Pottymouth

by Le Rouret [archived by HASA_Archivist]

Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

Notes

Note from the HASA Transition Team: This story was originally archived at HASA, which closed in February 2015. To preserve the archive, we began manually importing its works to the AO3 as an Open Doors-approved project in February 2015. We posted announcements about the move, but may not have reached everyone. If you are (or know) this author, please contact The HASA Transition Team using the e-mail address on the HASA collection profile.
I hate walking down this part of 24th Street. The sidewalk’s always torn up, because it’s in a perpetual state of “Under Construction” (in fact I think this is the third sign proclaiming its current condition that’s been propped up against the light pole – all the others keep getting knocked down) and since I have to wear heels to work I keep tripping in the most undignified manner over the chunks of concrete and asphalt. And don’t get me started on the construction workers! It’s so cliché, but it’s true – they can’t seem to keep their big traps shut when a woman walks by. It doesn’t help that I’m always in a suit with a skirt, and that I’m a natural blonde – Yes, I’m a natural blonde! And no, I’m not going to prove it to you! And stop calling me “bitch”! If that’s meant to charm me into striking up a conversation with you, I think you need to reconsider your gender preferences.

Oh god, why did I say that? That only reminds me . . . dammit.

My arms feel like they’re being pulled out of their sockets. Naturally, I would run out of milk the week my stupid car is in the shop. At least it’s not far to the bus stop. I wish it weren’t so hot – I can practically feel my mint chocolate chip melting from here. What’s the bank sign say -- 68°? Can’t be – maybe I’m just overheated from walking under the auspices of the Construction Worker Critics, who seem to be making comments about my legs. I know they’re nice legs – why do you think I wear short skirts? I want to show them off. Not that anyone important ever notices.

Damn. Did it again. Why do I have to keep remembering? It’s not the sharp, stabbing feeling, like he’s sliding a knife into my gut. Not any more. It’s settled down into a sucker-punch sort of feel, gloves off. Knuckles under the ribcage, pummeling my kidney. Time heals all wounds, like hell. More like, time changes wounds from bleeding externally to bleeding internally.

Yep, got called a bitch again. Why do guys think that’s alluring? I wonder if I dyed my hair brown if they’d leave me alone.

Who am I trying to fool? The Valar gave me my body and told me it’d stay this way forever. I’ll always be beautiful. It was such a nice thing for the first ten millennia or so, but it’s getting a little old. Sometimes I catch myself staring in the mirror, looking for blemishes or wrinkles or gray hair. Like that’ll ever happen. I wonder if this is how Arwen feels? I could ask her, I guess, but that would involve trying to find her. I wonder if she and Aragorn are still together?

Damn. Yep, still hurts.

Oh, great. Not only do I have to contend with lugging four grocery bags to the bus stop, not only do I have to contend with the Construction Workers from Hell whistling and woo-woo-hey-baby-ing me, now I have to deal with a rabid herd of bikers. Look at them – long greasy hair, dusty cracked leathers, spotted polarized sunglasses, bandanas around bald heads, earrings and what I heard Frances refer to once as “shit-stomping boots.” I’d envy them if I weren’t such a pathetic loser. At least they’re free. When was the last time I felt free, really free? These jokers can hop on their Harleys and brap-ap-ap down the road whenever they want to. I’m stuck. Stuck and broke and alone.
If you don’t count my roommate, which frankly, I don’t.

Now they’re looking around to see what the fuss is about. Several of them have spotted me. Are they going to be gallant and come to my rescue (it does happen, you know; I’ve been rescued before by these twenty-first century gypsies), or will they whoop and ogle and hey-baby me too?

Hey, that guy’s not so bad looking.

What the fuck is all this noise? Stupid goddam tossers, they’re sharkking a passing lady. If that’s chatting up I’ll fucking drop an I-beam on them. Who’re they eyeballing anyway? Hmm . . . not bad . . . bit of all right there. Good legs, walks well, nicely dressed. Blonde, too – always liked blondes. Too bad I gave up gratuitous sex after that whole D.H. Lawrence incident. David was a nice boy, but my god, what was his thing about rimming? Fucking disgusting. And he was such a shite about it. Oo-er, she’d be a looker if she’d let her hair grow –

What the fuck -- ?

“Holy fucking shit, it’s the White Lady of Rohan!”

Well, okay, I haven’t been called that in a few millennia. Who on earth would call me the White Lady of Rohan in Pasadena? Wait, it’s that guy I thought wasn’t too bad looking. Oh hell, he’s walking this way. Wait – do I know him? Let’s see; blue bandana over long white hair, dark sunglasses, red leather vest with a rip in it, no shirt, skintight black leather pants and shit-stompers. No . . . wait . . .

Oh.

My.

God.

That’s it. She’s recognized me. About fucking time.
“Legolas!”

I’m not even sure if I’ve said his name right. I feel like my tongue is stuck to the roof of my mouth. I know I’m gaping like a dying fish but I can’t help it. Him! Here! After all these years of no contact! He’s sauntering up to me in a most un-Elflike manner, bare arms outstretched. Oh my god, is that a tattoo? He’s laughing, and I’m not sure if he’s delighted with my reaction or just happy to see me. I’ll give him the benefit of the doubt. After all, we really did get along well once, even though that was before --

Whoof, I haven’t been hugged this hard in a while! And he’s laughing and spinning me around; my groceries are spinning too, and the ice cream sweat is dripping down my panty hose. He finally lets me go and stands back, one hand still gripping my shoulder, pushing his sunglasses up onto his head. Yes – there are those wild cerulean eyes – and the bandana’s slipped so I can see the points of his ears. How on earth has he managed to survive this long without some government-funded scientist dissecting him?

Maybe that’s why he’s with this crowd – no self-respecting scientist would look for a non-human biological experiment among bikers. At least the government-funded ones wouldn’t.

“Look at you! Bloody hell, look at you!” he crows, laughing and shaking me by the shoulder. “My god, you cut your fucking hair – why the hell did you do that?”

“Legolas!” I say again. Not very profound, but I can’t really think of anything else right now. And just the fact he’s speaking with a heavy East End accent is a little distracting.

“Éowyn!” he says, smiling at me with those sweet pink lips. Really, he’s too pretty to be male. ‘Fuckin’ A, haven’t seen you in yonks!’

At least the construction workers have shut up; some of the bikers are watching us. Most of them are grinning, but some look wary or resentful. They really are a rough-looking bunch. What is he doing with them? I finally detach my tongue from the roof of my mouth and manage to speak.

“Legolas! What are you doing in L.A.?”

“Ah, faffing about a bit is all,” he says, pulling off his bandana and running his long fingers through his platinum hair. “Gonna put some stuff in the Norton Simon, buncha keech it is, but they like it.” I have no idea what he’s talking about so I nod and look at him some more. I remember the first time I saw his hair – all that time I’d assumed we Rohirrim were golden-haired, but the sight of that sheet of pale gold made us all look so – dingy. No wonder half the maidens in Meduseld were in love with him. Half the boys were too, I think.

Oooh, shouldn’t have thought that, shouldn’t have thought that. Ouch.

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Wait, what the fuck was that look for? What did I say? Does she hate fucking artists or something? Oh hell, she’s dragging plastic carrier bags around and they look damn heavy. Here comes my gentility kicking in. Doesn’t matter how many years I spend trying to be a pikey, it always comes back. “Let me take those,” I offer, smiling into her bewildered face. What the hell did she cut off her hair for? It was the most gorgeous color – rich wavy gold like liquid topaz. Made me feel like a fucking marble statue or something. Now she looks – well, modern. Wager she fits in with all the seppos pretty well. I could never do that – probably something to do with my not being human. Looks knackered, though. Wonder what she gets up to nowadays? Practically looks like a fucking working woman, dressed like that. Last time I saw her she was wearing a green velvet dress with a pin-collar. When was that . . . 1560? 1570? Damn, I can’t remember my dates anymore. Looked brill, but the collar was bloody uncomfortable. Ah yes, 1577, Sir Frances Drake – now, that fucker was a true pirate! I miss the Golden Hind, goddammit.
Shit, that was a lot of fun, blowing those Spanish fucks out of the water.

Where was I? Oh yeah, taking her marketing. Give over, mate. She looks uncomfortable. Must be Buckeye giving her the glad eye. That’d make any woman soil herself. “So,” I ask, wondering where to start. Where the hell does one start, four hundred years after you see someone? “How are you? How’s Faramir?”

Oh, bloody hell. Wrong thing to say. Dammit dammit dammit, Leggsie, why the fuck can’t you keep your goddam mouth shut? Wait – what did I say? I just asked –

Oh, bugger. Looks like she’s going to go spare. Shit shit shit, if that fucker’s hurt her I’ll fucking cut his bollocks off. I do not want her to start an eye-leak in the middle of the street, dammit. Make me look no end a prat. Now I don’t know what to say.

“Éowyn . . . “

Oh hell, that was original.

“What the hell happened?”

All right, mate, that was a bit better. Now she’s wiping her eyes surreptitiously, trying not to let me see she’s upset. Bugger that, like I could miss it.

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“Oh . . . “

Oh hell, that was original.

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Oh fucking hell, this is gonna hurt.

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“Frances – I mean, Faramir – um – we’re divorced.”

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Blank stare. Yeah, mate, that’s attractive. Fuck.
He’s looking at me like he doesn’t speak my language. Maybe he doesn’t. Maybe the Eldar don’t have a word for divorce. But he’s been speaking English for centuries – he knows what it means. He just doesn’t believe it, that’s it. He doesn’t believe Frances would ever leave me. I don’t blame him. I didn’t believe it at first, either. I’m watching his face carefully. His mouth closes, those cupid’s-bow lips purse together and his winged eyebrows meet in a V over bright blue eyes. He looks beautiful even when he’s – wait – is he confused or angry?

Hmm. The perfect ivory pallor of those high cheekbones has flushed up all of a sudden. And it’s not reflection from his leather vest, either. Yep. Definitely angry. Frances told me I looked like a miffed Raggedy Ann doll when I was angry. Legolas looks – well – like some marble statue of an angry Elf. Impossibly perfect, that’s him.

It didn’t hurt as bad as I thought it would to tell him. Maybe having to say it over and over and over – “I’m divorced, I’m divorced, I’m divorced” takes the sting out of it. Or maybe it’s his reaction, disbelief and anger. I don’t know. Why isn’t he saying anything?

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Fucking hell. I don’t know what to say.

Buy time, buy time, buy time. Run hands through hair. Bite lip. Look around. No, mate, no answers. Shift feet. Look at Buckeye and Black Steve. No, still no answers. Bugger. I have to say something. She’s hurt, dammit, she’s practically bleeding her fucking guts all over the fucking sidewalk. Damn damn damn, hell shit BUGGER!

“Éowyn – “

Very fucking original, Leggsie. Nice response, bet that’ll make her feel better.

“Um, I know this is kind of a shock,” she says. She’s bloody apologizing, mate! Apologizing because you don’t! know! what! to! SAY! My fault my fault my fault! Quick, cut her off. Oh yeah, bet that’ll make her feel fucking great.

“When?” Nice ‘n’ curt. Very polite, oh yes. But I can’t stand that diffident look on her face. Bloody women; always think it’s their own bloody fault when the bloody pillock throws them over. I’ll fucking kill Faramir. I’ll fucking kill him for putting those tears in her eyes that she’s trying so hard to hide from me.

“Oh, it’s been a couple of years,” she says with a laugh that’s supposed to be light and carefree, but I know that little wobble in her voice. She sounded the same way when the fucking Romans overran Masada. Lumme, that was a cock-up. Glad we’re bloody through with it. Never liked that part of Asia. “These things happen,” she’s saying, trying to sound oh so casual but I know better, oh yes mate, I know better. How the hell many recently divorced women have I listened to? They talk and they talk and they fucking talk and I sit there and listen and look sensitive. With this batty-boy face, what the hell else can I do? “We knew it wasn’t working out and it was only a matter of time.”

I can’t stop myself. “Knew it wasn’t bloody working out!” I shout. “After ten thousand fucking years – “ Shut up, mate, shut the fuck up! Definitely not the right thing to say, now my mates think I’m mad at her. Hell, she probably thinks I’m mad at her. Tell her you’re not mad at her.
“Sorry, luv. I’m not mad at you.” Finally, said something right. Fucking A, you’re a gobshite. She’s looking down, wiping her eyes. Oh, bloody hell, did I bish that one up. All right. I can do this. “I’m just trying to – oh god, now what?” I ask, as though a bloody Vala will answer me.

All right. So I’m floundering here. So fucking shoot me.

Well, that wasn’t the response I was expecting. Everyone’s been so – so – polite and non-committal and politically correct about the whole thing. But they’re mortal; they don’t know what it’s like. Legolas is right – ten thousand years of marital bliss (well, okay, maybe not bliss, but . . .) and then a kick in the stomach. And it’s not like I saw it coming. Maybe I should have; all the signs were there. But I didn’t. And it’s over.


That’s the hardest part, knowing he’s not coming back, not ever. Another ten thousand years, but this time alone, because the Valar gave me to Faramir as his partner for eternity and there will be no one else. No one else. He’s gone, he left me. Oh god, it hurts. Don’t cry, don’t cry, then his biker friends will think he’s being mean to you and they’ll beat him up or something. That, and I don’t want to cause a fuss, certainly not in the middle of the street. He’s moving around, looking around himself, like he wants to escape or something. Probably regrets ever stopping me. That figures. I just had to dump my bad news on him before I even asked him what he was up to. Frances was right; I’m so selfish sometimes, so self-absorbed. Men don’t want to hear about our problems.

Oh, wait. He’s not a man. I forgot.

Hmm. I wonder what Elves want to hear about? Not that I think they want to hear about mortals’ problems either, but aren’t they supposed to be a little more sympathetic than humans? You’d think so! And anyway he knows better than I do how to handle being alone for ten thousand years; after all, the Valar didn’t give him anyone.

I wonder how he stands it?

I wonder what he’s going to say now? Because I’m certainly not going to say anything; I don’t think I could without my voice cracking, and I don’t like to cry in public. It makes me feel all – I don’t know. Weak. Female. Emotionally manipulative.

Boy, took that right out of Frances’ book, didn’t I?

Say something, you wanker; just bloody say something! We can’t stand here in the middle of a zebra crossing, her crying and you pulling at your hair like you do when you’re at a loss for words. Amazing it hasn’t all fallen out by now. Not that it would anyway, whether I were an Elf or not.

No. Can’t make her give me an emotional disposition of her personal life in the middle of the bloody street. Not good form to start the argy-bargy, mate. Get out of here, find someplace to talk. A pub. Yeah, that’s right, a pub. Good place to discuss that manky git Faramir. Dark, smoky,
“Look,” I say. She’s still looking down. I can hear her breathing, deep and ragged. She’s trying not to cry. Fuck. “Look,” I say again. “We can’t – uh – “ Hand in the hair again. Dammit, why can’t I think without putting my fucking hands on my head? “Look,” I say for the third time. “This isn’t the place, luv. Let’s – let me buy you a pint or something.”

Did he just offer to buy me a drink?

Did I just offer to buy her a drink?

That has got to be the nicest thing a guy has done for me in years. Decades.

That has got to be the fucking lamest thing I’ve ever said.

I know he doesn’t mean it that way but – oh, I feel better. Tons better. Yeah, a drink would be nice. I suppose I should tell him that, instead of staring him in the face like a fish again. I seem to be doing that a lot.
I can’t believe I just said that. Makes it sound like I’m chatting her up. Fucking A, I can’t believe I just said that. Why didn’t I say, “Let’s talk about this somewhere else”? That would’ve been a damn sight better than what I did say. Oh god, I’m such a git. Bished it again. No wonder the Valar didn’t give me a partner.

Now he looks embarrassed. That’s so cute. Or maybe he’s second-guessing me. I can’t tell. Oh, wait – I have ice cream. No drink. Damn! When was the last time I went into a bar and had a drink with a good-looking man?

Three years, that’s how long.

Ouch. Did it again. But if Legolas –

No, he’s just being nice.

Or not. Looks like he’s changing his mind.

Maybe because I haven’t answered him yet. I’m just standing here, staring at him like a dork. Say something. Say anything!

“Um. Ice cream.”

Okay, maybe not that.

“I mean – I’d love to. But I have ice cream in my bag. I need to get it home.”

“Oh!” he says, his face clearing. It suddenly strikes me as extremely odd to be discussing melting ice cream with the Prince of Eryn Lasgalen. Drinks yes, ice cream, no. He always did like his glass of wine, as I recall. Glass – bottle – barrel – come to think of it, the Elves drank quite a bit, didn’t they? I wonder if Gimli ever got him to drink ale? I wonder where Gimli is? I wonder where everyone is? I wonder if I’m going to miss the bus? Then my ice cream will melt and it won’t matter whether I go to a bar to have a drink with a gorgeous blonde or not. Moot point by then; bet he’ll have changed his mind.

Oh, that means she’s got ice lollies in her bag? Well, I guess that makes a bit more sense, doesn’t it, mate? That was a bit – odd, though. Look on her face was like I’d asked her to dance or some shit like that. Wait – I asked her to go to the pub and – oh yeah, she’s fucking divorced. Pay attention, Legs. This may be Éowyn but she’s still a divorced mortal woman.

Or not. Not mortal. And not divorced, not really, not according to the rules the Valar set down. Faramir can’t fucking do that, the bloody goddam fecker. What the fuck did he do, anyway, find some kerb-crawling minger? Why? What could any other woman offer him that Éowyn doesn’t have in spades? Even with her hair cut short she’s a damn nice bit of crumpet. Handy with a
sword, too.

Oh shit, can’t believe I just thought that. I wonder when the last time it was she handled a sword?

When was the last time someone handled my --

Down, boy!

Ice lollies means melting, which means we have to get the hell out of here and get that shit in the ice box. All right, mate, time to get her home. Am I going home with her? Wait – hold the phone; that sounds fucking precarious. No, just going home to talk. To talk! I need to find out what that gobshite did to her. Nasty fucking mummy’s boy, I’ll have his knacks.

If I don’t say something soon, she’s going to think I’m a world-class shite. All right. Here we go, mate. Loading cannons, full speed ahead. Fucking Frances Drake again. “Well, let’s get your ice lollies home, then.” Oh god oh god, what a fucking stupid thing to say! “Where’s your car?” All right, that sounded better. Be practical, be straightforward, be bloody normal for a change. Pretend you’re not talking to a fucking divorcée but someone’s wife. That’s it, mate, someone’s wife; no bloody use at all getting your knickers in a goddam wad. Pretend it’s – it’s Rosie or Di or someone. Yeah – that’s it; just another female friend.

Female. Oh, god. Oh my fucking foreskin. When it’s been a hundred fucking years –

“Um,” she says again. She says that a lot. What is it, does she not know the answer? Oh wait, she knows the answer but doesn’t want to tell me. Why not? Is she embarrassed? Holy shit, I ride a fucking custom chopper, for godssake. With Jesse James fenders and Billet wheels. Who has the right to be embarrassed here? What the fuck does she drive, a Yugo? “My car’s in the shop. I’m taking the bus.”

Well, that’s it. Here’s where we say good-bye. He hops on his motorcycle and rides off into the sunset with his skanky friends and I hop on my bus and go home to San Dimas and put my melted ice cream in the freezer and eat my overcooked shrimp and do some paperwork and go to bed. Just. Like. Before.

Oh, I hate my life.

There’s no way in hell she’s taking the ‘bus home.

“Like hell you’re taking the bus,” I say. Another original phrase; why hasn’t Barrett’s picked you up by now, mate? “I’ll take you home and we’ll suss this out.” Talk about this motherfucker Faramir buggering you up. Oh I’ll talk about it, dammit, I’ll hunt him down and ream his arse out so far my knife’ll stick out his eyeballs. She looks like she’s going to object. What is there to object over? Like I’d chat up the Shieldmaiden of Rohan. She’d kick my arse. Or maybe not. Never tried myself against her. Wonder what kind of archer she is?

All right, mate, that was a bloody queer question.
“Get on me wheels. We’ll talk about it when we get you home.” Nothing like the domineering turkey-cock line. No one can resist. Oh god, Legs, you’re such a fucking shite. I need a fag. No, wait. I quit in 1961. I need a peppermint humbug.

She looks like she’s wavering. Is she wavering?

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I can’t believe I’m considering this. Ride a motorcycle into my neighborhood? What would my neighbors think? Isn’t that breaking the neighborhood covenants? I’m not sure what they said about motorcycles. It’s not as though I paid attention to that part of the contract. I mean, why would I care about motorcycles? Frances couldn’t even drive a stick shift. Wait, maybe it was only parking a motorcycle, not riding one. Parking one for a couple of days would be okay.

Days? Did I think that? I meant hours, of course. A couple of hours. I’ll – what will I do? Offer him a drink. That’s what I did last time I had him over. Of course, that was four hundred years ago and I was living in a mansion in London. Didn’t he say he wanted a drink? No, he said he wanted to buy me a drink. Buy me a drink, sailor? So I’ll just offer him one. Yeah, that’s it. As payment for driving me home. Before my mint chocolate chip melts. Yes. Okay. I’ll do it.

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Oh shit, she’s going to turn me down. Say yes. Say yes, dammit. You need to tell me what happened so I can bash up that motherfucker so hard he shits teeth. Say yes. Yes yes yes yes yes!

Should I phone Longshanks and Whitey? They need to hear about this too. Whitey especially, seeing he’s a Maia. I wonder if he’s still riding that Softail? I hope Grim’s Fatboy isn’t being horrible. I need these fuckers on my side. I hope Faramir hasn’t called Longshanks. They were close, once.


Buckeye and Big Al and Black Steve are going to give me never-ending shit about this. Running off with a woman. I don’t give a shit; this is Éowyn, dammit; she was one of the Chosen. I have to be there for her.

Where the fuck has she been all these years? Why hasn’t anyone heard from her?

Say yes. Say yes.

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“All right.”
Close enough.

He’s turning away from me, back onto the sidewalk. He has my groceries. I look down at the bags; the one with my ice cream is dripping and leaving little star-shaped blots on the concrete. I look up his legs to his ass.

Oooohhhhh big mistake

You never saw Elven ass in Middle-Earth, not even in the Fifth Age when everyone was getting so-called “liberal” and they started wearing trousers. They were always so modest, wearing tunics and things that covered them up. Even when I ran into Legolas onstage on the Globe playing Iago his leggings were covered with a codpiece. Now I know why. The drool dripping off my lip is probably the same consistency as the ice cream sweat dripping off the grocery bags.

One thought: Hooray for leather pants.

Leg down cheek bunches up; leg up cheek sliiiiiiiiiiiiiides. Oh god, he’s got a great ass. Bunch and sliiiiiiiiiide, bunch and sliiiiiiiiiide. What kind of inseam has he got, thirty-eight inches? He’s all leg, leg and delectable round ass.

He’s turning around in the midst of his biker buddies, looking at me. His vest swings open. Okay, not all legs and ass. How can a hairless chest be so sexy? Are his nipples pink?

Okay, Winnie, calm down. So it’s been four years since you’ve gotten laid. That’s no reason to lust after an old friend. Especially when he’s the only old friend that’s shown up in centuries. It doesn’t matter that he’s got a great ass. I mean, really. He’s an Elf. Of course he’s got a great ass. He’s probably perfect everywhere.

Ooohh. Didn’t need that mental image.

What the hell is she staring at? Do I have something stuck to my arse?

Okay, stop lusting over an old friend. He’s an Elf; you’re an Edan. In – com – pat – ible. Remember? Except for Aragorn and Arwen. Not so incompatible. I mean – oh, damn, what was I
saying?

He’s putting my groceries in some sort of bag-thingie on the back of his motorcycle. They look like saddlebags. I wonder what they’re called? He’s turning to me, smiling a little. What a beautiful smile. Perfect teeth, gorgeous chin and jowls, and oh those pink rosebud lips. Yum.


Ow, ow, ow. I didn’t think that, either.

His friends are giving him a hard time. One of them looks contemptuously at me and says, “What the fuck is this, Legs? You ditchin’ us for some broad?”

“Broad”? What decade are you from, you jerk?

“Shut yer holes,” he says. Such an erudite Elf he is; no wonder he was voted Most Likely to Have Sex with the Queen back when Catherine was really THE GREAT. Woah, didn’t need that mental image, either. Crazy old dried-up prune she was. “Been a rave-up, have a good life, Buck.” It’s like he’s speaking in some weird biker code. Oh wait, I know what that means. He means he’s leaving them. Does he mean he’s just leaving his friends to take me home? Does he mean he’s leaving them for good? For me? Can I handle this guilty feeling it’s giving me? Can’t they wait? I mean –

“Hop about,” he tells me, gesturing to the long black seat.

Um.

In a skirt?

What the fuck is she waiting for? She looks like she’s not so sure about this. What’s not to be sure about? Sure is bloody better than riding with this bunch of ignorant yobbos. My god, if Black Steve grabs my arse one more time I’ll bend his elbow backwards so far he’ll be able to fucking kiss it. And although Bike Mike doesn’t think I can hear him, my amazingly sharp Elven ears can pick it up every time he calls me “faggot-boy.” There are disadvantages to being better than the average human. I’ve even heard him and that randy bugger Mac discuss how I manage to wash my hair so often without them seeing it. Stupid little shites, just because dirt falls off of me doesn’t mean I’m a Mary Ann. Makes me wish I’d managed to hang onto Haldir or Elladan before the Valar put up the ban.

Wait, just remembered; I would’ve had to have had them both. Bent arse-fuckers. Bet they could ride, though.

Get on the bike, please; don’t look at the seat like it’ll bloody bite you on the arse.

Not that biting your arse would necessarily be a bad thing.

Oh shit, did I just think that?

“Um,” she says. She says that a lot. “Don’t you have a helmet or something?”

Helmet? What the fuck do I look like, an astronaut?

“You spent way too much time with Faramir,” I say firmly, shoving her toward the bike. “G’wan now, luv, or your lollies will melt.” She edges her arse up to the seat and I can’t help wondering
what the fuck kind of mental damage that unctuous git did to her. Helmet! Doesn’t she remember we’re fucking immortal? What the hell good would a helmet do? Then oh my god she had to part her legs to mount the bike I just said mount is she wearing black lace knickers or was that my imagination down boy! Belongs to Faramir belongs to Faramir belongs to MOTHERFUCKING FARAMIR oh my god I’m going to fucking kill him. Because I know that in another hundred years or so he’s going to come crawling back to her and the bloody knife will take him back, end of story.

Sometimes I hate my life. But then I get over it. I mean, what’s the point? Long-term, you know, mate. After all, it’s not so bleeding bad shimmying onto my chopper in front of her, feeling her thighs tighten around my hips, her hands on my waist. Yeah – things could be worse, mate. I kick-start and Buckeye shouts over the roar.

“RUNNIN’ OUT ON US FOR A WOMAN!” he yells.

“FUCK YOU!” I yell back, and for good measure give him the International Symbol of Goodwill as we peel out onto the pavement.
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incompressible British slang

Aaahhh. That’s more like it. Not open road, not really; not compared to, say I-10 coming through New Mexico. But 210 to San Dimas works. Better, at least, than fucking Pasadena. The Norton Simon can bloody well wait; haven’t even signed the contract yet. And the traffic bites but that’s the advantage to riding a motorcycle, mate; just hop on the verge and shoot past ’em. All those poor motherfuckers in their cars stopped alongside the motorway glaring at us. Envy us, gobshites, envy us! Envy me, uptight ankle-biter in the gray suit, I have thirty fucking six inches of black-stockinged legs wrapped around my hips and it feels fucking wonderful.

“What exit?” I yell over my headers.

“Grand!” she shouts back. What the fuck? Oh, Grand Avenue, I see the sign now. “Then left at Canyon!”

I shift back a little in the seat. That’s the best thing about riding a chopper, you get to lie back. And at the moment I’ve got two nice firm pillows to lie back on. Her arms are wrapped around my chest and her chin’s on my shoulder. The breeze is cooler up here, but the warmth of her body pressed against mine is a leetle too stimulating. Ah, her fingers just slipped inside my vest. Accident I’m sure, but still – oh bloody hell, what I wouldn’t give to have her –

All right, mate, that’s enough. Belongs to fucking Faramir, remember? Don’t hack off the Valar; they’re bloody creepy when they get shirty.

I’d forgotten how nice it feels to hold someone. Body heat – I’ve really missed it. And this is such a nice body to hold.

Oh, down, girl. Bad, bad Winnie.
I’m so pitiful. I’ve been celibate so long I even get turned on by a guy who’s just my friend – remember, Winn, just a friend; and a friend you’ve known for millennia. So he’s gorgeous; so what? Frances was gorgeous, too. Not quite the same kind of gorgeousness, of course. Frances was dark and hairy and intense and moody; Legolas is all smooth skin and sleek hair and brilliant smile. And potty-mouthed. I don’t really remember him having such a foul mouth four hundred years ago.

This is an odd motorcycle. I’ve seen them made like this, of course, with the long fronts and the fancy paint on the sides, but I can’t remember what they’re called and I’m not sure whether I like it or not. There’s no doubt I’m liking being out of the traffic, though. God, I’ve fought rush hour so many years you’d think I’d get used to it, but no – compared to the amount of time I’ve been moving around Arda it’s a drop in the bucket. One hundred years; so what? Crowds are crowds; Avignon got pretty clogged up when it was the Pope’s playground. That place was wild – whores
and traders and cardinals – but you couldn’t beat the wine. I remember the vineyards, row upon row of gnarled, twisty plants twined around wires, baking in the hot sun and being thrown about by the intense wind. Provence . . . Frances and I used to live there, back when I could still call him Faramir; we had a villa in Orange. Wonder whatever happened to that place?

In hindsight, I guess it was pretty foolish of me to let him take care of all of the financial decisions.

Legolas leans back a little, looks over his shoulder to change lanes. Those cheekbones, that jawline, those sweet pink lips; my face is reflected in his sunglasses and his hair is confined by the blue bandana. Long wisps snake out to tickle my neck. It feels like spun silk. Of course he’s right about the helmets. We can’t die unless the Valar allow us to. Frances went through a gloomy phase once, back around the Middle Ages, when Byzantium split; kept trying to hang himself but never died. Kept breathing and breathing and breathing. Scared the crap out of the villagers and we almost got burned as witches. Idiot – even I knew he couldn’t die.

Idiot? Selfish bastard. He was going to leave me even then. I can’t believe I didn’t see it coming.

Didn’t see this coming. I rest my chin on Legolas’ shoulder. It’s not big and beefy, but it has a nice ball of muscle coming down from his deltoids, and his arms are long and sculpted. You can see the bulge of his quadricep above the knee. His sculpted, ivory arms stretch out to hold the impossible chrome handles of this weird motorcycle. It’s painted in greens and oranges and black, to look like flames, and the gas tank looks like a big deformed teardrop. I can see the chrome letters, Harley Davidson, above the cap. Legolas turns his head to look at me and I can see my face reflected in his glasses.

My hair is a mess, but I don’t really care. Why should I? Legolas won’t care. He’s never so much as noticed the way I look in the thousands of years I’ve known him.

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Shit! She looks good. What a bit of all right she is, the little acushla. Hair’s all ruffled, lips and cheeks have color in them again. Much better. And it looks as though all that lovely wind has undone a couple of buttons on her shirt. Won’t fucking complain about that. I can see the top edge of her bra as it curves around one of her breasts. Nice curve that; very nice – hold hard, Leggsie, you’re fucking salivating again. Do not think of tongue tracing the curve, do not do not do not. Belongs to Faramir, belongs to Faramir, beware the rage of Oromë. So I’ll just caaaaaaaaassuuuuuuuallllllly lean back and press the back of my shoulder against them. Mmm – nice and firm.

Damn leather trousers. Ow.

“So,” I shout over the roar of my chopper. Really need to get those damn headers looked at.

“Why’d he leave you, then?” Why the hell did I ask her that now? Probably out of my pathetic
need to make conversation, even if I have to fucking yell to do it. Please don’t cry, Éowyn, I didn’t mean to hurt you, dammit. It’s just me, it’s just bloody Legolas after all, the world’s least tactful bish-up. When have I ever said anything gently? Bloody hell, you’d think after all these millennia – Mum was right; she used to tell people that if it went through my head, it came out my mouth. And it does, mate, it fucking does.

She doesn’t look too surprised; doesn’t even look hurt, thank the Valar. Just frowns at me. Can’t blame the bird; I’ve had foot-in-mouth disease longer than you’ve been alive, luv.

“How do you know he left me?” she shouts back.

I have to grin at that. “’Cause you’re not a fuckin’ idiot, and he is,” I yell.

She actually smiles. It’s only a sarky kind of smile, not a big bright one like she used to give me I don’t know how many fucking years ago; now it’s kind of lopsided, like it was stunted at birth. “Well,” she yells, “You’re right – he left me.”

“Why?” I ask again. I don’t know why we’re having this bloody pointless conversation now. Except it’s easier to yell embarrassing questions than to whisper them. I noticed that every time I was in some sort of stupid fucking battle; things soldiers would never have said at room volume got bawled across the trenches so that every bloody git could hear it. Éowyn apparently doesn’t mind my asking, though I notice she turns her head away and rests it on the back of my shoulder. Can’t complain about that, either, mate. I hear her voice in my ear, not shouting.

“He found someone else,” she says.

Fucking A, I knew it, I fucking knew it. It takes a lot to get me brassed off but that bleeder’s managed to do it. I can feel my chest get tight. “Stupid goddam bloody dumb-shit motherfucker,” I hear myself say. I can feel her cheek bunch up against my neck; she’s smiled again. That’s not the response I usually get from women when I talk like that. “Bet she’s a manky kerb-crawlin’ bitch,” I add, as though that’s supposed to be a comfort that Faramir would leave her for some greasy blart.

“It’s a he,” she says. She’s speaking softly, as though she doesn’t want me to hear. But my ears pick up things human ears don’t, and I bloody well heard it, all right, mate. Well. Fuck. Figures.

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I can’t believe I just told him that. But he did ask. And he has a right to know, I guess. I mean, if he ever runs across any of the other Chosen, he can tell them, warn them what Frances has been up to. Why isn’t he saying anything?

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Not a whole hell of a lot I can say to that.
At least he knows. I don’t know exactly why, but I feel better with him knowing. Not so much that I’ve gotten it off my chest –

Hmm, seem to have popped a few buttons here, speaking of chest. I ought to – oh hell, just leave it. I’m flashing my panties at everyone anyway; they may as well get an eyeful of my bra.

And also speaking of chest, if I move my hand like this it ought to slip inside his vest, and I’ll be able to see if his skin is as silky as it looks. I’ll make it look like an accident, though.

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Whoa. Bloody hell.

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Yep. Seems nice and soft.

Or maybe I told him because I want him to be mad at Frances too, want him to take my side for a change. People are so paranoid these days about saying anything derogatory concerning homosexuality. Just give a hint you’re pissed that your husband’s come out of the closet, and everyone calls you a gay-basher. Hey, if anyone deserves to bash a couple of gays, it’s me!

Leather’s kind of stiff, and the edges are crackling. I can feel it brush against the backs of my fingers.

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Mmmm. Nice. Bet it was an accident. When was the last time a woman touched my skin like that? Even a bloody accident is pretty fucking nice.

Ow, goddammit. Bloody trousers. No give at all.

What was I saying? Oh yeah . . . focus, mate, focus. Faramir’s a shirllifter. Okay. Explains a whole hell of a lot. Holy fucking shit. Poor kid. Oh fucking hell, her fingers are under my vest. Oh god oh god oh god, Valar help me, Faramir’s a fucking faggot. Why the hell am I not surprised? All right. Focus. Light’s green. Um. Turning, turning left? Yeah, left at Canyon. Here we go. Damn. A poofa. Didn’t fucking see that one coming.

Oh. Bugger. I know she doesn’t want to fucking fall off but does she have to slide both hands under my vest?
Mmmm, nice and warm. Soft, soft skin over hard, hard muscle. Speaking of hard – oh, stop it, Winn, he’s just a friend, just a friend doing you a favor. I can’t help it if he’s handsome. Well, not handsome exactly. Beautiful? Pretty? Pretty works I guess, if pretty can be masculine too. Nothing girly about him, except maybe the hair, but it feels like liquid gold against my throat and I’m sure not going to begrudge him that.

Skin on skin. Yes. Oh damn, I’m getting excited. Shit.

Oh Éowyn, don’t don’t don’t tighten your thighs like that, don’t hold on so tight – aw, shit, bugger, bloody hell. Bad enough I’ve got your tits up against my back, bad enough I got a peep of them under your bra, bad enough your fingers are curled around my ribcage, bad enough my jacksie is far back enough on the seat to be nestled so nicely in that warm place between your legs . . . squeezing my fucking hips with your thighs just reminds me of the last time I went on the pull – when the hell was that, 1905? Busy century it’s been, haven’t had time to play at the fucklesticks like I used to. Gawd, my gooies are tight. Stupid fucking leather trousers. All right, mate, just focus. Focus. Remember what Oromë looks like when he’s cheesed off. Just the fucking sight of a Vala having the screaming abdabs is enough to cool me down.

Or not. Gotta get my plunker to calm down here. Shit, I need a fag. Where the fuck are my lollies? Think about something else, think about something else . . .

“Turn right here,” I yell over the roar of the motorcycle. It’s cooler up here above the valley, and my fingers were cold. I can tell Legolas that if he asks why I’ve got them under his vest. Warm in here. Warm up against him. If only he were anyone else – I’d be grinding up against him like a teenager. As it is, I just remember what Aragorn told me back when we were living in Greece – “Whatever you do, don’t mess with an Elf?” Well, he’d know, wouldn’t he? But at the time I thought it meant, “Don’t piss off an Elf,” now I’m not so sure he wasn’t just saying, “Don’t get involved with one.” Though he and Arwen seemed very happy.

I wonder if making love to an Elf is different than making love to a human? I’m sure they have all the matching parts – fit tab A into slot B, after all, Aragorn and Arwen reproduced – but wouldn’t they go about it a different way? They may be humanoid but they sure the hell aren’t human. I watched Legolas once, back before the Romans ruined the Celts, standing on a white cliff, staring off into the sea. The sky was slate-gray, the wind whipped his white-blond hair around his head, and his eyes . . . I couldn’t look him in the eye for weeks after that. Creepy. And he just stood there, perfectly still, all day. When I asked Arwen what he was doing, she just got this odd look on her face and told me not to ask her. So I asked Gimli and he just said, “Listening.” “Listening to what?” I asked. He gave me another odd look – come to think of it, every time I ask one of the Chosen about Legolas I get odd looks – and he, too, told me not to ask.

Weird.
The Eldar are mostly gone, and I missed my opportunity to get to understand them much, but even their two remaining representatives – despite how long I’ve known them – are too deep for me, too profound. I will never understand the depths of their knowledge, their abilities, their intensity, their subtlety.

“When danger reared its ugly head, Sir Robin boldly turned and fled, brave brave brave brave Sir Robin . . . “

This machine didn’t seem so loud when we were on the highway, but now we’re getting close to my neighborhood I feel like it’s going to rattle my eardrums off. Doesn’t it hurt Legolas’ ears? His hearing is so much better than mine. Or maybe it’s his ears that are better, not his hearing.

I love the look of his ears. Curved, folded, delicate, like leaves, like shells. Translucent, sweeping. I’d love to touch them, but Arwen mentioned once they’re very sensitive, so I guess I’d better not. Damn.

“Yes, brave Sir Robin turned about, he turned his tail, he chickened out. Bravely taking to his feet, he beat a very brave retreat, hmm, hmm, hmmm . . . “ Bloody hell, how’d I get this bally tripe running in my head? Been years since I watched Python. Wonder if Éowyn’s got it on DVD? Wouldn’t mind seeing it again.

I wonder what he’s thinking right now? I wonder if he’s even noticed I’m pressed up so hard against him? Probably not – it’s that Elven detachment; they must know how different they are from us and purposefully distance themselves to protect themselves. It’s not like I could ever really understand him. After all, the Eldar are the perfection, the First born of the Valar; they’re the pinnacle, the zenith of Arda. We mortals – all right, so technically I’m not a mortal any more – we humans, rather, are incapable of grasping the fineness, the subtlety, the profundity of their thoughts.
“Brave Sir Robin ran away, bravely ran away, when danger reared his ugly head, he bravely turned his tail and fled . . . “

I’d better snap out of it or we’ll miss the turn. Yep, there’s the entrance to my neighborhood. I hate this place. Hell, I hate my whole life right now; it sucks so bad I can kind of understand why Frances wanted out.

