I've Told the Truth, I Didn't Come to Fool You

by I have a Mycroft of my very own

Summary

“Sentinels and Guides are reincarnated when they die. It doesn’t happen immediately, in fact it normally takes a good few hundred years or so, but it eventually happens. So, if you don’t want to join the triad bond, that’s fine. I will outlive you, and then I’ll be back where I was yesterday. Waiting for the day we would meet. Maybe your next life will be more open to the idea of a triad.”

Notes

This is my third offering for Evil Author Day

See the end of the work for more notes

I did my best, it wasn’t much.
I couldn’t feel, so I tried to touch.
I’ve told the truth, I didn’t come to fool you.
And even though,
It all went wrong,
I’ll stand before the Lord of Song,
With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah.
~Leonard Cohen, Hallelujah

He is surrounded by blood and death and the screams of the people he loves, one second it is an
agony, his heart aching in his chest, and the next, it is motivation. Bloodlust surges through his veins, his eyes burn and his tongue waters with the need of it. He’s never killed before.

That’s about to change.

It is Taeglin who pulls him back when the fighting is all over, when the dwarves have fled and their people are dead in the streets. Her hand is firm on his shoulder, and her voice steady and commanding in his ear, and something inside of him breaks. She pulls him to her, tucks his face into her chest, hides him from the world as he cries great, heart wrenching sobs.

“It’s alright now, brother. It’s over, it’s alright.”

But it isn’t alright. He can smell her, his mother. He can smell her blood and the stench of death that has wrapped itself all up in her scent pile. It will never be alright.

“Adar, I need—“

“I know, son.” Oropher answers, cutting Thranduil off. “Go, Thranduil. Take your sister, find your Guide.”

“Thank you!” Thranduil says, throwing himself at his father and hugging him so tightly Oropher’s certain he truly can’t breathe. “I’ll return, father. And we’ll rebuild Doriath, we-we’ll make the Dwarves pay.” He promises, pulling away.

“Go, lad. Don’t concern yourself with such matters, worry only about your Hunt.” Thranduil smiles and ducks his head.

“Of course.”

“You two are ridiculous!” Taeglin exclaims, having once more walked in on Glorfindel and her brother. “You are both Sentinels. You’re not suddenly going to discover that you’re compatible, no matter how many times you encourage a bond to form.” She states, throwing their clothing at them. Glorfindel has the grace to blush, and my, isn’t it a sight. If they hadn’t already established that they aren’t compatible, Taeglin would probably be throwing herself at the elf, too.

“We’re allowed to have a little fun, Taeg.” Thranduil replies, pouting. Taeglin sighs heavily and rolls her eyes.

“I’m not being paid enough for this!” Taeglin announces, spinning on her heel and stomping towards the door.

“You’re not getting paid at all.” Thranduil reminds her, smirking.

“Exactly! Taeglin yells, the door slamming behind her. “Get dressed!! We’re leaving in twenty minutes! Gondolin is a lost cause.”

“You know, we could do a lot in fifteen minutes…” Glorfindel says, allowing himself to trail off
as Taeglin’s voice fades. Thranduil laughs and throws himself at the other elf. Their clothing falling to the floor.

“Please stop sleeping with all the Sentinels.”

“Why?”

“Because if you sleep with mine I’ll skin you.”

“Oh.”

They find Taeglin’s Sentinel in Lindórinand, and Thranduil wishes his sister all the very best.

“If you ever hurt her, Haldir.”

“Blood and the wish of death. No, I know, Thranduil. And if I ever hurt her, you’ll have to get in line behind me to kick my own ass.” Haldir informs him, very seriously. Thranduil smiles and nods his head.

“Good. Just so we’re on the same page.”

When they leave Lindórinand, it is with three extras, and the start of a Pride.

Four years after they set out from Doriath, a message comes to them in Harad. Doriath has fallen in the Second Kinslaying, their father has taken the crown of Greenwood the Great. They’re royalty now.

