood to dance, Jim.” Bones said. He had felt a dangerous bolt of lust slam into his body when he brushed his fingers against Jim’s. The last thing he needed was to spend the night bumped up against Jim’s hot, sweaty body in a dark night club. Leo shivered at the mental image of their bodies moving against each other.
The realization that Bones was in love with his emotionally compromised best friend was hard fought. He’d tried, unsuccessfully, to wash the feelings away with bourbon. When that failed he’d started jerking off more in hopes that it would keep his lust down during the day when he was likely to come in contact with Jim as they worked. All that had served to do was incite a thousand new fantasies in his mind of all of the things he’d like to do to Jim with his hands, tongue and cock. Hearing its name mentioned in connection with Jim, his cocked twitched in his too tight swimsuit.

“How about a movie?” Jim tried instead.

OH sure, now there was a great idea, Bones thought. Two hours in the dark sitting next to Jim. What could possibly go wrong?


“Hmmm?” His face looked guilty like Jim had caught him at something.

“You okay Bones? You’ve been acting strange all day.”

Well, staring at your half naked best friend all day, whom you, oh by the way, happen to be in love with, even though he’s still in love with another guy, one hundred years and one million light years away, will make you act a bit strange, Bones thought.

“Sure, Jim. Movies sound great, why don’t you decide what we’ll see.” Bones turned his gaze to stare back out at the ocean.

Something was up for sure with Bones. Jim just wished he knew what it was.

Bones buried his face in Jim’s shoulder when the killer struck. Why the fuck had he let Jim choose the movie? The dammed infant knew he hated horror movies. On the plus side, Jim had wrapped his arm around Bones’ back and was patting the back of his head reassuringly.

Jim couldn’t believe his plan had worked. He knew Bones hated slasher films. He was curious to see if Bones would agree to go and when he did, Jim was more curious to know what would happen in this exact circumstance. It was good to be king, he laughed to himself as he pulled Bones closer against his chest. “You okay, Bones?” Jim whispered.

Leo lifted his head to look into Jim’s eyes. He had never seen such an amazing pair of blue eyes in all his born days. He wanted to lose himself in those eyes, but Jim hadn’t shown any interest in him other than friendship. To be honest, Jim hadn’t shown the slightest interest in anyone since he had returned from Middle Earth. Bones wondered if he was the type to pine for a lost lover forever. He hoped not, for Jim’s sake. He was too vital, too alive, too special to spend his life alone. Just as Bones was pondering the ills of a life spent alone, Jim leaned down and brushed their lips together.

Bones gasped against Jim’s lips and he felt Jim smile against him. Bones smiled back before he kissed Jim himself.

“Let’s get out of here, Bones.” Jim said against his lips.

Bones kissed him again and nodded.

Fifty years later…
The USS Enterprise had entered geosynchronous orbit around Middle Earth. Admiral Spock was breaking the Prime Directive by just attaining orbit around the planet. The people of Middle Earth were still living in a time considered Medieval according to ancient Earth standards. The only reason The Federation was allowed to make first contact with a new planet was when that planet had discovered warp capabilities. Middle Earth’s main method of transport was still the horse drawn wagon. Spock was willing to make this journey for Jim; Admiral Kirk-McCoy, rather.

Bones had learned of a planned trip to another planet in a nearby quadrant and had approached Spock about visiting Middle Earth. Spock, who owed Jim his life more times than he could count had agreed to take Bones and Jim on this mission under the guise of wanting two extra diplomats on this trip. No one thought to say no to the highly decorated admirals joining a diplomatic mission on the ship which had been their home for so many years.

Jim and Bones stood at the viewscreen on the bridge of the Enterprise staring out at the planet. Jim couldn’t help but cast his memory back to the day he had stood in this exact location with Eomer at his side as they stared together at his planet and their future.

Never for one moment had Jim regretted the last fifty years spent with Bones. Sure, Eomer still crossed his mind from time to time but Jim was able to look back on the time spent with his warrior and smile. Bones had never begrudged Jim his memories of their time together. Hence this trip; one night, more years ago than Bones could remember, Jim was staring up at the stars and wondered out loud what had happened to Eomer after Jim had beamed back to the Enterprise. Had he been killed in battle? Did he father strong sons and wise daughters? Did he die an old man, warm in his bed? Bones wrapped Jim in his arms and held him close while Jim cried.

“Admirals, the transporter room has the coordinates and is ready to beam you to the planet’s surface.”