“Turn in here!” I yell, pointing to the sign. Of course, I oh so casually dragged the palm of my hand across his chest before I did that . . . wanted to linger on that pink puckered nipple but that would’ve looked, um, a little obvious.

Shame on you, Winnie, copping a feel like that. Down, girl!

“Brave, brave, brave, brave Sir Rob – “ FUCKING HELL! Shit! Woah, mate, talk about your knock-up call! All right, all bloody right I’m fucking paying attention already! My sainted aunt, almost went arse over tit that time.

Nottingham Estates, what a fucking joke. But it’s better than Hampshire Meadowes or Waterbury Cove or all that other soppy shit people call neighborhoods in the suburbs. Doesn’t look a fucking bit like Nottingham. Hell, I should know. Spent the best century of my life in what used to be called Sherwood Forest. Robin Hood my arse. Though Yellowstone’s nice this time of year, too.

All right, Winn, better not put on a show for the neighbors. Bad enough I’m riding down my street on the back of a Harley-Davidson, but feeling up the biker who’s giving me a ride might make people talk a bit. Take your hands out of his vest and put them somewhere else.

Where?

Shit, anywhere! Put them – um – oh; just rest them on his hips. He won’t even notice.
Ooooh, bloody hell, that’s even better . . .

 Damn, there’s Mary Jackson getting her mail, she’s heard us, she’s looking up, she’s oh crap she’s recognized me. Smile and wave. Like being in a Shriners’ parade or something. Although the look on her face is priceless!

Never pictured Éowyn ending up in an oofy place like this. I dunno, it’s sort of too fucking bourgeois for her. She was all horses and swords and politics and righting wrongs for all those millennia.

Bet Fairy-Meer bought this place. Lumme, looks just like him, the poncy ankle-biter. Little shite always was all mouth and trousers.

All right, now. This is it, mate. Give it a rest already, she doesn’t need to hear you dish the fucking dirt on her bendy ex all the time. But that abso-fuckin-lutely bollocks me. What that bloody tosser was thinking . . . I mean, gorgeous, funny, pukka horsewoman, what the fuck was he faffing off about? What I wouldn’t give —

Give over; it’s hopeless, no fucking use you thinking about it, mate. The Valar put her and Fairy-Meer together and it’s up to them to fix the cock-up, not I.

Bugger.

Well, and now there’s Mr. and Mrs. Burnie; that means it’ll be all over the homeowner’s association in no time. Isn’t there a meeting at the clubhouse this week? I can’t remember . . . Not that I ever go anyway. That was Frances’ thing. He loved sticking his nose into everything.

Except me.

Oops, shouldn’t have thought that. Not all men like oral sex. He certainly didn’t.

I wonder if -- ?
NO! Don’t even think it! Geez louise, I can’t even imagine Legolas going down on someone. That picture just won’t focus. He’s too perfect and pretty and oh I don’t know, I just can’t see it somehow. But I bet –

No. No. No. Stop thinking about it.

Shit. I can’t.

“That’s my house, number thirty-one forty-five.”

Oh bloody hell, this is suburbia at its worst. She even has a fucking rosebush at her letterbox. Not that it’s in great condition – I can hear it whimpering from here. And that poor Bradford Pear – what the fuck is she doing to it? Probably hasn’t seen a bloody bit of fertilizer in years.

I may not be able to fix her marriage, but I sure the fuck can do something about this manky garden.

Wait, what makes me think I’m staying? Hold hard, mate; all you’re fucking doing is driving her home. You got the story about Fairy-Meer, and that was all you asked her for. You drop her off, mate, say cheers, and ride off into the fucking sunset. That’s all you’ve ever done, you sod.

But, bloody hell . . . I can’t just leave her like this. Shit, she’s all browned off, I can tell; I ought to at least have a cuppa with her to make sure she doesn’t go spare on us. Don’t know why she’s been in hiding all these centuries, but it’s time for it to stop.

Probably won’t want to talk about it. Bugger that, she’ll talk to me. I’ll fucking make her.

All right. We’re here. Cut the motor. Time to get those god! damn! legs! from around my waist. Now, if I were only facing the other way –

Down, boy!

Damn trousers.

See a little face peeping over the slats of that fence; bloody nosy-parkers. She’s starting to dismount don’t look don’t look don’t look oh fuck I looked and got an eyeful of black lace knickers. Fuck. Just smile at her, mate, smile nice and friendly-like, don’t let her know you’ve got a stiff willy on for her. She’d never fucking forgive me.

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God, I need to get laid. I wish Legolas were human. I’d know what to say then.

Who is that -- ? Oh, it’s Mr. Davis. Wave, smile, try to straighten hair out. I must be a mess.
Shit, she looks good.

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He’s just given me the nicest little-boy smile. So sweet, so fresh, so untouched . . . he’s always had this adorable innocence about him. I mean, I know he’s not “innocent,” he’s killed more men in his time than Hitler, and I remember Pippin telling me he was shacked up with a hooker back in 300 BC or so, where was he living then, China? Manchuria? I can’t remember. But “adorable” works. I’d just love to pinch those cheeks . . .

Hmm, those cheeks, too. Man, I love leather pants. And he’s wearing the hell out of them. Mmm . . . Elven ass. I could get used to that.

“Got your market bags,” he’s saying. I need to stop lusting after him! Although it’s pretty nice watching how the muscles in his arms flex when he picks up my groceries. Ah, it’s the little things in life we get the most pleasure from.

“Thanks,” I say. I walk up to the front door. Should I invite him in? I know I was going to offer him a drink, but that motorcycle ride has gotten me so hot and bothered I’m not sure if it’d be wise. What if I slip up? What if I accidentally offer him a piece of ass instead of wine in a glass?

Do I have any wine left? I can’t remember . . .

I was expecting him to stand behind me while I unlock the door, but instead he’s hitched himself up on the doorjamb, grinning down at me. Wow. He’s delicious. Damn.

“Well?” he asks.

What the hell -- ? “Well, what?” I ask.

“Aren’t you going to invite me in for drinkies?” he asks, still grinning.

Fuck, I’m a bloody cocky shite. Usually works, though.

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WHOOPPEEEE!

Okay, don’t look excited; look calm and sarcastic and cool. Be cool, yeah, that’s it. Don’t let him see how thrilled you are that he’s coming in for a drink. He’d think I was some pathetic horny loser.
Which I am. But I’d rather he didn’t know that. The Shieldmaiden of Rohan is better than that. Stronger! Smarter! Braver! Better!

Oh hell, I’m in deep shit.

“Would you like to come in and have a drink?” I ask, smiling. Oh yes, I can be cool and collected. Just don’t think about grabbing a handful of that truly delectable Elven ass. Maybe just a little tweak of the nipple, though.

Yikes! I can’t believe I just thought that!

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Oh, all right, little acushla, I saw that glint in your eyes. I’m on to you now . . .

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“Love to, darlin’,” he says, still grinning at me. Darling? Where the hell has he been the past hundred years? And why haven’t I been with him? Damn, I wonder if he’s good in bed? Wish I could’ve asked that Chinese hooker. But considering she’s been dead for about two thousand four hundred years, I guess I missed my opportunity.

That must be awful, having all your lovers die on you. Though having them leave you and not die is a lot worse.

I open the front door and we step into the foyer. It’s chilly in here, and dark too; I hate coming home to a dark house. Where’s Dorcas? She’s usually home by now. Did she say anything this morning before work about her going out? I can’t remember.

I have to reach behind him to shut the door. He looks very incongruous here, leather and long hair and big shit-stomping boots. Smells good, though – like hot dirt roads and dry grass and – what is that scent – it’s very faint – pine?

Okay. Back off. Drink. No, groceries first, then drink. My ice cream’s probably nothing but a big puddle of goo right now. Shit, it was Bryers©, too.

He’s looking around at the house; he looks a little puzzled. I don’t blame him. I can’t believe I live in this monstrosity, either.

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Holy fucking shit, what the bloody hell did they need with all this space? Was Fairy-Meer just showing off? Just like him, the bleeder. What’s this then; pink walls? Pink marble floor? Silk floral arrangements? A fucking alabaster statue? And is that a white leather lounge and a dhurrie rug in that salon? Fuck, feel like I just walked into a furniture shop.
Except for the litter of papers and shit on the desk over there. All right, that looks more like it. Oh, leave it out; a fake Mondrian in a gilt frame – please, please tell me you didn’t pick this shit out yourself, Éowyn.

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He’s being awfully quiet, looking around, taking everything in. Oh man, I hope he doesn’t approve of this terrible decorating job. Please hate pink, Legolas, I beg you.

Whoever decorated this place ought to be fucking shot. I have never seen so much pink in my life.

Well, not since I left Boca Raton. But still.

I wonder if she did it herself? Or hired a professional? Either way it’s bloody awful. Wait – bet Fairy-Meer did it. It’s too feminine to be done by a woman. Has to be a gay man’s work. Yeah, mate, bet you a tenner that’s it.

Ah, that’s a little better – I can live with this kitchen. Fucking awful color scheme but oh yeah, look at all this room! And the cooker! And the number of hobs on the cook top! Ah, stainless steel, a gourmand’s wet dream.

“Didn’t know you were a cook,” I say, putting the carrier bags next to the basin. She’s standing next to me, a little too close, acushla; you don’t really know what you’re doing to me, now, do you? I can smell you, smell the perfume you put on this morning, smell the citrussy shampoo you use.

“I’m not,” she says deprecatingly, starting to rummage through the bags. “Frances was the chef. This was his house.”

“Ah, figures,” I say without thinking. Oh please, don’t let her like fucking pink. She looks at me in surprise, but I can see a hint of relief there, too. “Doesn’t look like your kind of place, darlin’,” I add, giving her another one of those grins. Arwen calls them “charming asshole” grins. Aragorn just leaves off the “charming” part. Hell, maybe they’re both right.

She glances round, tins of beans in each hand. “Yeah, it’s kind of pink, isn’t it?” she says, and makes a face, wrinkling up her little conk and smiling. Oh yes, luv, you’re a bit of all right in my book. Haven’t noticed yet your shirt’s come undone, have you? Ah, and I’m not about to bloody tell you, either. Longer I can see the delectable curve of your breasts under that thin silk the better, my pet.

“Don’t like pink, do you?” I ask hopefully, emptying the carriers and putting the food on the counter. Tins, tins, tins, frozen meal, shit, doesn’t she know how to fucking cook anything? Or maybe she hasn’t enough time; looks like she’s up against the wall, really. Tired. No reason for it. Maybe I can help her out there.

Yeah, right. Get off it, mate. Like she’d want to have some pikey’s ronson planted on her lounge day in, day out. Belongs to Faramir belongs to Faramir belongs to Faramir oh fuck it, why can’t I have her now that the bloody bender’s thrown her over? Don’t think the Valar mentioned this. Should’ve posted a fucking instruction manual, What to Do When One of the Chosen Has His
Plonker up Another Fecker's Arse. I wonder what Manwë would tell me if I asked him his permission to roger her senseless? Not that she’d bloody ask me, of course.

But the way she looked at me when she was unlocking the front door –

No, just my fucking imagination. Bugger.

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Do I like pink? No, I hate pink; I’ve always hated it! Frilly, poofy, wimpy, girly color, how I hate it. “No, of course not,” I say. I can’t keep the indignation out of my voice. “I told you, this was Frances’ house. One of his gay friends decorated it for him.” I sigh. I can’t help it. It still hurts me to think of my husband with someone else. “I should’ve guessed then he didn’t exactly like girls,” I say. Surprisingly enough I sound mad, not weepy. Well, I am mad, dammit! Don’t I have a right to be? I’ve spent the last four years crying and now it’s time to get over it. I look over at Legolas. He’s looking at me thoughtfully, those bright blue eyes watching me, contemplating me. Oh, that makes me nervous; what is he thinking? Is he thinking I’m a resentful bitch? A pathetic loser? What?

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Shit, she’s gorgeous when she’s shirty. Always was. She’d screw up her lower lip, grit her teeth together, grab that sword and whammo! Fucking A, no wonder Fairy-Meer couldn’t handle her. Too much woman for that shirtlifter.

“Why are you calling him Frances?” I ask. Fucking prissy name anyway.

She shrugs, turns to the pantry and starts stacking up her tins. “He decided a long time ago we needed to fit in, stop using our real names,” she says. She’s bending over to put a tin on the lower shelf oh bloody HELL I wish she hadn’t done that. Oh my fucking aunt those legs, try not to imagine them wrapped around your waist STOP IT STOP IT STOP IT!

Ow ow ow, shit fuck hell, goddam leather trousers!

Think about something else, think about something else. All right, mate. Frances explained. “So what’d he call you, luv?” I ask, hiding my bulge behind a carrier bag.

Another sarky grimace. Fuck, I love her facial expressions. “Winnie,” she says.

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I dare you to laugh, asshole.
Oh bloody hell, I can’t help it, I’m laughing. She’s brassed off, I can tell, but oh fuck that’s awful. Stop laughing stop laughing stop laughing! “Sorry,” I snort, covering my mouth. Oh shit, bet she’s cheesed at me now.

Oh, I love his laugh. And I love the way his eyes light up when he thinks something’s funny. And I love his mouth when he smiles. Those sweet pink lips, those white California-boy teeth, that little dimple on his right cheek. Oh, he is delicious.

Guess that means I’ve forgiven him for laughing at my awful name.

“I refuse to call you ‘Winnie,’ darlin’,” he says, still grinning at me. “Shit, that’s a fuckin’ awful name. What the fuck was he thinking?”

“Well, if you won’t call me ‘Winnie,’ what will you call me then?” I ask, putting the ice cream away. I give it an experimental squeeze. Ah, perfect – still firm.

Like to give the Elven Ass a squeeze. Bet it’s perfectly firm, too.

“Well, I’ve called you ‘darlin’’ and ‘luv,’ but I’m pretty partial to just ‘Éowyn,’” he says, eyes twinkling. “After all that’s your bloody name, always has been. Can’t just start calling you something else, now, can I?”

“Not even a nickname?” I ask, my voice deepening. Oh geez, I just gave him the wiggly-flirty-eyebrow thing. I haven’t used that move in a while. And am I really standing here, legs spread, my fist on my hip? I bet I look like a real dork.

That’s right, poppet, slag me off! Fucking hell, are you sharking me? I haven’t been this randy in – oh, fuck, she just lifted her chin like she used to, when she was throwing her hair behind her shoulder, looking down her nose at me. That sarky, snarky, go-to-hell look; I always loved it but now it’s giving me the cold chills.

Or not so cold. Bloody hell.
He’s grinning now, has a funny gleam in his eye. Is he coming on to me? I can’t tell, been so long since a decent-looking guy has even looked at me.

Wish that plastic bag wasn’t in the way. I’d love to see up close how well those pants really fit him.

“Call you poppet, may I?” he says. “Or acushla. Or kife, or ducky, or pet. Call you all those things, if you like . . . Éowyn.” Now he’s saying my name like he means it, and oh it sounds nice rolling off his tongue. And oh how his lips stretch over those vowels! Frances – Faramir – always made it sound like EEE-winn, which I hated; Legolas says AY-oh-when, like his tongue is caressing the word.

Tongue – caressing – okay, I could get into that.

Now it’s my turn to consider. I make a big deal out of it, looking up at the ceiling, tapping my foot on the floor. Nice foot, nice high heel, makes my legs look about two miles long. Wonder if he’s even noticed? I don’t know, the way he’s been looking at me the past few minutes –

Shit, would I love to find out how far up those legs really go. That little skirt isn’t nearly short enough.

“Hmm, poppet, ducky, pet . . . what were those other ones?” I look over at him. He’s dropped his chin a little, looking up at me through his winged eyebrows, a half-smile smirked all over his face. He pushes himself up off the edge of the counter and starts stalking over to me. Stalking, that’s it; each step seems so measured, so careful. He uncrosses his arms and that red vest splits open. I can see the flat muscles of that beautifully taut stomach, the curling dent of his navel, a few golden hairs glinting below it, leading to the extremely impressive lump in the front of those glossy black pants.

Don’t look, don’t look, don’t look –

Oh, what the hell.

Fuck, she’s checking out my package.
Well, that ought to have been pretty obvious to him. I’d better look up at his face and see if he’s pissed, or embarrassed, or something.

Of course, the fact that he’s still prowling up to me is pretty indicative of his interest. How close is he going to come? Oooh, boy, I think I’ve bitten off more than I can chew here. His eyes have gotten all dark and cloudy and he’s got this feral look on his face –

Man, he’s tall. I don’t notice it normally, but he’s standing so close to me I have to tip my head way up to look at him. And that is definitely pine I smell on him. And leather. Oh lord, gotta love the leather. He’s got this, this odd smile on his face – dangerous – predatory. Don’t back up don’t back up, stand your ground, dammit! You are the Shieldmaiden of Rohan, the daughter of kings! You fought before the gates of Minas Tirith, you slew the Fell Beast and the Witch-King! You are powerful! You are perilous!

You are in over your head!

Mayday!
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

3.

All right, mate, steady. Back off. Don’t scare her. She’s hurting, she’s browned off, she needs space and understanding and tenderness and, and –

Bugger that. Fuck, she smells fucking great. And those lips, red red red, lush like berries, just begging to be bitten into –

*****

He’s looking at my mouth, oh my god, Dorcas told me that when guys want to kiss you they look at your mouth, oh shit he’s going to kiss me, oh no oh no oh no –

*****

Fuck! I can’t do this to her. If I shag her right now it’ll be because I’ve fucking nobbled it, taken advantage of her. Fuck, I can’t do that. Oh, bloody hell.

Back off. Back off. Don’t bish this up, mate. You can’t fucking do this. It’s worth too much. She’s one of the Chosen. The Valar are watching out for her. They decide her fate, not I. Not I. Not even to – to – to relieve tension a little. Her tension, of course. Not mine. I mean . . .

Oh holy fucking shit, I need something in my mouth. Where the fuck are my lollies? Why the fuck did I quit smoking?

Oh – because it's bad for me. Right. That was it. Shit.

*****

Hey –

*****

All right, mate. Enough. Back up a touch. That's right. No need to spook her. Look at her, her pupils dilated, lips parted, cheeks all rosy, hair all mussed –

Fuck, don’t look at her, then.
-- isn’t he going to kiss me?

“Acushla,” I say, smiling as best I can when I feel like my fucking testicles are going to explode. “And kife. Though that last one is probably not the politest thing to call someone like you.”

“Someone like me?” she asks. Her eyes look a little glazed, like a deer in the headlamps. Oh shit I want to kiss her.

“Yes. One of the Chosen. The Shieldmaiden of Rohan, sister of the king. Too informal, luv.” She looks surprised. Of course I fucking remember, darling; how could I forget? Your tale even made it into the traditional legends of China, the woman-warrior in disguise.

“What does ‘acushla’ mean?” she asks. Her eyes have drifted down, they’re looking at my chest, somewhere in the collarbone region. Touch me there again, please. My skin was on fire when you did. Then her eyes look up at mine, they’re grey, as Chaucer said, grey as glass. Deep, flecked with silver, rimmed with thick black lashes. Oh, fuck. Oh, bugger.

“A cuisle,” I say. It’s bloody hard to even speak when it feels like her hands are around my bollocks. “Irish. Means ‘heart beat,’ luv.”

“Oh!” Her eyes dart down to my lips and her tongue oh so fucking slowly runs across her lower lip, oh no oh no oh no. She wants me to bloody kiss her. Oh, shit. Oh, bugger. “‘Acushla.’” She giggles, one hand touches the edge of my vest, plays with the split. Ought to get the damn thing fixed. “Sounds like I should say, ‘Bless you’ after you say it.”

“Ah, no ‘acushla,’ then,” I smile. That’s better, relieve this fucking uncomfortable tension a little. Laughter is the best medicine. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Wait – no, it doesn’t. Absence makes it bloody hard to catch up. Especially when this little bit is getting my todger up and running. The only thing absence did was make me bloody well forget how fucking gorgeous she is. Damn. And now she’s available. Double damn! Well, perhaps not really available. Have to ask Whitey about that. Shit, means I’ll have to fucking wait. Bugger!

Her fingers are wandering up the front of my vest, little pink fingers against the rough red leather. Like feathers on my skin. Don’t touch me don’t touch me don’t touch me. I’m not fucking allowed to touch you back.

At least, I don’t think I am . . . but the Valar didn’t really say –

Shit! What were we talking about? I can’t remember!

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. . . What were we talking about?

Oh yeah, nicknames. Um. No, no acushla. Though it has a neat, exotic sound to it. Like him. Exotic, unusual, mysterious, sexy. I love the smell of old leather. Especially when it’s encasing old Elf.

Old Elf – hah! Sounds like a bad cologne.
Frances – Faramir used to wear cologne. Awful stuff. But Legolas – he smells like, like trees, and grass, and dirt, and there’s a pungent sweetness to him too – not pine – I can’t think what it is, but it reminds me of Christmas, and roast lamb. I can’t remember! Too many years go by, too much stuff to remember, it all blurs . . .

What am I doing? I’m touching his clothes – I really, really shouldn’t. But I really, really want to. Bad Éowyn!


Bet Legolas would let me have horses.

Wait! What am I saying? That this would be more than – More than what? A one-night stand? Not that he’s going to do anything. Thought he was going to kiss me there for a second, but nothing ever came of it.

Damn.

“Well?” he asks. I look up at him. Whoops. Still touching his clothes. Oops. He’s smiling, though. I smile back. Not easy when all my lips want to do is latch themselves onto his collarbone and give him a mongo hickie. Whoa! Down, girl!

“Well what?” I ask, though I’m teased by the vague recollection of having said something like this before.

“What shall I call you, luv?” he murmurs. His eyes are so intense they’re almost glowing. They are glowing. My hand is still playing with the edge of his vest. He looks down at it, but just as I’m about to move it off he covers it with is own. Long, white, nimble fingers, long narrow palm, soft and warm. The fingers close over mine, press my hand against his chest. I feel his heartbeat, strong, steady. Oh. Shit.

“Éowyn,” I say. It hardly comes out at all, I have to whisper it. Ay-oh-when.

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It’s like a breath, all those vowels. A breeze, a sudden stirring of leaves in dappled branches that have been motionless for uncounted ages.

My heart was made to beat forever. There is no corruption, no mortality in my flesh. The blood that stirs in me is faultless, immaculate, unchanging. My eyes see as they always have, my ears hear what has always been heard. What my fingers touch is merely the decayed and regenerated matter of perpetuity. It is no conceit. I have always known this. It is what separates me from the rest of the denizens of a damaged creation. The frenzied flutter of the mortal heartbeat, the frantic breaths for doomed lungs, the grasping for pleasure at the expense of perfection. But not for me. Not for us. For the Eldar is reserved the capacity to commit entirely, wholly, unreservedly. We know what it means, after all. It is surrender. Surrender to the unseeing void of infinity. Eternity swells its waves at us, deep waters, blackness far from the sun, tenanted by unknown horrors. We plunge, we descend, spiral down into the darkness to sands untouchable. It is submission. We relinquish the care of our eternal souls to the fate of Time. It sucks us down, pulls us, crushes the air from our immortal lungs, presses its immediacy upon us. And then – then – then the waters part, our bodies lifted up, light-steeped, joy-drenched. It is death to submit, but a glorious death that is undying. For loyalty is repaid, though briefly; allegiance rewarded, our labors renewed. I hear the voices of my people affirming this. It is a constant drumming upon my ears. Ever I hear it, this pulse of waves; it swells and recedes with each generation of the doomed.

I do not wish to submit to it. But it is madness by solitude that is the penalty.

So I take up the mortal’s hand before me and bring it to my lips.
“Éowyn,” I say.

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What – was that? I feel as though the earth just moved under my feet. It wasn’t him kissing my hand, either. It was –

Oh god. His eyes. It’s there again. He’s – what was it Gimli told me? He’s Listening.

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The Edan feels it. She cannot hear them but she senses their presence.

******************************************************************************

Oh, shit.

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The promises that bound her in immortality have been broken. It is the treason of a corporeal heart stretched by ages, unable to submit to the deeps. Sorrow is there, unfathomable, perpetual. The curse of those incapable of surrender. It is the doom of those powerless to succumb to the design that they are cut off, forsaken, derelict of duty and compliance and the ecstasy that is its hallmark. I can do nothing to repair this betrayal. It is to the aid of the one damaged by the unfaithful Chosen that I am now called. The current finds me, the swells pull at me. Long have I gazed unchanging at the wheeling stars; now I am summoned to sink once again into the blackness, feel the temporal world whirling about me. And as always, I obey.

I take a deep breath. I plunge. The black water pulls me down.

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“Éowyn.”

Oh god, I can see something in his eyes, something in his face, he’s not here, he’s somewhere else, hearing something else. Where is he? Pupils swollen, gaze abstracted, lips parted, cheeks flushed –

Come back! Come back! Where are you? Oh shit this is creeping me out; no wonder Aragorn told me not to mess with Elves, oh shit I don’t understand this at all, maybe if I say his name he’ll snap out of it –

“Legolas!”
I sink. All is black. But the voices that throb against my ears soothe me. It is the same. This incorruptible flesh is stronger than the pulsing rush. Once again my reward is near me. The Valar bless me, the light of the Two Trees shines upon me. I issue forth into happiness, for it is my just due.

But I no longer care. It is my submission I crave. I am only a tool. My name, my memories, my deeds of valor and might pass away. For me it is only the turning tide, the flow and surge of eternity, the endless circling stars in the void.

Touch me. Bless me, O Elbereth. Give your word to me. Set the light of the stars into my very skin. Illuminate me, that I may bring light to a broken world.

One word, and all becomes light once more.

“Legolas!”

Ah.

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Holy shit, if I thought the world moved before -- !

It’s like the biggest rubber band in the world, stretched out into space, suddenly snapped back to earth. Bang, he’s here! Oh shit, what am I doing? This is an Elf, one of the fucking Eldar, and here I’ve been thinking about screwing him? Forget the perfect skin, sculpted body, sweeping ears, flowing hair, all of a sudden it occurs to me that this beautiful creature standing in front of me, pressing the palm of my hand to his lips, is NOT HUMAN.

And I’m scared shitless.

Not to mention horny as hell.

It must be the way his lips have opened up against my palm. I can feel his breath, sweet immortal breath, all over my hand; the edges of his teeth brush against my skin; and then oh my god the touch of his tongue, warmer even than the hand holding my palm to his face. Just the hot wet point of the tongue, touching, circling, pressing –

Ooooooooooohhh shit . . .

An arm just slipped around my waist. There’s a hand on my back. I can feel its warmth seeping through my shirt. The fingers won’t stay still, they’re kneading, circling, stroking. I’m pressed against a body. When did I close my eyes? Long, taut, firm, warm, sinuous body. Mmmm . . . nice.

Hey, someone just moaned in here.

Oh. That was me.

Damn, that lovely lovely tongue stopped licking my hand. I may have to lodge a complaint about that. It ought to –

Whoa, okay, that’s better. Never thought I’d like having my fingers nibbled on but this is not bad at all, especially when Mr. Tongue gets involved, running his little wet self up my middle finger to WOAH! Okay, that was – strangely erotic, never had my fingers sucked on either. Makes my insides all jumpy, like they weren’t kicking around before, only this time it’s OH HOLY SHIT he did it again, took my whole damn finger into that hot wet mouth, pulling, I can feel the tongue curling around my knuckle, oh shit oh shit oh shit the tip of the tongue is flicking against that flap of skin between my middle and index finger and it’s doing the strangest things to my – my – oh my god all of a sudden I am reeeallly noticing my labia and the way the lace tickles up against it,
whoa what is this sudden rush of heat –

It almost hurts, or tickles or itches or something, maybe if I press it up against this warm yielding body in front of me –


Mr. Tongue is getting very adventurous. He’s left the fingers completely and seems to be exploring the inside of my wrist. Oh. He’s invited the teeth to join him.

Yes. That’s nice. Oh. Move your hips to the ---

-- oh --

Mr. Tongue and his Tooth Entourage are enjoying the inside of my arm. My arm is enjoying their visit too, I have to admit. Reached the junction of upper and lower, the pulse point –

-- ah --

Lips capture the loose soft skin, suckle it into the mouth, I can feel my heartbeat thrumming against his tongue. Whoever is moaning in here ought to shut up, very rude. Must be the hard bulgy thing moving around against that hot spot I seem to have acquired, the one where my legs join my body. I can’t decide whether it’s uncomfortable or not, though I think it’d be worse if we weren’t pressed so close together. Yes, definitely better when there’s that bit of movement and pressure, see –

Oh yes, he saw too; I can feel the vibration of his groan against my skin. Tongue and teeth and lips have encountered sleeve and have had to stop their climb up my arm; however as they are skimming along my collarbone and nipping at the base of my neck I guess I can’t complain, especially since the –

Oooh, yes, that’s very nice. Yes, right under the ear. Mmmm . . . teeth on skin, oh god oh god how I’ve missed that, not that it ever felt like this, this is better, hotter, more intense, oh god I’m shaking all over, move your hand your hand down to my oh yes that’s it, long fingers flexing and pressing against my ass, pushing me up against your OH MY GOD yes yes yes do that again that felt wonderful maybe if I do the little hip-grindy thing on my own he’ll decide to OH

-- yes --

I’m having an awfully hard time breathing here, between that nimble hand exploring my ass, the hot wet mouth traveling inexorably up my throat and oh my goodness that white-hot heat radiating out from my pelvic area; you’d think I was a crib girl the way I’m twisting and moaning and grinding against him. If I let go I can forget how inhuman he is, how his unearthly eyes glow deep within, don’t think about it don’t think about it oh wait what was I not thinking about? And how did my skirt get pulled up over my hips, when did that happen? Not that I can complain, it’s giving those marvelous fingers delicious purchase all over my waist and my back and my ass and my OH

MY

GOD

Did he just touch me there oh shit I can’t believe it

I jumped right into his hand too, oh holy shit that felt MARVELOUS my heartbeat is hammering so hard against my sternum I think it’s going to leap right out of my chest I can hardly breathe, wait what is that hard cold thing against my ass oh it’s the kitchen table his hands are on my waist he’s lifting me up, oh that’s much better, getting off my feet, didn’t realize how tired they were standing in those heels, think I’ll just kick them off here, yes that’s much much better oooohhhhhhh yes
He’s just parted my knees, settled himself right up against me, that’s even better than it was before, now he’s biting my jaw, his hands are trembling, they’re working at the elastic band of my pantyhose, he’s struggling to push it down over my ass and my legs oh dammit I’m never wearing pantyhose again, too inconvenient, maybe if I shift over a little – oh yes that worked, oh wait he pulled –

Ooops

Down came my panties oh god oh god oh god what am I doing? This is too serious, this is too fast, I can’t I can’t I can’t, oh yes touch me there, oh holy shit no one’s touched my breasts in such a long time I can’t remember, his long fingers kneading and pushing, other hand is on my stomach, oohh to have his fingers on my bare skin I can’t care anymore, I just want him to do it, just do it, like that Nike commercial, do it do it do it I don’t fucking care what a freak of nature you are I can’t take this PRESSURE ANYMORE! He’s pushing my back onto the table, I can feel his weight on me, warm lean silky stomach his hair falling like a curtain across my shoulder it tickles, his breath is hot and ragged on my throat, he’s groping at something between my legs, not touching me but I can feel it moving, what’s he doing

– oh –

that’s what he’s doing, he’s unzipped his pants, he’s – he’s –

this is it there’s no going back now not that I want to go back oh hurry up hurry up put it in quick quick before I explode I’m practically fucking whimpering oh god I’m so pathetic I don’t care I need this I need this I need this

DON’T STOP NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING???

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

stop stop stop stop stop stop stop stop you can’t do this stop mate stop don’t do this what if she doesn’t want I don’t dare do this if she doesn’t really I have to know stop stop stop

oh fuck what’s her name again, my tongue’s gone all wonky

“Éowyn!”

Yes, that’s it. Try to say it without whining, though the way you’re wound up mate I’m surprised your bollocks haven’t crawled up your throat. Pull back, pull back damn you! Though the way she’s digging her fingers into my arms makes it a little hard.

Make that a LOT hard –

She opens her eyes, they’re all clouded and unfocused, she’s breathing as hard as I am right now, dammit why do I have to keep saying hard if I don’t have it off RIGHT FUCKING NOW I am going to FUCKING EXPLODE ask her ask her ask her pray she says yes because if she doesn’t I’m going to fucking knob the first appliance I can get my hands on!

“Are – are you sure you want this, acushla?” I say. I’m panting, I can’t help it; I can’t seem to draw in enough breath for my lungs, they feel shallow, like I’m drowning

I am drowning, I am pulled under

Do not give this burden to me; your yoke, Manwë, will crush my shoulders.

Heru en amin, Manwë. Amin naa tualle, manka lle merna, amin lava*

“Yes – yes,” she’s gasping, pulling at me. “Legolas – please – “ Shit, she must be desperate as I am; she’s reaching her face up to me. Don’t kiss her, mate, you’ll be in even deeper than you
already are –

Oh, bugger. There’s no turning back at this stage. She’s hooked me. I have no choice in the matter; I’m being driven, I can feel it – this is not just lust, this is my duty as well.

“Detholalle, lirimaer**,” I say, and move forward.

I am enclosed.

*************************************************

-- oh --

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

oh that sweet warmth and wetness, pressure gripping me right right right where I needed it, oh fuck that’s fucking great oh yes yes yes oh fucking A I’m going to explode hold on hold on hold on

*************************************************

-- I – I can’t – oh god – oh – I didn’t know – he’s a lot a lot longer than I, I’m being touched oh my god how did he do that oh oh oh I didn’t even know I had that spot in me it’s a bright point of light it’s spreading it’s spreading oh my god

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

-- yes --

*************************************************

don’t stop don’t stop don’t stop oh yes right there there there

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

I – I can’t – I can’t hold on – it’s too much – oh fuck –

**************************************************************************

I – oh –
I can’t hold on I can’t hold on oh god oh god oh

 Didn’t last bloody long, did I? Ah, that’s what I get for being so fucking particular; can’t have it off with just anyone after all, so it’s been so so so so long. Ooooooh kaaaaaayy, let’s do a little damage assessment here, mate; she’s done, felt her grab my fucking knob so hard I’m surprised the little bit didn’t pull it the hell off. My legs are shaking – can barely stand. Hold it up there, mate, you’re a bloody Elf remember, supposed to be stronger and have better stamina, but whoof! That was a good one, felt my spunk get sucked right on out of me. She’s got her arms around my neck, holding me tight, poor little kife, probably hasn’t been rogered in a couple of years, not that I think Faramir –

 Oh, bugger. What the fuck did I just do?

 That . . . was . . . I can’t think of an adjective to describe it. Oh. My. Yes. I could live with this.

 Wait.

 Did I say live with this? What do I mean – live with him? He’s the world’s original drifter, what on earth would hold him here, especially in this awful house in this awful neighborhood where he’ll never fit in –

 -- like he fits in anywhere, no wonder he’s a drifter, he has to be --

 Oh, what have we done? What have I done? I was so damn desperate to be touched and so lonely and pathetic I just got a sympathy-fuck on my kitchen table. The corner of which is digging into my ass. Oh I am so embarrassed. I can’t believe I just did that.

 He sure smells nice, though.

 What was it he said to me before he entered me, “Detholalle, lirimaer”? What did that mean, I can’t remember –

 Oh yes, “lirimaer” means “lovely one.” Wow . . . suppose he meant it?

 Well, Frodo did tell me once that Legolas was incapable of saying anything but the unvarnished truth. Made him awfully unpopular at times but he couldn’t seem to help himself; the truth just sort of flowed out of him, like breath. So if he called me “lovely one” –

 Whoa, got a little warm fuzzy there! He thinks I’m lovely – so it can’t have completely been a sympathy fuck – and speaking of lovely – if I run my arms down his back, how did my hands get under his vest oh who cares – ah yes, smooth, lean, lissome – oh, gotta love that. Not that I’ve had a lot of experience, but he is definitely the best-looking lay I’ve ever had.
I wish he’d lift up his head and look at me. Then I’d know what he’s thinking.

What the fuck was I thinking?!

This was not what the bloody Valar told me to do. Take care of her, they said, comfort her, they said, protect her future, they said, they didn’t tell you to FUCKING KNOB HER!

Oh, bloody hell, I am so fucked.

What do I do now, wait for the lightning bolt to fall? Will Oromë kill me himself or will he let Námo do it? Maybe I’ll get lucky and he’ll just let Ossë suck me under. I hope I get to say goodbye to Grim before I go. I should apologize to the rest of the Chosen for my LACK OF FUCKING JUDGMENT. Kill me quick, Manwë; just fucking kill me quick, that’s all I ask . . .

Hm. Nothing.

I’ll have to think that feeling over, the one I had just before I – well – the feeling I had that I was being driven to it. Was it Them, or was it just me?

Better say something here or Éowyn’s going to think I’m a world-class prat. Don’t want her to think I’ve pulled the old rumpy-pumpy just to treat her like a fucking slag afterwards. Shit, last thing she needs. She’s been hurt, she’s been betrayed, she’s been buggered by that manky cock-up Fairy-Meer and it’s up to me to make things right.

Right.

How the fuck do I go about doing that?

Especially after what I just did to her.

I hope she doesn’t think it was just one big mistake. Oh Ilúvatar, I don’t think I could bloody take that.

Say something. Say something. Say fucking anything. Just say something to her.

Though it’s awfully nice keeping my face tucked into the dark warm cusp of her neck. The soft curls behind her ear are tickling at my nose, oh she smells good, think I’ll just nuzzle a little. . .

Ooohh, that felt nice . . .

Fucking A, she’s practically purring. What the hell did that soppy gobshite do to her, anyway? This wasn’t even that good, as far as fucklesticks go, and she’s acting as though this was the best damn thing to ever happen to her. I can do better than this, Éowyn, just give me a chance . . .

Did I just think that?
Well, at least I know he’s retained a relatively pleasant afterglow from this absolutely! amazing! sex! we just had. Wow, I’ve never felt anything like that before. It was almost . . . magical. I wonder if it’s because he’s an Elf? No wonder Aragorn’s so happy . . . Oh, I wish I hadn’t thought that. Arwen belongs to Aragorn and he’s happy. Legolas doesn’t belong to me. Which makes me . . . unhappy.

Shit.

I did just think that, dammit. I want to give it another go.

Hell, I’d like to give it a go, period.

She doesn’t belong here. Check. She needs to be comforted. Check. Her life’s mucked up and I can help her fix it. Check.

The Valar told me to help her. Check check bloody check.

You’ve never left a lover in life before.

 Fucking check.

Oh, bugger. I am fucked.

Well. Can’t bloody well do anything about that now, mate. Not in your character to bugger things up worse than they already are for her. You had your bunk-up and now you’ll fucking live with the consequences.

Hell, I may even enjoy this. Hope this is what the Valar meant after all. Considering Námo hasn’t called me home yet, it’s a distinct possibility. As always, with the submission comes the reward.

If I could choose my reward, it would be this.

Odd. I haven’t even kissed her yet.

Faramir always wanted to settle down, find homes, hide out, slink back into our caves with our tails tucked between our legs. He never understood the tendency of the other Chosen to wander. Always said a castle was our best defense against a changing world. So we hunkered down, hid behind a veneer of wealth and respectability, avoided our neighbors so our ageless faces wouldn’t be suspect. Alone, us two, with only occasional visits by the other Chosen; it worked, for a little while – but only for a little while.

They always seemed so free, the others. Legolas and Gimli especially. They’d drift in to check on us every now and then, and after about a month of partying would move on. They were always busy, always needed somewhere else. I was never sure what exactly they were doing, but it involved lots of politics, lots of fighting, lots of righting wrongs. I never knew why they did what they did, how they knew they were needed, why they knew they were needed. Faramir never wanted to talk about it; he seemed to consider it an affront to the dignity of the Chosen that they couldn’t keep their noses out of other peoples’ business.