It doesn’t help in the Search.

Ten years after coming online, Taeglin and Haldir are eager to return to Lindórinand and start their family, their Pride has grown with each Elven settlement they visited, and with nowhere else to go, ThrandUIL is left with no choice but to admit defeat.

“It’s alright, brother. You’ve got forever, maybe your Destined isn’t born yet.”

“What if they’re dead?” Thranduil questions, it is a fear that has been growing within him with each settlement that failed to be the one to hold his Guide.

“The Valar would not be so cruel.”

Taeglin goes to the Vale of the Land of Singers with her Sentinel, and Thranduil returns to the Greenwood empty handed. He searches once more amongst its Sentinel and Guide population for
Thranduil remains in the Greenwood for all of four weeks before his father banishes him to the Vale, his moping and Sensory Spikes have been making them all mad. Thranduil had accepted Taeglin and Haldir’s Pride as his own, and without them, he’s bereft and without support.

He returns to his sister’s side, and she welcomes him with open arms and a smile upon her face. He’s never seen her so happy.

She glows.

Celeborn takes Thranduil under his wing, as he had in Doriath, and he continues to teach Thranduil all he knows about the world. Galadriel finds the entire thing adorable, and hounds Celeborn for months about having another baby, but Celeborn assures her he’s quite satisfied with Celebrian. Galadriel would believe him if he didn’t continue to dote upon Thranduil like the son he never had.

Thranduil’s niece is born in the midst of winter. Her birth creates an empathic event that ripples through the lands. Thranduil begs Orophin and Rumil to join him on another Hunt, and they agree. The pair of them having come online with the birth of their niece.

They spend another thirty years journeying through the lands in search of their Destined, to no avail. Eventually, the trio return home empty handed and broken-hearted. Thranduil, at least, is certain he will never find his Destined. He’s been online for well over a century, and still he is alone. No matter how his Pride circles around him, supporting him, and telling him that his Guide will find him, he doubts. It would be just his luck to be born into a world where his Guide has already died. Fate has never been kind to him before, so why should he expect her to be now?

He’s going to be alone, forever.

He knows the moment he hears her heartbeat that they are compatible, he also knows they are not Destined. She is the most beautiful being he has ever seen in his life, and he knew Luthien. He zones on her laughter, and her annoyed ranting, hand on his wrist, is what pulls him out.

“All of you Sentinels, you’re all such sentimental fools, I swear!”

“My apologies.” Thranduil says, blinking slowly as his senses level out again. Her eyes widen and she shakes her head.

“Oh, no, honey, don’t apologize for being yourself.” She tells him, smiling brightly. “It’s a Guide’s job to be exasperated by Sentinels almost consistently and it is a Sentinel’s task to be exasperating.” She explains, and Thranduil can’t help but smiling.

“Aha…?”

“It’s true! My mother told me so, and she was a Revered Guide.” She states emphatically, her smile seeming to widen. “I’m Laimben Gwilithiel.” Thranduil’s eyes widen at that, Gwilith had indeed
been a Revered Guide. She’d fallen years past to dragon’s fire, alongside her husband and Sentinel.

“Mae govannen. I am Thranduil Oropherion.” Thranduil says, giving a little bow. Laimben gives a little giggle and rolls her eyes.

“Of course you are, you’re the prince! Everyone knows who you are, even if you do spend most of your time in Lorien.” She tells him, shaking her head. “Both of our royal children off in Lorien. It’s a shame.”

“I might be convinced to stay put.” Thranduil says, suggestively. Laimben gives him a serious look before she starts laughing again, hand resting upon his wrist to keep him from zoning.

“We’re not Destined.” She reminds him, he doesn’t need reminding. But he doesn’t tell her this when he sees the sadness that blooms in her eyes. She’s reminding herself.

“You found your Destined.” He states, it is not a question, he can just tell.