Jim nodded at Bones and grabbed his hand as they headed for the turbolift.

When the white lights of the transporter subsided Jim and Bones were in a dark room. Both men searched through their packs to find the lights they had brought and turned them on, bathing the room in artificial light. It wasn’t a room so much as it was a crypt. Jim had come to say a final goodbye to Eomer. The sight of giant sarcophagi, took Jim’s breath away. He turned slowly around the room, wondering which was the one he had come to see.

“Jim.” Bones called from nearby. “He’s here.”

The sarcophagus was enormous, fit for a King, as it were. Carved into the stone was a likeness of Eomer, young and vital. Jim thought the carving must have been begun when Eomer took the throne. Eomer was “dressed” in full battle armor holding the grip of his downward facing sword. Jim and Bones were standing to the side of the coffin, at Eomer’s right hand. Jim’s hands trembled as he reached out to touch the cold stone hand of his long dead love. He felt tears pinch the back of his eyes and Bones ever supportive hand on his shoulder. Jim was able to read what had been carved into the stone:

Eomer-King
Husband, Father, Warrior
Nintey-three years lived he in glory

I had the courage to walk forth alone, my heart.
Jim cried out when he saw the last words carved into the stone. He collapsed onto his knees in front of the stone and reached out to touch his name. Bones came to stand behind him and read the words which had sent Jim to his knees.

“He never stopped loving you, Jim.” Bones said with awe in his voice. “He lived a full life and you lived in his heart all of these years, just as he has lived in yours.”

“Bones–”

“I know you love me, Jimmy. I’ve felt it every day we’ve been together, but I also knew there was a small part of your heart that would always belong to Eomer.” He felt Jim’s shoulders tremble beneath his hands and he knelt beside his husband, taking his face in his gnarled, yet legendary hands. “I am glad you never forgot him, Jim. More glad that he’s lived all of these years in you. How could I not be? He gave me the greatest gift of my life, Jim. He had the courage to give me you.” Tears slipped from Bones’ eyes. All of these years together, our four sons and grandchildren are all thanks to Eomer.”

Jim nodded, too choked on his emotions to speak.

“I’ll give you two some time alone, but no funny business, ya hear?” Both men laughed and Bones walked away.

Jim stood and walked back to Eomer’s “head.” “He’s right you know, I never stopped loving you.” Jim whispered as he ran his hand along Eomer’s chiseled face. “I had a wonderful life. I married Bones, we served together on the Enterprise for eight years before we started our family. We raised four strong sons together and have more grandchildren than I can count most days. Best of all Eomer, there’s been so much love in my life and it’s all because of you. You taught me to take nothing for granted and to embrace every day like it’s my last. I can never thank you enough for that, or for loving me.” Jim rested his hands on both of Eomer’s crossed over the grip of his sword. “We will meet again, my brave warrior.” Jim bent forward and kissed Eomer’s cold stone lips before he walked back to Bones.

“Kirk to Enterprise. Two to beam up.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, what did you think? I never imagined this tiny notation "Jim and Eomer in Middle Earth" typed at the bottom of a prompt list would turn into this... This story takes my breath away, breaks my heart, makes me laugh and gives me hope that somewhere in this crazy galaxy my Eomer is waiting for me.

I cried like hell when I wrote this. I mean seriously cried, long, ugly tears. I've cried on every subsequent re-read. I love Jim and Eomer. I am hopelessly in love with both of them and always will be. I say all the time that we cry because we care about these characters and it's so true.

There is no way I could have done this without the help and support of my best ladies...

Corrie71, a girl couldn't have a better mentor, sounding board and friend. I am so blessed to have you in my life. Your words of encouragement and praise make my writing struggles easier to bear! Thank you so so so much for all you do for me!
KCgirl, you are a joy to write with and to know! I am so blessed to have you and your beautiful mind in my life.

GoWashTheLights, the newest member of our Magnificent Seven, I am so glad you are along for the ride with all of us!!

redford, thank you so much for all of your support and encouragement! It is truly a pleasure to know you!!

Rubyhair, thank you for keeping me honest with your comments and suggestions, you are an amazing friend!

A huge thank you to all of you who have read, laughed and cried along with Jim and Eomer.

One last note on this story, I sent out a message on Tumblr back in March asking people what the the ship name for Jim and Eomer should be. No one came up with a good answer until LAST NIGHT. I was posting the link to the completed story on the Eomer tag when the name hit me Jomer... as in JAY-OH-MER! Brilliant, if I do say so myself.

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