I’m tired of hiding. I want to be free, too.
And I am. Faramir freed me. To a certain extent.

Then why do I feel so trapped?

It might be because Legolas’ arms are clasped around me, holding me up to him so tightly I can barely breathe. He’s got his head tucked in my neck and I can feel his breath on my shoulder, tickling me. He’s gone all soft so he’s slid out of me, and I’m all wet and sticky now. Probably dribbling on the table, too. Gross.

Faramir would never have fucked me on the table like this. Too squeamish. Was that his squeamishness rubbing off on me? I hope not, because I wouldn’t mind getting used to being screwed on furniture other than beds. Couches, loveseats, ottomans, dressers, desks, book shelves... .

What – is Legolas laughing?

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I can’t believe I fucked her and I haven’t ever kissed her. What a prat I am. I don’t believe myself. Oh, shit.

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I hope that’s a good laugh and not a bad laugh. At least he’s not crying.

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Better let her know why I’m laughing or she’ll never fucking forgive me. And now’d be a good time to figure this bish-up out before she slags me off for being a bloody berk. All right, up with your head, mate. Can’t believe it’s only been a couple seconds. Feels like fucking forever.

Loosen up your arms a bit, mate, bet you’re squeezing the breath right out of her.

She’s looking up at me like she’s scared, and excited, and nervous, and upset all at oncers. Poor little poppet, bet she’s all spare. All right, mate, make it right. Make her feel better. Fix her up. Make up for fucking Fairy-Meer and make her feel like a princess again. She deserves it after all, dammit.

I smile down at her. She slowly smiles back, hesitant, unsure. Her hair is spread all around her head, like a halo, a golden rim. Fuck, she’s so sweet. Her cheeks are pink, her lips red, she’s still trying to catch her breath. Nothing sexier than a woman with an afterglow.

“Do you realize we haven’t even kissed yet, acushla?” I ask. I bring my fingers up to her cheek and stroke her very lightly. She still looks unsure, but I notice she leans a little into my hand. That’s encouraging.

“That’s right,” she whispers. Husky voice, oh bugger so sexy; those delicious lips curve up a little. Oh fuck I want to bite them.

“Seems a bit off, luv, doesn’t it? I want to kiss you. You mind? Bottle out if you like.”

She gives me a puzzled look. What the fuck did I say now?
“Bottle out”? What the hell does that mean?

I’m going to assume it means to back off. He looks a little – diffident. Not a look I associate with the Prince of Mirkwood. And he’s right – it is a little weird that we just screwed on the kitchen table, without our lips ever touching. But – screwing is one thing; kissing is – well – it almost seems like it’d be more intimate than having sex with him. Pushes it past the I-need-to-get-laid line and puts it firmly in the I-have-romantic-feelings-for-you arena. Sex is just the loins getting it on – kissing is right up there in the head, right with the thoughts and ideas. Scary.

I glance down at his mouth. He’s smiling slightly, seems a little unsure of himself. That in itself is a little comforting. Just the fact we’re both off-kilter makes me feel better.

So. Do I kiss those delectable, those luscious, those sweet pink lips?

What will happen if I do?

Stupid time to be getting cautious; should’ve done this before he bent me back over the table. And it’s not like he didn’t give me an out – just the way he asked me, “Are you sure you want this?” means I could’ve just said, “No!” and he would’ve stopped. I know he would’ve, too. Even with his potty mouth and slangy ways he’s too much a gentleman to force himself on me.

Which brings me to an interesting question.

What happens when I kiss him?

Where are we going with all this?

Should I be cautious, guard my heart, try to keep from being hurt any more? Not that he’d hurt me on purpose, but if I decide I want to keep him with me, and he doesn’t want to stay – yeah, that’d hurt like hell. Damn, I hate being female sometimes. Always have to drag the personal element into it. Frances was right – too much emotion.

Oh, fuck Frances!

I’d much rather fuck Legolas.

Even without an emotional connection?

Let’s do a quick inventory of the libido – yep, still screaming like a banshee. Then, yes. Even without an emotional connection, I’d love to fuck Legolas again. And again and again and again and . . . wonder how many times an Elf can do it in one night? Their stamina’s better than a human’s, after all . . . hmm.

All right. Kiss it is.

Interesting. You can almost see the whole bloody play of emotion flicker across her pretty little face.

Come on, say yes. Say yes. Yes yes yes yes yes.

Let me kiss you. Come on, acushla. It won’t hurt, I promise. I’ll even make it feel sooooo bloody good.

Come on. One kiss.
Or two.
Or more. Those cherry-red lips, curving up into the delicious little dent under your nose . . .
She smiles. Lifts her head, tips it to the side.
Oh fuck yeah.

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He’s looking at my mouth again. I raise my head, lift my lips to his.
Whammo.

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Ah, that’s what I’m talking about, acushla. Warm, soft, wet . . .

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That damn person’s moaning again. Make her stop.

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. . . tease those ripe red lips open, flick of the tongue, slide it in . . .

**************************************************************
Mmmm . . .

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&& &
. . . deeper . . .

**************************************************************
can’t breathe, don’t care

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&& &
oh my acushla you are delicious

never imagined

feel the stirring again

curl in

so hot

well now that’s a surprise, thought he’d need a couple more minutes there, but I can feel him already poking into my thigh

Are we ready for round two, darling? Because I sure the fuck am.

Oh, yeah.
* “My Lord Manwë, I am your servant; if you wish it, I yield.”
** “Your choice, lovely one.”
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

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Okay. Have to breathe.

When did I close my eyes? I’d better open them.

His eyes flutter open when I pull my lips away. Shit that’s so freaky, the blue is like neon now, glowing under the lids. And whose idea was it to give him dark lashes and eyebrows with that platinum hair? No fair! Who can compete with that? High cheekbones, smooth jowls, little dimple in the cheek – oh, oh, oh, this is so not fair. That’s it then, it’s over, it’ll never work between us, no woman can be with a man who’s prettier than she is. Shit.

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Oh my sainted aunt, she is so fucking beautiful. Those honey-colored curls, starry mirrored eyes, rosebud mouth – Faramir’s such a bally git. How could he leave this? How could he look down at this delectable face and deliberately turn away?

Goddam tosser.

Pukka, every inch of her. I can feel the curve of her hip, the mound of her breast, feel that smooth silky skin against mine – a thoroughbred all the way. Oh and those legs, did I mention her bloody two-klick legs? Glad I found out where they end up, at least. Shit yes, sussed that one out all right, mate.

Yeah, fucking idiot. To just bung her to one side because some bleeding Mary Ann waves his arsehole in your face? Leave it out! What a nit. Bloody hell, if she were mine to keep . . .

All bloody right then, mate, let’s not go there, right? Leave it up to the Valar. Let them decide. Their business, not mine.

Bugger.

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Now what?
What now?

Seems a little awkward to offer him that drink now. On the other hand, I’m STARVING. I hope he doesn’t mind that I can’t cook.

Better pull it back a bit, mate. Feeling a bit peckish anyway. Wonder if she’ll think I’m a bleeding ponce because I like to cook? Though it’d be bloody nice to have another go – take it easy this time, take it slow, show her how it’s done. And not on the fucking table this time, either. Good thing I’m an Elf or my back’d be bunged to hell.

Oooh, my back hurts. Wish I were an Elf. Wonder how he’d take a casual suggestion we move this party elsewhere?

Better ask her if we can move along to a more comfortable piece of furniture. Wouldn’t mind straightening up either.

Don’t growl stomach don’t growl don’t growl – oh, fuck.
Was that his stomach? Oh good, it’s not just me!

Hah! Made her laugh.

“I’m hungry too,” I say, laughing. He’s chuckling, that adorable face with its adorable grin. Hell, he even chuckles adorably. How nauseating. Though I’m not sure if I mean he’s nauseating because he’s so pretty, or I’m nauseating because I’m so – so – gushy about him.

Oh yeah, I’ve got it bad. Shit.

His arms go around me again, but this time he lifts me up off the table and carefully sets me by my bottom on the edge. My legs are dangling off on either side of his, I can feel the leather rubbing against my calves, and in a kind of fuzzy way I wonder where my pantyhose have run off to.

“Run” off – good one!

I hate those damn things. Wish I never had to wear them ever again.

He’s still pressed up against me, skin to skin in the MOST intimate area, but with that amusing smile on his face it doesn’t seem awkward, somehow. Sticky, yes. Awkward, no. You’d think it’d be awkward, having just done the dirty deed, our arms around each other, haven’t even been in the house five minutes, but no – seems all right; seems comfortable.

But I am hungry.

“Well, let’s eat then,” he says with a grin, and pulls me off the table. The marble is cold under my feet. “What d’you have? How ‘bout those prawns we unpacked a minute ago?”

Prawns? Oh, shrimp! “That’s what I was going to have,” I admit, pulling my skirt down to cover myself. He’s rearranging himself too, refastening those wonderful leather pants. “Though I have to admit, I’m not much of a cook, Legolas.”

“Don’t have to be, do you?” he says, giving me a wink. “Got me, now. I’ll take care of you, acushla.”

“You will?”

Damn. It’s out of my mouth before I realize what I’m saying.
Oh fuck, the wistful pathos of that question . . . if Fairy-Meer were here right now I’d fucking pull his teeth. One by one. With a rusty pair of pliers. And then get really fucking nasty. Can’t believe he did this to her. Woman was full of piss and vinegar and he fucking bollocked her.

She’s pushing her skirt down, eyes full of desperate hope. Something seems to click inside me.

Really? May I?

Yes, Greenleaf, this is it.

All right, then.

I step up to her, enfold her in my arms. She seems to melt against my chest. All of a sudden any residual questions about the appropriateness of our actions goes right out the bloody window.

Ah, yes. That’s all right then.

I bend my head down, kiss the crown of her head. I smell citrus in her hair, citrus and sunshine. Her face is pressed up against my neck, and I can feel her heartbeat through her back. “I’ve got you, Eowyn,” I whisper into her hair, rubbing my lips against the soft blond curls. “No more worries. I’m here.”

She draws her breath in like a sob. “For how long?” she whispers. No man would have heard it. But I hear.

“But until the Valar bid me leave,” I answer her, and release her from my embrace. She steps back reluctantly. I put my hand under her chin and tip her face up to meet my gaze. “Listen to me, acushla,” I say, holding her eyes with mine. Her face is flushed and teary and a little sad; it breaks my fucking heart to see her reduced to this. But that’s why I’m here. “I’m here as long as you want me, as long as the Valar tell me. I’m not leaving.” I bend forward, brush my lips across hers. She closes her eyes. “I’m not leaving.”

“I’m not leaving.”

And he can’t lie. He’s not leaving.

“Guess I’ll have to kick you out when you get too irritating,” I sniff, wiping the tears off my cheeks. Dammit, crying again. Stupid hormones. At least Legolas doesn’t seem to mind. It always got on Frances’ nerves.

Faramir’s nerves, dammit! I refuse to knuckle under to his fancies anymore.

Legolas laughs, strokes the side of my face with his thumb. “You can if you like, luv,” he says. His eyes aren’t glowing anymore, but they’re still kind of creepy; bright blue, intense, reflective. “But I’d rather you kicked me arse first. You won’t get rid of me so fuckin’ easily.”

“Good!” I take a deep breath. All right. Enough emotional shit. “Okay. Um . . . “

Hard to know how to make a segue from sex to dinner. Dinner to sex is pretty easy, but the other way around? Feel like I’m working this whole thing backwards. Next thing you know he’ll be introducing himself.
There’s no need to break your bollocks over me, darling. I don’t use proper fucking conversational etiquette and neither should you. Waste of bloody time, is all it is.

“I’ll get the prawns, shall I?” I say, and giving her chin a little squeeze I go to the icebox. Frozen solid, need to thaw. I put them in the basin and say, “Well, if you don’t cook much, d’you mind if I take a look round your kitchen? Give me a better idea what I’m working with.”

“Feel free,” she says, and starts to collect her underthings. I start exploring, hoping to find something at least halfway fucking edible in here. Be a waste of the bloody kitchen otherwise.

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Ah. Elven ass again. I don’t think I’ll ever tire of it, even if he does stay forever.

Forever. That’d be nice for a change. Never really felt that out of Faramir. Always felt as though he was just enduring me – not enjoying me.

Love those leather pants.

He’s picking up limes, chips, salsa, Dorcas’ peppers, onion, oil. Now he’s rummaging around in a back cabinet. Elven ass... what a beautiful sight. And Elven ass in leather pants. What more could any Shieldmaiden possibly want?

Something occurs to me. “Do we have to stay here?” I ask without really thinking about it.

“Eh?” He turns, looks at me over his shoulder. Yep, that’s a tattoo all right, but I can’t really see what it is. I suppose I could walk over there and look.

But the temptation to put my hand on his ass would be too great.

“Oh, what the hell. He had his hand on my ass, after all.”

“Stay in this house, I mean.” I walk up to him and look at his shoulder. What does that say -- osservi alle stelle, vela sull’oceano -- oh man, it’s in Italian; I used to speak Italian... something... stars, something... ocean, it’d help if I could remember more than the stupid nouns.

“Nah, ‘course not. D’you have any tequila?”

“Tequila?” Tattoos and tequila are not two things I normally associate with Elves, but on the other hand I never thought I’d get used to seeing him in leather pants, either. “Um, I think there’s some in the pantry.”

He wiggles out of the cupboard and follows me to the pantry. Just as he puts his hand on my ass it occurs to me I missed my opportunity. I can’t help but squeak, and then we both laugh. He gives my cheek a comfortable squeeze and lets go.

“I hand him the tequila. “You’re in a divorced woman’s house,” I tell him, smiling a little sarcastically. “Of course there’s tequila.”

“Hoped there would be,” he says, and gives me that shit-eating grin again. Damn! He’s just too cute. I’m going to spend the next ten thousand years fighting off every woman who sees him.
Retiring to the countryside is starting to look like a good idea.

Tequila, prawns, tortilla crisps, Mexican salsa . . . yeah, we’re doing pretty fucking all right here. Could use a little fresh coriander. Bet she hasn’t got any though.

Can’t cook the prawns ‘til they’re thawed. Where was that collander, just saw it a second ago . . .

“Where do you want to go?” she asks me.

What the fuck? Oh right, last conversation but one, like Humpty-Dumpty.

“Dunno,” I say, standing up with the collander and putting it in the basin. I tear open the package of prawns and bung it in. “Can’t blame you for not wanting to stay in this fuckin’ place, though, luv. Want to move east? Set you up on a horse farm. Seems more your style, little acushla.”

“Oh!” she looks surprised, a little shamefaced. “Um. Horse farm? That’d be – I mean – well, the house has two mortgages and I, I don’t think I can, um . . . “

A bloody awful suspicion starts to nag at me. I turn to her, hoping I don’t have any further reason to get cheesed off this evening. Fuck, was hoping to settle in for a nice meal, a chin-wag, maybe a prolonged shagging . . .

“Can’t afford it?” I don’t like the look on her face.

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Oh, shit. I don’t like the look on his face. Looks like he’s going to blow up again, like he did on the street. Oh, well. He was bound to find out eventually . . . at least he’s used to not having anything, being a drifter. That won’t be so bad. I can learn to do without. Anything’d be better than working my ass off to keep a house I hate.

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“No,” she says. “I can’t. It’s all I can do to pay the bills. I don’t have anything in my savings account.”

“Why the fuck do you have to work at all?” I ask, exasperated. “You and Faramir set up housekeeping ten thousand bloody years ago. It doesn’t take genius to accrue money – just takes time, luv. Where the fuck’s your money?”

Oh, now I REALLY don’t like the look on her face.
He’s gonna be pissed . . .

“Um – “ I can’t believe I’m starting every sentence this way. Just say it, dammit! “Fran – Faramir, um, froze our assets – um – and I can’t get at them.” He looks disbelievingly at me. I can feel myself blush. “I guess in hindsight it was a mistake to let him take care of all our money.”

Yep. He’s pissed.

“FUCKING HELL!” Very pissed. “He nobbyd your lolly? All of it? And left you with this fucking pink house?” When I nod he says, “What about the courts; they can order him to pay up, can’t they? Can’t they bloody well order him to pay? It’s not fair, Éowyn!”

“I know it’s not fair!” I want to shout, but I’m afraid it’ll turn into a screaming match. I’ve had enough of them to last a lifetime. And Faramir always told me he wouldn’t shout if I didn’t start shouting first, and then I’d cry, and then he’d get mad and storm out and . . . oh, shit. I don’t want to start that cycle again. Not with Legolas. Certainly not so soon. What’s it been, an hour since we ran into each other on 24th, and I’m already upset?

Shit! This is NOT my fucking fault! This is FARAMIR’S fault! If he hadn’t been such a shit head it never would’ve come to this!

For some reason, just that indignant twinge brings me around, calms me down. No, Legolas and I have no reason to yell. Legolas is angry, that’s why he’s yelling. He’s not yelling at me. He’s yelling because of Faramir.

Can’t blame him.

BUGGER! Now what the FUCK has that FUCKING BLOODY GOBSHITE DONE NOW!!!

Calm down, calm down, not her fault, fucking Faramir’s fault. Oh hell, oh shit, oh fuck.

“So what about the courts?” I ask, forcing myself to lower my voice. Fuck fuck fuck. “What about your bloody barrister? What the fuck is he doing to set things right?”

“He says there’s nothing we can do,” she says. Shit, she’s calmer than I am.

Probably having to live with that poncy scrubber gave her more patience than I have. Fuck. Bloody hell. “He says he’s done all he can. We don’t have any more options. He’s given up.”


Didn’t think he’d take it this hard. Wonder if he really wanted a horse farm? Too bad. Oh, well.
Maybe in the next century or so, when I dig myself out of this stupid hole.

“Well,” I say, approaching him cautiously, “that’s why I don’t think we could swing a ranch. It’s a nice idea – I used to have one and I loved it – but not now. It doesn’t matter, really,” I say, trying to reassure him, because he really does look pissed. “I don’t care. I’ll – I’ll dump the house and buy a motorcycle. We’ll live that way. It always did kind of look like fun,” I add, hoping I sound sincere.

“Fuck that,” he mutters. He’s still staring at the sink. I want to go up behind him and slip my arms around his waist, hold him. But I’m not sure if I can yet.

Has it really only been an hour? I’ve had enough high emotions ripping through me to last me another couple centuries.

Well. The Valar didn’t give me an easy assignment this time. Ah, well. When the going gets fucked up, send for bloody Legolas to unravel it. I’ve fixed so many prats’ problems it ought to be fucking second nature to me now.

That’s it. Time to pull in the big fucking guns. I’m writing Whitey.

All right. And for now . . .

Comfort. Dinner. And if I play my cards right, another round rogering.

“We’ll find you another barrister,” I say. “A good one this time, not a cock-up like the one who helped Faramir fuck you over.” I turn to her, hold out my arms. She comes to me like a magnet. Oh, fuck yeah, that’s better. So nice to have a warm bit of crumpet in my arms . . . ah.

What the fuck did he do to her, bleed her of every ounce of self-confidence she ever had? I’ll fucking kill him.

She tucks her head under my chin, I can feel her breath on my throat. Her arms tighten around my waist. Yes, acushla, I told you I was here for you. I’m not going anywhere.

“And anyway, your lolly’s no good with me,” I tell her. “Didn’t offer you a bloody horse farm just to make you pay for it, acushla. I’m not such a shite as that. I told you I was here, I’m not leaving. I’m here to take care of you, luv. That means the fucking farm is on my account, not yours.” She starts in my arms, but I hold her firmly so she can’t back away. “And there’s no fucking way in hell I’m dragging you round the country on the back of a machine I know you don’t like. I’ll ride me Harley round the fences, but I’m putting you back where you belong – “ I smile “ – with a stallion between your legs, acushla.”

She pulls back harder, and I let her back away from me. But she stays within the circle of my arms, her hands on my waist. She’s looking at me like I’ve lost my mind.

I haven’t. Just found it, is all.
How can he mean that?

How can we have a ranch if I don’t have any money?

How can he have the money for it? Does he not know how much they cost?

How can he give up his free and easy masculine lifestyle? For me, especially? Won’t he resent me?

How can I possibly refuse him anything when he’s looking down at me, blue eyes like aquamarines, pink cupids-bow lips, pretty pretty pretty face?

“How?” I ask. That’s it; just “how.” I need to know if this can be done before I get my hopes up. They’ve been crushed so many times before. But even when I ask him, I get the feeling he can’t possibly disappoint me. He is an Elf, after all.

“How?” he echoes, and laughs. He pulls me up to him, reaches down with his lips to find my mouth. Oh, he tastes good. I open my lips, wanting to feel his tongue in me again, but he’s talking, his lips brushing against mine. “Where the fuck was I when you last saw me, luv? What was I doing? You remember, Éowyn?”

Oh, I could listen to him say my name for YEARS. Ay-Oh-When. That’s it, just lie down for a century and all he’d ever have to say was “Éowyn.” Over and over and over. Ah.

Oh, wait. He asked me a question. Oh, shit . . . where was he?

“Oh! Uh . . . we were in England,” I say, though it’s very hard to concentrate on what I’m saying, since he’s started kissing and nuzzling my ear. I can feel his breath tickling the lobe and OH shit teeth too, here come the cold chills . . . “You were, um, about to sail with Drake . . . “

“That’s right, acushla,” he murmurs. Oh goose bump city. “And why’d I ship as a fuckin’ matlow with Drake, eh, Éowyn? Know that?”

“Um . . . altruism?” I guess, though I’m pretty sure that wasn’t it.

That makes him laugh, soft breathy laughs in my hair. His hands are roaming now, I can feel them on my back, kneading, circling, teasing. “Altruism? No, pet. Gold. Fucking Spanish gold, acushla. And I didn’t need it. Still don’t. I’m a wise investor, acushla.” His lips and teeth have found my throat; I’ve dropped my head back to let him have at it. Who am I to stand in the way of his goals? Oh yes, that’s nice too, getting his tongue in the hollow of my throat. “I have excellent taste,” he’s saying, the words buzzing against my neck. His hands are straying lower, and between trying to press up against his leather-clad bulge, and push back into his hands, I don’t know where to go. “I understand the value of precious things.” His fingers curl around my buttocks, pressing me up to him. Oh, shit. There’s that bitch moaning in my kitchen again. “And when I get me hands on something precious, acushla . . . “ He’s grinding himself up against me, making sparks flash across my eyelids, which for some reason have closed . . . not that it matters – he can do whatever he wants with me as long as he doesn’t stop – “Once I get me hands on you, acushla,” his hot breath flows over my throat, oh god my hands have turned to lead “I’m never letting go. I get the feeling, Éowyn – “ he’s dragging his teeth up my throat, one hand leaves my ass and slides up my stomach to cup my breast, oh there are the sparks again, and that itchy-tingly-achy feeling between my legs, oh man I thought I was wet before this is nothing, nothing, thank god there’s nothing under my skirt, nothing to keep him from – from – “I get the feeling you’ll be the best damn investment I ever make.”

His mouth is on mine, sucking my lips and tongue into his, teasing them, pushing his tongue back into my mouth, stroking and probing and tickling, oh it feels so good . . .

Then his hands turn me, his arms lift me. I open my eyes. Those bright blue eyes sparkle down at me, mischievous, amorous, playful.

“Not knobbin’ you on the table this time, luv,” he says. “It’s the bedroom for us.”
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

5.

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All right, Éowyn’s new Word of the Day is “stamina.” Specifically speaking, Elven stamina.
Woah.

No wonder Aragorn told me not to mess with Elves! Shit, after all this time I’d be surprised if his dick hasn’t fallen off from overuse. Assuming, of course, that Arwen’s stamina is as “Elven” as Legolas’. And also assuming her libido’s the same.

If it is, Aragorn’s either one happy man, or . . . one very tired one.

Or both . . .

Well, this has got to be the weirdest hour I’ve ever spent in my life. Picked up by a biker, weirded out by some psychic Elvish shit, fucked senseless on the kitchen table, promised I’ll live happily ever after, and then fucked senseless again, this time in my bed. And now he’s stretched out beside me, one long arm wrapped around my shoulders, staring up at the ceiling and sucking on a lemon DumDum. My head’s on his shoulder, and I can feel his jaw moving against my head, and hear the occasional slurp or clatter against his teeth. And if I listen deeper, I can hear the steady thrum-thrum of his heartbeat, comforting, reassuring me he’s actually a BE-ing, if not a human one.

Weird, weird, weird.

You’d think with how long and slender and pale and delicate-looking he is, his wanker’d be about on a par, wouldn’t you? But NOOOOOOOO, he’s got this big, fat, purple-headed Willie the Wonder Worm hidden in those tight leather pants. Holy shit, how’d he keep it from popping out all the time? And why didn’t I guess how big it was the first time he screwed me? I certainly felt something splitting me in two, but I guess I assumed it was because it’d been so long since I’d made love to anyone that it felt so . . . well . . . big. And thick. With this fat mushroom-shaped helmet on top that does the neatest things when he pops it in and out really fast –

Woah, better back up there; starting to feel that quick fluttery hum again. I’m still in the after-glow stage; I’m not supposed to be getting horny again so quick! It used to take me WEEKS to get back in the mood after Frances – Faramir and I would have sex. I always told him it was because we were immortal that the time passed so quickly, when in reality he was just a very disappointing lay.

Shoulda held out for Legolas from the get-go.

Hoooooo yeah, that was a good one, even better than the kitchen table one. Just laid me down on the bed, pushed up my skirt, dropped his pants and lay on top of me. I’m a little fuzzy about what happened after that, though I seem to recall, in a nebulous water-colory kind of way, locking my ankles around his back and screaming his name as the lightning bolt started doing all those crazy things in my belly. That big fat dick rubbed me in places I didn’t even know I had. And don’t get me started on his hands! I’ve never been so grateful for Elves’ inhumanly quick reflexes before. I didn’t even know my nipples stuck out that far. And as for the whole clitoris-G. Spot-vaginal
spasm thing, it's nice to know Masters & Johnson had it right after all. I did wonder . . .

Yeah, Faramir pretty much sucked as a lover. How gratifying.

Or maybe Legolas is just that good. Also gratifying. In more ways than one. Five, actually, I think . . . I kind of lost count after three, and I know I had at least two more, so we’ll call it five.

Aaaahhhhh.

I snuggle in deeper, inhaling his scent. Musky, male, clean, fresh, outdoorsy, mmmmmm. His arm curls up around my shoulder and I can feel his fingers playing lazily with my hair. I run my hand up his smooth hard chest to one dusky nipple, soft atop that pert pectoral, and circle it with my finger until it contracts and hardens. Then it occurs to me what it is I could smell on him, that I thought was pine. No wonder it reminded me of lamb.

“Rosemary,” she says, her voice husky and soft. Her fingernail is scratching oh so lightly around one of my nips and it feels so fucking good I don’t want to stop her. I take the lolly out of my mouth so I don’t start drooling, which would look pretty bloody stupid.

“When one says the name of a person in bed, it’s customary to use the name of the person one has actually fucked,” I say. When did my voice get so deep and throaty? Must’ve been all that yelling I did; shit, felt like she was gonna rip my plonker off. “At least keep it the same gender to keep me from feelin’ a right charlie.”

I can feel her cheek bunch up against my shoulder; she’s smiling. “No,” she says, drawing circles around my nipple with the tip of her finger, making it pucker. “You smell like rosemary. I couldn’t place it before, kept thinking pine trees.”

“Ah,” I say, and put the lolly back in my mouth. My gooories are still sticky; must’ve shot a fucking pint of spunk in her. Note to self: Put towel under bed to wipe up afterwards.

Rosemary, huh? Makes me want to roast a leg of lamb.

Shit. I’m hungry. Wonder if those bloody prawns are defrosted yet?

I’m so sleepy, but I don’t want to drop off. I’m hungry, too. I wonder if those shrimp are defrosted yet? Pretty unromantic thing to think of at a time like this, but – oh, well.

Aaaahhh, nothing like a good bunk-up to whet the old appetite. I’ll pan-sear ‘em in tequila and lime, add a dash of hot pepper, serve with corn crisps – wonder if she has any white wine? If not,
the tequila’ll do. Lots and lots and lots and lots of fucking tequila, a night-full of shagging, and tomorrow’ll bring its own bleeding problems.

I could email everyone, I guess. Yeah, guess I’ll do it that way. Easier to email than call. You can organize what you want to say in an email, but if I call Longshanks I know the first fucking thing out of my hole will be, “I fucked Éowyn!” And then bloody hell I’ll get the argy-bargy. No, best to leave it this way. Arwen’ll have the screaming abdabs anyway, may as well bloody delay it a bit, give me some time to fucking BREATHE and figure out what the fuck I’m doing.

Namely, getting the lolly back from that bloody shite Fairy-Meer.

I can’t fucking believe he did that to her. To Éowyn. What the fuck was he thinking? That he could nobble it and no one’d notice? No wonder he hid her away all this time – wanted to cover his fucking tracks, make sure she had no one to turn to. My sainted aunt, will I bash him up but bloody good. Turning the fucking Shield Maiden of Rohan into a meek, spooky kid.

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His arm tightens around my shoulders, I can hear him growl a little. Is he turned on again? Good grief, how many times can he do it one day, anyway? Well, that fluttery feeling in my belly wasn’t going anywhere, might as well see how well-inclined he is for another curtain call.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Hm, didn’t bloody expect that – she’s curled against me and pressing that soft, sticky spot up against my leg, wiggling a little. Does she want me again? Not that I’m complaining, but bloody hell! Well, fuck it, last two times were too quick anyway. Haven’t even quimmeled her yet.

Mmm – bet she tastes good.

Woah, bugger. He stood up fast. Quite a suggestible little knob I’ve got. Her tit’s pressed up against my ribcage, her cheek is rubbing against my chest, lips feathering kisses around my nipples. Yeah, nothing like snogging a starkers bit on a rumpled duvet to get the blood moving. Now she’s got her leg hooked around mine and I can feel her wet, sticky lips on the side of my leg.

Aaah, fuck, she’s sucking on my nipple –

Get the bloody lolly out get the bloody lolly out get the bloody lolly out before you fucking choke on it

****************************************************

Typical guy, taking such good care of his sucker while I’m trying to get his attention by grinding on his hip. Doesn’t he want to WOAH where’d he come from! Last time I looked at his little
soldier he was all soft and squishy. Now we’re standing to attention with a vengeance.

Guess he noticed me wriggling against him. No wonder he took his lollipop out. Mmm, tastes like artificial lemon; his lips are sweet and sticky . . . That’s right, slide that delectable tongue right in there, I’ve got a “Vacancy” sign out just for you. Never liked hard candy much but it’s not bad vicariously

Oh yeah

Right there

How I love your fingers, Legolas

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

I’d guess she likes it when I touch her there, if that deep throaty moan is any indication.

Nice tits, good tits. Round and full and firm and fleshy, and lumme those brown puckered nips . . .

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. . . Although I think I like your mouth even more OH YES that pulling feeling on my breast feels so DAMN good! Brings back the Psycho Moaning Bitch big time. And to think I traded her in on the Screamer when we graduated to the bedroom.

I don’t care how he managed to slide between my thighs but his hair feels so soft, so silky in my fingers, and oh that mouth suckling me . . . YEOW a little teeth there, that was – oh – okay, that wasn’t so bad – yes – okay –

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Oh fuck I love that sound, better switch nipples if I want to hear it again

**********************************************************

Yeah, he was feeling a little left out – that’s better –

Mmmm . . .

Fingers, tongue, lips, tickly hair to complete the picture. Oh yes, these are happy breasts. Happy
happy happy. Éowyn is happy too. Happy Éowyn, warm fuzzy tingly shivery Éowyn.

Whoa. Hard hot thing jabbing my thigh. Happy penis. Hello there. Welcome, come right in . . . just ease on up here – no, wait, wrong way! Hey –

Oh . . .

Well . . .

Okay then . . .

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

The lower I get the muskier she smells, oh shit oh fuck I love the noises she’s making, love the little innie navel I’m currently flicking with the tip of my tongue, love the rough dry raspy sheets against my plonker, love the smooth warm legs sliding restlessly up and down my back, love the sharp fingernails digging into the skin on my shoulders, love it love it fucking love it.

Ah, think I’m headed that way, do you, acushla? No need to rush, now, I’ll get there eventually; ever hear the expression “Good things come to those that wait”? So fucking wait already, no need to rush.

Mmm, that smell . . . she opens her legs, tips up her hips to me and I’m nearly bloody overwhelmed, so tempting to just latch onto those glistening folds and bring her off right away, but oh yes acushla just wait . . .

***************************************************

Oh oh oh stop it stop it stop it hurry up don’t stop don’t stop not there just over a little oh SHIT

What the FUCK are you doing, my vagina is THERE not –

Oh stop oh stop oh stop

Never had my thighs bitten before, oh where are your fingers going, why aren’t they THERE why are they wandering all over the place, can’t you tell I want your mouth THERE and not on my legs

Okay that was a little closer but . . .

Oh

was that

your breath

on my

oh
She’s wriggling and squirming and flexing and pulsing beneath me, stretching up to touch her lips to mine, wrong lips acushla, HAH got you that time didn’t I? Thought I was going to but I didn’t, oh fuck it I want this, that salty musky sweet bitter taste you think you have it bad acushla oh how I want to taste you, you smell so good so fucking good oh my sainted aunt –

***************
touch me touch me touch me touch me what the hell are you WAITING for

I fucking love those whimpery sounds you’re making oh acushla oh my Éowyn mine mine mine I’m rocking into the bed sheets tongue on your legs just flicking up the crease of your thigh to your box oh bugger that smell gets to me oh hell oh bloody hell

*******
oh closer closer closer touch me touch me touch me touch me

I’ll just taste this little bit, right up the outside lip – mmmmm
wet wet wet and oh so pungent slide around the other side oh acushla

I can’t

and down and up and in drawing my tongue to a point tasting you feeling you tremble I have my hands on your thighs holding you down, you’re pitching like an earthquake not yet not yet not yet

there there there there a little higher oh please please please I can’t stand it

there it is, hard little knob

oh
got you that time, didn’t I, acushla? Oh fuck you smell so good, you taste so good, suck you into my mouth

I can’t I can’t I can’t oh hell oh shit oh oh oh

faster, flick my tongue faster, you’re shaking, straining up against my hands, I have to press down hard to hold you into the mattress, I know how you feel, my Éowyn, my plonker’s about to bust open, I’m rubbing rubbing rubbing it oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh

oh I can’t I’m . . . I’m . . . it’s like a spiral, it’s like heat, it’s like light, I – I can’t –

holy fucking shit she’s screaming again, pulled back, thrust forward, if I’m not careful I’ll fucking sever her clit with my teeth I hope the neighbors don’t hear her oh bugger don’t care if they do about time she got it off

I . . . can’t . . .
Oh wait – I just did . . .
Hey, I really do have legs
Oh
Holy
Shit

I’d better pry my fingernails out of his shoulders, oh stop it’s too sensitive now for that, although your tongue feels so nice – lapping, slurping, sucking in the loose and swollen lips

holy shit

He’s fucking purring how can he like it that much I never knew a guy could like it

I hope he’s not done, feel like I could go another round

&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.

If I don’t fucking get it off NOW I’m going to fucking EXPLODE

WHOOPS there go those Elven reflexes again; tongue practically flying up my body, pudenda navel sternum neck right to my mouth, how odd I can taste myself, do I really taste like that?

Whoa SHIT I’ve been cloven in two, feel like his dick just split me right in half and will poke out the top of my head, out again WHOOF right back in, out, in out in out I can hear him panting and he’s making this little moaning sound, so endearing, he’s lost it, completely lost control, so unlike the first two times, his hands digging into my hips, he’s thrusting so hard, so erratically, he pulls back and

OH

yes touch me there again oh yes

pulls back and in and

OH yes

he got me again pull out push in YES

Here it comes again, that hot white spiral, stretching me, pulling me, oh no oh no oh no this is too much there’s too much to feel he’s got one hand on my boob he’s squeezing and he’s pounding into me I can feel him in me and on me and around me and oh

No

my throat hurts I wonder why but I can’t stop to think about it
“Aiya, sií! Sií yallume!”*

I have no idea what that meant but oh it sounded so passionate, so intense, we’re rocking together like a cradle but hot, hot hot and locked together, I can barely tell where my legs stop and his begin.

“Lle naa vanima, lirimaer.”**

How can he have any come left in him? Three times and he’s still spilling all over my ass.

“Lirimaer . . . lirimaer . . . “ Is that really coming out of my own fucking mouth? I can’t believe it – but it’s true. Oh shit. Oh hell. Oh bugger. Oh oh oh my whole fucking stomach just emptied out into her. Oh fuck. I’m dead I’m dead I’m dead I’m fucking dead. My fucking heart just leaped right out of my body and is doing an Irish jig on the bed. Oh fuck fuck fuck fuckity fuck fuck.


He’s actually shaking. Pushed up in me still, hips quivering against mine, face buried in my neck, arms clasped so tight around me we might as well be conjoined Siamese twins. And breathing haltingly, rasping in and out of his throat.

Oh, yes. Oh, yes yes yes. Oh, that was good. Better even than the first two times.

Holy shit. If it keeps getting better and better each time we do this, practice makes perfect you know, by the time a year goes by my head is going to explode during sex and he’ll be arrested for murder. Death by orgasm. What a way to go.

Assuming nothing gets in the way of our practicing.

Well, he did say he wasn’t going anywhere.

Ah, what a nice thought.
Practice makes perfect – oh hell yeah.


Having sex with Éowyn had better not get any more intense than this or I’ll be visiting the bloody Halls of Mandos sooner than I wanted to. Fuck.

Oh hell, oh bloody hell, oh fucking bloody hell. Oh that was good. Oh yes.

Oh shit. I’m still peckish. How can I think of food at a time like this, when her fucking juices are still on my lips?

Ah, slide right out of her. Breathe, man, breathe. Yes, better. Loosen the arms too. Don’t want to bloody crush her.

That was fun. Let’s do that again.

Yowza. Gimme a minute and I’m up for a repeat.

Well, maybe. I think I’d better eat something first.

I mean, besides him. I wonder what he tastes like? I wonder if I can even get that big, fat, dusky pink head into my mouth? I’d hate to disappoint him; after all, turnabout is fair play . . .

Oh yeah, I got it bad.

Well, maybe not now. Let’s eat first. Then let’s do it again.

And again and again and again and again.

Holy fucking shit. What the fuck happened to me? I was rolling merrily along, just minding my own bloody business, listening to the Valar and my ancestors and righting wrongs and shit like that, and I’ve fucking STOPPED. Red light. Screech to a halt. Fifteen fucking millennia and NOW I pause for a breath.

Breathe in – breathe out.

Right.

Is this right, then? This is what I’m supposed to do?
Yes, Greenleaf.

Well, all right then. Nice to get some fucking confirmation now and then.

Breathe in.

“Éowyn.”

Breathe out.

Oh fuck she smells great.

The fulfillment of the senses is the remuneration of obedience.

If you say so, mate.

Mmm, what did he say?

Oh. He said my name. Shit I LOVE it when he says my name, it’s like an aural orgasm each time. Ay – oh – when.

Rosemary. And satin. And warm puffs of air. That’s what I feel when he’s so close to me, so close his heartbeat hammers against my chest and I can feel his eyelashes fluttering on my neck. I can’t help it – I have to squeeze him with all four of my limbs, like he’s some big warm silky hard smooth teddy bear.

“Acushla.”

Did I actually say I didn’t like that nickname? I think I like it now, especially when he says it like that, warm and sleepy and thick-voiced. What did he say it meant, heartbeat? Heartbeat works – I think our hearts are actually beating in tandem, coming down from that INCREDIBLY INTENSE orgasm. Intense for him too, from what I could tell.

Mmm.

I guess I should say something here.

“Mmm?”

Very articulate response there. Bet he’s impressed.

Hmm, seem to have shorted out her speech circuits. That’s a good sign. Like feeling that hummy rumbling through our chests, that’s quite nice too, acushla. I kiss her throat, nuzzling into the warm fragrant curls around my face. That smell, that skin, the feel of her breasts crushed against my chest, her spine on my hands, her thighs on my hips. The fulfillment of the senses is the remuneration of obedience. Oh fuck yeah.
“I’m hungry.”