“Aye. And he’s gone. I met him in time to farewell his soul to the next life.”

“Oh. I’m sorry.”

“Do not be. We’re Destined. He’ll come around again.” Laimben replies, shrugging her shoulders as if the fact her Destined is dead doesn’t matter, but her eyes tell of a pain Thranduil cannot hope to comprehend. To meet your Destined only for them to die, it’s something he hopes he will never have to experience.

“I can’t give you what you need.”

“But I can give you what you do.” She tells him, and she smiles so sweetly Thranduil almost gives in.

“I must speak with Elrond. I can’t promise myself to you with the knowledge that I could leave you at any time. You deserve better.”

“Oh, honey. We could have a triad.” She points out, and he rolls his eyes.

“It’s still not fair to you. Let me seek Elrond, please?” The thought of hurting her in any way is so alien and wrong to him, that he’d do anything to ensure it could never happen.

“Oh, very well, but I’m journeying with you.” She says, smirking, he chuckles.

“Of course. If I didn’t know any better, I’d think I’ve been caught.” He tells her, grinning, she throws her head back and laughs.

“Damn right you have, and you’re going to be kept if I have anything to say about it.” She promises, and Thranduil knows then that no matter what Elrond tells him, she will be his one way or another.

“Take care, Thranduil. You could break her heart as well as your own if you are not careful.”

“I know, adar. That is why I must seek out Elrond. You know he is a Revered Guide, and Blessed.”

“I know. Safe travels, my son. And I wish you good news.”
“Where have you been hiding all these years?” Thranduil asks as they begin their journey, Laimben hums at him before answering.

“Around. Nana taught me that every Guide needed to learn how to survive on their own before they could ever hope to become the life of another. She was of the opinion that if you did not know what it was to live for yourself, you’d struggle with the concept of suddenly becoming someone else’s entire world, and that wasn’t good for the Sentinel or the bond.”

“Is that why you survived your Sentinel?”

“Hmm, yes and no. He was dying, I could feel his mind reaching for me, trying to imprint his mental touch upon me in the least before he died. And I blocked him out.” Laimben pauses for a moment, shrugging her shoulders. “I know it was instinct, and he was searching for any shred of peace he could find before the end, but I was not going to die like that.” She states, it is a promise, and he knows she still believes it. “He will be reborn one day, and I will bond with him then. But I survived him, because I was stubborn, and he was weak.”

“Didn’t that hurt?” Thranduil asks, Taeglin had often complained to him about her Sentinel longing, and he knew that to reject a Destined Bond was like branding yourself with hot irons, there was no pain comparable.

“It felt like something was tearing my heart out of my chest.” She admits, quietly, looking away. “If I was not the woman I am, I would have folded, accepted the bond and died alongside my Destined.” She sighs heavily and shakes her head, holding it up high. “But my mother raised a strong woman, and I will not allow myself to simply lay down and die, I will not dishonour her memory that way. I will not dishonour her teachings.”

“Does it still hurt?” Thranduil asks, curious. He knows that his own Guide Longing is like a constant pressure in his chest, but he’s never met his Destined, he’s never turned down the Bond. He can’t fathom what Laimben must be feeling.

“Every day. Like someone has set fire to my heart.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It is life, Thranduil. Life owes us nothing. Life just is.”

Elrond sighs heavily as he sees the pair coming towards him. *She’s* the most stubborn, strong willed, and free spirited woman he has ever had the pleasure, and frustration, to meet. And *he* is the most stubborn, troublesome, and ridiculous man he has ever met. And the pair of them being here together like this isn’t going to spell good things for him.

“Thranduil. Laimben.” He greets, Laimben chuckles and rolls her eyes. “What do I owe the pleasure of your company?”

“If it isn’t going to be too much trouble, I need you to find my Guide.” Thranduil tells him, Elrond cocks his head to the side, frowning.

“You think your Guide is not born yet?”

