A Last Grand Adventure

by alexcat

Summary

Legolas gets ready for one final adventure.

Since the day they met, he’d forced himself to never think about the fact that the elf was immortal and he was not.

Gimli, Son of Gloin, did not have a sentimental bone in his body, but he had fallen in love with the elf from the Green Wood the first time he’d laid eyes on him at the Council of Elrond. Such beauty, such grace and he was deadly with that damned bow as well.

He’d done the same thing he would have had Legolas been a dwarven lass he wanted to court. He’d made fun of him and derided him, until Legolas rose to the bait and they began their competition. Every time the exquisite creature smiled at him, Gimli’s love and devotion grew.

After Moria, he and Legolas had sought out one another in their grief and had been no small comfort one to the other. The others knew, but never said a word. He and Legolas never spoke aloud of it either.

Those had been the best years of his life, riding that tall horse with Legolas, drinking ale and fighting Orcs during the day and being his close companion at night.

He was often amazed that someone like the elf could see anything beautiful in him.

After they’d explored the Fanghorn and the Glittering Caves, he’d settled with his own people, took
a wife and had sons and daughters to carry on after him.

He grew older and knew his time was growing shorter. He was not near the age of dying yet, but he certainly was closer than he had been. He wanted another adventure with Legolas. He packed his gear one morning and headed to Ithilien, where Legolas dwelt among his kinsmen.

Word got to Legolas before he entered the outer edges of Ithilien and Legolas rode out to meet him. They embraced, looking into one another’s eyes.

“You look well, my dear Gimli,” Legolas said as he took the dwarf’s hand in his. He led him to his dwelling, a simple house with large windows to let the sun in and a yard all abloom with a riot of color. Two rockers sat invitingly on the front porch.

Legolas bid him sit on the porch and poured him an elven wine.

“To us, my dearest friend. May our adventures never end!”

Gimli toasted that. “That brings me to why I came here, lad. I wish to go on another adventure. I grow old sitting around my cave, drinking beer and telling stories to the youngsters about our great adventures. I tire of safety and surety! I want to sleep in the dirt, kill my own dinner and,” he blushed a little as he said it, “spend some time alone with you under the midnight sky.”

Legolas grinned. “I have been thinking of a long adventure, as a matter of fact.”

“How long?”

“I am an elf, Gimli. The sea has called to me these many years and I have ignored it. Aragorn is gone to where men go when they die and I am no longer needed by anyone here.”

Gimli wasn’t offended by the words, though he did feel the need for Legolas to remain. He would never say such a thing out loud.

“I would build myself a ship and take one companion with me on that one last adventure.”

“I am a dwarf. We are not much at shipbuilding. I can mine beautiful gems for you and am not a bad hand with a battle ax but carpentry and ship building are not among my skills.”

Legolas smiled at his misunderstanding. “How about sailing?”

Gimli thought he misheard. Where would he sail to? “Sailing?”

“I would have you sail home with me.”

“Me? I am no elf, nor am I immortal as you are.”

“The Ringbearers were not elves either, but they went. Will you come with me?”

“The Lady Galadriel is there?”

Legolas smiled and nodded. Gimli had been smitten with the Lady and she had granted his heart’s desire of a single hair from her golden head. She had, in fact, given him three of them. Legolas knew the hair would be in a small cloth bag in his pocket still.

“She is. She will be pleased to see you as well.”

Gimli blushed. Galadriel was the only other person Legolas had ever seen his companion blush over.
“When can we get this ship built? I am ready to go!”

Legolas hugged Gimli, despite his discomfort at something so public. “Come inside the house. I’ll show you the plans…”

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