Hope I haven’t insulted her. No, she’s laughing.

“Me too.”

Oh good.

“Not that I don’t want to do this again, but I want to eat first.”

She’s still laughing, her hands making circle patterns on my back, her legs tightening around me. Not so sexual now, more affectionate. I might actually pull this bloody thing off after all.

“Okay.”

BANG

What the fuck was that? Did Éowyn hear that? I raise my head, turn to the bedroom door, which is – of course – fucking OPEN. Voices, I can hear voices. Now Éowyn can hear them too.

She drops her head to the pillow and groans, not a nice fucking groan at all, oh dear no.

“Who the fuck is that?” I hiss, looking down at her. Flushed, glassy-eyed, tousle-haired, oh fuck fuck fuck you are so beautiful acushla, do you know that?

“My roommate,” she says.

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Shit. Just what we needed.
"Ah, now! Now, at last!"
"You are beautiful, lovely one."
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

6.

Well, that’s just fucking great. Just what I bloody needed, some spotty-faced, fat-arsed, post-adolescent manky minger checking out my ronson. I could, I suppose, jump up to shut the door, but then the said spotty-faced et cetera et cetera would be checking out my plonker instead.

Not a viable alternative.

Éowyn’s pulled part of the duvet over us in an attempt to cover up the detritus of our fucklesticks, though really the only part of her not covered by yours fucking truly is the side of her torso; it’s my back and bum that’ll get the attention here, from what I can hear from the foyer – squeaky, oh-my-god voices that’ll bloody well shark my starkers arse the moment they see it legged over the landlady here.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

**********************************************************************

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit. Here comes Dorcas and her giggly, tee-hee mob about to crash my private party. Figures they’d come in after I’ve fucked a delectable piece of ass like Legolas and not some balding, paunchy accountant like Harry, who they’ve been hooking me up with for months. Like I couldn’t do any better than Harry Head-Up-His-Ass McMonahan, with his comb-over and starched Ralph Lauren shirts. Insulting, really, considering I’m over ten millennia old and at one time had half the Babylonian Empire lusting after me.

Shit, shit, shit.

I can feel him clench, tense and ready to fly off at the slightest movement; how many times did I see him like this, eyes dilated black, muscles bunched, fingers compressed, right before he leapt from wherever he happened to be sitting, arms outstretched, hands wrapped around cold sharp steel, eyes hard and present; faster than I could mark him he would be upon an enemy, and in an instant whoever happened to be threatening us – an australopithecine, a Roman centurion, a rogue bandit – would be goggle-eyed, twitching, sporting a glistening red bib beneath a gaping slit in his throat. Gimli would always fuss at him: “Couldn’t you leave me even one foe to slay, Legolas?” – and he would twist his long lean body, eyes gleaming ferally, hands drenched in blood: “No, good Gimli! You know I am ever selfish.” And Aragorn would laugh as Legolas wiped the blood upon the clothes of the aggressor, callous, jaded to death. It was that very reaction that spurred Faramir’s rejection of the whole lot of them. “We are above that,” he’d tell me. “We do not care for such cavalier acts of antagonism. We have progressed beyond that.” But have we? Here we are, ten thousand years and more beyond that day I first saw Legolas slit someone’s throat, and I’m ready to cheer him on as he tackles my roommate’s repulsive friends before they ogle his manhood.

Hell, I’m perfectly prepared to admit I’d like to see him hold a blade to my ex’s throat – not to kill
him, mind – not that he could anyway – just to see his eyes bug out, maybe let him wet himself. Yeah, that’d be pretty satisfying.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Hold hard, hold hard, Leggsie, not a matter of fucking life and death, just a flat mate, just the rent-girl. You’re not even holding a bloody knife. Not that you need it, mind.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. What a cock-up. Nothing makes knobbing look quite so bloody base as a walk-in. At least we’re not getting off at Clapham Junction; I’d be even more brassed than I already am.

Brassed? More like fucking embarrassed. Not so much for me – I’m only some grotty oik, after all – but for Éowyn. Probably been looked up to as some oofy flash, and now I make her seem a right slag.

Fuck.

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“Dorcas!” I call, hoping to forestall the horror. “Wait – don’t come in – “

Too late. Shit. She and her dingie friend Cyndi-With-An-I sweep in the doorway, painted faces frozen into expressions of horrified astonishment. That in itself is kind of insulting. I mean, I know I’m no twenty-year-old party girl, but I’m hardly embalmed and buried YET. And after about a half second I realize their eyes are fixed on MY OWN PROPERTY, namely Legolas’ Elven Ass, which is curving tantalizingly over my body into the cusp of my thighs.

MY ass. NOT theirs, dammit.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Fucking hell, they’re checking out my arse.

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“Winnie – “ Dorcas doesn’t seem to be able to speak clearly; even my name has come out as a squeak – appropriate, really, considering its phonetics.

“D’yer mind?” demands Legolas. He sounds really irritated – not that I can really blame him under the circumstances – but what male wouldn’t want to have his ass scoped by a couple of
twenty-somethings? This male, apparently, but then he shouldn’t be showcasing it in tight black leather, now, should he? “We’re tryin’ to have a moment here.”

“Sorry!” they squeal, and my door slams shut, making the whole house shake. Shit! If they’ve broken the door jamb again . . .

Oh, wait. I don’t have to care anymore.

Hey . . .

I DON’T HAVE TO CARE!!!!

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Bloody hell, is she LAUGHING?

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I DON’T HAVE TO CARE! I DON’T HAVE TO CARE! Legolas and I can jump on the back of his motorcycle and ride off into the sunset for the next fifty thousand years and IT DOESN’T MATTER! Property taxes? So what! Propriety? Bull shit! Food and shelter? Big deal! This stupid pink house’s door jambs not being nailed in properly? Who cares! Not me! I have Elven Ass, baby! I’m FREE FREE FREE!!! I can jump on the bed and break the box spring if I want to! Swing from the massive ugly chandelier in the dining room! Walk all over the kitchen countertops! Paint the walls chartreuse! Run around the neighborhood buck-naked with my fingers up my nose singing Robin is to the Greenwood Gone! And it DOESN’T MATTER! Because in a hundred years they’ll all be dead and the house will be relegated to either a demolition team or the historical society and we’ll be somewhere – anywhere – else! And

I

DON’T

CARE!

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

She IS laughing. Fuckin’ A, what the hell happened?

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I have this overwhelming urge to start singing, “Ding dong, the witch is dead.” I’ve officially lost it.

Well, I guess it wasn’t so bloody bad after all. At least Éowyn’s not brassed. Guess from her perspective it’s sort of a fucking accolade, especially from some young git’s standpoint. “The old divorcée gets a little,” you know.

“I’m sorry, Legolas, I’m so sorry,” she’s saying, still gasping with laughter. Oh hell, what the fuck do I care? It’s not like no one’s ever seen my bloody arse before. I start to laugh too. I can hear the two little mankers in the living room, still squealing and laughing and saying to each other, “Can you believe it? Can you believe it? Ohmygod we have to call Dawn!” Ah, fuck it; what does it bloody matter? Let ‘em bring over all their little fucking friends and watch me next time. Make ‘em see what they’ve been missing all their pathetic little lives. Make ‘em see Éowyn from a different point of view, anyway.

“At least they didn’t come in five minutes ago,” she adds, still giggling. This makes me smile.

Woah, now there’s a predatory look on his face. I sincerely hope I haven’t given him any kinky ideas or anything.

“You smell good, acushla,” he says suddenly, wriggling his hips into mine. Shit! Is he ever satisfied? But the grin he gives me says he’s only playing around. “But we should probably play good host, eh?”

I give an exaggerated sigh. “Oh, I suppose,” I say, rolling my eyes. He laughs again and sits up on his knees, looking down at me. He’s gorgeous, oh shit, he’s gorgeous; look at him in all his rumple-haired, flush-faced, six-pack-abbed, long-muscular-armed, brilliant-blue-eyed glory. Suddenly I don’t want him to get dressed. There’s something so decadent about him; he should be wearing nothing but a leather studded collar and a nipple ring.

Holy shit. Did I just think that? There’s a news bulletin for you: fucking Elves makes me kinky.

This is going to be very interesting.

He picks up his lollipop and puts it back into his mouth. Didn’t know he had such a sweet tooth. He rolls it around, tucking it in his cheek and grinning at me around the stick. “Shall we, acushla?” he says, and taking my hand pulls me upright.
Acushla, you have no fucking idea how hard it is not knobbing you again right NOW. Because I want to, oh bloody hell do I want to; want to pull you up on my lap and do you upright, your legs around my back, my hands on your arse. But oh fuck, my stomach just growled again; and oh fuck there are two soppy gits having the screaming abdabs in the lounge, and they’ll probably nobble the prawns if we don’t fucking do something NOW.

But that doesn’t mean I don’t still want to knob you again. So I back off the bed and pull you onto your feet.

She’s smiling, still giggling, grey eyes twinkling through that mop of golden curls. Oh my sainted aunt she’s lovely; that wide smiling mouth, perfectly oval cheeks flushed pink, pert little chin and long white throat like a column of marble . . .

Fuck, fuck, fuck, have I got it bad.

*******************************************************************

There he goes again, his eyes going all weird and cloudy. I swear they start glowing sometimes. It’d be freaky if I didn’t know how earthy and musky he really is. It’s hard being freaked out by something ethereal when you know the flip side is incredibly intense sex. Makes it all worthwhile, somehow.

And anyway, his creepy eye-glowy thing is just part of what he is. If I don’t accept it that means I don’t accept HIM, which is unthinkable. He’s as good as promised me he’ll be mine forever, and if he can accept me how I am – human, female, flawed, irrational – then I can certainly accept the marks of the Eldar on him.

Kind of a turn-on, really, that this perfect, eerie, other-worldy being wants to spend all eternity with me. That my humanity doesn’t bother him, that it might even excite him.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Oh fuck, why the fuck did those two bloody shites have to come home NOW? I want her I want her I bloody want her, I hate being polite at times like this but it wouldn’t be right to leave it so . . .

Off we go. Be nice, Legs. You’ve just given the little mankers a gobsmiting, now it’s time to bloody put things right.

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I really, REALLY don’t want to bother with Dorcas and her giggling mob right now, but what choice do I have? Just because I’m immortal doesn’t give me the right to be rude. And it WOULD
be kinda rude to let them walk in on us buck-naked, and just keep going at it while they’re in the house. She does pay rent, after all. What was it Gandalf said – our highest goal was to be peace, both on a global and an individual scale. He even got quoted: “As far as it depends on you, live at peace with everyone.”* That includes Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I, unfortunately. AND their dorky boyfriends. Damn.

Where the hell are my panties?

Oh, shit. I think they’re still on the kitchen floor.

Knickers, knickers, where the fuck are her knickers? Oh bugger, left ‘em in the kitchen. And where are my trousers? Wasn’t I wearing them when we came in here? Oh fuck fuck fuck, that’s right, I forgot; I shed ‘em in the hallway. Shit.

Hm. Need a rug or something here, wrap it round my waist so I can go fetch ‘em. Though the thought of pulling those fucking stiff and tight leather trousers up my sticky plonker isn’t exactly endearing. Should’ve fetched my things from the fucking saddlebags, could’ve put on a pair of shorts or something.

Oh, well.

Hm. Don’t mind looking at that. Nice arse she’s got, my little acushla, white and round and pert sitting atop those long lovely legs. In fact I think I’ll just sit my damn ronson down right here right now and admire it for a bit.

Ah. She’s turned around. An even nicer view. Oh yes.

“You look smug.”

He smiles, the bastard; he’s not even PRETENDING to look at my face as he talks. “Just admirin’ the view, acushla,” he says innocently.

I give him a grimace and pull a pair of panties out of the drawer. Had to think a minute there – no tighty-whities for him; I’ll indulge with these really pretty blue ones, with all the straps on them. Now his eyes are on them, contemplative, speculative.

“What?”

“Just watchin’. Go on, now.”

“Shouldn’t you be getting dressed too? Or are you going out there in the rude nude?”

He grins; his eyes sparkle seductively. “Wouldn’t the little fucks like that, then! No, need to get me trousers; they’re out in the hallway.”

“Oh!” I laugh. Just the thought of what Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I would say if he did . . . no, I’d better not think of it. But I can’t help grinning as I pull on my panties and adjust the satin
straps.

Mmm. Nice. Love the way her tits swing when she bends over. And oh fuck how I love the sound of those straps snapping on her hips. Like to give the bloody little things a snap myself.

Woah. Down, boy! Where the fuck’s that rug? No need to let her see how excited I’m getting – fuck, I’m a pathetic little sod, aren’t I?

She’s rooting round in the drawer, picking out a brassiere. Now, there’s no real need for that, is there, mate? One of the most fucking erotic things I can think of right now is the swing and jiggle of those tits under a shirt.

White, tan, pink, white, white, pink . . . why did I buy these panties if I don’t have a bra to match?

Oh yeah – I couldn’t afford it. Thirty six damn dollars, geez louise, like I can just blow that kind of money. White, maybe . . .

Suddenly he standing beside me, his hands on mine. Bra straps tangle around our fingers and he tugs them away from me, shoves them back in the drawer. He’s still naked, and good grief, is he half-hard already? Elven stamina indeed!

“Don’t need that, acushla,” he says, his eyes glimmering. “Just a shirt. No need to hide what you have – too pretty for that.”

“So you want me bouncing all over the place with my nipples sticking out; is that it?” I ask archly. I can’t believe I’m saying this – I’m not usually so forward! – but I guess he brings out the worst in me.

Or best. Whatever.

Now his blue eyes are glowing again, that hot lusty flame that lights them up. And now his fingers are on my breasts, touching oh so lightly, stroking down to my nipples, making them harden. I can’t help it – I want to be dispassionate and get out of this bedroom but oh holy shit that feels good – and when he lightly pinches and rolls them –

Oh holy shit, oh dammit dammit dammit, how does he DO that

How I love watching those silver eyes glaze over
When did my eyes close? Oh damn here I go again, there’s that moan –

He’s swallowed it with his mouth, those soft tender lips over mine, sliding, pulling, oh so gentle
and warm; but before we can deepen into something that qualifies for the Point of No Return
(sexually speaking anyhow) he’s got my breasts cupped in his hands, feeling the weight of them
against his palms and running his thumbs over my nipples.

Open your eyes, acushla. That’s right. I know what you like, oh yes indeed, but fuck it now I’ll
show you what I like.

I whisper against her lips, she’s flicking her tongue out to touch mine. Oh bugger, we need to
leave this bedroom before we fucking forget those two manky mingers in the lounge. “I want to
watch them move under your shirt,” I say. Her tongue outlines my lower lip, her eyes close. Oh
bugger, oh fuck, oh she tastes so good. “Sexy – very sexy.”

“Mmm?” She gives my mouth one last lick and smiles, those gorgeous eyes half closed. “Think
it’s sexy for me to go around braless?”

“Fuck yeah,” I say, and kiss her again. Oh fuck my plonker’s up and at ‘em already and OH
FUCKING HELL she just wrapped her hand around it and OH SHIT OH FUCK OH NO NO

Woah, THAT got his attention! He straightened up so fast I could hear his spine snap. Nice to
know Elven vertebrae do that too. He drops his head back, eyes closed, lets out a little hiss behind
his teeth. And his hands have tightened on my boobs – gotta love that, makes them so so so happy
– I’ll just lean right on in here for another of those juicy yummy kisses he gives me and slide my
hand down a little . . .

FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK stop it stop it stop it oh god oh god oh god
and up...

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

OH SHIT OH FUCK OH BUGGER

and down...

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO OH FUCK OH YES

getting a nice little rhythm going here, aren’t we?

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

yes yes yes yes oh god oh god don’t stop don’t stop
This is very interesting; he’s actually pulsing up into my hand. I look down at it. That big fat mushroom-shaped head is popping in and out of the circle of my fist, and it’s got a drop of clear liquid pearling up at the tip. I run an experimental thumb over it and he lurches and gives a loud groan.

“Like that, don’t you?” I say. Oh shit, I’m PURRING! How did that noise manage to make its way up my throat?

“Oh fuck, Éowyn –” His voice is all raspy and he’s panting, his eyebrows puckered over his closed eyes. Suddenly I feel powerful, knowledgeable. I know I can bring him off in record time. Up, down, up, down, up, down . . .

brush the tip with my thumb

FUCK oh holy shit oh fucking A oh fuck oh god
He’s hanging on to my boobs like they’re his lifeline or something; his body’s stiff and trembling, head thrown back, face screwed up into a grimace of what I know is absolute and undiluted pleasure. How nice to be able to give back a little – gives me that warm, selfless feeling of providing gratification for its own sake.

Oh, and the sense of power. That’s nice too.

I’m going pretty fast now; he’s got his pretty face stretched into a grimace, that long lean lovely body taut and quivering, the breath coming out of his mouth is loud and raspy and mingled with groans that I’m POSITIVE Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I can hear – but I don’t care; I’m getting my Elf off and that’s the most important thing in the world right now.

Up down up down up down up down up down up down

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Whoa, bet they heard THAT!

He sinks to his knees; I go down with him, still squeezing a little. He’s come all over my hand but I don’t care – it was worth it to hear that groan, to see his body spasm like that. His head’s dropped down onto my shoulder; his hands are gripping my ribcage like a drowning man holds onto a lifesaver. His breaths are tattered, hitching in his chest, which is heaving like mad.

I did this. I, Éowyn daughter of Éomund, did this to him. I did this to one of the Eldar, to a Sindarin Elf. I did this to the Prince of Mirkwood, to a heartbreakingly lovely creature, all white translucent skin and whipcord muscle and satiny platinum hair. I drove all thought out of his mind and turned his legs to water. And all I did was jerk him off.

Ah – power! I’d forgotten how good it felt. Yes yes yes. I could get to like this.

Wait – how’d I end up on my bloody knees?

Oh wait, oh fuck – oh, bugger, oh bloody hell. How did she DO that?

Open your eyes, you manky gobshite. Open open open. What’s that – blue panties – oh yeah – that’s what started it all, the damn sexy things. Oh shit, oh fuck, oh bugger.
She unwraps her hand, it’s all covered with spunk – better wipe that off – can’t fix tea with it all crusty – oh fuck, look at her, the little bit; she’s licking it off, oh fuck fuck fuck fuck, breathe breathe breathe . . .

Mmmm . . . Elven semen tastes like . . . like a sweet and salty and buttery pastry cream filling. Yum.

Look at him – mouth open, gasping for breath, eyes clouded and half closed, limbs still shaking. Gotta love that.

She’s smiling – shit-eating grin, that’s what it is. She knows. She knows what she just did to me.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Oh my sainted aunt. Fuck.

I’m made of rubber, my bones have dissolved. I think my fucking brain’s dissolved too. Nothing in my head but jelly. I can’t do anything, not a fucking thing. Bloody hell. I’m staring at her, she’s smiling at me, no, grinning the little bit is grinning at me. She knows.

Oh hell. Did I get in deep.

“Better?” I ask brightly. I’m pumped, I’m not sure why. Was it because I just reduced him to the same gibbering, incoherent state I was in only ten minutes ago? He smiles, still panting, still trying to catch his breath.

“You – “ He shakes his head, trying to clear it I guess. His arms go around me and I’m dragged to the floor with him on top of me, hot sticky sweaty Elf limbs all around me.

There are worse things.

“You little cow,” he mutters into my hair. “Thought we were supposed to be gettin' dressed.”

“No fault you left your pants in the hallway,” I say. His hair smells good – warm, piney, sharp. Just for fun I run my fingers through it. The damp skin catches on the silky strands and pulls a little, enough to make him notice but not enough to hurt him.

“And where are your clothes, eh?” He draws back and smiles down at me. I can only smile back, my hands tangled in the long soft hair, his naked body on mine.

Then I remember. My panties and panty hose are still in the kitchen, and Dorcas and Cyndi –
“Shit!” I exclaim, and roll out from underneath him. Now he’s laughing, a rich tenor laugh that echoes around the house, fills up the corners and drives out my demons. Not only did I make him groan, I made him laugh.

Oh fuck, I need a cigarette.

Where the hell is my lolly?

And my trousers – fuck. Still in the hallway.

Oh well. They know what we were doing in here by now . . . though that’s the bloody quickest I’ve gotten my knob off in . . . hmm . . . let’s see now . . . Japan, Antarctica, China, let’s see . . .

Well, how interesting. To my recollection, and it’s pretty damn good, never. Hah. One up to my little acushla. Knew she was a good investment. Fuck.

She’s pulling on clothes, white tee shirt over her naked tits and blue jeans, faded and tattered and tight tight tight. Fucking A, you can practically see the lines of the straps on her knickers through them. Like those, yes indeed I do.

“I’ll throw your pants in,” she says, opens the door.

I look up at her, inverted, from my resting place on the floor. Fuck it, even upside-down she’s a bit of all right. My acushla. Mine.

“Take yer time,” I say, and I grin at her. She grins back. My acushla.

“No way I’m letting Dorcas get a load of that,” she says, pointing to my plonker. That just makes me laugh harder.

She’s jealous. I like that, mate.

*Romans 12:18 (St. Paul)*
**Chapter Summary**

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

I run down the hallway to the kitchen. I can hear Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I squealing and carrying on in there, oh-my-god-ing and whispering in high squeaky voices. Sure enough, as soon as I round the corner they stop, eyes big and goggly, still grasping each other’s hands.

Dorcas’ eyes travel down to my boobs. Yes, I’m not wearing a bra. Yes, I’m older than you are, and yes, I know you probably think I’m TOO old to be indulging in this sort of exhibitionism. And no, I don’t particularly care if it bothers you or not. Got it?

Actually I kind of like the way the cotton rasps against my nipples. Hmm. My tactile senses seem to have hit some sort of overload. Guess I can blame my Elven Ass for that.

Although I don’t think I should call him that to his face. He needs a nickname . . .

“Dorcas!” I gasp. “Cyndi with – Cyndi, Dorcas, I’m so sorry, I didn’t know you’d come in, I didn’t know the door was unlocked.” I’m babbling, fortunately I’m also laughing, so they can see I’m not really THAT sorry. And why should I be? I was in MY house, in MY room, in MY bed, fucking MY piece of ass. They walked in on ME. THEY should be embarrassed.

And boy, are they!

Their faces are scarlet – whether through embarrassment, surprise, or suppressed mirth; who the hell cares? – and they’re stifling giggles behind their hands, nervously looking at me with wide deer-in-the-headlamps eyes.

Mortals! Sheesh. Like they’ve never seen coitus interruptus before.

Or – wait. Maybe they haven’t.

Shit. I keep forgetting how damn YOUNG Dorcas is . . . she’s what, 25? Though when I was her age I’d already been married to stupid Faramir four years and had two kids. Go fig.

“Ooo, Winnie, I’m sooooooooo sorry,” whines Dorcas, her fat little hands pawing at me. Ick.

Please, please tell me I was never this gushy.

“I know, I know,” I say, brushing her off. I never noticed how irritating it was to be called “Winnie.” Geez, what a horrible nickname. “And don’t call me ‘Winnie’ anymore, okay?”

“Huh?” Obviously I’ve shorted something ELSE out in that tiny little glob of grey putty she so optimistically calls her brain. No wonder she can’t get anything more than a secretarial position at a small start-up. What’s she run on, double-A’s?

“Don’t call me WINNIE,” I repeat. I know I’m talking louder than I need to but oh hell, does it feel GOOD. I’ve been told to hush, to keep my voice down, to speak softly, to hide behind respectability and anonymity for TOO GODDAM LONG. I have HAD IT.

Fuck Faramir. Fuck him fuck him fuck him. I have had ENOUGH.

Oh, man. I think Legolas is rubbing off on me.
At the moment? . . . I wish!!!

Ahem.

“My name,” I say, looking sternly down into the two upturned, round-eyed, open-mouthed, fish-like faces, “is Éowyn. AY OH WHEN. Repeat after me. Éowyn.”

They don’t say anything. Little shits.

Ow ow ow ow fuck fuck fuck fuck oh fucking A that does NOT feel good. Where the FUCK are my KNICKERS! Out in the FUCKING SADDLEBAG, that’s fucking WHERE!

ow ow ow ow ow ow ow

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“Éowyn,” they say automatically. I feel like Mr. Rogers for Pete’s sake. “Can you say Éowyn? Sure you can!”

“No Winnie,” I emphasize. “Éowyn. I’m so fucking sick of being called ‘Winnie’ that I’ve decided I’m not even going to answer to it. Okay?”

They nod dumbly, flinching a little at my gratuitous use of the F-word. Well! If they’re going to hang around my Elf, they’d better the hell get used to it.

All right, leave it out, not so bad, quit slagging your goolies and just tuck ‘em in – oh bugger. Goddam leather trousers.

Right. Now. Éowyn. And rent-girl. Whoever the fuck she is. Right.

Fuck, this tile is bloody cold. Now, where the bloody hell did I leave my socks?
I hear a zipper. I turn. And there he is. Zipping up his fly. Mr. America.
Well, maybe not. Mr. Valinor? That’s probably a little closer.
Oh, oh, oh, it’s not fair it’s not fair it’s not fair. He’s so damn pretty . . .

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Ah, there she is now. I can already feel that fucking shit-eating grin stretching my gob out. My acushla. Mine mine mine.
Oh bugger. I’ve got it so fucking bad I can’t even think straight.

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And right on cue, yep, there go Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I scoping my Elf. Can’t really blame them – look at him, standing there in his black leather pants, long six-pack stomach, tight pecs, sculpted arms, alabaster skin, bare-chested, pink-nippled, pink-lipped, blue-eyed, platinum-haired glory.
Oh damn, oh damn, oh damn. Why is it that whenever I look at him, I feel as though I’ve dunked my head in a bucket of wet concrete?
Don’t smile at them, dammit. Oh, shit. He’s grinning.

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Wait a minute. He’s grinning at me. Or more specifically, my boobs. Well, that’s not so bad.
If it weren’t for those two fat-arsed rent girls I’d knob her right here in the hallway, swear to Elbereth I would.

Bugger. They’re drooling.

All right, enough of this.

“Dorcas, Cyndi,” I say, still firmly, still with my don’t-fuck-with-me voice securely fastened, “this is my – um – “

My what, exactly?

Go on. Can’t wait to hear this explanation.

“This is Legolas.”

Blank stares. Well, not so fucking blank at that. Blank with overtones of “I don’t care what your name is I want to shag you” scraped over the top of it, like butter on toast.

Fuck, I bloody hate that.
Damn, now what do I say?

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This should prove to be moderately entertaining.

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Stop looking at me like that, dammit. You’re not helping. “My – um – an old friend of mine, we,
um, ran into each other on Twenty-fourth Street in Pasadena.”

******************************************************************************

“Ran into each other” – fuck yeah! About two hundred fifty times. Rapidly. Repeatedly. With lots
of sweat and saliva involved. Fuck fuck fuck fuck wanna bite you wanna bite you wanna bite you
fuck I LOVE it when you blush

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Dammit, quit sniggering. I can feel the heat rising to my cheeks and I can’t help it, I look down at
my feet. I can feel him come up behind me, pass me, one hand out to them. “Cheers,” he says.
They manage to shake his hand without jumping him, which is actually more than I expected. I
look up. Dorcas looks puzzled, which is so normal for her I’m surprised I can differentiate it from
her other facial expressions. Cyndi-with-an-I still has that “I’m ovulating, please fertilize me” look
on her face.

“Old friend?” Dorcas asks. I can hear the rusty, unused gears creaking as they start rotating in that
empty space between her ears.

Oh, that was NOT nice.

When did I get so bitchy?

Or rather, when did I resume being so bitchy? I haven’t been a bitch in – let’s see – oh, about
seven thousand five hundred years. No wonder I’m (A) out of practice and (B) enjoying it so
much. Faramir hated it when I was like this – wanted to see a demure woman, a ladylike woman,
a well-bred woman. Fuck that. I WAS born in a barn, or at least a stable, which is close enough to a barn thankyouverymuch, so why the hell do you expect me to act like some goddam princess? Okay, okay, so I was the damn niece of the damn king of the damn backwater-illiterate-redneckville country of Rohan, so the hell what? Oh yeah, and my brother was the king . . . . whoop dee doo. Éomer didn’t even learn how to read until after he married Lothíriel. And he used to pick his teeth at the banquet table with splinters he tore off the arm of his throne. I know; I watched him, for crying out loud!

Titles! Bullshit. To hell with that. Legolas never bothered with them and neither will I. Enough already.

“Old friend,” she says. Snarky, snarky, snarky! Now, THAT’S the Shieldmaiden I knew of auld lang syne.

“Very old friend,” I supply with another grin. I decide to not only stake my fucking claim but show these manky little scrubbers that I am NOT up for grabs. I slide an arm around Éowyn’s waist, pull her up close. Oh bugger, body heat – she melts up into me. Yes yes oh fuck yes, slip that long graceful arm round my waist, dig those fingers into my side – no worries there, I’m yours, acushla, don’t fucking worry about that, I’m yours yours yours yours yours.

Oh hell, oh shit, oh fuck, oh bugger. Deep, I’m in deep, never been so fucking deep.

Little bitches don’t believe her. I can tell.

“Knew her before she was married,” I say, hitching her closer. She tucks her head under my chin. Fuck, she’s bloody smoodging me. Can’t help it, I put my hand on her jacksie and give her a squeeze.

She squeaks.

Ha! Love that sound. Fucking love it.


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OH shit why the hell did you do that? Now I’m blushing again, dammit! He manages to make me feel like some wet-behind-the-ears virgin.

He met me before I was married? Wait . . . He did, didn’t he? Met me before I even cared that there was a steward in Gondor. And all I could see was Aragorn, rugged, hairy, manly, smelly. Shit, was I blind or what?

Blind, yep. Or stupid. Take your pick. I don’t even remember him that well – only that I was a little afraid of him. Never met one of the Eldar before, and he looked – well – ethereal, untouchable, angelic.

Angelic – hah! Never saw an angel with a dick like that.

Damn. Stop thinking about it. Stop stop stop stop stop.
Fat, mushroom-shaped head . . .

Shit, shit, shit. When will these stupid little twats LEAVE?!

“Yes,” I manage to say, even calmly. “Before I was married. Very old friend. Um.” I look up at him. He’s grinning, damn him. Thinks it’s pretty funny. “And we’ve, um, been catching up,” I cough. Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I exchange significant looks. They know. They heard us. Shit, they SAW us.

He snorts.

Bastard.

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“Catching up”? More like “making up for lost time”!

Speaking of, I’m so fucking peckish I’m fainting. Time for some prawns and tequila.

And another squeeze. And another squeak.

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Yikes! Dammit! There he goes again!

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“Time for tea,” I announce, giving the two Post-Adolescent Wonders my best and sexiest smile.

Oh, don’t look at me like that. I know I’m a bloody sexy gobshite. Why not use my powers for good? Make a change, and all that.

“You staying?” I ask, and walk past them into the kitchen.

“For tea?” I hear one of them say. Sounds very confused, poor bitch.

“He means dinner,” says Éowyn.

Damn, forgot about that.
Please say no, please say no, I don’t want to share him with you, I want him all for myself. Go away go away go away go away.

Please, please, please, say no. Say no no no no no no no no. I don’t want to fucking share ANY of these bloody prawns. Say no no no no no!

“We already ate.”
Oh, hallelujah.

Fucking A, that’s a relief. Only a couple kilos and I’m so hungry I could eat them all myself.

On with the hob, out with the knife and the butcher block and the vegetables. And the tequila, don’t bloody forget the tequila. For good measure I pour out a finger into a random bud vase and down it.

Burn burn burn baby burn, oh fuck yeah right into the hole it goes. Ah, alcohol, bung it back and quit your grizzling. Pickled worm. Fuck it, I’m not going anywhere tonight.

Bugger – my Harley! Better bring my things in before we have it off again. Either that or I’ll be wearing her fucking knickers at breakfast.

Cross-dressing Elf; that’d go over well. Bet little fat-arse over there’d get a rise out of it.

Damn. Have to keep our voices down tonight. Bugger. Not even sure if I can. Óowyn sucks the fucking spunk right out of me, how can I bloody well NOT yell?

He’s . . . drinking tequila out of a bud vase? Okay, that’s . . . weird.

Tequila and the Prince of Eryn Lasgalen. Whodathunkit?
I’m not going to be able to stand this – watching him at the stove, chopping and scraping and sucking down José Cuervo, back muscles rippling, silky pale hair swinging gently back and forth between his bare shoulder blades, butt cheeks clenching and relaxing every time he shifts on his feet. And I’m REALLY not going to be able to stand to watch THIS much longer – Dorcas and Cyndi-with-a-fucking-I standing in the kitchen doorway and drooling, for Pete’s sake.

Eyes off, please. MY ass. Not yours. MINE.

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Onion, circles, strips. Break apart, check oil, not hissing. Check prawns, thawed and drained. Open crisps bag. Presentation, remember presentation. Basket, bowl, what the fuck can I use?

He’s casting around, looking for something. Damn, there’s that tattoo again. Osservi alle stelle, vela sull’oceano. It’s sliding and shifting against his shoulder when he moves the muscles there. Long graceful script, decorated with scrollwork. Wonder how old it is? Wonder what it says? Wonder why he got it?

There’s so much I don’t know about him. What has he done? Where has he been? How much has he seen the rest of the Chosen? What kinds of things does he do in the course of living out his immortal life? He at least is well-chosen for this – him and Gandalf and Arwen. They’re made to live forever. What the hell am I supposed to do? Just be Faramir’s wife; that’s all I was ever told – but now that’s over.

Now what?


He’s opening cabinets and rummaging through drawers and settling in. Cooking, of all things! Never knew he knew how to cook. Seems to like it, too.
In go the onions, hissing and spitting. He lifts the big wok with one long white hand and shifts, rolls, flips the pieces of onion. Faramir could cook, or at least he claimed to. I never liked it, and I think that’s why he took it up. I used to think it was so gay, but now I’m not so sure.

Legolas likes to cook. Legolas is not gay. (Boy, do I know THAT.) Therefore, cooking is not gay.

The kitchen is silent except for the hiss of the onion and the thunk and clatter of his knife. I’ve never seen anyone peel shrimp that fast before, it’s like he’s stripping them. Deft white fingers, nimble, sure. Schwick schlip fwip flunk. Schwick schlip fwip flunk. Another one bites the dust.

Peel and bung, peel and bung. Scratchy pointy exoskeletons, slimy squidgey little gray bodies. One prawn, two prawn, four prawn, ten. Smell of frying onion, powdery odor of dried peppers, sharp astringent taste of tequila on my tongue. Peel and bung. Peel and bung.

Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I watch him, all eyes. I watch him too, but not just with my eyes. He’s breathing, I can hear the intake and exhale. I think I can even smell the rosemary wafting back when he turns his head, and that curtain of pale gold shimmers around his shoulders. I hear him. He’s humming. What is that? I don’t recognize it.

He starts to sing. Dorcas and Cyndi jump.

“Ich fühl es, ich fühl es, wie dies Götterbild mein Herz mit neuer Egung füllt.”

Oh, German! I know that, wait a minute –

“Dies etwas kann ich zwar nicht nennen, doch fühl’ ich’s hier wie Feuer brennen; soll die Empfindung Liebe sein?”

That’s Mozart, I know that, that’s from, from Die Zauberflöte, that was, um, the tenor, the romantic one. Tamino, that’s it.

“Ja, ja, die Liebe ist’s allein, die Liebe, die Liebe ist’s allein!”*

Ooohhhhh . . .

I know what that means.

I’m melting.
Mozart, oh Wolfgang Amadeus, how the mighty have fallen. You and fucking Purcell, drinking yourselves to death, what a bleeding waste. Hiss and sizzle, flip the onion. Peel and bung, peel and bung. Another finger of tequila and here’s mud in your eye.

And I can smell you, and I can feel you, standing behind me and watching me. Smell the citrus of your honey hair, feel the heat radiating from that lovely golden body. And I can hear you breathe, and I can hear your heart beat. It skips and races, your breath comes short. You know, don’t you, acushla? You know what I’m singing.

“Ich würde sie voll Entzücken an diesen heißen Busen drücken, und ewig ware sie dann mein.”**

Detholalle, lirimaer. Take me or leave me, but you’ll bloody well know what I think of all this.

He’s too smart, too well-trained, too Elvish to not be aware of what he’s singing, and who’s in the room with him. I know that aria. I know it well. I cried like a baby when I first heard it, sitting in the royal box in La Scala. Oh, how I wished Faramir would sing like that to me. He never sang to me, he never sang at all. Never said pretty things to me either, not after the Fifth Age anyway. After our progeny had grown and reproduced and died and rotted everything went stale. It was never the same. Never.

Listen to him. Listen to that voice. It’s clear, it’s pure, like clean water washing me.


He turns, one bright blue eye winks at me. He knows what he’s singing. And he’s singing to me. Dorcas and Cyndi are petrified; they’re staring at us, knowing something is happening, but not sure exactly what.

I know – I know. But how do I answer him?

“Dies etwas kann ich zwar nicht nennen, doch fühl’ ich’s hier wie Feuer brennen; soll die Empfindung Liebe sein?”

I can’t remember any of Pamina’s arias – I was a little too late in the opera game for Mozart. But Saint-Saens and I were like that. Crotchety old bastard, he sure liked blondes.

“Mon cœur s’ouvre à ta voix comme s’ouvrent les fleurs aux baisers de l’aurore!”+

My sainted aunt . . .
That got his attention. He turns, knife and shrimp in hand, eyes bright and blue and glittering.

“Mais Ô mon bien-amié, pour mieux sécher mes pleurs, que ta voix parle encore!”++

Can’t ignore that. Oh, bugger. Oh, Manwë, you really did mean it, didn’t you? The remuneration of obedience is the fulfillment of the senses.

I suppose I should be wondering what Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I think of all this, but my eyes are full of him, of his face, of the look of dawning comprehension and all the other little emotions I see there – relief, elation, ecstasy.

Down goes the knife. Down goes the shrimp. I’d better sing fast.

“Dis-moi qu’à Dalila tu reviens pour jamais! Redis à ma tendresse les serments d’autrefois, ces serments que j’aimais!”+++ I hear you. I hear you. I’m coming.

“Ah! Réponds à ma tendresse, verse-moi, verse-moi l’ivresse!”++++ I will. I will. I swear to you I will.
And he’s on me, I taste the tequila on his tongue and smell the sweet shrimpy stuff he’s rubbing into my hair and onto my cheeks, but I don’t care. I don’t even care that Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I are clearing their throats and looking away and shuffling their feet, embarrassed at our display. I don’t care. He’s mine mine mine.


Mine mine mine mine mine.

* “I feel it, I feel it, how this divine face fills my heart with new emotions. I cannot name this yearning, yet I feel it burning like a fire; could this feeling be love? Yes, yes, it is love alone, it is love, it is love alone!”
** “Enraptured would I press her to this burning breast, and then she would be mine for ever.”
+ “My heart opens to your voice as the flowers open to dawn’s kisses.”
++ “But oh, my beloved, the better to dry my tears, let your voice speak once more.”
+++ “Tell me that you are coming back to Delilah forever! Remind me once again of the promises of bygone days, those promises I loved!”
++++ “Ah! Answer my tenderness, fill me with ecstasy!”

(A/N: The German is from Tamino’s aria in Mozart’s Die Zauberflöte; the French lines Eowyn sings back are Dalila’s aria “Mon coeur s’ouvre” from Saint-Saens’ Samson et Dalila.)
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts. 
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

8.

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This is a little odd. All of a sudden Dorcas is Ducky and Cyndi-with-an-I is Poppet. And here they sit, at my table, trying to edge each other out, all eyes and slack jaws, staring at my Elf while he practically hand-feeds me chips and shrimp.

Mmm, tangy, limey, spicy, tequila-y, salty. Yummy. If I’d known he could cook like this I’d’ve hired him on as my personal slave five thousand years ago.

Licking his fingers isn’t too bad, either.

Can you just imagine? “Have fun in the Baltic Sea, dear; don’t worry about me, Legolas will take care of everything . . . “ Frances – Faramir – would’ve had a fit.

Wonder what he’ll think now? Not that we see each other much, but Legolas did mention something about wanting to get my money back, which kind of implies having to talk to the goddam bastard again. And considering how incredibly pissed off he was when he found out Faramir had walked out on me dragging our nest egg behind him . . .