“Yes. Or that they died long before I came online.”

“Right. Well, sit down, then.” Elrond says, indicating the chairs around his office as he himself goes to seat himself upon his mats.
Elrond closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and allows himself to drift into the Spirit Plane, a blue jungle. Where his Spirit Animal, El, a Great Eagle, takes him on his Spirit Journey into the future.

Sometimes his journeys reveal complete pictures to him, sometimes they only reveal half of a picture, sometimes they only reveal something that will make sense at a later time.

Today, his journey shows him Thranduil, shining with the hidden power of the Greenwood Forest, the power that belongs, currently, to his father, Oropher. Beside him stands a human, he is shrouded in the power of a Great Kingdom of Man that has yet to come into existence. Children rush around them, laughing and screaming. Behind them, Thranduil’s Spirit Guide, Thorn, a Great Dragon of the North, soars overhead, dipping down to the ground to blow smoke at an albino wolf. Beyond them, elves stream towards boats docked along a coast, and Elrond feels something hard form in his chest as he realizes they’re going to the Undying Lands, all of them.

Elrond breathes in deeply and imagines himself returning to the present, El shrieks loudly and dives back down into Elrond’s body, and Elrond wakes with a little gasp.

“What is it? What did you see?” Thranduil questions, on his feet in an instant. Elrond smiles at him and shakes his head.

“You’re certain?”

“Yes. Your Guide will not be born for thousands of years. Not till the Time of the Elves is over.

“Oh.” Thranduil says, looking down and away. “Thank you.”

“Do not thank me yet, Thranduil.” Elrond tells him, remembering the way Thranduil had glowed with Oropher’s power, remembering that Laimben had not been with them. “Time is not a merciful mistress.”

“Hmm.”

“Alright. So what do you want to do?” Laimben asks, as they walk away from Elrond’s office, her hand still clamped over Thranduil’s wrist, afraid he’ll zone if she even lets go for a single second.

“You mentioned a triad before. Would you be happy in a triad?” Thranduil questions, his voice quiet.

“Of course, Thranduil. Your Guide’ll have to fight me if they have a problem with it.” Laimben tells him, smiling when he laughs.

“Right. Then I guess I need to find you a ring.”

Oropher goes absolutely overboard with the wedding. Laimben wants a quiet ceremony by the Enchanted River, Thranduil wants a private ceremony with just the two of them. They’re both overruled when Oropher invites dignitaries from as many kingdoms as he can and sets the entire forest to work. He even manages to convince the Ents and Entwives to shift things around so a great clearing forms, where the ceremony can take place.
“I hate him.” Thranduil mutters, as he stands before thousands of people, his hands in Laimben’s. His sister and the other Sentinels and Guides in both of their prides fan out around them, offering protection and support. Laimben laughs, and shakes her head.

“We can make him pay for it later. If he delays our bonding, I’ll kill him, though.” She admits, Thranduil snorts.

“I’ll kill him myself!”

Their bond is a strange one, formed with the intention of later adding another. Each of them feels an echo of their longing, it is not painful, but it’s not something either of them can forget.

“Who knows,” Laimben tells him sleepily as they cuddle in bed one night. “maybe our Guide will join us, and we’ll have a Pack.” Thranduil starts laughing, shaking his head.

“We don’t want to scare the poor man. A triad and children before they're even bonded? Settle down, Laimben.” He tells her, but his smile shows he truly has no complaints.

“A triad and children. They are welcome to bring their own to the mix. They are human, they'll probably follow us up on that offer, anyway.” Laimben says, giving a little shrug, giggling when Thranduil pokes her in the stomach.

“I think our Pack will be far enough children for me.”

“Oh, love, we haven’t even started yet and you’re getting mopey.”

“I am not.”

“You are so!”

They have been married for a good few hundred years when Thranduil feels a shift in their bond, and Laimben gasps against him, before bursting into excited giggles, sliding herself slowly off of Thranduil to sit beside him.

“Did you feel that?” she asks, laughing, Thranduil grins and pulls her to him, breathing in the scent of her. “Baby!” he starts chuckling, shaking his head.

“Yes, love, a baby.”

“Finally, our Pack begins.”

“Oh, love.” Thranduil says, rolling his eyes. Laimben giggles, and then squeals as she pulls away from him, throwing on clothing and running out into the hall yelling for her friends. Thranduil sighs heavily and leans back against their bad, shaking his head. “Valar, I’m going to be a father!”

Legolas is born at the start of summer, he’s perfect and tiny, and everything Thranduil could have hoped for. Oropher dotes upon him something chronic, and Thranduil often has to chase his father from the family chambers with the threat of patricide, it doesn’t keep Oropher away for long.

“He’s so tiny!” Thranduil keeps saying, moving away whenever Laimben offers their son to him. “What if I break him?”

“Oh, you big idiot. Get over here and hold your son!” Laimben exclaims, using her Guide voice.
Thranduil pouts like a scolded child and slinks over to her side, carefully accepting the babe placed within his arms. “There. Nothing to worry about.”

“Tiny!”

“Idiot!”

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Taeglin arrives, screaming the entire hall down in her quest to find her nephew. He, of course, loves her the moment he first sees her, squealing happily and making grabby hands for her.

“See? I have the touch!” Taeglin explains, scooping the boy up and stealing him away. Thranduil threatens her with sororicide if she doesn’t bring his baby back, but Taeglin just giggles and doesn’t come back.

“I hate my family.” Thranduil pouts to Laimben, who simply laughs at him, and enjoys the peace and quiet Taeglin has awarded them with.

“So you wouldn’t be up for expanding our Pack, then?”

“Don’t tempt me, woman!”

“I’ll tempt you all I want, husband!”

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The war comes swiftly, it aches to leave Legolas behind, but Laimben refuses to allow Thranduil to ride off to war without her, and Thranduil refuses to let his father go alone. Taeglin shifts her entire family to the Greenwood, much to Haldir’s annoyance, and she practically adopts Legolas while they’re gone.

It aches.

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He screams when he feels his familial bond to Oropher snap. He smells Oropher’s blood on the air, and is conscious of the lack of Oropher’s heartbeat in his ears. Death wraps itself all up in Oropher’s scent and Thranduil zones on it, zones on the knowledge that his father is gone. He feels the surge of the Greenwood’s power flowing through him, and it burns.

“Thranduil, you have to come back to me, now.” He barely hears her, barely registers her, despite their bond and her hand upon his wrist. “Thranduil.” He feels like his world is crumbling, he feels like his heart is breaking. He feels like he’s going to crumble. “Thranduil, please. You have to snap out of this, it isn’t safe! Thranduil!”

He doesn’t listen.

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It is her screams that pull him from his zone, feral and lusting for blood.

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It is Elrond who brings him down from his episode. Elrond who buffers him and protects him and consoles him and returns him safely to the Greenwood. It is Elrond who stays with him in the night when he screams and throws things and cries. It is Elrond who guides him through the raising of his only child when all he wants to do is crawl into a hole and die.

It is Elrond who drags him through.
The Greenwood becomes the Mirkwood, and it is not alone in closing its borders. The distance between them is negligible, but when Lorien and Mirkwood both have sealed their realms from the outside world, Taeglin and Thranduil communicate only through their spirit animals, nothing more.

The darkness that stirs and grows in the southern part of the forest is Sauron, Thranduil knows, but no one wants to hear it. No one wants to contemplate a world in which Sauron continues to threaten them. No one wants to know that their respite is over. His words fall upon deaf ears. His warnings are ignored.

Sauron grows.