Not sure how I feel about that. I mean, I do kind of want my money back – at least, I did about four or five hours ago – hell, seemed like that was all I could think about, because when you’re strapped it IS all you can think about; how the hell am I going to pay for my mortgage/car repair/car payment/equity loan/phone bill? Poverty grips you by the intestines and squeezes all the respite right out of you; you can’t seem to think about anything else. What if I can’t make the payments? What if I lose the house? What if I don’t have enough money to buy food at the end of the month, after I’ve used up my paycheck doing the bills? What if what if what if?

Oh, fuck it. But now . . . here I sit, bemused, content, confused, a little off-kilter, but all that sickening apprehension is GONE. I have an Elf to take care of me. And he won’t leave me, and he can’t lie, and he has plenty of his own money, and he’s fucking GORGEOUS, and he does things to my private parts that I thought only happened in THOSE kinds of romance novels. And not just with the Usual Implements, either. I won’t complain about the way his fingers and tongue and Little Legolas (well, not so little at that) bring me effortlessly to the stratosphere of physical gratification; that’s only a part of it – he can make me fly just by opening that filthy, foul, sweet-pink-lipped mouth. The way he says my name – or calls me “acushla” – or holy shit, when he sang that aria to me, and knew that I knew precisely what he meant –

Oh yeah, got it bad got it bad got it bad.

It feels as though he’s dropped a thick, heavy, wet blanket over my head. All that screechy panic, the heart-clutching anxiety, the overwhelming apprehension just went on a permanent vacation. And here I sit, chewing tender and tasty shrimp, thinking about chewing on a tender and tasty something else as soon as possible; my thighs humming from our last sexual encounter, my senses filled with him – the memory of the sharp rosemary scent of his hair, the silky texture of his skin, the clear quality of his voice, the snap and twinkle of those impossibly blue eyes – going over and over and over what he’s said to me the past couple of hours.

I’ll take care of you.
I’m not leaving.
I’m putting you back where you belong.
I’m never letting go.
I get the feeling you’ll be the best damn investment I’ll ever make.
Die Liebe ist’s allein.
Just that phrase makes my heart pound. I don’t want to say the word in English because I’m afraid of it. But Liebe works. So do other words in other languages I can think of. Amour, for example.
He makes my head spin. But in a good way.

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Stupid fucking manky little gobshite bitches, why the fuck can’t they tell when they’re not wanted? I’d bung the little nits out the door except it’s not my bloody house. At least the prawns turned out all right. But this is not how I fucking planned to eat them. Wanted to see if the curl of their little cooked bodies was tight enough to grip a certain someone’s little pert brown nipple.

Bet they are. Bet Éowyn’s skin tastes even better with a smear of hot sauce on it. Love to slide my tongue around those firm soft tis, flick the prawn off the nipple, suck on it to get the juices off –

Oh fuck, shouldn’t have said juices, mate. Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck, good thing I’m sitting down ‘cause these grotty kifes would suss out my condition in no fucking time at all.

Don’t suppose they’ve taken their eyes off me since I walked into the bloody room.

Wish they weren’t here, wish they’d take their bally little selves off. Fuck it, need to talk to Éowyn about our little interchange a few minutes ago – she knew what I said, I knew what she said, but there’s more to be said, isn’t there? Hell yes, you can’t make that kind of bleeding confession and then faff off.

Think we’re going too fast here.

Just a couple hours ago I had no mission, no motive, not a single! fucking! clue! what to do. Just hauling my ronson round the country, doing the fucking starving-artist thing, waiting waiting waiting. No word from the Valar in years, just the occasional “Jolly good, well done old chap” I get now and then to let me know I haven’t bished it up.

And now –

Fucking A, I can’t even turn my head without feeling as though she’s bloody bollocked me. Got those pretty little hands wrapped around my knacks, squeezing every last microgram of reason out of my head. Always knew she was a bit of all right, but bloody hell! Was I fucking blind all these years, to not see her like this? I can smell her, orangy-lemony-musky; I can see her, honey colored hair, shining silvery eyes, red red lips like ripe cherries, the flush of health on her oval cheeks; I can hear her, Réponds à ma tendresse, verse-moi l’ivresse, oh bloody hell do I want to . . .

Every once in a while, Manwē speeds things up a bit. Doesn’t do it often, but when he does I just have to hang on to the grip bar and wait it out. I sit, watch the stars wheel above me, listen to the
buzz of humanity in the back of my head like an insignificant hum, and then . . . centuries, millennia have passed me by, and suddenly everything screeches to a halt.

Haven’t gone through the windscreen yet, but I’m damn sure it’s only a fucking matter of time.

“What does your tattoo say?”

I look over, it’s the fat red-haired one. She’s looking at my shoulder.

“Says ‘watch the stars, sail the sea,’” I say. Now that’s a nice looking prawn, curled pink edges and white flesh speckled with pepper and bits of lime pulp. It makes a satisfying schwick as I spear it with my fork and lift it to Éowyn’s mouth. She smiles, opens her lips, extends her tongue halfway, looking into my eyes. Put it in, darling, she seems to be saying, and oh my sainted aunt suddenly I want to feel her mouth around me –

Fuck! Goddam leather trousers!

So that’s what it means. Mmm, shrimp, good shrimp, happy little tastebuds. Made an exhibition of myself there but I don’t particularly give a flying fuck; after tasting his semen I’m eager for more. Never cared much for giving head in the past – of course it was just Faramir’s head, and that wasn’t much to sing about, besides, his cum was all bitter . . . and I always got the feeling he was pretending I was someone else.

Bastard.

Bet Legolas would want to watch, not just close his eyes and lie back.

And I bet he’d return the favor, too.

“Do you like to sail?”

You dumb little shit, won’t you just shut up and LEAVE ALREADY?

All right, Ducky, you’re reaching there. I meet Éowyn’s eyes; she’s as frustrated as I am. Not to worry, acushla, just a matter of time and they’ll bugger off.

“Done a lot of it, yeah,” I admit. Suddenly I remember something that makes me grin. “Remember sailing round Crete, acushla? Fuck, that was a party, that was.”

Turquoise sea, powder-blue sky, white clouds and white cliffs and white stucco houses. The
brilliant splash of fuchsia from an overgrown tangle of bougainvillea. Coffee-colored skin on the white-clad slaves, sweet cold yellow wine, the feel of rough boards beneath my bare feet. I can even smell the salt on the air.

She smiles. She remembers. Idyllic, that’s what it was.

What made it even better was that Faramir wasn’t even there. He was off with one of the Hellanodikai, probably butt-fucking him for all I cared, overseeing the senate meetings in the Bouleuterion. And Aragorn was in Macedonia, so it was just Arwen and me, draped in thin gauzy white robes, sailing in our little white boat around the steaming hot Aegean. We’d stopped off at Makrygialos, in the little strait across from the islet there, and found to our astonishment that the two gentlemen sunning themselves in the nude were none other than our fellow Chosen, Legolas and Gimli, stretched out buck-naked on the bright orange tile rooftop of the inn there. We ordered our slaves to feed and accommodate them, and before we knew it they’d turned our quiet, sedate little sail into a party cruise.

Oh, those hangovers . . . damn, though, was it worth it!

Didn’t think of Legolas as a sexual being then, though I knew he’d had his share of encounters. He was always so serious about them – took such good care of them, even when they’d gotten old and frail and feeble and forgetful. First her lover, then passing himself off as her son, her grandson; mourning her death, burying her and moving on.

Wonder how many old women he’s taken care of?

Wonder if he’ll like taking care of me for a change? I’m older than hell but I still look good. And no way in hell he’ll be able to pass himself off as my son.

From a purely artistic point of view Crete’s a visual orgasm. Oh, those memories, the colors, the smells and sounds and the feel of the rocking boat beneath my feet, the sounds of the gulls and the ladies’ laughter.

Maybe after she gets tired of her horse farm I’ll buy another sailboat.
It was so wonderful, so much fun. And I still sort of remember how to sail, too – we did a lot of it once upon a time, it was the only way to get from point A to point B after all –

Oh, stop it! Can’t do everything at once. Horses first, boats later.

Hope he doesn’t mind.

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Love the way those silver eyes light up. Oh bugger, have I got it bad.

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“Ooo, Winnie, I didn’t know you’d been to Europe!” squeaks Dorcas. WINNIE?! She catches my eye and says quickly, “I mean, Éowyn.”

“Where d’yer think she met me, then, Ducks?” asks Legolas, winking at me. “Lumme, Éowyn, remember that meal we had in Kato Zakros? Some minor member of the Greek nobility . . . What a booze-up – we got absofuckinglutely mullered.”

Oh holy shit, do I remember that. I laugh.

“I remember the hangover I had the next day, that’s for sure,” I say, picking up a chip. I twirl it around my fingers, feeling the salt on my skin.

“Grim was so rat-arsed he couldn’t walk. Think he drank a barrel of plonk that night.”

“Remember trying to get him back on the boat? He kept tacking to the left – “

“Damn near ducked him in the harbor, didn’t we then? Ought to’ve; he was such a fucking gobshite when he was squiffy.”

I’m laughing so hard I can’t even eat anymore. “And poor Arwen, he barfed all over her dress, it was that pretty gold one I remember – “

“Ah, acushla, that was a rave-up, wasn’t it?” He grins at me, that oh-so-adorable, pinch-my-dimpled-cheeks grin that makes me want to tackle him to the floor and fuck him senseless.

Dorcas and Cyndi might object. Or not. Maybe they’d like to watch.

Ew. Don’t even THINK about that.

Speaking of, they’re looking back and forth from Legolas to me, like they’re watching a tennis match but have no clue as to the rules of the game.

Established one thing, at least: Legolas and I had a PAST. There’s history behind us, girls, so don’t even bother.

Oh, and go away. Now.
Not peckish anymore, oh fuck no; think I ate a kilo of prawns but they were so bloody GOOD. Helps too to wash it down with tequila. Got a little buzz going, feeling lightheaded – or that could be my little acushla, sucking the wits right out of my head.

Sucking – oh fuck, oh bugger. Right out of my head. Don’t know whether to laugh or drag her back to the bedroom.

Could do both, I suppose.

The two mingers look uneasy – probably because Éowyn and I are looking at each other like a starving man looks at a chop. Can’t help it, can’t even care; bloody hell do I want to knob her right here and now. Fuck yeah, right on the table again but this time she gets to be on top.

Note to self: Do not wear leather trousers around Éowyn. Bloody uncomfortable.

“So,” says Dorcas, eyeing Legolas diffidently. What’s up with that? “Is he, are you, um, staying the night?”

“Well, I’m sure the fuck not leaving now,” says Legolas without a pause. “Pretty bloody rude to have it off and disappear.” I hit him, in fun but a little harder than I mean to. “Ow!” He rubs his arm and grins at me. “Well, isn’t it, acushla?”

“Yes, he’s staying the night,” I tell Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I. Cyndi looks disapproving but Dorcas looks downright scared. Shit, she’s not scared of HIM, is she? Like he’d even want to sneak into her bedroom when he’s got me to keep him occupied.

“And tomorrow night?” she asks.

Legolas’ eyebrows go up; the light dawns for me too.

So that’s what’s got her so fucking nervous all of a sudden. Fuck. Wish we’d had time to talk about this before they showed up.
Damn, damn, damn. What ARE we doing? I don’t even know! Shit. He’s getting me a lawyer, buying me a farm, um . . . . but what about right NOW?

I see that look on your face, acushla. Told you I’d take care of you, didn’t I? And I bloody well mean to.

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Damn, damn, damn, oh Legolas, now what? Have you even thought that far ahead? What are we doing? What are we DOING?

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Time to play the turkey-cock again. Fuck, I’m such an oik. But may as well let the little ones know where to get off.

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I don’t know I don’t know I don’t know, I don’t even know if I’m going to work tomorrow, oh shit oh shit oh shit

But then I look at him, he looks at me. His eyes, his cerulean aquamarine azure eyes meet mine and the panic starts to fade. It can never stay as long as he’s with me.

Stay with me, please stay with me.

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Hold hard, acushla. Got it all in hand. Thought it out, believe me or not; let’s see how you bloody well like it.

“Be honest with you, Ducks, Poppet,” I say, turning to them. “It’s like this. Éowyn’s soppys tosser
ex nóbbled her ackers when they split, but being the nice little kífe she is none of us knew a
ing a fucking thing about it.” Momentary confusion there, until Ducky’s face clears and she looks over
at Éowyn.

“Oh yeah, your ex took your dough,” she says, and now Poppet understands too.

“Right. Well, we’re not about to let the berk have off with it without a fist in the mug, so I’m
planting me ronson right here till I can sort things out a bit. Going to call up some friends, have a
meeting, see; we’ll work out what we can do for her.”

“How long is this likely to take?” asks Poppet. Obviously got her friend’s welfare in mind. Good
for you, luv. Slag me if you like, let me know when I’ve bished it.

“Dunno,” I admit. I reach over, take Éowyn’s hand. It’s cold, she grips me hard, looks at me with
those frightened eyes. I’ll take care of you, acushla. I told you I would and I will. Trust me, you
have to fucking trust me. I am NOT like fucking Faramir, I won’t leave, I can’t. I can’t, don’t you
understand? It’s not in me, I couldn’t even if I wanted to, I’ll never want to, it’s the way I’m made.

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I want to believe you, I want to believe you, oh please please please help me believe you, you
don’t know what it’s like being left like this, I want to believe you so bad oh please

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“Gonna send off an email after tea, let everyone know I’ve hooked up with her and we’ll go from
there,” I say to them, but I’m talking to her. Listen, acushla, got it all sussed out, nothing to get
browned off over, don’t go spare on me because I’ve got too fucking much to do. Got to get this
squared away, get it fixed up before the Valar take a hand because when they do, oh my sainted
aunt acushla, you have no idea how fucking shirty they get. “Fer right now, pets, Éowyn and I are
going to do the washing up, have a nice long chin-wag IN PRIVATE – “ I give them my best
don’t-fuck-with-me look and it works, can see them back off in a heartbeat “ – work on how to fix
this bloody cock-up, and get to bed. Tomorrow, acushla – “ I turn to her; the look on her face is
scared, gobsmacked, hopeful all at once. Oh fuck it hurts to see you look like that. “Tomorrow
you’ll give notice at yer office and put in the rest of yer time – what is it here, two weeks?”

*****************************************************************

Does he think he can pull this off in two weeks? He’s a miracle worker but is he THAT good?

“Two weeks,” I say. Not that giving up the job is a great sacrifice on my part; I HATE office
work, the closed-in-air-conditioned-fluorescent-lighted-gossipy-cover-your-ass stuff was never my
league anyway. And who in their right mind would WANT to work auto insurance? Two weeks;
two weeks of LIVING HELL and then, and then . . . are you promising me heaven? Or at least
purgatory; can you talk to someone and get me into purgatory? Anything would be an
improvement.

“I’ll do me marketing, call a few berks and get these fucking greasers up here. Got to get Longshanks and Whitey in on this, they’ll break fucking Fairy-Meer’s chops for you.”

“Excuse me,” says Dorcas deprecatingly, giving him a nervous look. Don’t blame you, with a face like his you wouldn’t think his language would be so foul, almost makes it worse that way. “But how, um, is Éowyn – are you – going to pay for the house if you, um, quit?”

A very good question. How? More specifically, why? But Legolas is on it, he’s smiling, even gently; he can be oh so gentle when he wants to be. He knows Dorcas is tense, knows she’s wondering what will happen to HER. And here I’ve been, oh you stupid selfish self-centered Shieldmaiden bitch you, thinking about yourself again, no consideration for others – damn, damn, damn, why can’t we just push a button and have everything magically right itself?

Doesn’t work that way, I know, I know. And what did Arwen tell me, about a thousand years ago I think, that we only appreciate those acts that cost us something? Oh, to hell with that; I’m so tired of paying for someone else’s sins.

And BMWs, and student loans, and credit card bills.

Shit.

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Not to worry, pet, got you in hand. “S’all right, Ducky,” I say, make my voice soothing, like talking to a scared horse. “I’ve got this bloody house all taken care of. I’ll get on the phone to me banker in Lunnon and square it away. We won’t bung you out, will we, acushla?” We most certainly fucking will NOT, there’s nothing in my agreement that says I take care of Éowyn at the expense of others.

Except myself, of course. Always seems to fucking work out that way.

“And you need a garden service,” I add, looking at Éowyn. Looks a bit spare, the poor little bit; doesn’t bloody well know how to handle Efficient Legolas. Well, not to worry, acushla; I hide it well, no need to try to pretend you understand me; no one does except maybe for Whitey and Grim. Fucking used to it, I am. “And a maid, to take care of the inside. No sense making Ducky here do all the work, and you’ll be gone as soon as I can fucking get you out of here.”

She looks at me, startled; yes, acushla, that bleeding fast. No time to waste, wasted too much fucking time already.

“What?” Poppet sounds surprised, startled. Don’t bloody blame her.

“But dunno yet, have to look into it. Lots of real estate on the market in east California, or maybe we can go north, up to Montana. And you, my little acushla – “ I bring her fingers to my lips, look up through my lashes at her. She blushes, the sweet little bit, flinches back when my tongue touches her fingers, I can taste lime and salt. Don’t need anything except you and tequila, oh my acushla, just lick you after I take a shot. “You start mugging up the stud books, find us some animals. Wasted too much fucking time on your ex; time to waste time faffing about on a farm where you belong.”

“Farm?” Ducky sounds offended. “You’re going to make Winnie – Éowyn – live on a FARM?”

We both look at her. Fuck off, you manky little scrubber, do you think I don’t fucking know what Éowyn needs? It’s not as though I’m bloody well working this out on my own, you know, you stupid little kife; I’ve got fucking Manwē up here giving me the go-ahead.
Farm. Horses. Fences, the crunch of dry grass under boots, hot sun on the bandana around my neck, sweat under the band of the hat shading my eyes. The smell of horses, good honest sweat, dust and sweet timothy hay and alfalfa. High white peaks, green grass stretching for acres and acres and acres.

Oh, shit. How I miss it.

That’s right, acushla, see how you relax when you think of it? I’ve got you, I’ve got you. I told you, I’ll take care of it. Give over and let me, just fucking LET me already. You let me knob you and you won’t let me fucking take care of you?

Patience, Greenleaf. The Edan has been hurt and frightened. Give her time.

Rather give her fucking Fairy-Meer’s knacks on a platter.

This desire for revenge does not become you, Greenleaf. You can do nothing to him that will reach the depths of his perfidy. Leave the matter to us. We have given you the Edan to comfort. Obey us and you will be suitably rewarded.

I know what I fucking want, already. Let me keep it! Seventeen fucking thousand years of saying “Yes Sir” to every fucking one of your fucking commands; don’t I bloody well deserve it already?

Are you certain this is the reward you desire?

That gives me pause. Fuck, is it? I look over at her. She’s looking back, puzzled; she sees that I’m having another conversation elsewhere. Sorry, acushla, have to get used to it if you’re going to keep me around.

Is this it? Is it? Am I ready to get off the spinning carousel of millennia, watch the stars slow in their courses, reject the hum and buzz of the years as they pass?

Am I?

I look at her. Glass-gray eyes rimmed with thick black lashes, arched over with thin curving brows; high white forehead, topaz hair curling and coiling around her sweet round ears. The bend of her cheekbones, arching down to the little pointed chin, the dip in the soft velvety skin beneath her nose that leads to that wide curving red-lipped mouth, charming, delightful, lovable.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Have I got it bad.

Well, what will it be, you fucking gobshite? A return to the endless spiral of dappled darkness, speckled with the brief touches of mortal lives against my skin? Or the sinking into living flesh, the halt of seasons, the smell of citrus and the satiny feel of her hands?

Gimli, please forgive me, never meant to bottle out on you like this, you poor sod. Doomed, I’m fucking doomed.
Well, my Lord Manwë, while we’re at it, yes, I’d like to have this, please.

Well, then, my Greenleaf, since you asked so nicely, release your soul from thoughts of vengeance and absorb yourself instead with the task appointed to you. Your reward will come to you.

WILL come to me? Isn’t she already here?

Patience, Greenleaf.

Fuck.

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Oh no, oh shit, there he goes again – I can hardly stand to look into his eyes when he goes off like that. Fortunately I don’t think Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I have noticed, they probably just think we’re doing the staring-into-each-other’s-eyes thing that new lovers do.

I wonder what the Valar think of all this?

I wonder why they’ve taken so long sending someone to fix it? Why didn’t they send Legolas right away, right after Faramir “came out”? What the hell have they been waiting for, anyway? It’s just gotten worse and worse and worse. Why did they fucking WAIT so long?

The sweet pink lips open, his tongue flicks out to wet them.

There goes that lurch in my stomach again.

“They know when the time is right. Have patience.”

Shit shit shit shit shit shit shit, no one told me he could READ MY MIND for Pete’s sake! I can’t pull my fingers out of his hand either, it’s tightened against me, those weird, those bizarre, those beautiful turquoise eyes have pinned me down and I feel like a bug stuck on a board, whammo, the needle went right through me. Shit shit shit, I will NEVER get used to this!

“What?” Dorcas is confused. Don’t blame her.

Legolas blinks, suddenly he’s back. He turns to her, gives her a grin. What a grin, too; I can’t help it, I’m crushing on his DIMPLES for crying out loud; am I pathetic or what!

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“Poor little Ducky,” I chuckle. “Don’t know Éowyn’s background, do yer? Now, what were you doing, acushla, first time I saw you?” I look at her; she’s still got a touch of the abdabs from my Listening. Sorry, I’m so fucking sorry, Éowyn, it’s only me after all, it’s just fucking Legolas, the world’s worst bloody conversationalist; how the fuck can I talk when the Valar keep fucking interrupting? Oh fuck, you’re lovely, oh Manwë, THIS is my reward dammit, give me THIS!

“Horsewoman, that’s what you were. Can ride pretty well meself but my little acushla here’s a Pukka horsewoman, can make a zebra follow her round like it was a Welsh Corgi.”

“Really?” Ducky and Poppet look at Éowyn with new respect in those bloody vacant eyes.
Fucking ankle-biters, probably the last time they were on a bleeding horse was the pony-ride at the local midway.

“It’s been so long . . . “ Éowyn’s voice is distant, sad. Oh no, acushla, don’t go spare now; I squeeze her fingers and she looks at me. Big eyes, dark sparkly eyes, wistful eyes, oh the pathos and hurt and sorrow in those eyes. Fucking Faramir –

No, no, no no no no no. Remember what Manwë said. No slagging Faramir. Stupid Faramir, left behind this gorgeous little bit of all right, don’t cock it up now Legs, breathe out breathe out breathe out, it’s fucking pathetic you’ve got your plonker so absofuckinglutely gobsmacked you catch your breath when you look at her, talk about FANCYING someone I am DOOMED DOOMED DOOMED breathe OUT dammit! Ow ow ow, hellfuckshit stupid fucking leather trousers!

Well, if I can remember how wonderful it was to sail, if I can remember what a batten pocket is, if I can remember the difference between a genoa and a forestay, if I can remember how to work the mainsheet, I sure the hell can remember how to train a horse.

Remember the feel of the muscles bunching and shifting between your legs. Remember the cut of the reins and the slimy, slippery bit. Remember the words, the orders, the overwhelming sensation of power when you get a twelve hundred pound dumb animal to obey you simply by moving your feet.

Remember the way your mind could float away from the turmoil of the bedroom. Remember the abstraction, the concentration. It was like a drug, it pushed out the unhappy thoughts and memories. Remember remember remember.

Ah, what’s this then, acushla? The straightened-up spine, squared off shoulders, set jaw. That’s more fucking like it! That’s the Shieldmaiden I knew. My sainted aunt, but you are lovely lovely lovely, and I’m a fucking manky git to even consider making you put up with a bloody greaser for all of eternity.

Push that thought forward, think this through. He wants to get me out of here, cast off those damn pantyhose forever, get me a farm, get me some horses. Best yet this is LEGOLAS we’re talking about, Faramir always hated horses but not my Elf – he was the only person who could keep up with me on the trail. Always made us ride point, got annoying but it was fun – that light, happy, clear and sparkling voice, singing and laughing beside me, the lean springy figure, long shining hair. Always so cheerful, always so considerate, always so funny.
He and Faramir never really did get along well, did they? Faramir didn’t approve of him – fuck that; like it was up to Faramir to give his stamp of approval on anyone – thought he was too wild, too frivolous, too silly, too deadly. Didn’t like his casual way with me and Arwen – said he wasn’t “chivalrous.” Well, if that means he didn’t consider us complete incompetents because we were female, I’d rather a little less chivalry, thankyouverymuch. Faramir was always, “No, Éowyn, I’ll do that for you.” “No, Éowyn, let me take care of that for you.” “No, Éowyn, don’t bother, you wouldn’t understand it anyway, let me do it.”

He took care of it all right, didn’t he? Haven’t seen a penny since.

Legolas was never like that. Always full of questions, always wanting to know, to do, to learn. What have I been doing? What books have I read, what music have I listened to, what languages have I learned? Where have I been, what did I accomplish there, who did I meet? But he would have to ask me when Faramir wasn’t around, because Faramir’s response was always the same: “Now, now, Legolas, don’t bother her head with all of that. She’s quite busy enough without having to worry about such things.”

Condescending asshole.

Flicker of anger there in those starry mirrored eyes; are you thinking of him, acushla? Thinking of him and what he did to you, the fucker? Starved you, smothered you, squashed the fucking spirit right out of you. You’re stunted, acushla, like that poor rosebush by your post box; never fed, never watered, never given the right kind of attention or affection or consideration.

Fuck fuck fuck, how I’d love to bullock that shirtlifting prat.

Better yet, how I’d love to get you the fuck out of here, get you back to where you ought to be. Sunshine and fresh air, my acushla; the murmur of the voices of trees and the chuckling of a clear dark stream. The nicker and whicker of horses, soft fuzzy whiskery muzzles against your cheek, shuffling heavy hooves, the surge of speed, the bunch and stretch of muscles between your legs.

Funny – I’d almost forgotten. Yes.

You see, Greenleaf? Rewards come in many shapes.

Yes, I see. Here’s one for you: California or Montana?

Why not Colorado or Utah?

Hmm . . . why the hell not? Better get my ronson in front of a computer and suss this out.

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“Yes.”

All three of them look at me in surprise. I can’t blame them, really; when was the last time I spoke with such decision? But I mean it – yes yes yes. I will. Enough of this, enough whining and bitching and feeling sorry for myself. I look at Legolas. God, I love to look at him; that smooth perfect angelic face, those eyes like the hearts of sapphires, the adorable curve of his columbine
lips, the alabaster pillar of his throat, the curl of his pectoral muscles under his nipples –

Whoa, better stop looking, starting to get a little distracted here

Fuck, I saw THAT, saw her eyes light up

“I want to get out of here. I’m sick of my life. I want a new one.”

He smiles, a delectable inverted arc of pink; the shadows of desire cloud his eyes.

“I’m the pikey for you then, luv.”

I raise her fingers to my lips.

Oooh, there goes that tongue again –

Why don’t we leave the washing up to Ducky and Poppet here, then? Have a little surprise for you, acushla . . .
The Valar for wireless Internet.

Got myself all set up, laptop, modem, Internet connection, email account. Oh fuck, three hundred thirty-seven new messages.

Bugger. That’s what I get for leaving it for a couple days. Time for a sweet; where the fuck’s that bag I found in the pantry? Peppermint humbugs . . . stale and a little gooey; why the hell don’t they have fresh candy in this house?

Hmm. Actually not too bad. Teeth sink in a bit but the flavor’s all right.

Let’s see, increase your penis size, mortgage assistance, blah blah blah, oh wait, here’s one from the – oh fuck, forgot about that; it’s the Norton Simon, dammit, wanting to know where the fuck I am. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Have to remember to call them in the morning. Need to call the shipping company, too; my canvasses have to be bloody SOMEWHERE.

Delete, delete, fucking delete.

Need a better spam filter, mate.

Oh! Want that one, that’s my investment barrister. Need to bung him a quick one, talk about this house. I shuffle through the papers I’ve nobbled from the desk. I type in the mortgage company, client ID, loan number, balance, escrow. What they charge for houses in LA; bloody daylight robbery, that’s what it is. And better explain to the josser why I’m doing it too. He’ll want a pre-nup, don’t blame him. Just the thought of those uncounted millions swirling down the drain of some gold-digger’s purse is enough to give him the screaming abdabs.

On further reflection, ought to ask him the name of a good real estate agent – one that specializes in ranches and farms and all that shit.

Funny, isn’t it? Easier to explain to HIM what I’ve been doing. I’m dreading explaining it to everyone else. Poor sods, wonder if they’ll even understand? Whitey might; he’s a Maia and knows what the Valar are like. But the Hobbits, Grim, Éomer, the others –

FUCK! Éomer’s going to be my FUCKING BROTHER-IN-LAW!!!!!

Fuckity fuck fuck, what a kick in the arse. Oh well, not so bad now that he can fucking read. At least I can carry on a decent conversation with him. Bluff, hearty, slap-on-the-bleeding-shoulder Éomer, what’s that computer term, WYSIWYG? Nothing deep about him, maybe, but nothing fucking sly either. At least he treats Lothíriel well, always has, always will. Not enough bloody imagination to do anything otherwise. She’s pretty fucking happy at least – why shouldn’t she be? Bleeding Jethro Clampett at her beck and call.

Not that she’s a bloody Einstein herself, mind you. Little kife, knows the side her bread’s buttered on at least.

Bugger, going to be related to the former King of Fucking Rohan. My dad’s going to have kittens.
I double-click Trillian and watch the screen flicker. The long narrow window pops up and I watch as it scans for online buddies.

Hm. Arwen’s up.

What is it in Vermont, five in the morning? This could be better than email. I double-click her heading and the conversation box opens.

Legs4201: Morning poppet.

I wait. Then the bottom of the screen says she’s typing.

Idefix_vtU7: Legs! Long time no see!
Legs4201: You’re up early.
Idefix_vtU7: Can’t sleep. Aragorn is snoring again. Pollen.
Legs4201: Your fault marrying an Edan.
Idefix_vtU7: Shut up, asshole.
Legs4201: I love you too.
Idefix_vtU7: Where are you? Grim’s been frantic, trying to find you the past five days.

Bugger. Poor fecker, worries about me when I don’t show up now and then.

Legs4201: Where is he?
Idefix_vtU7: NM I think. Call his cell. Aren’t you supposed to be at some art gallery or something?
Legs4201: Got distracted.

Hell, that’s a fucking understatement if I ever heard one. Dad always said, nothing I could say sounded so bad as when I said it casual-like. Always knew I’d bished it up, him and Mum.

Fuck fuck fuck, what do I tell Arwen? Why the hell did I click on her IM link? I don’t know what to tell her.
Idefix_vtU7: Got Lottie on, want to join up?

Why the fuck not? Might as well get my ears chewed off by two birds as one.

Legs4201: Yeah, let me back out and invite me.
Idefix_vtU7: k

I click the X and wait. Soon the screen pops back up inviting me to join their conversation. I hop on.

Lotty66grinz: LEGS! omg I'm so glad your here!!!!!

Ow ow ow ow ow, hasn’t anyone taught this bloody kife to SPELL?! I know she’s been speaking fucking Finnish for the past two hundred years, but oh fucking hell!

Legs4201: Hey Lottie, how are you?
Lotty66grinz: I'm OK how are U?
Idefix_vtU7: I sympathize, Legolas.

I love you, Arwen.

Legs4201: All right, there, Lottie, how is Éomer?
Lotty66grinz: He's OK were going sailing yay!!!!!!
Idefix_vtU7: Lottie’s been telling me all about it. Apparently they’re going to tour Corsica and Sicily.
Lotty66grinz: omg its going to be so much FUN!!!!!! you ought to come Legs you know E likes you bring Grim to.
That takes me a moment to translate. Fucking A, how does Arwen stand it?

Legs4201: Well, truth be told I’ve been given my marching orders by the Valar.

Pauses on both fronts. Then they both start typing frantically at once. Here it comes, mate, stiff upper lip and all that. I crunch up the humbug and unwrap another one. My tongue rolls it around, exploring the cracks and holes.

Idefix_vtU7: All right, Legs, what’s going on now? Anything you need help with, or are the Valar making you do this one alone again?
Lotty66grinz: omg what is it now U always get stuck with the crappy assignments how do U stand it????
Idefix_vtU7: You know, I’m sure they wouldn’t use you so much if you weren’t so accessible.
Lotty66grinz: I know arwen I dont now why he stands it but they sure love him dont they!!!! all that listening I couldent do it, Im much to busy
Idefix_vtU7: I don’t know if they made him Listener because they love him, or if they love him because he’s such a good Listener. So what’s the problem this time, Legs?

I take a deep breath. Oh fuck, I don’t want to do this. When it’s just Éowyn and me, when it’s just the two of us moving and breathing and talking and touching, everything is so bloody normal, it’s so natural, it feels like it’s always been this way. But fucking A, thinking about explaining it . . . the words aren’t fucking THERE, there’s no way to say it without me looking a bloody prat, and her some ankle-biter slag.

Legs4201: I’m doing the main body of work but I need all of you here too. You need to tell Longshanks and Éomer, and anyone else you can find, that they need to come to San Dimas CA ASAP. It’s time for a Meeting. I’m just about to send out an email calling everyone here.
Idefix_vtU7: Where’s “here”? I kind of need an address, Legolas.
Lotty66grinz: where is san demis is that in new mexico?

I grit my teeth. Match made in heaven, those two; between Lottie and Éomer I’m surprised Rohan ever made it past the end of the Fourth Age.
Legs4201: San Dimas, CA. I’m with Éowyn. Things are not good. I’ve been told to straighten them out, but I’ll need help.

Frantic typing. I sit back and wait for them to catch up.

Idefix_vtU7: All right, what’s going on? I haven’t heard from Éowyn in almost four hundred years. What the hell happened to her and Faramir?
Lotty66grinz: omg is she ok eomer and I were talking we never here from her what happened?????

I take a deep breath. No fucking way I’m bottling out now.

Legs4201: Brace yourselves. Faramir has divorced her and run off with all of their money. I’ve been charged with taking care of her.

I grin at that, sarky sookie shit-eating grin.

Legs4201: We need to get the money back, though. Is Merry still doing divorce law? I need his advice. And we may have to bully Faramir to get her money back.

I wait. Takes a while for them to respond. Gobsmacked, I’m sure, like I was – fucking gobsmacked.

Lotty66grinz: omg that is so wierd why did he leave her is he nuts????
Idefix_vtU7: What do you mean, you’re taking care of her? Don’t the Valar want to get them back together? That was the whole agreement between the married couples; the partnership was for eternity. He can’t divorce her; they won’t let her.
All right, Legs, hold hard, breathe slowly. Breathe breathe fucking breathe. You knew that, but you wish she didn’t know that.

Git. Of course she knows it. Why the fuck shouldn’t she know it? She just doesn’t know Manwë has suspended the rules in this case.

Or has he?

Well?

Patience, Greenleaf.

Fuck, I hate it when he says that.

Legs4201: Hate to tell you this, ladies, but the betrayal is complete. I’m not sure what the Valar will do about him, but they’ve told me what to do about her. I’m staying with her, and I’ve been told to take care of her, and see that her debts are paid and her financial future is settled.

Lotty66grinz: that is so I dont know Im so freaked what are U gona do Legs?

Fucking amazing she and Éomer figured out how to reproduce.

Lotty66grinz: tell U what Im gona tell eomre and wake him up and well come as quick as posible.

Idefix_vtU7: Are you sleeping with her, Legolas?

My heart drops like a stone into cold water. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Leave it to fucking Arwen to suss it out. Oh fuck, oh shit, oh bloody hell.

Lotty66grinz: ARWEN omg I cant beleive U sed that!!!!!!!!!!! Of coures hes not sleeping with her that would be so wrong!!!!!!!

Idefix_vtU7: Well, Legs, are you?

I close my eyes. Etched on the backs of my lids is the last waking view I had of my acushla, perched atop me, tits bouncing with our rhythm, eyes closed, mouth open, cheeks flushed. The compulsion, the reassurance is still there: Are you sure? Yes, Greenleaf. Get some backbone, Legs; Arwen’s fucking four thousand klicks away and can’t bullock you.
At least, I hope not.

I open my eyes to meet blue screen. I can practically hear the indignation. Really, Lottie is too stupid; has she been asleep the past fucking ten thousand years?

Lotty66grinz: even if the Velar said it was ok witch they wouldent he wouldent do it, U know that Arwen
Idifix_vtU7: Don’t be so sure, Lottie; they’re remarkably suited to each other.

That makes my eyebrows go up. Arwen thinks THAT?

Hell, maybe this won’t be so bad.

Lotty66grinz: But shes supossed to be with Faramir!!!!!
Legs4201: If I might interrupt this philosophical discourse?
Lotty66grinz: dont mind Arwen shes not polite this early in the am!!!!!!!!!
Idifix_vtU7: Well, Legs? Spit it out. Have you had sex with her?
Legs4201: Yes. Four or five times, depending on what you count as “sex.”
Idifix_vtU7: All at once or interspersed over the years?
Legs4201: All at once. Actually, interspersed over a couple of hours.

It’s interesting; I can actually feel Lottie’s hysterical outburst all the way from here. Bet she’s woken up Éomer. Prat needs to teach her how to spell anyway.

Idifix_vtU7: You goddam piece of shit, I can’t believe you’d do that to her.
Legs4201: I love you too, Arwen. Does it help to know Manwë told me it was all right?
Idifix_vtU7: I don’t believe you.
Legs4201: Suit yourself. Shall I lodge a complaint on your behalf? And btw, watch your fucking language.
Idifix_vtU7: Hello pot, I’m kettle. Did he really say it was OK?
Legs4201: You think I would risk Námo’s wrath, you stupid cow?
Idifix_vtU7: Who knows; you might be tired of living.
Legs4201: Not that tired. You know the fate reserved for one of the Chosen who betrays another.
Idifix_vtU7: Shit yes. Dammit, Legs, I can’t believe you’re fucking her! Doesn’t she have a say in any of this?
Legs4201: I don’t think either of us does.

Well, that’s true enough. Hasn’t been the slightest bloody bit of hesitation on her part – like we’ve been driven to it. Not that whips have been necessary, mind you. Whips – no, no, no, Legs, don’t
think about Dominatrix Éowyn; not really into that kind of thing but oh, the mental image of her in a black leather bustier and thigh-high black boots . . . BUGGER!!! Just the thought of sliding into her . . .

Oh fuck, shouldn’t have thought that shouldn’t have thought that shouldn’t have thought that, there goes my ronson, ready and willing . . .

Lotty66grinz: R U SERIOUS omg I cant beleive you would do that Legs!!!!!
Legs4201: Would it help if I told you she’s as randy as I am? Don’t think she’s had a proper shag in centuries.
Idefix_vtU7: LEGOLAS!!!!

I’m grinning now. Love to bait them, the silly kifes. I finger my plonker through the thin silk of my pants. Ah, that tickle of pleasure . . . wonder if I should wake up Éowyn?

Legs4201: Not that I have either. Truth be told she’s the best knob I’ve ever had. That’s saying quite a bit, you know.

Were Arwen here I would make fun of her purple face and strangling noises. Fuck, I miss her. Then again she’d go spare watching me groping myself, wouldn’t she?

Idefix_vtU7: You foul, you vile, you goddam sonofabitch
Legs4201: That’s it, I’m telling my mum, she’ll be browned.
Idefix_vtU7: taking advantage of Éowyn like that!
Legs4201: She’s the one jacked me off in the bedroom. Didn’t ask for that. Not complaining, mind.
Lotty66grinz: omg lol rofl
Idefix_vtU7: LOTTIE
Lotty66grinz: well its funny
Legs4201: Didn’t feel too funny. Felt pretty fucking good.
Idefix_vtU7: Watch your mouth, asshole.
Lotty66grinz: so is it good does she lik e it she always told me F was no good in bed
Idefix_vtU7: LOTTIE
Legs4201: She seems to be enjoying herself. But if Faramir was that bad, maybe it’s just that I’m not suffering by the comparison. Oh, and anyway he’s gay.