It’s unfortunate and all kinds of wrong that Thranduil feels a greater connection to Elrond when Elrond loses his lady, when Elrond loses his Sentinel. The sensory collapse she’d experienced coming down from the feral episode that saved her life sent her into a coma, one she wouldn’t wake from for many, many years. It left her Guide to watch over her, protect her, and Thranduil felt a duty to them both, to ensure that Elrond was still there when Celebrian woke.

Perhaps, though, it’s more than that. Elrond is Thingol’s heir, and Thingol had been Thranduil’s mentor. Perhaps Thranduil has always seen Elrond as Pride, and the urge to protect him is only coming to light now that his Sentinel is unable to protect him herself.

Whatever it is, it doesn’t really matter.

Girion intrigues him. The man is Pride, so far as his instincts are concerned, but Girion is as mundane as they come. Not even Elrond can sense an inner Guide or Sentinel within him. He intrigues Thranduil, so Thranduil allows their friendship to grow.

When Girion’s child is born, Thranduil is honoured to be named Godfather.

Smaug comes with fire and death, and while Thranduil is not fool enough to face him in defence of the dwarves, he does whisk the heir of Girion away, to grow protected and safe in the elven halls. As was the agreement he’d struck with Girion when the pair of them had discovered the full depth of Thror’s madness. Once more the dwarves greed has brought destruction and sadness upon the world.

Baird wishes to show his children the splendour of the Elven king’s halls, so when he returns to his people, now settled upon the lake, he strikes a deal with Thranduil. The children of his line will be bargemen, ferrying supplies up and down the river for the elven hall. Thranduil enjoys the young human’s company, and he’s well aware the human has no livelihood outside of his halls, so he accepts.

Baird’s daughter, Hilda, is the first of the Girion children that Thranduil meets, following Baird himself, of course. Hilda is a fierce Sentinel and lives up to her name with everything that she is. When she is barely past her maturation, she finds and falls in love with her Guide. A member of Thranduil’s guard. It is… bittersweet for everyone involved.

When Hilda moves into the halls, it is her littlest brother, Bran, who takes over her duty of bargeman. Bran is remarkably unremarkable, being the only one of his siblings to be without a
Gift. He makes up for it by marrying the strongest of the women in the village, and fathering three Alpha Sentinels and one Revered Guide.

Years later, when Hilda’s children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren continue to bless Thranduil’s halls with their presence, Smaug is woken and set upon Lake Town by the dwarves. Thranduil’s people are already mobilizing before Thranduil has to give the order. The people of Lake Town are theirs to protect, they are Tribe, and many of them, Pride.

Thranduil could kill the dwarves for what they have done, and long years past, he has.

For the first time in his life, he finally comes face to face with Bard. And if all Bard’s ancestors have been deemed the Girion Children by the elves in the halls, here is one who makes the term redundant. For here is Girion, reborn, and for the first time, Thranduil understands why Girion had always been Pride to him.

Girion had been his, too.

“Sentinel.”

“Guide.”

The Declaration of Destined Sentinels and Guides the world over, and the next thing either of them knows, their Prides are hustling them through the city to somewhere private and as secure as possible in the midst of ruins. Thranduil’s impressed with his Pride, of course, because he’d still been atop Moose at the time of the Declaration, and now he was, so very definitely, on solid ground.

“Well that was… something.” Bard states, just as dazed and confused as Thranduil when they are left alone.

“How invested are you in retrieving your dues from the dwarves?” Thranduil asks, sinking down into a comfortable couch, and he’s very impressed now. Because somehow between his Pride rushing them here, they managed to refurnish the crumbling house so the pair would be comfortable. Someone deserves a raise.

“I wouldn’t say I’m frothing at the mouth over it, but I’m pretty invested, why?” Bard asks, raising an eyebrow as he begins to investigate the room.

“Because, if we aren’t done bonding and nesting when they decide it’s time to start the war, they’ll put us under lockdown and go and fight without us.” Thranduil explains, nonchalant.

“What?!”

“My people are very efficient.”