Love dropping those fucking bombs. Can practically hear the gray matter spattering.
Lotty66grinz: omg

Is that her standard reaction?

Idefix_vtU7: Are you serious?
Legs4201: Yeah, bleeding arse-fucker. Ran off with some fucking batty boy and took the money.
Lotty66grinz: omg I cant beleive it Éomer was right I didnt beleive him!!!!!

That makes me pause. Éomer saw this coming? Well, bloody hell.

Legs4201: Éomer thought Faramir was queer?
Lotty66grinz: no not really he just said he thot F would be happier with a guy then a girl

Really, Lottie ought to be sent back to Form Four; either that or her fucking teachers ought to be whipped.

Oh bloody hell, there’s that whipping word again, going to have to suss out if that’s Éowyn’s kink . . . never got into the BDSM thing myself, but would do any fucking thing to please her.

Wonder if she’d like to tie me up? Ah, now, that’s got him up and running! Can just imagine, my wrists bound to that pitted brass headboard, stretched out beneath her, her fingernails on my bare skin –

Oh yeah, mate, silk’s MUCH better than fucking leather, not nearly so confining

Idefix_vtU7: Aragorn’s going to shit peach pits when I tell him.
Legs4201: And we all know how much he enjoys that.
Idefix_vtU7: Fuck you.
Legs4201: I love you too, Arwen.
Lotty66grinz: he was always so prissy and didnt like fitting and never treated Éowyn right. Éomer wont shit peach pits hell be mad as hell!!!!!
Legs4201: Mad or shitty, I need them both. You as well, ladies. How soon can you be in LA?
I smell her before I hear her. There’s a musky, earthy fragrance wafting down the hall towards me; she’s parted her legs, stirred up the scent lying in the sheets, the accrual of our lovemaking after pudding. My head seems to swim with it and oh fucking shit thought my plonker was hard before, NOTHING compared to it now, fucking A it’s about bursting. The susurration of the bedclothes, the creak of the boxspring, then a click from down the hall, and a sliver of warm yellow light across the tile. I glance over and smile. Acushla.

************************************************************************************

I’m cold, dammit. Where’s that warm soft body? It was right here a minute ago . . . I fumble around the sheets. Bed’s empty.

My heart turns to ice. He’s gone. He’s gone. Oh god oh god oh god where did he go?

Then I hear a tappity-clickety sound. Easy to figure that one out; computer keyboard. I hear it enough at work. Since Dorcas sleeps like the dead I’m forced to conclude my Elven Ass is typing.

Go figure. Didn’t know he even knew how to turn on a computer.

I stretch out my muscles – feels good. I feel well, strong, limber, moreso than I have in four years. When Faramir left me I felt as though some great weight was pressing on me; I had headaches, leg cramps, back aches. Never had them before – one of the benefits of being one of the Chosen; you can never get sick, your body never wears out. But my blessings went out the window when Faramir came out of the closet.

Now, however, my body is fit, sound, lissome. I run my hands down over my bare skin. I even feel silky again. My fingers lightly brush my nipples and my sleepiness fades with the little jolt of pleasure. I move one hand further down to the coarse curly hair on my pudenda and slip the tip of my finger between my lips.

Sticky, slippery; the detritus of our lovemaking. My stomach jumps a little when I remember it – remember how it felt to ride him, to clamp my thighs around that pulsing, rocking body. Remember how he arched up against me, groaning out my name and whispering, “Amin tulien!” When we were finished and curled up together in a tangle of limbs I asked him what it meant. He grinned a little sheepishly and said, “Means, ‘I’m coming’!”

I’ll have to remember that. Amin tulien, amin tulien, amin tulien; what was it he’d said the first time we screwed in bed – “Síí Yallume”? Better ask what that means, too.

Now I’m really awake. I can hear him clickety-clicking away; what is he writing? I roll off the bed and find an old shirt to pull on over myself, just in case Dorcas doesn’t sleep so heavily tonight, and I pad barefoot out into the hall.

I can see the blue glow of a computer monitor in the office. I push open the door and there he is, illuminated and a little creepy looking, sitting behind a sleek, expensive-looking laptop. He looks up at me and smiles; I can see a lump in his mouth, and I can smell peppermint.

Don’t tell me he dug out that bag of starlight mints . . . how old are those things, anyway? Bare-chested too, the alabaster curve of his muscles bathed in a sickly blue light. Oh shit, is he NAKED? No – the closer I get I can see he’s wearing his boxers. Those things made me snigger – not that I can picture him wearing tightly-whities, but green satin boxers? No wonder he didn’t wear anything under his leather pants; they would’ve bunched up something terrible. But at least he’s wearing enough to not give Dorcas a fit if she wakes up.

Of course, seeing his flat hard stomach disappear under the band of those things is even more erotic than if he were buck-naked. And satin clings, you know – I can see the outline of all sorts of interesting things under there.
I see you watching me, saw where your eyes went. Think I didn’t notice, acushla? How the fuck couldn’t I, when just the bloody sight of you makes my plonker sit up straight? Come here, acushla, that’s right, bring those bloody two-klick legs right on over here where I can touch them.

His hands slide around my thigh, the palm running smoothly up the outside. I love the way his hands feel, wish they’d go a little higher . . .

That’s right, love the curve of the thigh to the hip. No knickers, eh, acushla? Ah, not going to fucking complain about that.

Mmm, so glad I didn’t bother with panties . . . I may never wear the damn things again. Waste of time, they haven’t stayed on longer than a couple minutes anyway since Legolas showed up.

Bugger, need to wrap up this conversation and get down to business. Namely, giving poor betrayed Éowyn a little more Elven comfort. Oh fuck, I could comfort her for centuries . . . millennia. In every possible place, in every conceivable position. Even with whips and leather and bondage, oh my . . .

“What’re you doing?” Her voice is husky with sleep and she’s rubbing her eyes with her long slender hands. I slide my fingers round her arse, dipping a little into the crack and she squirms away, then presses up to me. Can’t decide whether she likes it or not. I can make you like it, acushla; fucking A I can make it feel so good

“I.M.-ing,” I say, curl my arm around her hip and press it up to my shoulder. The cotton material shifts and I get a whiff of her musky femaleness; oh shit oh bugger makes my mouth water.

“What?” She looks down at the screen, squints at the message box.

“Instant Messaging. Got Arwen and Lothíriel on here. Want to talk to them a bit? Told them about Us.”

“Us,” I’m part of an “Us” now. “Us” with a capital U. Makes me feel funny, embarrassed and pleased and excited all at once. I look over at him, smile a little; he smiles back. The darkness has bleached the pink out of his mouth but it’s still a sweet curl of flesh.

Oh, wait. He told Arwen and Lothíriel about . . . US???

“You told them?” I ask.
“Yeah,” he says. His fingers are straying further up my hip, pulling the hem of my tee shirt up over my buttocks. In a minute my pubic hair will be on public display. Don’t know why but that makes me feel a little shy. “Go on, luv; talk to them. Gone completely spare, the two of them. Not brassed, though.”

I swallow. I don’t know why, but for some reason the prospect of telling all the other Chosen that Legolas and I have been going at it like crazed weasels makes me feel dirty and guilty and ashamed. I don’t feel that way when we’re actually DOING it, I don’t even feel that way afterwards; but to let everyone else know . . .

I wish it hadn’t been so long since I’d seen them. Maybe it wouldn’t feel so awkward now.

He pushes the office chair back and maneuvers me to stand in front of him. His hands are on my hips, my ass must be about six inches from his nose. I bend down to rest my wrists on the keyboard and begin typing, although it’s a little distracting knowing the hem of my tee shirt has just been pushed up over my butt cheeks and I’m POSITIVE I can feel his warm breath down there . . .

Legs4201: Hi there, it’s Éowyn

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Much better, can smell you much better acushla, oh yes . . . let me get my hand in here now, push your thighs apart, easier to reach you –

********************************************************************************

Oh, shit . . .

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

That smell, oh fuck that smell overwhelms me

********************************************************************************

How the hell am I supposed to type with him doing THAT?

Idefix_vtU7: Éowyn! How are you? Are you all right? What has that fucking bastard Faramir been doing to you?
Lotty66grinz: Éowyn omg I am so sorry about Faramir hes such an asshole but at least you have Legs where have you been???
Legs4201: I’m fine now, Legolas is taking good care of me.

Hell yes is that the truth; never had my ass licked before but just the feel of that slick hot tongue
describing patterns all over the cheeks is delicious; oh yes that’s right, slide those fingers right around there . . .

oh . . .

Mmm, slippery, smooth, warm . . . I part her lips and run the tips of my fingers up the slick folds, teasing back the curly hair. Her legs start to tremble, I can hear her breath come short. Got a green silk tent on my lap for you, acushla; what’re we going to do about it, then?

************************************************************************************

Idefix_vtU7: I’ll just bet he has. Are you sure about this? You don’t have to sleep with him just because he’s pretty.
Lotty66grinz: But it sure helps doesent it!!!!!:P
Idefix_vtU7: LOTTIE
Legs4201: I’m not sleeping with him because he’s pretty. It’s hard to explain.

Or I could just explain that it’s hard. I’m sure it is – oh shit, a little teeth there, last time I had my ass bitten it was a horse, nasty old nag too . . . but that feels good – oh yes right there, oh my god his tongue is tracing the crease in my ass, up and down, giving me quivers that start in my stomach, his fingers, his fingers are touching oh so lightly, feather touches, brushing the lips the insides of my thighs, oh . . .

Oh shit, I can’t concentrate, what am I doing again?

Lotty66grinz: well its ok Éowyn we know f is gay so I bet you havent had much good sex have you?? make up for lost time!!!!!

Oh hell yeah . . . oh shit do that again . . . that other hand running up my thigh, skimming the curve, coming around the front OH yes touch me there touch me there there there oh yes oh my poor little clit is it getting a workout or WHAT

I touch her knob and she twitches and moans; I’m twitching too; oh fuck to slide into you, to bury myself to the hilt; I can taste myself on your ass, can taste my spunk dried there, let me clean you, oh yes . . .

*************************************************************************************
Idefix_vtU7: Don’t be crude, Lottie; we all know that sexual intercourse between the coupled Chosen is the primary mark of our bondage to each other.

... what?
I have to ask, I don’t remember this part. I can feel his fingers, teasing, stroking, can feel his tongue and lips but I have to pull myself together to type this question.

Legs4201: What do you mean? I don’t remember anything like that.
Idefix_vtU7: Don’t you? The Valar said when we have sex we cement our unity. It’s not so much a physical act as a spiritual one. The physical aspect is important of course, but what it does to our souls goes much deeper.
Lotty66grinz: U dont remember eown they said were to be more faithful as chosen than normal people coz cheating wrecks the bond they warned us to be good or else!!!! Not that Éomer and me worry coz theres no reason for us to cheat!!!!! LOL

One long cool finger glides inside me; oh shit I can feel the walls clench and spasm, I shudder. Slides out, oh my god do that again ... 

So wet, can feel the muscles tighten around my finger, find that nub again

***************************************************************************
Idefix_vtU7: That’s why I’m so concerned that you and Legs have hopped in the sack like this. Sex between two Chosen is a deadly serious business, Éowyn. You don’t want the Valar mad at you.

oh yes that feels so good ... 

Slide in slide out, push down on that little stiff nub; her legs shake, knees locked, breath short; I know those signs, oh fuck yeah, find that little rough place inside you
oh like that do you
Lotty66grinz: but Arwen F cheated first & he divorced her so the Velar will be mad at him right???

That’s right, Faramir started it Legolas can finish it, oh yes . . .

OH SHIT YES

that’s it that’s it that’s it push harder, oh I’m groaning, can’t stop, can feel my skin flush, I’m hot hot hot hot, his mouth his sweet pink mouth biting my ass my back my thighs and did I mention those mile-long fingers pushing up inside me

OH

HOLY

SHIT

Ah yes, there’s that spot . . . grip me tighter that’s it, my hand’s soaked, drenched in you, slick and slippery

================================================================================

Oh shit oh shit oh shit stop a second stop stop stop I’m supposed to be writing here

My limbs are shaking, my belly jumping, I rest my elbows on the desk. His hands on the insides of my thighs, pushing them apart further, I can feel my labia separating, there’s that finger again, oh shit –

pumping in and out in and out paying me back for jacking you off are you, oh yes payback is hell but this is heaven

stomach tight there’s that building feeling building building, fingers moving in and out, oh yes don’t stop don’t stop don’t stop oh push down on my clit harder faster oh here I come

That’s right, lean against the desk – ah yes – oh fuck you’re so wet – shoulders, back, legs stretched taut, quivering, panting, honey curls blue in this light, fingers gripping the edge of the desk, shaking

Can’t help it, lean in tongue stretched to taste, just a taste, oh delicious

================================================================================

mmmmmmmmmmmmmoooooooodooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Bugger, that was fast, clamped down so hard like having a handshake up there, can feel her arse bucking, did I close my eyes? have your juices on my hand, oh fuck acushla you smell so good so fucking good, oh fuck oh shit nearly came just listening to you, so sexy, hearing you moan like that want you want you want you let me in you

**********************************************************************************

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit shit shit shit shit, oh damn that felt good, oh I hope I didn’t wake up Dorcas, oh oh oh oh . . .

slides his hand out, gives one cheek a squeeze with those sticky wet fingers, oh I’m humming, buzzing, trembling, can feel him move beneath me, between my legs, god I’m wanton, legs spread like this, letting him have his way with me but oh it feels good

Pay attention, look at the screen

The hell with that, fuck me, I’m aching

Idefix_ytU7: I suppose, but as Legs is the Listener he’d know what the Valar want him to do in this particular situation. What concerns me is that he might either be misinterpreting their charge to take care of her or simply succumbing to his baser instincts.

That’s right, talk about us as though we’re not there, oh wait we’re not, oh shit who cares

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&
pull the motherfucking boxers down oh fuck it’s like a hum that starts in my head and goes all the way down to my helmet oh fuck oh shit I need to be in you I need you I need you I need you

wrap my fingers around myself, slide her spunk up and down my shaft, oh fuck yeah . . .

get ready push the chair back get your fucking feet under you Legs hands on her hips she’s ready get the fuck up

**********************************************************************************

I can feel him breathing fast, hot puffs of air on my ass, he’s turned on by my climax, oh shit that’s erotic too, oh shit I don’t think there’s anything about him that’s NOT erotic, bet he’s hard as a rock, want to lower myself on him, get him off the way he got me off

WOAH no need the Mountain has come to Mohammed
I push myself up and in

hot slick velvety grabbing squeezing me oh fuck oh fuck oh yes yes yes

oh shit oh shit never going to get used to that feels like he split me in two oh oh oh oh

standing behind me hands on my hips, can feel his pubic hair rasping against my ass as he pushes in his thighs between mine

move move move oh please move

that’s right slow trembly pushes and pulls can hear him panting his breath on the back of my neck, can feel him rubbing me inside and out, I’m filled, oh shit this is wonderful

but he wouldent do that Arwen I know he wouldent of all of the chosen hes the one that never disobeys

Seventeen thousand years without a partner is a long time, Lottie. I’m not saying I’d think any less of him if he did marry her, I’m just saying I’m not entirely positive the Valar will look at it in quite the same light.

oh who gives a flying fuck I sure don’t oh yes oh yes THAT’S IT oh god oh god there’s that finger again oh yes yes yes

I lean on my palms, push my ass against him, hear him grunt; he’s trying to hold back but I don’t want him to, I want him to move

finger circles my nub, the lightning starts again

I touch myself as I rub her, can feel my fingers slide against my plonker as I pump her, don’t know which is better the clenching the sliding the touching

oh fuck I want to move, I want to move but I don’t want to hurt her, oh bugger oh hell oh bloody hell maybe a little oh yes oh yes oh yes, touch her bring her off, feel myself sliding in and out, slick slippery hot wet oh fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck

I touch myself as I rub her, can feel my fingers slide against my plonker as I pump her, don’t know which is better the clenching the sliding the touching

this long slow hard rhythm is making my whole body shiver I’m like an earthquake waiting to happen, the fingers pressing on my clit draw up my pleasure to a point, can’t think about anything, don’t care
Lotty66grinz: hed know more than we would after all hes listener not us. What do you think Éowyn did the Velar tell him to sleep with you or is he just so in love with you he cant think?

oh shit need to answer that one oh shit what do I do I’m grabbing the desk with both hands can’t type oh shit harder harder harder oh fuck yes

I can’t stop myself oh fuck I can hear our bodies slapping together can smell her rich musky smell that point between her shoulder blades rest my face against the damp cotton oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck if I’m not careful I’m going to go fucking INSANE and slam her so hard my cock’ll come out her navel, oh fuck, slow down slow down slow down oh don’t grip like that I can’t control myself slow down slow down slow down

stop it stop it stop it what the hell are you doing don’t slow down oh god it felt so good go faster faster faster no don’t slow down oh shit

OH

That finger oh yes yes yes

That’s right, come for me again, acushla, I’ll stroke in and out nice and slow – ah shit, fuck, hell, bugger, you’re so tight, so wet, so hard not to turn into a fucking jackhammer, come on, come on come on come on sloooowwwwlyyy . . .

oh shit that’s even better, oh yes oh yes touch me there too, my nipples are aching, dying to be touched, don’t be gentle they need to be squeezed

HARDER DAMMIT

cotton on the back of my hand, soft firm skin against my palm, can feel that pebble of flesh rolling around, squeeze
oh yes oh yes oh yes

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

**seemed to like that pretty well, love the feel of that globe in my hand, run my thumb over the
nipple
I have to speed up, I’m sorry, I can feel it in my belly, it wants to get out it has to get out I’m going
to let it out**

that’s right speed up oh that’s even better, love the hot breath on my back the hand drubbing my
clit and that fat penis oh yes

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

**and that other nub, the wet hot slick one, press down harder, rub faster**

oh god here it comes again, can feel it grabbing me pulling me

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

**slowly, in and out, my breath on her back, she’s sobbing, stretched tight tight tight, oh fuck I can
hardly hold back, come on come on come on so I can come, my fingers brushing my own cock as I
pump in out in out in out in out oh fuck fuck fuck come on come on come on I can’t hold
on can’t can’t can’t**

oh god I
I can’t I
oh shit I can’t I
god I’m so hot I can’t breathe
god don’t stop almost there almost there almost there almost there almost there

FUCK I CAN’T STAND IT
She jolts, arcs back into me, fuck bet she woke Ducky up with that one
oh shit you’re splitting me oh shit that’s so fucking good oh yes yes yes harder harder harder oh no no no here I come agaaaaiiiiinnn

DON’T SQUEEZE

fast fast fast faster faster faster oooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh fuck it oh yes got a liter of the stuff just for you you you you oh oh oh fuck yeah

oh my sainted aunt if I don’t sit down right now I’m going to fucking collapse

WHOOF back we go, slap squish right into the chair with him still in me, one hand on my boob one hand on my clitt oh shit I’m humming, my legs are shaking oh shit oh shit oh shit . . .

Oh, shit. Poor Dorcas.

Legolas is breathing harshly against my back, clinging to me like I’m his lifeline. I lean forward
out of his embrace to type. My fingers are shaking, my hands feel weak.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck that was so fucking good

************************************************************************************

Legs4201: Sorry, had to discuss the sex issue.
Idefix_vtU7: Have you come to any conclusions?
Legs4201: Yes. We both came, thank you. Actually I think I came three times.
Lotty66grinz: rofl
Idefix_vtU7: Oh for goodness sake.

I lean back again. Legolas is soft now, slides out of me. Sticky, I’m going to be sticky for the rest of my damn life, and I’m the luckiest girl in the world.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Oh yes, never had such fun getting my knacks off. Fuck, fuck, fuck, is she that good or am I that desperate?
I told you, Greenleaf. The remuneration of obedience is the fulfillment of the senses.
So, she IS my reward.
She is one of them, yes.
She’s the only one I want.
But she’s not the only one you will receive.
If it’s all the same to you, my Lord Manwë, I’ll just stick with this, thanks.
Your tasks are not yet finished. When they are, your reward will be complete.
Fuck. Figures.
Oh bugger, forgot the IM. I lean forward, edge my face around Éowyn’s body to read the entries I’ve missed. Oh bloody hell, that’s funny!

************************************************************************************

NOW what is he laughing at? Oh . . . he’s reading what I wrote. He leans around me and starts to type with one finger.

Legs4201: talk to you tomorrow its bed for us
Idefix_vtU7: Doesn’t sound like you need one.
Lotty66grinz: U never know Arwen maybe the computers in the bedroom????
Idefix_vtU7: Call us.
Legs4201: ok
Lotty66grinz: Good nite legs, good nite Éowyn!!!! Sweet dreams!!!!!
I lower the screen and the room darkens. I can still see her outline, feel her weight on my lap. She’s relaxed, laid back on me like a sleeping cat, stretching a little, her head on my shoulder. I bury my face in her hair. Oh fuck yeah. Oh, she smells so fucking good.

I turn her a little, put one arm under her knees and the other around her shoulders. I stand. She wraps her arms around my neck, looks at me in surprise. What? You’re not THAT fucking heavy, acushla; actually think I could carry three of you.

“Bed?” she asks, burrowing her face into the side of my neck.

“Hell yeah,” I say, and walk down the hall.

I hear Ducky’s door click shut. Should I tell Éowyn?

Nah.

He lays me on the bed, gentle, like a mother puts down her newborn. His hands are on me, soft, tender, nothing like the hot wild madman in the office. I find his lips with mine in the darkness. Oh those kisses, that supple lissome mouth.

“Round two?” I whisper hopefully. I can already feel it stirring in my belly.

He chuckles, gusts of warm air on my neck. “More like round seven, acushla,” he murmurs, and takes me in his arms.

Oh, yes.
I’d forgotten how much Edan sleep. And how deeply too – if Éowyn tried to get out of bed with me beside her I’d suss it out pretty damn quick, but when I get up she doesn’t even move.

I stand, look down at her for a moment. So lovely – that warm golden skin, thick honey-colored hair, long graceful limbs, and did I mention those TITS? A good double handful, oh fuck yeah, topped with nipples the color of good creamy coffee.

Got it bad got it bad got it so fucking bad, and do I care?

Nah.

Speaking of coffee, though . . .

I find my cutoffs and pull them on. No sense giving Ducky another bloody free show, after all. The flimsy, gimerack door creaks a little but my acushla just gives a sigh and keeps on sleeping.

I hate this fucking cold tile. Think I’ll look for a house with wood floors. Always liked the feel of worn oak under my feet. This fucking ceramic tile reminds me of Aglarond before Grim got the fur carpets laid down. Fucking A, thought I’d freeze my bloody arse off the first time I went to visit.

Now, where the fuck’s the coffee? In the pantry? Let’s see, beans, crisps, soup mix, cheap nasty chocolates, if you’re going to eat chocolate at least make it bloody GOOD chocolate, muesli, oh fuck that is so manky I feel sick, is that powdered bloody milk? My sainted aunt these girls are pathetic. No coffee.

There’s a damn coffee maker on the counter, has to be coffee someplace. Try the drawers then. I can smell it . . . ah yes. And it’s even decent coffee. Thank the Valar for that – some things I just can’t compromise.

Fill up the carafe at the tap, put the grounds in the filter and let ‘er rip. Maybe the smell will wake up my acushla. Like to give her a good-morning squeeze – round the waist or at the bum, makes no never mind to me – wonder when Ducky gets up? We might have time for another shag or two.

At least she has eggs. I can make omelettes with toast. And are those cherry preserves in the ice box? Oh yes . . . that’s not so fucking bad, can make do with this until I get to the store to do my marketing.

I wonder why most Edan don’t understand how important food is? Especially the bloody Americans – with all of them they have at their fucking disposal they eat the worst bleeding keech I’ve ever seen. Not that the English are much better, mind you. Do you have any fucking idea what goes into pub food? Makes my stomach turn, really it does. The French, for all their faults, have aesthetics right at least. If it doesn’t taste good, it’s not bloody worth eating.

Course, they can’t do plumbing for shit. Fucking gobshites, their motto must be “form over function.” Have you ever seen a bathtub that’s built to drain UP? Only in fucking France, luv.

While the coffee brews I might as well check the damn email. After our last round of fucklesticks
last night I managed to send off a group message, letting everyone know what the hell happened, and to get here as soon as possible.

Not looking forward to that, oh hell no. They’re going to fucking KILL me. Reach down my throat and pull my bloody goolies right up out my gob.

Oh, I hope Éomer won’t hate me.

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The smell of burnt summer grass, sweet like timothy hay, heat rising in waves from the red earth, blown by cool breezes. Sky bluer than the ocean, brilliant clouds scudding across the vast dome, snow-capped peaks sharper than razors cut the horizon. Pulsing muscles beneath my legs, the rocking gait of a gleaming chestnut body, the cut of leather in my palms. For one brief moment, one of many brief moments, ecstasy – moments that when chained together become a life of joy. Flashes of contentment, happiness staining a morose life from front to back – like ink on wet pages. By my side, not the raven-haired man who spent our lives belittling and emasculating me, but a laughing sprite, a foul-mouthed angel, whose long white fingers press back the pieces of my brittle heart. I am astride him now; we are strong, we two; locked together, pulsing and invigorated, neither struggling for unhappy dominance but streaming along through the uncounted ages side by side.

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Your Edan dreams of you.

. . . what?

Already your work is being accomplished. You do well; she is healing.

But my Lord Manwë, what about her brother? What about her friends? Will they accept this? You never speak to them, only to me. What if they don’t believe me?

What will come to pass will cause them to believe you.

What’s that, then?

Patience, Greenleaf.

Fuck.

Got a message from Éomer. Hope to hell he used spell-check.

From: Eking
To: Legs
Subject: Éowyn

Legs,
Lottie woke me and told me about your IM. Then I got your email. Shit, what the hell happened?! Not that this is necessarily a shocker, but I’m still a little surprised the Valar stuck you in the middle. You sure you want to take Éowyn on? Faramir may have been a royal sonofabitch but Éowyn can be a little difficult as well. Not that I can see you having any trouble with that – you were always sort of progressive on women’s roles anyway,
weren’t you?

Well, hell, mate, that’s a nice way of putting it. Slag me, why don’t you! You mean I never bowed to the conventional wisdom that the female of the species was only put on earth to pump out offspring? Fucking amazing! What the fuck to I look like, some bloody berk?

We’ve got a flight coming in to LA on Friday morning. I’ve got directions to Éowyn’s house and I’ll call you from the airport to let you know we’re on our way. From what Lottie tells me, you may need advance notice to be presentable.

Ah yes, there’s that dry, cut-your-fucking-throat humor that made him such an effective king. Who needs the damn noose when you can blister your subjects’ bollocks with a single phrase?

Longshanks, Grim, and Whitey are on their way too. And I got a hysterical phone call from Merry in the middle of the night asking what we were going to do with Faramir’s nads – he suggested freeze-drying; I thought formaldehyde would be more effective.

Ha! Figures Merry would take Éowyn’s side. Always had a soft spot for her, he did.

This means all the hobbits are coming. Wonder which side of the goddam fence Frodo’s riding these days? Haven’t seen him since that fucking debacle with Warhol – stupid fucking arse-poking batty boy, thought I’d have to tear-gas him to get him to leave me the fuck alone – Frodo got on with him well – too damn well. Poor bloody little sod, doesn’t know his arse from a hole in the ground. Well, he did better than I would’ve done, carrying that stupid goddam motherfucking Ring of Bloody Power.

Which begs the question: Where the fuck are we going to put everyone?

Hm. Better find an accommodating hotel somewhere.

At any rate we should all be converging on you between Friday afternoon and Saturday morning (early, but as you don’t sleep much I don’t think it’ll matter).

Sharpening my knife in anticipation of revenging myself upon my former brother-in-law, and buffing my handshake in preparation for accepting my future brother-in-law,
Éomer

Did I not tell you, Greenleaf, to be patient? All will be well.

Easy for YOU to say, Mr. Knows-All.

But it is a relief. Whiteman’ll be stroppy, that’s for damn sure, but as an Istar he’s got a better idea of what the fuck they think about; Longshanks . . . well, he knows how to work an Eldar/Edan marriage pretty bloody well. Arwen’s the happiest little kife this side of Valinor. And Grim . . .

Oh, fuck. Poor Grim. Always wanted the wedding bells in the cathedral, only got the manky, grotty little gold-diggers. Wonder if the Guinness Book of World Records has him down for Greatest Number of Divorces? Even Frodo hasn’t gone through more lovers than my poor old Grim. And considering Frodo’s got both genders to work with, that’s really fucking saying something.

The Naugrim is the servant of Aulë and is in his care.

Did anyone ever tell you that eavesdropping is a bloody nasty habit?

Peace, Greenleaf. The happiness of the Naugrim has never been your task. To you have been appointed the tasks pertaining to the comfort and wellbeing of the Edan’s offspring. It is to this final end you have been led. Your Edan still dreams of you.

I wonder what it’s like to dream?

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------

I see the pillars of the Golden Hall, carved and gilded with horse-head shapes, green paint and red stain. Rich intaglioed armor, a floor strewn with damp musty rushes, the bite of new ale on my tongue. A crowd of men, straw-haired, raucous-voiced, dirty and musky, but standing apart in the shadows a slim white form, still, quiet, a shaft of light upon an alabaster pillar. My eyes meet his, gleaming blue, blue like the sky above as it holds its ceiling to protect me when I ride – his voice clear, unsullied by lesser emotions, an unlined face of perpetual youth masking ageless observation –

“My congratulations to you, Lady of Rohan. Though I suppose I must now address you as the Lady of Emyn Arnen.”

The laugh dies in my throat. I will never find home again.

But those brilliantly blue eyes see this, the white arms embrace me, the heat of his body envelops me. Seething through my skin is the assurance that I am home when he is near.

I know it’s a dream; I know I’ve dreamed this before. It’s never ended like this, though, with the shining one in my arms. It always ended the same way – Faramir takes me away, and I’m weeping, watching my brother as he stands in the doorway of Meduseld, a wistful look on his face. We had never been apart before, he and I. Like twins, really – since the deaths of our parents we had been forced together, obliged to rely upon each other. That marriage outside of the nobility of Rohan ensured our rending and it was very painful.

It was worse after the Valar brought us back. Éomer and Lothíriel were so . . . happy. My marriage to Faramir, though it started well, was so rocky. He resented my interests, said they were
“unbefitting a lady.” That tomboyishness that endeared me so much to my uncle was repulsive to him. Put that sword down, Éowyn; there’s no one to fight anymore. Ride sidesaddle – it’s obscene the way you sit on a horse. What are you thinking, laughing aloud like that? Why can’t you be more sedate? Calm down; I’ll take care of it. This is none of your business.

Like a mosquito buzzing in my ear. And biting – sucking my blood, infecting me, leaving me covered with little holes, like insect bites, itching and hurting and driving me mad.

My dream shifts. I float along with it, not willing to drag myself to the surface of consciousness. I know where it will take me, where it always takes me.

The endless ages drag by. Niggling arguments, mutual intolerance, petty disagreements, fading over time into a sort of peevish unhappiness. More and more often we spend time away from each other, finding our own interests. Seeing Legolas board The Golden Hind sort of clinches it for us – at least, for Faramir. Why does he take Elizabeth’s part against her cousin Philip’s? Why is he so willing to butcher and burn and pillage and pilfer? Why do the other Chosen constantly pry into human business? We are above this, we are above them, they do not deserve our interest. Look what they have done to you, Éowyn; they’ve made you so discontented with our lot. If it were not for the frantic delvings of the other Chosen into the mess of humanity about us you would not be so unhappy. All I want for you is peace and quiet. Come away from all of this.

Somehow, the sight of that lovely Elf striding up the gangplank of Drake’s ship is indicative of our retreat.

Four hundred years doesn’t sound like much compared to the endless millennia we spent among the other Chosen . . . but let’s put it into perspective, shall we? Without Aragorn and Arwen, without Gandalf, without the Hobbits, without my brother and his wife, without Legolas and Gimli, that odd pair, what grounding did I have? Faramir let me drift – no anchor, no weight, nothing but that constant disapproval, that irritating compunction to be someone else, someone I wasn’t. And let’s face it – the past four hundred and fifty years have been a whirlwind. Ever since the Renaissance, time seems to have accelerated, so much has happened, so much discovered. Ever since we moved to the New World I’ve hardly been able to take a breath. Suddenly alone, forced to rely upon each other, we discovered we had no foundation, nothing to rest upon.

Then comes the frenetic twirl of lives, the breathless compulsion to catch up. Hopeless.

Bereft of anyone who could possibly understand, I retreat. Like a turtle, a snail in a shell. Faramir, frustrated, beats upon the shell, demanding entrance. But I resent him, curl away from him. He’s done this to me, taken away everything I loved.

I feel the tightness in my chest, the tears beneath my eyelids, the burning in my sinuses presaging a weeping-fit. But then –

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What is that, ardor? Where did that come from? How did that intrude upon this unhappy dream? What is this aching in my breasts, the desire to be touched? It has been ages, millennia . . .

Those creamy breasts, they just beg to be kissed. Oh, acushla, they taste like butter –

The pull of the suckling babe, Fastred, dead and decomposed for ages. But this time, it is the mouth of a lover, one who desires me, who knows me.

Touch me – I beg you, drive out these unhappy memories; fill the aching emptiness with recollection of ecstasy and union. There is heat in my belly, it circles, seeking egress. Let it out . . .

Nuzzle into the curls, those honey-amber curls, tangy like oranges by your ear; soft white column of your throat beneath my fingers

weight, I crave weight upon me

I kneel over you, my lips on your skin, the soft sheets rasping my legs, my hands on your body, no, MY body, you are mine mine mine, you are my reward for those ages of obedience, you are the lover I will never have to bury, no more heartbreak for the wild Wood-Elf left to wander in the world, I have a Shieldmaiden of my own and she is strong strong strong, strong enough even for me, strong enough for a fucking bastard like me

never never never never take her from me

There is yet one more obstacle, my Greenleaf.

Oh, bloody hell.

You need not concern yourself with that at the moment, however . . .

Oh, good. May I knob her now?

You will know when the obstacle presents itself, and I have every confidence in you, Greenleaf, that you will accept and overcome it.

Push that worry aside, lower myself onto the bed
Ah, the weight of another being, the heat of another body, the beat of another heart

She opens her silvery eyes even as her limbs entwine me

“What a nice way to wake up.” Is my voice that husky? I can barely focus on him, my vision is bleary, but I can see his perfect alabaster face, those glowing blue eyes, the shimmering silvery hair. And I can smell rosemary, earth and pine, and even a little taste of my dream, of the sun-burnt grass. He settles on me, hips finding the groove between my legs, like the fitting of the last piece of the puzzle.

Sweet, you are sweet, like strawberries and sugar and cream, just the right bit of tang in you; do you feel that, pressing against you? Part denim and metal, part flesh and blood, hard against your receptive softness, answering the insistent need I have for you.

She pushes up against me, wanton, willing to be taken, eyes clouded and drowsy; lips rosy and parted and moist. My arms slide beneath her, lift her sagging like a rag doll in her sleepy state, settle her on my lap as I sit up. Warm, soft skin beneath my palms, curls twining round my fingers, the citrus scents of hair and the silky giving skin. I touch her lips with mine. Paradise.

This is the ink staining my pages back to the beginning. All that paltry, irrelevant unhappiness bleeds into insignificant blurs beneath the crimson blot. I don’t particularly care what you want from me – just take it. So long as your skin touches mine, take it and sanctify it with your kisses. Fingers kneading the muscles at the base of my ass, teeth on my throat, my arms around your surging shoulders and my fingers sifting the silky strands of hair through them –

It’s time, it’s time, take her quick before she wakes up all the way; an orgasm’s bloody better than caffeine any day

His hands move beneath me, knuckles brushing the hot wet skin hidden by those coarse curls; something pulls and pops and he shifts on his knees, then –

I’m out, I’m out, straighten it out and push it in
there's an urgency suddenly, a quickening in my brain, my breath clears the fog, something is going to happen, something I want, what is it

push

OH

up

MY

in

GOD

oh bloody hell I will never get over this

electricity shoots from my groin to the top of my head and I’m split up the middle, I’m as big as a house, a cavern, and he fills me up

how can a kife fifteen fucking thousand fucking years old be this fucking tight
shooting tingling tickling pulsing throbbing and oh did I mention pressing against that bundle of nerves so conveniently located at the front of my

OH

MY

GOD

there he goes again how the hell does he DO that

better than a bloody handjob this tight grip, slick hot wet grip, she’s moving against me, knees on either side of my hips I’m kneeling before her, the suppliant, the libation within her, her breasts on my collarbone, head thrown back, she clenches

oh fuck

didn’t last long did I

but arguably neither did she here she comes she comes I can feel it she’s throbbing

*********************************************************************************

“Oh, god, Legolas!”

I’m like a plate shattering on the floor, pieces of me flying all over the place. Like a cold brisk breeze, a sheet of freezing rain on my hot face, it jolts me, lurching me up out of a fog into sunlight. Rising out of a dim cold grave to life again. I can feel it coursing through me, shimmering down my nerves and surging through my blood.

Oh, and dripping down my cunt – did I mention that too?

Yowza. What a wake-up call.

*********************************************************************************

Good morning, acushla. Sleep well?

My plonker’s gonna wear out if we don’t start pacing ourselves.

Oh, what the fuck. I’m having fun at least. And so are you, if your volume is any indication. Let me just lay you back down on the bed and we’ll begin negotiations for Round Two.

*********************************************************************************

Weight and warmth over me again, comforting, assuring. I’ve got flickers and sparkles of my orgasm still shimmering through me, so nice . . . Even Mr. Softee going all gooey and squishy inside me is gratifying; good to know my Elf enjoys a morning-hardon-fuck as much as I do.

Oh good lord, I’d better quit my day job pretty damn quick or this pace’ll be the death of me. My heart’s hammering against my sternum like it’s demanding entrance. Open up, Sex Police, we have a report of a pre-consciousness fucking . . .

Who the hell needs an alarm clock with my Elven Ass around?
Speaking of clocks . . .
Oh, shit. Seven already?

Fuck, fuck, fuck, bloody fucking HELL!!! Saw those shoulders sag when the eyes met the face of that fucking digital clock. Time to get up, time to put on those ankle-biter clothes and bugger off to that ankle-biter job. Can’t even skive off till she gives notice.

Oh, well. Part and parcel of the whole fucking do-no-harm gig. Might as well try to smooth things over for her. Do what you can while she does what she must. Bugger.

Meanwhile, she wakes up peckish, doesn’t she? Seem to recall that . . .

**********************************************************************************
“Omelette?”
I can’t help it; I snort with laughter. Food and sex – am I POSITIVE he’s not Italian?
But hey – I haven’t had a decent omelette in YEARS.

Hm, guess it sounds pretty bloody funny to end a good fuck with a thought about whipped fried eggs. But behind her laughter, quivering behind those mirror-grey eyes, is a primal, an earthy appreciation for hunger and sweat and physical gratification.
The fulfillment of the senses is the remuneration of obedience.

Fucking A, even down to the taste buds?

Yes, Greenleaf.

Well, THAT explains a whole hell of a lot.

Behave yourself.

Whoops. Sorry, Yavanna, didn’t know you were listening.

**********************************************************************************
“I have to go to work.” The words are out of my mouth before I can stop them. I mean, he KNOWS I have to go to work; why did I say that?

Poor little acushla, it’s like she’s apologizing for this fucking miserable existence she’s been trapped in. I know you have to go to work, my Éowyn; it’s only for a little while longer. Give your notice, arrange your affairs here; I’ll get you your land and your horses and your comfortable old house and a couple good solid fucks at least twice a day. Manwë bless us, Elbereth shine your light on us.
“I know, acushla.” Oh lord, I’m NEVER going to get tired of hearing him say it like that, crooning smooth voice rumbling through our chests. Say my name, please say my name . . .

“Éowyn.”

Ah . . . the aural orgasm.

“It’s only for a little while longer, luv. Give your notice today and we’re free.”

Free?

No more pantyhose? No more time cards? No more humming fluorescent lights? No more irritating agents flirting ineffectively with me? No more paper cuts, bad office coffee, high heel blisters, supply cabinet rendezvous? No more press of humanity, pre-fab housing, neighborhood covenants, unpaid bills? And no more GOD! DAMN! BITCH! of a manager sticking verbal needles under my nails?