“Yes, I’m getting that.” Bard states, giving the candle lit breakfast upon the circular table near the broken but covered window an exasperated look.

“Oooh, is there wine?” Thranduil questions, jumping to his feet, ignoring the unimpressed look Bard sends his way.

“If there is, me and your personal guards are going to be having talks when we’re done nesting.”
Bard tells him seriously, Thranduil pouts. “Seriously, how do you even drink that much wine? You’re a Sentinel!”

“Sentinel friendly wines, my friend!” Thranduil retorts before letting out a happy sigh as he finds the small bottle of wine, and the note from Galion.

*Just this once.*

*Enjoy.*

Yes, it is official, his Pride loves him.

Bonding is in no way going to be easy, with Laimben, they hadn’t really considered the empty space they could feel within them, the emptiness they could feel in their bond. It was just the business of not being Destined yet knowing one of the pair had a Destined still out there somewhere. With Bard it’s different, and Laimben was always supposed to be here to help Thran explain to Bard what they’d done.

Laimben would never be there.

“I have to tell you something, before we bond.” Thranduil states, when he sees how hurt Bard is by Thranduil’s continued refusal to even let Bard in with his empathy.

“Can’t it wait?”

“It could, but then you’d probably hate me for the rest of my very long life.” Thranduil replies, trying to sound nonchalant, and failing.

“Oh, well, then.” Bard states, turning his full attention to Thranduil, who sighs heavily.

“Have you heard of Triads before?”

“Yes, they’re very rare.” Bard answers, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes, well, if we bond, you’ll be joining a triad, that has never been complete and will never be complete.” Thranduil explains, thinking of Laimben and the sound of her screams as she died.

“You made a triad bond.” Bard asks, staring at him blanking. “You entered a triad bond without me?” an undercurrent of anger in his voice.

“Yes, well, it was three thousand years ago, Laimben and I were uniquely compatible, she had lost her Destined, and Elrond advised you wouldn’t be born for millennia. I’ve been waiting for you, Bard, for six thousand years. What did you think I’d do? It was a miracle I survived as long as I did without a bond in the first place! I’m allowed to be selfish once in a lifetime, Bard, and I lost her anyway.” Thranduil snaps, turning away from him. “And anyway, it’s not like you abstained, you’ve got three children!”

“I didn’t bond with my wife.” Bard states, glaring.

“No, you just bound her in the way of mundanes, marriage.” Thranduil replies, rolling his eyes. “If you don’t want to join the triad bond, don’t. I’ve waited six thousand years for you, I can wait for your next life cycle.”

“What?” Bard exclaims, confused.
“Sentinels and Guides are reincarnated when they die. It doesn’t happen immediately, in fact it normally takes a good few hundred years or so, but it eventually happens. So, if you don’t want to join the triad bond, that’s fine. I will outlive you, and then I’ll be back where I was yesterday. Waiting for the day we would meet. Maybe your next life will be more open to the idea of a triad.” Thranduil explains, with the slightest shrug of his shoulders. “It doesn’t truly bother me. If you never wish to join the triad bond, so be it. Laimben and I managed perfectly fine on our own, and I’m certain we’ll manage perfectly fine once more, perhaps her Sentinel will be more inclined to the triad.” Thranduil hums in thought at this. “I need to think.” He mutters, leaving through the doorway, leaving Bard staring after him in annoyance.

Maybe there's a God above,
but all I ever learned from love,
Was how to shoot at someone who outdrew you.
And it's not a cry that you hear at night,
It's not somebody who's seen the light,
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah.
~Leonard Cohen, Hallelujah.

End Notes

I realize I didn't cover Laimben's Sentinel is actually Bard's wife, lolol, so eventually both Laimben and Bard's wife will be reincarnated and be like 'who, wtf happened in my past life?!' and then they both gonna be like 'wtf, Bard, why you so upset for?! Thran not allowed to be selfish but you are?!' and then they'd have a Quad.

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