Free? REALLY free?

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Ah, look at the light kindle in her eyes; it strikes her, my acushla, she sees it. Yes, I’m more than a good fuck; I’m your ticket out of this bloody awful place.

“Now, get on up,” I say, and roll off of her, stuffing my sticky plonker back into my cutoffs. She lies there, flush and lovely, oh so lovely, tousled and drowsy and pink. “I’ll fix you some brekky and we’ll get this day goin’. Got a lot to do, you and me, acushla.”

Then there’s the bang of a door and the running of a tap, Ducky’s up. Reveille in San Dimas.

***************************************************************************

Damn. Dorcas is awake. Now I’ve got to share my omelette with her. He glances back, then looks down at me, winks and bends over. I smell him, piney and sharp, feel the heat of his body on mine.

“Patience, Éowyn,” he whispers against my lips. “We’ve got fucking tens of thousands of years to make up for this.”
Ringing phones, desultory chatter, the smell of burnt coffee, the irritating flicker of fluorescent lighting. And these DAMN high heels of mine, clicking on the linoleum. The only reason I wear them is because I feel sexy in them. They’re high, spiky, make my long legs look even longer – give me a false feeling of superiority, of height. Oh, and Legolas likes them. I discovered something disturbing this morning – I think I’d wear anything as long as Legolas said he liked it. Pathetic, aren’t I? And he only dropped me off five minutes ago and I already miss him, miss the feel of his skin on mine, miss the sound of his laugh, miss the scent of his silky hair. Damn, damn, damn, do I have it bad!

I push the door open, walk into my part of the office. I hate this place. I hate it I hate it I hate it. I hated it yesterday, true, but today I hate it worse. I guess it’s because I know I don’t have to stay here any more. I don’t WANT to be here. I want to be home, in bed with my Elf – or on the couch, or in the office, or in the back yard . . . But even if I were home he’d be out. Got a call on his cell phone (I still can’t believe he has a cell phone, seems so un-Eldar for some reason) from some art gallery somewhere that wants to put his paintings up. I knew he was an artist; I didn’t realize he actually did it for real – just thought it was for fun. His response to my surprise? “Wealth without work makes folk wonder, acushla. Long’s I work, less folk think I’m up to something.” Then he drew me a little picture on a sticky note – a little cartoony goat with a suit and tie, holding a suitcase, looking smug. It’s cute – I stuck it on the fridge. Hope Dorcas likes it.

Mary looks up at me through her glasses. “Mornin’,” she grunts. Her hair’s all sticky-out as usual, wonder if she ever brushes it? “Good morning,” I say brightly, putting my purse in my desk. She watches me as I sit. I know she’s wondering why I’m so damn perky. Go ahead and ask, I dare you; please please please ask! “Get your car back?” she asks. Her eyes are wary. I know that look, I’ve seen it before. It’s a scout looking for an ambush . . . wait, no. This is the twenty-first century; this is America. We don’t do that now. It’s just Mary looking for some gossip. She LOVES gossip. We’ve spent many hours throwing it back and forth – her and Doris and me. I might actually miss that. “Not ready yet,” I say. I rearrange myself on the chair. I took special care with myself this morning – my hair, my makeup, my suit, all perfect. Legolas took one look at me when I walked out of the bathroom and wolf-whistled. Then he grinned and grabbed my ass, right in front of Dorcas too. Damn! When was the last time a man made me feel this good? Okay, so he’s technically not a “man.” So what? Shit, I feel sleek, confident, sexy. Too sexy for this fucking place. In front of my beat-up desk is my name plate. Winnie Steward. It’s sort of the symbol of my dependence on this meager paycheck. Every time I look at it my heart sinks. But this morning it doesn’t; this morning I have an epiphany: That’s not my name. I’m Éowyn, Éowyn of Rohan. Not Winnie Steward of the New Business Department. I don’t need to sit here and check applications and badger agents and actuaries for files to make a living. My “living” rides an orange and yellow motorcycle and has a dick the size of Ontario.

I check my inbox, look at the boring shit that’s always in there, and decide I might as well turn in my resignation letter. Do it now while I’m still feeling sure of myself. Do it before I can think too hard about it. Do it before I start thinking too hard about what Barbara’s reaction will be. Do it before I start getting anxious. “How’d you get in, take the bus?” asks Mary. She stands up with her coffee mug. “Going to get some coffee, want some?”
“I was driven in on the back of a Harley-Davidson, and no thank you, I’ve already had two cups,” I say primly, taking the letter I typed up this morning out of my purse and standing up too. Mary’s face is disbelieving. Ask me ask me ask me! I’m just DYING to tell people about HIM. Hell, I’d love to show him off – I can’t imagine what Doris would say if she laid eyes on my Elven Ass. Oh those sweet tight cheeks encased in black leather; he even has dimples down THERE. That shimmery hair, that skin like clotted cream . . . Mary’s looking at me funny; must’ve zoned out. Not good. Bet I look like the world’s worst dorkwad.

Now that I’m standing up and pointing in the direction of Barbara’s office, the little knot of anxiety starts up. Barbara’s such a witch. Everyone hates her; everyone’s afraid of her. I’ve been afraid of her since I interviewed for the job. All she has to do is glare at me and my heart wilts. I’m not even sure why. She’s short, she’s fat, she’s ugly, and her voice is strident and irritating. How does she manage to cow me like that? Dammit, once upon a time Éowyn of Rohan was fearless – she stood against man and beast and the undead with equal bravery. What the hell happened to me?

I’ll tell you what happened. I had the bravery and the balls and the spirit sucked right out of me. YOU try being married to Faramir for fifteen thousand years and see how you do. All he had to do was give me that disapproving look and everything inside me would shrivel up. Damn him. How could someone so weak and pointless have such a horrible effect on me?

Give the letter to Barbara give the letter to Barbara give the letter to Barbara. What’s the worst that can happen? I’ll tell you what could happen – she’ll unleash her sarcasm on me. Of all weapons I fear sarcasm the most. It hurts, it cuts, it reminds me of – of that GODDAM STUPID DUMBSHIT FUCKER ex husband of mine. Let the anger work for you! Let it drive out your fear! Dammit, still afraid.

What if she gets mad? What if she tries to talk me out of it? Worse still, what if she tells me to train my replacement? My heart starts to pound. Damn, I’m better than this; what the hell happened to the woman who faced down the Chief Nazgûl? For that matter, what happened to the woman I used to be, period? I was so brave once, didn’t care what other people thought, stood on my own. And here I am, my knees shaking because I’m about to give notice at a job I hate? What the hell happened to me?

Really, it doesn’t matter what HAPPENED to me. What’s really important is what’s HAPPENING to me. Fifteen thousand years . . . oh well, so that’s gone down the tubes. How much longer have I got here? Aren’t I immortal? What if I have fifteen thousand MORE years to go? Don’t I want them to be good ones? And don’t I have the wherewithal to make them the best damn years anyone’s ever lived, any time, any place, ever? I have ELVEN ASS, baby; I’ve got this gorgeous, potty-mouthed, filthy rich angel dying to screw me every way ’til Tuesday and there’s no reason in the world to keep this stupid job.

Mary’s looking at me oddly. “What’s going on, Winnie?” she asks. “You look like the cat that swallowed the canary.”

Suddenly I remember the taste of Legolas’ semen on my tongue and I burst out laughing. Swallowed the canary, indeed! I swallowed something MUCH better than that this morning, I’ll have you know.

I wonder, is semen fattening?

Not that it matters. I’m just curious.

“I just told you I rode in on a motorcycle, and you ask me why I look so smug?” I can’t help but smile; just the memory of Legolas’ fingers tightening in my hair, his agitated moans, the sudden shudder and gush of gooey saltiness . . .

Mmm, maybe I’ll get lucky and Barbara will ask Security to escort me out . . .

“Wait, what’s this about a motorcycle?” Mary looks more closely at me. I think she’s noticed I’m braless under my satin blouse. No pantyhose, either, the stupid confining things, I hate them. Please, Barbara, make me clean out my desk and leave; Legolas gave me his credit card and told me to go shopping for new clothes – his only stipulation was they had to be sexy and comfortable. That sly smile he gave me as he tucked the hard plastic card into the waistband of my skirt – “Just show a little leg, will you?” he said; “those bloody two-klick legs . . . “ It was all I could do to get into the office building without being publicly mauled.

Not that it would necessarily be a bad thing, I suppose . . .


The light dawns on Mary’s face. “Hey . . . you got laid, didn’t you!” she says, and she grins. I can feel the heat rush to my face, but it’s impossible not to grin back. Laid? That’s an understatement and a half.
“Did I ever,” I smirk, and head to Barbara’s office. Mary’s still laughing and pounding her desk as I saunter in.

Funny, didn’t realize how much my hips swung when I walked. I can feel the skin rubbing against my skirt; couldn’t feel that with pantyhose on. Sexy thing, you sexy thing . . . I rap on the lintel of Barbara’s office door, take a deep breath. She’s sitting behind her desk, typing something into her computer, her low-carb shake on a pile of auto apps. Just the sight of those friggin’ apps steals my resolve. I do NOT want to input another one of those stupid things, never NEVER NEVER!!! I clench my jaw, stand up straight, tilt my chin back. I am Æowyn of Rohan. I am a mighty Shieldmaiden. I slew the Witch-King of Angmar. And I was on my knees in my bedroom this morning, reducing the Prince of Mirkwood to a quivering pile of jelly just by using my mouth. Ha!

“Good morning, Barbara,” I say politely. Irritable bitch. Just looks sideways at me. Don’t know why, but she’s always disliked me. Believe me, dorkwad, the feeling’s mutual. When she finally condescends to turn to me her eyes are fixed on my boobs. Yes, I know I’m not wearing a bra. I did this on purpose, you fat, miserable, petty, whiny, saggy-boobed hippo. You’ve been making snide comments about the way I look for the past two years and I’m FUCKING SICK OF IT.

“What is it, Steward?” she asks shortly. Never called me by my first name – not that “Winnie” is anything to get excited over – but delights in reminding me I’m still known by my ex-husband’s name. I could see her gloat when I told her during the job interview that I was divorced. Made her feel better, I could tell. Some people are like that, you know? Only feel good about themselves when they see how bad someone else has it.

Jerk.

“T’m quitting,” I say calmly, handing over the envelope. “Here’s my two-week notice, as specified in my employee contract.”

My heart flips as I say it. But I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. I’m almost FREE!!!!! Then she tries to fix me with what I imagine she thinks is a basilisk stare, but really only looks like a peeved warthog about to sneeze. Come on, I ask myself; is that supposed to scare me? Do you have any idea what a rabid Dunlending looks like? Please.

“Find another job?” she asks. She even manages to speak and sneer at the same time. That must have taken a good bit of practice.

“No,” I say. I’ve been trying to figure out how I’m going to explain this. It occurred to me a few minutes ago that I don’t need to explain it. All I have to do is quit. What does she care, anyway? She’s always hated me. This will just give her an excuse to replace me with someone else.

She’s still staring at me. Really, she’s too much like a pig. Even her nose turns up. And what are those things in her nostrils – oh my god she’s got HAIR growing out of her nostrils! And I thought Gríma was gross!

She stares at me in silence when she wants to intimidate me.

And I thought Gríma was gross!

She looks at the envelope, flips it around in her fat fingers. Her nail polish is purple, nasty color, all chipped too. What is she thinking? “So,” she says, gives me another ugly sneer. She must practice those, she’s getting very good. “You’ve been interviewing on company time, have you?” Whatever she could have said to deflate me, that was DEFINITELY not it. I can’t stop the snort coming out, not ladylike, but what do I care? “I told you,” I say. “I don’t have another job. I’m just quitting. I don’t need this job any more.”

“Oh, I see,” she says, sitting back so I can see the two huge rolls of fat under her blue blouse. She’s still holding the envelope, hasn’t opened it, trying to use her powers of intimidation on me. It occurs to me that once I’m out of here she has no powers over me at all. Come to think of it, why did I let any of her powers get a hold of me? Aren’t I better than this? I’m one of the Chosen, after all. I’m fifteen thousand years old. I’ve watched kingdoms rise and fall, watched millions of people be born and die, watched eras stagger to their feet and stumble to their deaths in a
heartbeat. “Just going to file for bankruptcy, are you? Let your creditors take the heat?” I know how she feels about that; it’s all about money, isn’t it? It’s always been about money. I have none, I’m in your power, you have control over me. You like it that way, don’t you?

Come to think of it, that’s probably the only thing she does have control over. She’s unmarried, no kids, no social life that I know of – not that I can think of anyone who’d want to socialize with her – maybe that’s it. She’s mean not because she HAS power; she’s mean because it GIVES her power.

Hey.

I’ll have to think about this some more later. It makes me think of Faramir. He was always pretty powerless, you know? Youngest son, father didn’t like him . . . Even as the so-called Lord of Emyn Arnen his was nothing more than a figurehead title. That must be a kick in the ass for someone. I understand powerlessness – as a woman in a preliterate society I had it rammed down my throat. But you take it by the balls, you twist it to suit you.

At least I never squashed people to do that. I never had any reason to make people feel bad to make me feel good. I know I’m good. Between my uncle and Éomer bragging on me all the time, I knew I was. So I never had to recourse to crushing peoples’ egos to bolster my own. Like Barbara here, who’s staring at me with her beady over-made-up little eyes, trying to make me feel bad. And why is she trying to make me feel bad? Because it makes her feel better.

Pathetic.

What would Legolas tell her?
The unvarnished truth, most likely.

All right. I take a deep breath. The truth it is. Don’t squeak, voice, please don’t squeak, this would be a VERY bad time to squeak.

“I’m moving in with someone. He’s going to pay off my house and take care of me.”

Whatever she was expecting, that was DEFINITELY not it. I haven’t seen her this nonplussed since the plumbing in the ladies’ room backfired and the sink exploded whenever we flushed the toilet. Have to give her credit, though; she recovers pretty quickly. I can tell she doesn’t really believe me, but covers that up with her legendary sarcasm and belittling comments.

“So,” she says, showing her teeth, which are crooked. “Find yourself a sugar daddy, did you?”

Sugar daddy? I snort again; I can’t help it. I bet Legolas would like that, would like to be called a sugar daddy. Considering how much he likes candy, at least half of that name would be appropriate!

“You could say that,” I say, crossing my arms over my chest and putting my weight back on one foot. It makes me look casual, tall, indifferent. Confident, too. I exude confidence, I exude sexuality, I exude strength.

At least, if I keep telling myself this, and keep acting like it, maybe I will eventually. Until then I guess I’ll have to fake it.

Is Barbara fooled? She looks a little confused. I guess I’ve fooled her. That makes me feel better. If you can’t BE brave, ACT brave, and as long as people THINK you’re brave you’ll do all right. If not, you’re fucked.

She sneers again. She’s pretty good at that. “How contemptible,” she says, and here it comes, the sarcasm, the cutting comments. Don’t panic don’t panic don’t panic dammit! You are a Shieldmaiden! You are brave! “Selling out, aren’t you? Letting some guy pay your way because you can’t do it yourself. What are you going to do now, Steward; play housewife while he runs around on you? What will you do, come crawling back for your job when he leaves you for someone else? You’re pathetic, an embarrassment to every female trying to make an honest living.”

For a second – just a second, mind – the words sink in a little. Poison, they’re like cold icy poison dripping onto my heart. Fear, fear, fear – fear of the future, of being alone, of being broke, of not being able to take care of myself. I knew she was going to do this. I knew she was going to be nasty and caustic and crushing. I can almost feel myself wilt. But then I remember what I said to Legolas this morning as he dropped me off: “I wonder how nasty Barbara will be when I tell her?” And did he say, “You just call me up and I’ll handle it!” or, “Don’t let her bother you, you’re above that!” or, “That moron, don’t listen to a word she says!” No, he doesn’t say anything like that. He just grins, his shit-eating, go-to-hell-world grin, flashing those damn dimples at me, and I can see myself reflected in his sunglasses. “Bitch into ‘er, acushla,” he says, cranks the throttle and peels out.

“Bitch into her,” he said. So that’s what I’ll do. It’s not like she’s a Nazgûl. It’s not like she’s an orc. Hell, it’s not even as though she’s someone who can remotely hurt me. She’s just a sexually repressed, frustrated, ugly woman with low self esteem who gets her kicks trying to bully other
people.
Bully. That’s what she is. Bet she was a bully in school, too. Bet she was one of those girls who hung out behind the gym smoking cigarettes and making fun of the virgins.
And I’ve let this loser push me around all this time? She’s right – I must be pathetic.
I WAS pathetic. But not any more. I call on my Inner Shieldmaiden and I can almost hear my spine straighten. My jaw tightens, my eyes narrow. Enough of this shit. You want to use that weapon on me, do you? Well, I can throw it right back at you. “Bitch into her” like hell. I uncross my arms and lean both hands on my desk so my face is closer to hers. It also gives her a good view down my silky silvery blouse, where my naked boobs are jiggling and swinging and nipping all over the place. Give her an eyeful; let her see what I’ve got that she hasn’t.
Man, she smells awful. What kind of perfume is that, anyway? It’s sickening!
She draws back, eyes wary. The beast turns at bay; the hunter pauses. Watch out, Barbara, you’ve awoken my Inner Shieldmaiden.
Though at the moment it feels more like my Inner Bitch. Oh well. Whatever works.
“Does that offend you, Barbara?” I ask. I make my voice sweet, reasonable, gentle, but my eyes are angry, I can tell – they’re reflected in her glasses. “Do you find it offensive that some rich man would find me desirable enough to pay off my house? That he’d enjoy making love to me so much he’d want to shower me with gifts and take me away from the drudgery of my existence?
That he takes such pleasure in my naked body he wants to spend the rest of his life with me? That my sexuality drives him so crazy he’d do anything just to please me? Is that what bothers you, Barbara? Is it?” Not a bad little speech; I even got that edge to it, the one I used to use with my subordinates – back when I had them. I made my slaves toe the line, all right. One sharp word from me and they’d scatter. I draw on those memories here. Sound oh-so-nice; use words that cut like a razor’s edge.
She draws back a little, but rallies quickly. She’s tenacious, this one; I actually feel a little frisson of pleasure in this. “Selling your body for sex now, are you?” she says with a laugh. “Guess that makes you a common hooker, doesn’t it!”
Bending over I’ve got something poking into my stomach. I still have Legolas’ credit card in there. In a sudden inspiration I take it out and show it to her.
“Nothing common about this, Barbara,” I say with a smile. I still sound sugary and oh-so-sweet. “See this? A hundred thousand credit limit. He told me to go shopping, get whatever I wanted. Ever get offered that, Barbara?” I let my eyes drift down to her flat, saggy boobs; before she can respond I say a little contemptuously, “But then, who’d offer?”
THAT pisses her off. She jumps to her feet, piggy little eyes practically poking out of her skull, her lips drawn back from her crooked yellow teeth. Gross, she’s so gross; and short too – how come I never noticed how short she is? I practically tower over her. I can look down my nose at her. So that’s what I do – look down at her, right into her fat quivery face. “That does it!” she says, and she’s actually squealing – never heard her lose her temper before; it’s kind of funny, really. Usually she’s so cool and mean and sarcastic. I’ve actually pushed her so much she’s gotten mad.
How fun!
“How dare you say something like that!” Fat little hands balled into fists, eyes popping, she’s even getting this weird red mottling on her flabby throat. “It’s bad enough you’re selling sex to get your way, but to say something like that to ME! I demand an apology!”
“Well, you’re not going to get it,” I say coolly, slipping the credit card back into my skirt. “You’ve been missing me every day for the past two years, so I figure I owe you one.” While she’s still making teapot-boiling-over noises I turn casually away from her to the door, then decide to throw in a last jibe just for good measure, just because I’m having a good time seeing her finally lose it.
“By the way, Barbara, he’s gorgeous and funny as well as rich . . . and did I mention he’s dynamite in bed? Not that you’d know anything about that, would you?” I give her a sweet, go-fuck-yourself-smile and saunter back to my desk, making sure my hips swing as I walk.
My heart’s pounding a mile a minute and I’ve got tunnel vision, but my mind is soaring. I did it! I did it! I stood up to her! I can see Mary and Doris standing by my desk; they both look expectant – Mary must’ve told Doris I got laid – oh, wait, they’re looking PAST me, they heard Barbara yell; then I hear the movement behind me as well and I realize Barbara’s come out of her office. Don’t turn don’t turn don’t turn. She’s not a physical danger, just a psychological one, and your psychological edge over her will be greater if you SHOW NO FEAR. Don’t turn don’t turn don’t turn.
So I’m pretty surprised when she screeches, “CLEAN OUT YOUR DESK, YOU LITTLE WHORE! TWO WEEKS LIKE HELL! I’M CALLING SECURITY TO ESCORT YOU OUT
AND IF YOU’RE NOT READY IN TEN MINUTES I’M THROWING EVERYTHING IN YOUR DESK AWAY!!!!"
Bingo!
Shopping time!
Turn slowly, slowly, slowly. Smile, drop those eyelids lazily. Hand on hip, head thrown back, tuck a curl behind my ear. Her face is purply-red, her eyes bulging, her hands knotted up into shaking fists. I look down at her. I’m sexy; you’re a cow. So there. Inner Bitch, indeed! My heart is still hammering but I’m in it so deep I can’t stop. And anyway, why would I want to? Mary and Doris are babbling incoherently, something about worker’s rights or something; I don’t care. I’m outta here.
“Oh, goody,” I say, still syrupy. “I get to go shopping. Rodeo Drive, here I come!” I walk back to my desk, pick up everything out of my inbox and take it back to her. “Be a dear, Barbara, and take care of this, will you? Looks like I won’t get to it after all.” She stares up at me. She has no idea what to do, I can tell. Her hand goes out automatically to take it, but when I put it in her hand she seems to realize what she’s doing and drops it. It scatters on the floor, floats over our feet. Mary and Doris take one look at Barbara’s face and start bending over to pick it up.
“PICK THAT UP!” screams Barbara, pointing with a shaking hand at the papers.
I raise my eyebrows. “Why?” I ask. “I don’t work here any more, do I? Besides, I need to pack up my desk. Security’ll be here in ten minutes, you know.” Then I oh-so-casually turn my back on her, sit down at my desk, and start to hum – I’m humming one of the arias from Samson et Dalila, not that anyone would notice – and, knowing Barbara’s watching, I deliberately grab a big handful of files from my side drawer and chuck them in the trash.
Doris gives a squeak behind me. I look over at her; her face is red as a beet and she’s clutching my inbox shit up close to her, staring at Barbara.
Then the piggy bitch turns on her heel, runs into her office and slams the door.
I can’t help it – all the tension runs out of me and I sag. I hide my face in my hands, just trying to get a hold of myself.
I can hear Mary and Doris talking a mile a minute over my head, but it’s just a buzz; I can also hear Barbara’s muffled voice screaming into the phone in her office, but I have no idea what she’s saying.
I did it. I stood up to her. And I didn’t die.
Stupid. Like I was going to die. She didn’t hurt me. She CAN’T. I take a deep breath, sit up. Mary and Doris are staring at me, too shocked to speak coherently.
“I can’t believe you did that!”
“What the hell did you SAY to her?”
“Why did you quit? You can’t quit! You don’t have another job!”
“Have you been interviewing behind our backs? Have you?”
“Shit,” I say, very clearly. They pause, exchange glances. I run my fingers through my hair, then start taking stock of my desk. Right. How much of this crap do I take with me? I open the middle drawer and start rummaging around. Eraser, rubber bands, staples, pennies, thumbtacks . . .
“Winnie,” says Mary firmly.
“Éowyn,” I say. 
“. . . What?”
“My name,” I say loudly, “is Éowyn. Ay Oh When. Not Winnie. I’m not answering to fucking ‘Winnie’ anymore.” I pull out a roll of stamps. That’s mine, bought it with my own money.
“Stupid name anyway.” I shove the stamps in my purse.
“Éowyn, then,” says Mary irritably. “Does this have anything to do with your getting laid last night?”
I look up at her and Doris. Not bad people, really. I actually have really liked and appreciated them over the past few years. Backed into a corner, like me; under-educated for high-paying jobs, over-educated for blue-collar work, forced into the work environment anyway. Living paycheck to paycheck, eking out an existence, struggling against house payments and credit card bills and inflation. Good souls, they are; had I been able to associate them with any other situation I’d have quite liked them.
Well, what the hell? Honesty seems to be the answer this morning. And they deserve the truth – they’ve heard enough lies from me.
“Yes,” I say. They exchange glances again. “Hear me out,” I say firmly. “I ran into an old friend – someone I knew before I got married – yesterday on my way home. He’s successful, makes a lot of money, he’s a lot of fun, we’ve always liked each other. We’d never had sex before but last night we gave it a shot – and it was INCREDIBLE.” I can’t help adding that. It’s true, after all. As
Legolas would say, absofuckinglutely incredible. “He wants to take care of me – make up for all the things my rotten ex did to me. And I’m going to let him.”

Doris opens her mouth, hesitates. Then she says, “Um, Winnie – I mean, Éowyn – don’t you think that this is, um, going a little fast? I mean, you don’t know that this guy’ll stick around any longer than your ex-husband, and you kinda need this job – “

Legolas, leave me? As soon as she says that I know how ridiculous it is. And wasn’t that what I was afraid of all last night, that I’d wake up and he’d be gone? When has he EVER backed out of anything, ever? When has he EVER betrayed anyone? When has he EVER disobeyed the Valar, no matter how difficult or distasteful the task was? Never, never, never. I never realized it before, but that was one of those rock-solid beliefs that I’ve stood on for millennia. You can trust him, you can depend on him, he’ll never let you down. They won’t understand, they can’t. They’ve never met one of the Eldar, they’ve never met HIM. I stand up, pick up my purse. Fuck this Wal-Mart shit. I’m getting me a Prada bag. I don’t need any of the crap in this desk anyway, and I’ve decided not to wait for Security.

“I don’t need this job,” I say. “I don’t need my house. I don’t even need my car any more. You can have it if you want. I’ve known Legolas Greenleaf longer than just about anyone else on this entire planet and I know he’ll keep his word. If he says he’s going to take care of me for the rest of my life I know I can believe him. If he says he loves me and will never leave me I know I’m stuck with him forever. Now, if you’ll excuse me – “

I step out from behind my desk, shake hands with each one of them, and head for the door. “I have some major shopping to do on Rodeo Drive.” I glance back; they’re both standing with their mouths hanging open. I grin.

“I’ll call you and let you know where I’m having lunch,” I add. “I’m buying.” And I leave that fucking place for the last time, ever. I can even hear the heavenly choir singing the Hallelujah Chorus as I go.
12

Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

12.

Not sure what it is, mate, but for some reason stocking the pantry with good things – food, drink, herbs and spices, doesn’t matter what – feels so fucking good, like bringing in the harvest. Bloody hell, will I be pleased to get rid of some of this shite – tinned pole beans; what the fuck do I look like, a goat? Into the bin with you, you manky garbage. My sainted aunt, that those girls could eat THAT fucking keech!

Nearly bust my saddlebags, trying to get all this bloody food in. But we’re set up now, mate – fresh fruits and vegetables, good chops, live herbs, flour and sugar and yeast and just about every fucking staple I could think of – and to top it off, Pinot Grigio and Chianti, depending on whether we want red or white tonight. Got some nice veal, fuck yeah, gonna make some fresh cannelloni stuffed with ricotta and spinach and smother it all with a tomato-cream sauce. Roast some garlic, bake some bread . . .

Oh, and salad. No fucking good without some bloody roughage. Crisp cold greens with onion sliced on the mandolin so it's nice and thin, plump briny olives, roasted red bell peppers, drizzled with oil and vinegar . . .

Fuck, I'm hungry already.

Cleaning out this icebox is a bit of a bleeding challenge. Fucking A, how old IS this shite in the plastic container? Green and fuzzy – bet it wasn’t like that when whoever the fuck put it away saw it last. Bung it, bung it, bung it in the bin. Frodo laughed at me once, said I was the only member of the Chosen who cared as much about food as he. What’s this, macaroni cheese? Looks like the boxed variety – fucking hell, that’s nasty; when the fuck are carrots supposed to BEND? And those poor green onions, play Taps for them. But the icebox looks better when I’m through with it. I stand back, admire my handiwork. Oh fuck yeah, a well-stocked icebox just gives me that little fucking warm fuzzy feeling, like all's well with the universe. Know it’s not, but it’s a nice little illusion, anyway.

Aaah.

Now to check the answer phone.
The light’s flashing about ten damn times; who the fuck called while I was out? Wasn’t gone that fucking long, mate, just ran down to the damn market is all.

*beeeeep* “Hey, uh, Êowyn, this is, um, Pippin. Oh, and hey, Legs. Uh, Merry and me and the girls are at the airport, we’re gonna hire an estate car. I think, um, Frodo and Sam and Rosie are still in the air, they’re coming from Greenland, so we’ll, like, go to the hotel and um, wait for them there, okay? Um, cheers.”

Just as eloquent as ever, the former fucking Thain of the Shire. Be good to see the little tosser again, always made me laugh.

*beeeeep* “Hi, Êowyn! Hi, Legolas! This is Lottie! Oh my god it’s so good to BE here and on the ground, oh my god it was like such a LONG flight! And we’re not even THERE yet! Our flight got like delayed so we have to stay here like another couple hours! I just thought you ought to you know, like, know! We’ll like call you later! Bye!”

I ought to say, “ding!” every time she uses the word “like” inappropriately.

No – no, I shouldn’t. She’ll just “ding” me every time I swear. Little cow. The thing I always loved about Lothíriel, not a fucking thing could intimidate her.

Ding!

*beeeeep* “Hey, guys, it’s Longshanks. Whitey and I are just at Hesperia on Fifteen coming
through the San Bernardino Forest. We ought to be at your house by suppertime. Grim’s gone on ahead and Arwen’s with Lottie and Éomer. Call our cells if you need to change any plans.”

At last, a normal fucking answer phone message! Nothing rattles Longshank’s composure. Bloody hell, what a brilliant king he made. Fucking fabulous.

So they all converge at tea.

Fuck.

Ding!

Bloody marvelous. Better get more chops.

And wine. Need the wine, oh fuck yeah, will I fucking need fucking wine fucking tonight. Ding, ding, ding!

I do rather swear quite a bit, don’t I?

I did notice, Greenleaf.

Sorry, my Lord.

It matters very little to me. This brittle outer shell of yours is but the casement surrounding your soul, and trust me, my Greenleaf, I am more than pleased with the state of it.

A compliment! Fucking A, I may faint.

The Naugrim approaches. He is displeased with you. He does not understand the compulsion laid upon you.

Like he ever did, damn him, the money-grubbing, hole-digging, sharp-eyed fecker.

Watch it, Elda!

Oh! I beg your pardon, Aulë. No offense meant.

One more message.

*beeeep* “Hi, Win—I mean, Éowyn? This is Dorcas? Um, I just wanted to know? Your friends are all coming over tonight, right? Well, I’m going to stay out of your way, okay? I know you guys have lots to talk about so I’ll stay at Cyndi’s, okay? Um, bye.”

There you go, Ducky; you’re a nice little kife. Wish you wouldn’t fucking stare at my ronson all the time, though.

So Grim’s brassed. No fucking surprise there, mate. I dig some Liffey water out of the ice box and pour it oh so bloody slowly into a pilsner glass. Ply him with alcohol, works every fucking time.

Always shows up stroppy, the gypo.

On second thought, better pour myself one too, mate. Doesn’t like to drink alone, my Grim. Rather have a glass of Chianti, really, but Grim’s so fucking MANLY he wants me to drink a fucking MANLY drink. Wine is not nearly MANLY enough for Grim, oh my sainted aunt no; you need to be MANLY and drink a MANLY drink.

Fuck off, Grim. Not like I’m drinking bleeding Mai Tais or anything like that.

Personally, I think it’s backlash from his height. Never got over that, not even after Aulë stretched him up to five five. You’ve got to be fucking MANLY and have a MANLY beard and ride a MANLY machine and do MANLY things.

Bugger that. I’ll do whatever the fuck I feel like doing.

Until Manwë steps in, of course.

Fuck. What next? Another obstacle, he said. Another FUCKING obstacle.

Ding!

I take my two beers to the front step to wait. There’s a bench by the Bradford pear; I can comfort it as I wait for Grim. I plunk my ronson down, ignore the squiffy old lady staring her bloody beady eyes at me, hates me she does and don’t I know it. The tree seems to sigh and I put my hand on its trunk.

Grow, grow, dig deep, drink deep. Water is there, and the food you crave. Reach, reach, spread your leaves to the sun, let her warm you, let her feed you. Breathe my breath but spurn the smoke; be clean, be strong, be well.

It hears me, it answers, yes, yes, it loves me. They all fucking love me, plants do; odd thing really now I think of it. I mean, I know myself, I know this fucking wanker pretty bloody well; not the most lovable creature in Arda. But they all love me, the trees and shrubs and grass and flowers; I’m the fucking Plant God and they flourish and thrive just to fucking please me.

I hear him before I see him. Yeah, still riding that Softail.

He comes in slowly. I can see him looking back and forth at the house numbers; oh fuck yeah, Mrs. Old-And-Shirty is glaring at him too; welcome to the fucking club, Grim. His chrome flashes in the sun and the turquoise paint glints. Beautiful Springer, that. Oo-er, Vance & Hines pipes!

Those are new! You flash harry, you.

I rise; he sees me and pulls in. I pick up the two Guinesses and walk over to him as he throws the kickstand and dismounts, removing his gloves. He’s scowling; when has he ever looked at me
with approval on his face? Not since I defended St. Thomas Aquinas, I think. When the fuck was
that, 1321? Can’t remember . . . all those bloody years, they blend together after a while.
Really, he looks the same to me, in spite of the extra height. Big bushy red beard, snappy black
eyes, wild hair. The pikey look suits him.
“I’m going to kill you,” he growls as he stumps up to me.
“Cheers, Grim,” I say, and hand him a glass.
His scowl deepens. “How’d you know I was coming?” he asks suspiciously.
I tap my forehead. “Hear voices, don’t I?” He grunts and takes a deep drink, leaving foam on his
mustache. “Good to see you too, mate,” I say, and give him my don’t-you-love-me? grin.
“Yeah, yeah,” he mutters, looks around. Funny expression on his face all of a sudden, like he
can’t believe he’s actually fucking HERE in this bloody foofy neighborhood. Fucking A, Grim,
neither can I.
bad. Like the bitter aftertaste, I do. And like the adverts say, It’s Good For You.
“Not what I expected, no,” he admits. He glances over at Mrs. Old-And-Shirty, leans in to me.
“What’s with the old lady?” he whispers.
“Doesn’t like our type, mate,” I say.
“Ah!” His eyes twinkle, he lifts his glass and drains it in one long draught, dribbling foam and
brown liquid down his beard. Fucking A, Grim, you’re revolting. Love the look on Mrs.
Old-And-Shirty’s face, though. She turns and hobbles back up her garden path; I can just hear what
she’s saying – “In our neighborhood, too! I’m definitely going to bring this up at the next
Homeowners’ Association meeting. What IS this world coming to! Disgraceful!” Ah, that’s not
the half of it, you old hag. Grim hands me the glass and lets out a big fucking belch, blowing beer-
breath all over my face.
“Thanks, mate,” I say, making a face at him. He’s grinning now. Was I fucking right or what?
Give him a beer and he can take any fucking thing I throw at him. “More where that came from.”
“Good. Been a long ride and I’m dry.”
I lead him inside. “Where’d you come from, then?”
I laugh. “What the fuck’s in Albuquerque’s got you so gobsmacked?” He gives me a look, furtive
and embarrassed, but I can suss him out. Ah, fuck. “Naw, mate, honestly. You fuckin’ in love
again?” I shut the door behind us, but not before I hear Éowyn’s next door neighbor say
indignantly from behind the fence, “Did you HEAR his language!”
Ding! Maybe I’d better do something about that. Then again, if you don’t want to hear me swear,
stop eavesdropping on me, you bally git.
Grim looks embarrassed. Poor sod, never gets an even break. Why the fuck doesn’t Aulë talk to
HIM? He could use it, the soppy prat.
We speak only to those who listen.
Oh, fucking marvelous. So it’s my fault.
You are a superb listener, Greenleaf.
Thanks. I think.
“Didn’t work out,” he mumbles into his beard. Fuck, now I feel sorry for him. Poor Grim – here I
am, Éowyn working my plonker so hard she’s going to fucking rip it off, and this poor cock-up
can’t even hang onto a kerb crawler.
“I’m sorry to hear that, mate,” I say carefully. He knows how I feel about him going on the pull all
the time – he’s stuck his cavalier just about every fucking place he can, this one. Can’t do that
myself – not in my nature. Eldar, you know, mate. Can’t leave a lover in life, only in death.
Written into us, like carved into stone. Makes me pretty fucking careful who I knob, can tell you
that – won’t get the leg over just anyone, ‘cause I’ll have to stick by her side ‘til she gets old and
dies on me.
But not this time – hah! I’ve got a fucking Shieldmaiden, mate; not going to lose this one, never
never never.
Whoops. Shouldn’t have thought that, mate. These fucking leather trousers’ll be the bloody death
of me.
Fuck, fuck, fuck!
Ding, ding, ding!
Damn.
Do I “ding” damn?
I lead him into the kitchen, open the icebox and get out another Guinness. I pour it as he watches,
wants to make sure I leave him enough head.
Oooh, fuck fuck fuckity fuck fuck, there’s that word again. Now I’m looking down at the crown of my acushla’s head, short golden curls shaking back and forth with her rhythm over my cock, that hot wet talented mouth doing the most fucking amazing things – tongue lips teeth and breath, oh my sainted aunt, best head I’ve ever fucking had.

Ding, ding, ding . . . ah, forget it. Éowyn didn’t mind. Not even when I gripped her hair so tight in my fists and yelled, “Oh, fuck, Éowyn!” when I came. Made her laugh, I did. Can still see her, spunk dribbling down the corner of her mouth, grinning up at me from where she knelt on the floor.

“LEGOLAS!”

“What?” I nearly spill the beer, he startles me so much. “What the fuck, Grim? What’d you shout at me for?”

He’s looking at me strangely. “I called you three damn times,” he growls. “You’ve got your head in the clouds, haven’t you? What the hell are you thinking about?”

I grin. Getting a little distracted, am I? Ah, Grim, if you knew what she was like between the sheets you’d be fucking gobsnacked too. “Her,” I say, just to see him roll his eyes. He rolls his eyes. Attaboy, Legs. “Sorry, Grim,” I say, and for some reason I really mean it. “Got ‘er hands round me knacks. Can hardly think of anything else.”

He mutters something that sounds suspiciously like, “Must be nice.” Not a whole hell of a lot I can say to that, so I don’t say anything. I give him his beer and we go out onto the back slab to sit by the garden. Managed to do a little in that bloody mess, anyhow; at least it’s green, and the verge is trimmed.

He just sits and drinks his Guinness, and I just sit and drink my own. After this many fucking years we don’t need much, Grim and me; just to be around him is enough. The sun is climbing; soon it’ll be hot, and the birds will be enjoying the birdbath I unearthed in the garage and set in the centre of the garden, filled it with water and told the ivy to grow up its base. Listened to me too; can see the little curly tendrils happily hugging the cracks and crags in the concrete.

Grim finishes his beer and sets the glass down. This is it, mate; now we fucking get down to business. Sure enough he fixes me with that bloody basilisk glare and sets his boots flat on the slab.

“So,” he says, putting his hands on his knees and glaring at me.

“Love cheesing him off; it’s so easy. So I oh so casually cross one leg and drape my free arm over the back of the chair. “So, what?”

He grits his teeth. Never likes to show me how much I fucking annoy him. “So, now what?”

I’m ready for that one, mate. “So, we have dinner, we call on the Valar for direction, we do what they say we need to do to fucking Fairy-Meer, I pack up me acushla and bugger off.” He looks at me funny-like again; I hate that. “What?” I ask. Hard not to be offended; does he think I haven’t sussed this out? “What’s wrong with that? Not runnin’ this on me own, mate; got fuckin’ Manwë up here givin’ me marchin’ orders.”

“You sure?” asks Grim carefully.

Ah, so that’s it. He knows I’ve never disobeyed, knows I’ve never even so much as fucking balked when Manwë tells me what to do. He has, the Hobbits have; hell, even Whitey has. But I never have. What my Lord tells me to do, I bloody well do. Can’t blame me, can you? Have YOU ever had a fucking Vala slag you off? Have you? Can’t shut them up once they start the argy-bargy.

But that’s not what’s bothering him. I’ve never married, never had the need. Always known my partners would die eventually. Lumme, gives you a free hand, it does; do your duty while they live, and do what you like after they die. Never liked it, but never bottled out; get browned off now and then but that’s the way it goes with mortals.

But this!

This is fucking Éowyn, one of the bloody Chosen. I sleep with her and it’s bye-bye bachelor. Even if she goes back to fucking Fairy-Meer I’m absofuckin’lutely fucked. And there’s no chance of her dying either – I’d just have to live on and on and on, watching my acushla get it on with someone else. Year after year, century after century, age after age . . . the eternal cuckold. The doom of the Eldar is perpetual integrity, dammit.

So I rather see where Grim’s coming from. Not a nice bloody prospect, oh no indeed. He’s watching me, can read my face. Always could, the clot. He clears his throat and says, “Now, don’t be offended, Legs, but I don’t want you to get hurt, and eternity’s a long time.”

That’s pretty fucking rich coming from you. I think it, but I don’t say it. It would hurt him too much.

“Leave it out, Grim,” I say. Honestly, does he really think the Valar don’t know what they’re
“You think Éowyn’s like that? Give over – you ought to know her better’n that.”

Of course, I know what you’re thinking, mate; she’s a woman, and all women leave YOU; naturally you think Éowyn will leave me, too.

“Well – “ Grim looks uncomfortable. “That’s, erm, been my experience, you know.”

“I know,” I say softly. It must’ve been bloody hard for him to admit that. “But this isn’t yer run-of-the-mill affair, Grim me dear. Think about it, mate, this is Éowyn here. Manwê himself told me she was me reward, a reward for me obedience. He keeps telling me, ‘The remuneration of obedience is the fulfillment of the senses.’ And I’ve fucking got that in spades right now, Grim.”

“How you?” He sounds wisful, poor little fuck, his lower lip sticking out from his beard.

“Legs – are you absolutely positive this is what the Valar want you to do?”

“Yes,” I say, making my voice firm and don’t-fuck-with-me.

“Have you?” Manwê’s told me. On several occasions. I know, Grim – “ I put my hand on his arm “ – this is hard for you, mate. Always been us two, barring the little mingers you always seem to hook up with.” He looks both offended and a little shamefaced at that. Well, you do, you know. And they are. Fucking scrubbers, the lot of them. “But me riding days aren’t over, just suspended a bit. Lookit Longshanks, now. Been riding with us a while, hasn’t he, the little nit?”

Grim grins at that. “Well, now, I guess he has at that,” he concedes. He looks over hopefully.

“Or the BVI, or the South Pacific – “

“Remember when we took that little skiff into the Torres del Paine? The Seno del Ultima Esperanza – “

Oh, do I fucking remember that! “And remember the sail from Darwin to Cooktown, and getting beached on the Great Barrier Reef – “

He gives a big haw-haw laugh at that, slapping his thigh with his hand. “Gawd! Thought I was shark-bait for sure that time.”

“So, do we still sail?”

“Fuck yeah,” I say, and we clasp hands – not a handshake, not really; when we agree to do these things we don’t fucking need to shake hands on it. “Éowyn still wants to, mate. We were talkin’ yesterday – the sail ‘round Crete, when you sicked up all over Arwen’s frock.”

He laughs again. “Ah, that was the life,” he sighs, and letting go my hand leans back. We sit in silence, just enjoying each other’s company, like we’ve done for all these millennia.

After a moment I hear the little tinkly stupid clock inside chime the hour, stupid fucking pink-and-gilt thing it is, and I stand up.

“Got to get to the Norton Si, mate,” I say. “If I get out of the fucking place in time going to have dinner with Éowyn. Join us, won’t you? She’ll be happy to see you, I know she will.”

He looks cautious again. Now you know how I’ve felt all these years, mate, playing gooseberry to your little rendezvous. “Won’t be in the way?” he asks hopefully. Just wants a little persuading, the git.

“Naw, mate, she needs this,” I say. I grin. “Sides, she’s been shopping, she has – breaking in me new Visa. Told ‘er to put on the dog, buy all she wants.” He still looks diffident, so I say, “Oi! And see here, mate, help me pick ‘er out a new car – her old one’s at the garridge.”

“Sure thing,” he says, and stands up too. “But you’re buying a farm, right? She’ll need a sport utility vehicle.” His eyes brighten. “You know, Subaru’s put out a new one this year – all-wheel drive of course, has a stronger body structure, new suspension tuning, larger front brake rotors and standard 16-inch wheels across the board – “

“Subaru?” I shake my head. “Not nearly enough knacks, mate. Was thinkin’ of the Dodge Durango. Has a 335 horse, 370 pound, 5.7-liter Hemi engine, torque is biased 48 percent front, 52 percent rear, has fully boxed steel frame, its own front torsion bar and rear coil-spring suspension, four-wheel disc brakes – “

Grim scoffs. “Hell! The Jeep Cherokee’s got a Hemi engine too -- 5.7-liter HEMI V-8, 325 horses, with ninety percent of peak torque available from 2400 to 5100 – “

Hooked him, reeled him in. He’s still bollocking me about the Ford Expedition’s hydroformed frame rails when we mount up. I don’t care – I’m even fucking grinning. Best way to soothe the trammeled heart of an engineer is to talk shop, and at this rate he’ll pick out Éowyn’s new wheels for her and proudly congratulate himself on providing her with her first wedding present.

‘Course, I’m paying for it. Trust a Dwarf to fix that up.
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

13.

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It’s amazing, isn’t it? The therapeutic effects of spending money. Just plunking that credit card down on the counter and walking out of the store with a big square bag full of beautiful clothes . . . gives me that warm fuzzy feeling, like all’s well with the world.

Of course, it isn’t. The world is still the same majorly fucked-up place it’s always been. But I feel satisfied knowing I’m doing my part to stimulate the American economy in these hard times. Just think; these poor fawning sycophants waiting on me would have less commission money, less incentive pay, less reason to have their work hours maintained, were I not in here buying the place out. They love it, I can tell – soon as I walk in and announce in my Shieldmaiden/Bitch voice that I need a whole new wardrobe, their eyes light up and they can scarcely contain themselves.

“You’re a summer, aren’t you? We have some lovely new pastels – “ “Are you a size six or a four? What’s your inseam? Here’s a beautiful skirt, just in from Milan – “ “This color looks fabulous on a blonde; just put your bags here and I’ll start that dressing room for you – “ “Would you like to see that in black? Very sexy, very becoming – “ And, of course, “How would you like to pay for this?” I plunk that Visa down and watch it get swiped – the first time I did that I felt bad, like I was using Legolas somehow, even though he was the one who gave it to me and told me to buy clothes. Faramir always made me feel guilty for buying clothes – especially sexy ones. After all, what good would they do me around HIM? Like he cared what I looked like.

But Legolas sure does. That growl he gave, that wolf-whistle when I left the john this morning – shit, how does he make me feel so good? His hand caressing my ass, his eyes dark and cloudy, lips slightly parted, teeth clenched – oh yeah, I felt like my boobs got bigger just because he was looking at me like that. And he gives me this brand spanking new credit card, and tells me to go buy clothes – "Gobs of clothes," he'd said, grinning at me around his lollipop. "Sexy clothes, comfy clothes, somethin' to make every fecker out there sit up and take notice of you, my acushla."

Makes me want to throw myself at him and grind up against him like a crib girl. Makes me wish I knew how to do a pole dance. Makes me want to do a repeat of this morning, when I took him into my mouth and reduced him to a whimpering, weak-kneed ball of goo.

Later, I tell myself, later. Gotta get this mess cleaned up first – gotta wind things up with Faramir, make sure everyone's okay with Legolas and me being together, THEN we can run off together.

Makes me want to run off with him and never come back to Pasadena again. up with Faramir, make sure everyone's okay with Legolas and me being together, THEN we can run off together.

Not sure which obstacle makes me more nervous.

Is it fear of confrontation that makes me want to run off immediately? Not that it would necessarily help any; we'll have to deal with it eventually – with Faramir and the rest of the Chosen.

Wonder what Faramir will think of me hooking up with Legolas?

Wonder if Arwen and Lottie and Rosie and the rest will approve?
Wonder if ÉOMER will approve?

Oh hell; who cares? Whether they approve or not, I'm sticking with my Elven Ass. We'll buy a ranch and a herd of horses and spend our time alternating between riding and screwing like there's no tomorrow. Eventually everyone else will come around. He's never going to leave me, never never never, he CAN'T, and oh my goodness does that make the warm fuzzies kick in big time – Power Fuzzies, running up and down my spine. Like feeling his hands on my back, long nimble fingers dancing the length of my backbone, my limp and sweaty body collapsed on top of him, after I rode him so hard I thought my quadriceps would seize up. Ooooh, that was good; me setting the rhythm just how I wanted it, him pulsing and writhing beneath me . . .

Oh, man. HOW did I get this way? Why do I want him so bad? I never used to like sex before, not really. Not even when Faramir got me to come, which admittedly was about, oh, one time in six. Pretty lousy average if you ask me. I remember our wedding night – we were virgins, both of us – he was so shy, so diffident, so – so damn clumsy and incompetent. And, of course, I had no idea what to do either – but I felt so sorry for him, and I wanted it so badly, that I decided to take the lead or we’d NEVER get it on.

Always resented that. He’s the man, dammit, shouldn’t he at least PRETEND to know what he’s doing? Shouldn’t he take charge? Well, he did, I guess – just not in the bedroom. I can count on one hand the number of times he initiated sex with me, and man, when you’ve been together more than fifteen thousand years that’s really saying something. I always had to approach him first, always had to take the risk of being rejected – if I waited for him to make the first move, I’d’ve never had kids at all. So he compensated, I guess, by running me down in public and making me feel weak and ineffective. I wasn’t as well educated; I wasn’t as well traveled; I wasn’t as wise or learned in lore or from a noble enough lineage. Well – true, I guess. But he wasn’t as bold, he wasn’t as brave, he wasn’t as forward or adventurous or decisive as I was. And I think he always kind of resented that. No wonder he denied me what I wanted, and showered me with crap I hated.

Ah, but Legolas, now!

Six foot two and eyes of blue – well, aquamarine really, but close enough – sleek marble skin over taut tight muscle, mile-long legs and lissome white fingers, and that HAIR! Not to mention his face, and his mouth, and his ass, and his dick . . . geez louise, is there a part of him that DOESN’T excite me? Oh, have I got it bad . . .

Just the thought of him stirs up that damn prickly heat in my belly. Hell; it'll keep the Power Fuzzies company at least. And it puts an extra swing in my hips, jiggle in my boobs, arrogant tilt to my head to think of the way he makes me feel.

Right now I’m walking down San Pedro to 8th, my hands loaded with bags; I dropped my nasty cheap suit into the trash at the first store I got to and now I’m shimmering down the lane in a short short short swishy skirt and tight tight tight fitted top, sparkling and glistening and so new I’m surprised I’m not having an allergic reaction to the sizing in the fabric; my boots are new too – not shit-stomping boots, but heart-stomping boots – high, spiky, glossy, sexy. These boots are made for walking, oh yeah. The breeze from the passing traffic ruffles my hair and I’m hidden behind my new Gola sunglasses, aloof, expensive, untouchable. I can see people watching me as I strut by and it feels good good good.

I haven’t felt this well-groomed, this sexy, this desirable in . . . oh, ages. Millennia. Fifth century at least. BC. We’re talking Etruscans, here. And of course, in the back of my mind is the question: Will Legolas like it?

I pause by a big plate glass window, ostensibly to check my bags but really to check my own reflection. Long legs, encased in shimmery black thigh-high stockings and patent leather boots; short swirly skirt, boobs pert and jiggly in my sparkly top; bags from expensive stores and Audrey Hepburn sunglasses –

Yeah, he’ll like it.
Everyone else seems to, from the looks I’m getting. Yowza. Sexy thing, you sexy thing . . . Think sexy and you’ll be sexy. And I’m not a normally competitive person but I take certain satisfaction that I’m the best looking damn thing on San Pedro – in the fashion district – in West Hollywood! Damn! Where’s my Elf when I want him? Want to show off for him, make his eyes light up. Because there’s no denying it might be fun to make all these other guys look, but making HIM look . . . at least it’s almost lunchtime. Can’t wait to show off for him . . . I check my reflection one last time; look like I just stepped out of the pages of some big fashion magazine. Oh yeah, he’ll like this outfit.

He’ll like what’s underneath, too. There’s this Parisian lingerie shop, see, with the most delectable stuff . . . “It’ll look good on the floor,” the sales clerk had said with a smirk; I can just see those long white fingers trace patterns on the embroidery, tangle themselves in the straps, slide them down my hips –

The gush of sticky wetness takes me by surprise. Even absent he can inspire me to horniness. Can’t wait to see the look on his face when I show up – bet he mutters something about my “two-klick legs,” bet I get a not-so-surreptitious grope, too.

Oh, yeah. Can’t wait for that. I can almost feel his hands on my ass, oh man do I want to feel them –

Okay, slow down, breathe breathe breathe! He’s NOT here, I CAN’T fuck him, at least until after lunch, and I’m NOT getting felt up – not now, anyway.

Damn.

When when when did I get so HORNY? Is this just Legolas’ influence on me, or is this a part of the Inner Shieldmaiden that never got a chance to surface? Either way, I’m twitching and Kegeling like crazy while the Power Fuzzies and their friends the Hot Pricklies dance the Watusi in my stomach.

I’m also getting hungry; that’s another thing Faramir couldn’t understand – how a woman as thin as I could eat so much. But I love food – I love tastes and textures, I love combinations of good things, melding different tastes together – I love to eat. People talk these days about being a carb addict, or a sugar addict, or going on all-protein diets or whatever. Hell, I’m a FOOD addict, I love the stuff.

Me and Legolas both, I guess. I’m so glad we’ll have the money to buy proper food now, so glad I won’t have to share my fridge and pantry with Dorcas. No more Hamburger Helper! No more canned tuna fish! No more instant mashed potatoes! Now it’ll be me and my Elven Ass and all the fresh, expensive, gourmet foods I can eat.

Oh yeah. Now my mouth AND my private parts are watering.

Appetite – feed the appetite. I am denied nothing and it’s so so sweet.

I promised to call Mary and Doris about lunch. I want them to meet Legolas – want them to see what I have, why I’m leaving, why I’m so damn crazy about him. I pull out my cell and dial the office. Kirstie connects me to Mary; I hum arias from Die Zauberflöte while I listen to the elevator music on hold. At last she picks me up with a click and says, “This is Mary, how may I help you?”

Poor thing, still stuck in the lowest pit in hell . . .

“Mary, hi! It’s Éowyn!”

There’s a scrambling knocking sound on the phone; next I hear her voice, hushed like she’s shielding the mouthpiece with her hand.

“Winnie! Oh my god! You have no IDEA what you’ve done here!”

I feel a twinge of guilt until I realize she’s laughing. Must not be so bad after all. “What?” I ask.
“I can’t talk now,” she breathes, but she sounds as though she’s about to bust up any minute. “Free for lunch?”

“Yes, you and Doris meet me at Casa DiNapoli in thirty, okay?”

“I told you I’d pay. Wanna meet my sugar daddy? He’ll be there.”

“Yeah, you and Doris meet me at Casa DiNapoli in thirty, okay?”

“Shit, Winn, what do you think we’re made of, money?”

“I told you I’d pay. Wanna meet my sugar daddy? He’ll be there.”

“Hell yeah. Gotta see this guy who’s gone all Pretty Woman on you.”

I snort at that; like I was some prostitute rescued by a suit. Still remember Legolas’ reaction, when I called him after Barbara kicked me out – “That's my Shieldmaiden!” he'd laughed. "Fuckin' marvelous, acushla. Knew you had it in you.” Then I realize why he didn't offer to "deal with" Barbara for me – he's trying to stimulate my Inner Shieldmaiden/Bitch – trying to make me more like what I was, what I was before Faramir spent all those millennia emasculating me. Pretty Woman like hell – more like Walsingham to Elisabeth I. I could say that, of course, but will Mary get the allusion? Probably not; why should she know who Frances Walsingham was? Most people don't even know who Elizabeth I was anymore; the closest they get is knowing what an Elizabethan Collar is, and then it's only because people need to know why the dorky plastic satellite dish-looking-things that keep their pets from chewing their stitches are called "E-collars.”

"More like Cinderella,” I say.

“Then I know who the evil stepmother is,” she says, laughing softly into the phone.

Interesting. "You and Doris the evil stepsisters then?” I ask.

She laughs again. “Half hour then, Casa DiNapoli. Wait if we’re late, Barbara’s having a cow and the shit’s hit the fan big time.”

“You bet,” I say, and hit END over her chuckle.

I flirt happily with the cabbie; he was grouchy and petulant when he picked me up, but by the time he drops me off in Pasadena he’s grinning and laughing. Poor guy, probably gets nothing but stuck-up bitches and snooty toadies all day; sure he needs some cheering up. I’m actually pretty good at that, and I tip him very generously when he lets me out, even opens the cab door for me and helps me with my packages.

Doris and Mary are there already, staring at me in amazement.

“What?” I say.

They don’t say anything for a moment; it occurs to me they’re staring at my clothes. Yeah, guess I do look a bit different. I grin, can’t help showing off; I twirl in front of them so they can see me. “What do you think?” I ask; my voice is nearly girlish. Haven't sounded like this since I got that absolutely killer green damask velvet gown in 1391. “Dolce and Gabbana, with Fendi boots. And I’m wearing Lise Charmel panties!”

“Uh . . . “ Doris can’t say anything; she’s staring at me like we’ve never met. But Mary is thrilled; her face lights up and she runs over and gives me a big hug. Oh yes, I’ve always liked you, Mary; you’re one of those rare souls who actually rejoices when others are doing well – most people get resentful, jealous. But not Mary; you can tell she’s tickled pink about all of this.

“Look at you!” she squeals, ruffling my curls. “Oh my god you look like a model! Wow! Doris, look at her! Doesn’t she look GREAT?”

“Uh,” says Doris again. I can tell she’s a little taken aback by all of this. “Well, Winn, you look very, um, expensive.”

“Good,” I say smugly. “That was about half my goal. But I have to look sexy, too. Do I look sexy? Does this outfit show off my legs?” I turn again so they can look. They look, Mary enthusiastically, Doris still a little reticent.

“Oh, yeah,” says Mary; “shows off everything, but especially your legs. Always was your best
“I dunno,” frowns Doris, looking me over. “The boobs don’t look so bad either.”

Mary and I laugh, and I say, “Good! That’s what I was going for. I want him to know I spent his money well.”

“The faithful Steward,” says Doris dryly, and that makes us laugh again.

Oh, I feel good. I feel so light, so buoyant, so careless! Everything seems so good, everyone seems so happy, even Pasadena’s not that bad. The restaurant’s awning is green, which I take to be a positive sign – Greenleaf, you know – and up on the second storey are clusters of little tables with umbrellas over them. You pay a premium to sit up there – I know; Dorcas told me once; her boyfriend Stan took her there but couldn’t quite afford the extra you-know-what to hand the maitre d’ to get one of those premium tables. You only sit there if you’re Somebody, if you want to be Seen.

It must be really hard for the maitre d’ to be forced to seat someone like Gimli, though – and that’s what he’s had to do, ‘cause there’s Gimli, hanging over the rail and shouting – “Éowyn! Hey! C’mon up!” much to the surprise and either amusement or annoyance of everyone else up there, who are Somebodies wanting to be Seen but not quite like this. After all, Gimli is Somebody, just not the kind of Somebody folk in L.A. seem to go for. He doesn’t fit in – looks like a bulky Alan Ginsburg. Thirty years ago that would’ve been okay, but these days he can raise a few eyebrows. He’s in black leather clothes, which makes me hope against hope Legolas is wearing HIS black leather pants – ooohhh, to show off my Elven Ass like that! Would Mary and Doris drool then!

“Hey, Gimli!” I call, waving up to him; he grins and turns from the rail back to wherever his table must be; can’t see it from here. Doris grabs my arm as we go under the awning; I have to pause to take off my sunglasses while we’re walking through.

“Winn!” she hisses. “Please, please tell me that’s not him!”

“Can’t be,” says Mary; “Winn said he was gorgeous.”

“Shh!” I giggle. Poor Gimli; never gets a break, does he? “No, that’s his best friend. Be nice to him, he’s all right.”

"Right," says Doris; she sounds a little apprehensive. I look over at Mary, who is beaming, looking around eagerly.

"Where is he?" she asks.

I can smell her the instant she walks into the restaurant. Orange and lemon, the sweet musky scent of her sex. I can hear her too – her melodic contralto, her sudden delighted laugh. I close my eyes in the stairwell, my fingers resting on the banister. Acushla, acushla, Éowyn mine; why can’t I just sweep you up in my arms and rush you out of here, out of L.A., out of sight of everyone who knows you? I want to keep you to myself, share you with no one. Not Grím, not your two work friends, not Ducky or Poppet or even Éomer. I want to be alone with you, watch you, listen to you, touch you.

Fucking A, my Lord Manwë; what the bloody hell has happened to me? Is this you doing this, or have I finally gone nutters?

Neither, really, my Greenleaf. Though my Lady has influenced you greatly; it is she who has laid the compulsion upon you to so adore your Edan. Yet the choice to do so was entirely yours. You see how perfect a Listener you are, Greenleaf? You obey without even realizing the command has been given.
But it hurts too, my Lord; it's fucking driving me insane, wanting her like this. Will it always be this intense? Don't know if I can bloody well take it if it is.

Patience, my Greenleaf. Your discomfort will end soon.

Good thing, too.

Wait – what did you mean, my Lord?

Lord Manwë?

Fuck! He always fucking disappears just when I'm starting to suss things out.

I feel someone pass me on the stairs; a waiter. I open my eyes. I can hear her clearly, speaking to her friends in the foyer; can hear her beautiful laugh. In a minute I should be able to see her. Oh, it hurts it hurts it fucking hurts; don't take her away from me don't don't don't, oh please don't let anything happen that takes her away from me. Oh Elbereth bless me, make the light of the Two Trees to shine upon me.

Be at peace, Thranduilion. I hold your heart in the palm of my hand.

Thank you, my Lady. Nice to know SOMEONE cares how I feel about this fucking debacle.

Though the way Éowyn's been tip-toeing around me, still afraid to offend me, still afraid to push me too far – oh fucking hell, would I love to get Fairy-Meer's Adam's apple under my thumbs. I'd push and push and push until his lips turned blue – making her from a sass-your-arse, kick your teeth Shieldmaiden into this hesitant, diffident, fearful little kife. There are sparks still, some leftover Shieldmaiden bits that show up now and then, but whenever things get serious she backs down.

I love you, Éowyn. I’m just afraid to tell you, afraid that YOU'RE afraid you can’t tell me you love me back.

You see? You fucking SEE, my Lord Manwë? It hurts! Hell shit fuck damn it hurts.

Hullo?

Anyone?

Fuck.

Well, here we go again. Here come two more of her mortal friends to drool all over me. Fucking hell, why'd I have to look like this? Why couldn't I look like Frank Perdue? Make my life a hell of a lot easier. I mean, I don't mind men sharking MY little bit; makes a man proud, it does; look what I'VE got that YOU gobshites don't. But it's kind of felt like she's fucking showing ME off, showing her friends –

Oh, my sainted aunt.

Oh, fuck. Oh, shit.

How could I have thought she looked good BEFORE? She's – she's – oh fuck, I have no words, I can't describe it, oh fuck –

breathe breathe breathe breathe BREATHE!

Lovely, you are lovely, my acushla . . .

. . . and you've got your pretty little hands wrapped round my knacks so tight I can't fucking BREATHE
Where IS he?

It's like having an elastic band connecting us – the further apart we get, the tighter I feel. I know, I know, I know he's just around the corner, I can feel myself drawn to him, like a magnet to iron, like a butterfly to a lilac bush. I wish I was like him, wish I could smell him, hear him before he's there, but although I'm a Chosen I'm only an Edan and I don't have his keen senses. Where is he where is he where IS he? Oh god I’m so pathetic, I'm so fucking pathetic, only been four and a half hours and I can't WAIT to see him, talk to him, smell his hair –

Wonder if we can have a quickie in the bathroom?

Oh geez, I can't believe I just thought that. A quickie in Casa DiNapoli? I must be nuts.

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There she is. She's turning. She sees me. Our eyes meet. Like fucking lightning.

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Oh yeah, that quickie's starting to sound like a VERY good idea.

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I want her.

************************************************************************************

I want him.

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Don't fucking care WHAT she spent on that goddam outfit, it was worth it, oh was it bloody well worth it. Those boots . . .
Well, judging from the way his eyes are lighting up, I'd say he likes my boots.

Oh my sainted aunt, think I'm fucking kinky or something, all of a sudden I want her to ride me wearing nothing but those bloody boots.

Boy, Doris and Mary got quiet. Think they've figured out why I'm staring at this ABSOLUTELY! GORGEOUS! hunk of manhood – er, Elfhood – here.

Boy, I got quiet, too. My tongue feels thick, like I'll never move it properly again, and my brain just got all cloudy. Weird . . .

Your Edan follows the same compulsion that drives you. Does it hurt her as much as it hurts me?

Do you want it to hurt her, Greenleaf?

Fuck no! Of course not. I don't want ANYTHING to hurt her, ever, ever again. Of course – I know that's impossible; things are going to hurt her whether I try to stop them or not, right? And I'm just going to have to live with it, aren't I?

Yes, Greenleaf.

Bugger.

But rest assured, my beloved Greenleaf, this compulsion confuses her but does not hurt her. She desires you, she enjoys you, her soul is instinctively drawn to you, but for her your presence and the thought of it is a comfort, not a hurt; you succor her, you encourage her, and she greatly craves that. She has been ignored for too long. By the time the fear of your not returning her feelings can take hold, she will be so far assured of your fidelity that the question will be moot, even to her.

You make it sound like we'll be together for a long time.
I have long desired to pair you, beloved Listener, but a suitable mate could not be found amongst those worthy of you. At last Oromë and I have agreed that you two ought to be drawn together — for you, to reward you for many ages of faithful obedience; for her, much the same holds true, though you may call it more a compensation, if you will.

Compensation for fucking Fairy-Meer kicking her in the bloody teeth, you mean. How the fuck can I make up for THAT? Fifteen fucking thousand years of hell? Shit, my Lord, I'm good, but I'm not THAT good.

You underestimate yourself. See, there . . .

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Oh lord have mercy, do I have it bad. Hold me back, girls, I'm about to throw myself at this man's feet!

Oh, all right, ELF's feet. Whatever.

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His eyes got all bright and glittery, not Listening but looking looking at me, looking at only me, like I'm the only woman in the whole world, oh shit here he comes

This is fucking IT my life is fucking OVER everything has narrowed down to this one point, everything else goes dark around me, I'm in a tunnel, all other things fade, it's her, it's only her

Here he comes – oh shit, what if he tries to take me in the middle of the restaurant? I recognize that look on his face, it's the same one he had when he pinned me to the kitchen table the first time. Hold back hold back hold back hold back –

Her two little friends look a bit gobsmacked. Poor things, make it up to you, promise I will, but right now me and my acushla have something to talk about.

Phew! Okay, better; stepped his predatory nature back a bit, though he still looks as though he'd ask nothing more than to get it on right here in the middle of the lobby. Make introductions, stop staring at him like a dork, though now I think about it Doris and Mary are staring at him too.

Kiss her, you grotty pikey, kiss her.
His arm curls around my waist, his face close to mine; his eyes twinkle and glow all at once. Then
his lips are on my mouth, soft insistent sweet lips, tilting my head; ooh, there I go, I'm all dizzy
again

Ah, nectar of the gods

don’t stop don’t stop oh your mouth on mine your tongue against mine oh paradise

Pull back pull back pull back! Bloody awful form, getting the leg over in public, makes the
woman look no end a fucking slag

oh damn he stopped

Well, upon reflection probably a good thing; was starting to get a little excited there.


Oh fuck, love the way she bites her lip and looks sideways at her friends; diffident, embarrassed,
sexy and hot hot hot; oh fuck yeah will I make it up to you
"Mary, Doris, this is Legolas. Legolas, my former co-workers, Mary and Doris."

He's shaking their hands politely, as though nothing major ever happened between us; Mary looks like she's going to bust up laughing any minute, Doris' eyebrows are puckered together and I think she's either going to tell him off or jump him – one or the other. Not even sure if SHE knows which she wants to do.

"Nice to meet you," they both say, and he just grins his adorable dimpled grin at them and says, "Cheers."

Just when they're opening their mouths to spout some platitude I'm tackled from behind, I can feel rough grizzly hair on my neck and big stumpy arms around my waist.

"Éowyn!"

It's Gimli, of course; oh man I haven't seen him since that mess-up in Philip II's court, thought for sure he'd get beheaded that time.

Not that it'd have made much of a difference to him, I guess.

I turn and hug him; it's like getting embraced by a bear, all that hair.

Oh good, Grim's here; he can carry these two kifes off while Éowyn and I have a little talk.

She's laughing, pretty laugh like bells chiming, introducing them to Grim. The tall one with the sticky-out hair is laughing too; seems to have made quite an impression on my poor Grim; the dark quiet one is watching him, watching me too; can tell she's not so fucking sure whether to trust us with my acushla or not.

You can trust me, all right; you can bloody trust me to turn her inside out with bliss.

Oh fuck, look at those bloody two-klick legs, can just see the line of lace where the stockings stop; makes me want to run a finger round underneath it, make her twitch. And oh bloody hell those double-handful tits, can see them dancing and waggling under that thin material; oh fuck that's sexy too.

Head thrown back, laughing and talking; ah fuck yeah, that's more fucking like it; that's the Shieldmaiden I knew. Knew she could do it, knew she could tell that bitch of a manager of hers to slag off; knew she could find her knacks again.

Speaking of knacks –

OW hell fuck shit, fucking leather trousers!

All right, enough bloody conversation. Bugger off, you three.
"Grim," he says, all casual but I know that undercurrent in his voice, can feel his fingers making patterns on my left butt cheek. Looking for my panties, are you? Well, keep looking; I'll let you know when you get close . . .

"Take Mary and Doris up top, will you? Got something to talk about with Éowyn before we eat."

Gimli looks at him suspiciously, hell, even I'M looking at him suspiciously, but I'm a little excited too; what does he need to discuss with me? But Gimli leads them up the stairs, one big meaty hand on each one's elbow, just as charming and flirtatious as a Dwarf can be – well, moreso; Gimli's had more practice.

Ah, that's a hell of a lot better . . .

Now we're alone at last. Well, if you don't count the seventy-some people sitting downstairs, and all the waiters. May as well be alone, though, the way he's looking at me. Ooooohhhh, shit, I think I'm in trouble . . .

My heart's drumming against my chest so hard think it'll bloody well pound its way out; can smell her hair, look at that white throat, want to bite it

His eyes wander down my face. I can feel my breath come short. What does he want? And really, what can we do HERE? Not much, sadly; I suppose we'd better wait until we get back home, huh?

WOAH I felt that; his fingers tightened on my ass, pulled me up to him so our pelvic areas are touching in very interesting spots; I can feel his breath on my cheek, can see his eyes looking into mine, impossibly blue, blue like the Mediterranean, surrounded by those thick black lashes. Oh, he's so damn beautiful, oh shit have I got it bad . . .
"Acushla," I whisper into her hair; she shivers and her eyes close. Oh, bugger, these fucking trousers –

"Legolas," she breathes back; she tips her face up to mine and I brush my lips against that soft sweet mouth. You can feel that, can't you, acushla? You can feel my chopper pressing into your yielding body, your delectable, your delicious body; oh fuck how I want to sink into you, pound you into the fucking floor –

Can't though, dammit. Have to settle for something else. Let's see now . . .

Fucking lost it already, she has. I pull away, take her wrist in my hand. She opens those silvery eyes, cloudy, filled with desire, oh fuck she wants me, she wants me, thank you my Lady for making her want me

And why would she not want you, beloved Listener? I do not think you realize your own worth.

"Come here, acushla," I say, and tug on her hand. She follows, frowning a little, I can tell she wants the bunk-up but knows we can't here.

Oh, we can't, can we!

Please don't let there be anyone in there, please please please

Where are we going? Are we going upstairs? Already? But he hasn't said anything to me yet. Hell, he's barely touched me yet.

Oh, bad, bad Æowyn! Wanting sex in public. Never knew how kinky I was. He really does bring out the worst in me.
Around a corner to the restroom, he fumbles with the knob, the door opens and he pulls me into the darkness.

Oh thank you Elbereth, it's empty
You're welcome, Greenleaf.

Hm, must be a one-holer; yep, he turns on the light and it's your standard small-restaurant-john; sink, mirror, towel rack, toilet. Clean, at least; after all this IS Casa DiNapoli.
What's that click sound? Oh wait, I know that, that's the sound of a bolt being thrown.
Oh, shit.

You get what you fucking ask for.
Now. It's time.

WHOOOF he pins me to the wall, my arms over my head; thank goodness I sent my bags upstairs with Gimli and the girls; now his body is covering me, pressed up against me, and oh I can feel that hard rod grinding grinding grinding and making my breathing uneven.
Oooh, yes, that feels good; oh shit he just bit me, right on the neck, now there's that hot wet tongue; oh yes that's quite nice too; let me tip my head back for you and give you a little room –
His mouth is on my ear; I can feel his lips, his breath, he's whispering.
"We have a little problem, acushla."
It takes me a minute to inhale so I can answer him. My breasts are crushed against his chest, my shoulder blades against the cold tile wall; his hands have my wrists pressed up over my head and his hard hard leather-clad dick is rubbing back and forth, back and forth, oh shit I can hardly
breathe. "What?" It comes out as a gasp, that's all I can manage. I'd be worried by this turn in the conversation but he's smiling, that have-I-got-a-surprise-for-you smile, his eyes have gone dark, oh yeah this is gonna be good

OH yes rub me there again that felt so damn good

"There's a bit of disparity between us."

Disparity? Well, no shit, Sherlock; I could've told you that.

"First you gave me that hand job yesterday, then this morning you sucked me off. Now I'm not complaining, acushla, but fact is, I'm two up on you. Can't have that, acushla, need to even the playing field." Now one strong hand is wrapped around my wrists, holding me still; the other hand is making its way down, oh thank you for dropping by my breasts, they were feeling left out –

Oh yes, those fingers kneading, rolling my nipple, oh thank heaven I'm not wearing a bra, I can feel the raspy glittery fabric abrading me, oh oh yes

I press up against him, lift my face to his; he grins and kisses me, a hard kiss, his tongue sliding in my mouth

oh god I'm groaning, it echoes

wait don't go don't move that wonderful hardness away from me

"Now let's see," he says into my mouth, "what's underneath this pretty little skirt – "

Oh shit he's stopped touching my breasts, oh but he's working his way down, oh yes further down, that's right, touch me there touch me there touch me there

Oh fuck if I'm not careful I'll spunk in my trousers, my goolies are so tight think they'll fucking explode, but I'm doing this right, going to take care of my acushla

Pull the skirt up, find those knickers; oh pretty little knickers, all over embroidery, just in the way though

Oh fuck she's wet, oh fuck I want you, acushla

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Suppose I should be worrying about my new clothes wrinkling but who the hell cares, he's got one knee between my legs, pushing them apart; and those fingers, oh god yes

I can feel cold tile on my ass, I brace my legs out straight on either side of his feet, two pairs of black boots on the imported Tuscan tile

Oh yes here it is, there are those long warm fingers, and here comes the moaning bitch, right on schedule
Fuck! Making too much noise, let's muffle that a bit, acushla

His mouth covers mine his tongue intrudes, hot wet slick tongue dancing and stroking, oh speaking of stroke two fingers slide down inside my panties, two fingers finding those hot smooth folds of flesh

I stretch you out, arms over your head, legs out, you're open, open and wet and ready for me

Ah, but you won't get me, not yet, not yet

His fingers are on me, in me, oh shit that feels good, fill me fill me fill me, I'm aching for you long Elven fingers, long dexterous Elven fingers, oh thank you Elbereth for making them like this touch me touch me touch me, oh god yes, fingers sliding in and out, touching me THERE

She bucks up against me, starting to make agitated noises; I press my mouth harder against hers, hold her against the wall firmly

Slide the fingers in, slide out, circle your little nub

She bucks again, arches her back

Slide in and out, circle; in and out, circle, in and out circle in and out circle
oh shit oh shit I'm getting tight I can feel it it's pressing on me from the inside it wants to get out oh shit Legolas let it out let it out of me

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

I can feel her walls clench, her breath is short and ragged, she's panting into my mouth, mewling like a fucking cat
In and out and circle and in and out and circle, faster, faster

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

YES that's even better yes keep it up yes yes yes

Keep it up keep it up Legs she's getting close her whole body is tense, taut, tight, legs shaking mouth grimaced
Keep her mouth covered or she'll scream so fucking loud you'll have the flatties in here in no time
In and out and circle in out circle in out circle in out circle
If she were any wetter she'd be dripping on the fucking floor

almost almost almost there don't stop don't stop oh god here I come

OH SHIT YES
She curls forward, her body lurching, I clamp down on her mouth but some of her scream gets out anyway, I let go her hands and they come down clutching my shoulders, I pull my fingers out of her knickers and catch her just as her legs give out.

Oh fuck acushla, you are so fucking beautiful.

Oh my god that was amazing, felt like a big ol’ jolt of electricity running from my snatch up out of my mouth.

Beautiful, sexy, hot hot hot; want you want you want you but not yet, we’re not even yet

I can kiss him now; I’m still out of breath but at least I can inhale and exhale. Oh shit my legs are trembling, I’m so glad he’s strong because he’s holding me up, kissing me, his lips pulling and sucking on my mouth, the bathroom echoes with the sound of our breathing.

We kiss for a minute until my heart calms down, thought it was going to jump right out of my chest there for a minute, then he pulls away, open your eyes open your eyes and look at him, look at him

Her eyes flutter open, clouded, sated – but not yet, not yet, just you wait my acushla
Oh shit now what, he still has that mischievous look on his face

His hands are around my waist, holding me; I try my legs out – trembly but okay. Then his fingers go south, oh yes right on my ass, I love it when you touch my ass, nice strong fingers kneading and grabbing, I press against you.

Oh how funny, you'd think I'd be done but feeling your hardness against me makes me want you even more

I'll give that ivory throat one last taste and then it's down to the buffet, darling

His lips travel south, not biting this time but I can feel his tongue, it makes a long cold line down my throat, mmmm yes, now there are some teeth on my collarbone, his tongue in that little hollow, oh yes . . .

Here come some more fingers, lifting my shirt; the raspy material scrapes up over my nipples, the cold air makes them tight, I can feel them tighten, then the fingers oh the fingers stroking stroking stroking, oh yes that mouth

lips and teeth and tongue, my breasts are happy happy happy

oh don't stop they liked that so much

Better hurry up Legs or someone will interrupt us, that wouldn't be very fucking funny now, would it?

Good-bye, pretty tits; I'll spend more time with you later, I promise.

Now, where's that navel? Oh yes –
The mouth goes south, tongue in my belly button, making me shiver, then teeth scrape over the skin beneath and then

OH MY GOD

Mmm, you taste so fucking good, acushla

Fingers pull my thighs apart that hot hot tongue dives into me, slides up and down the slit oh shit shit shit I'm on fire

Got the bloody hot spot there, her hands grab my head, oh fuck you smell so good, so good Slide around those slick wet lips, find the little knob, suck it into my mouth

oh shit

oh don't stop oh yes

the moaning bitch is back, too loud, echoes through this little room, brings me back – what if someone comes? Hand to the mouth, bite it, don't let anyone hear you, oh don't stop don't stop

Hm, what you doing up there, acushla? Oh yes, bloody good idea, bite your knuckles so you don't scream

Shall I make you scream, acushla? You know I can make you.
I slide my tongue in as deeply as I can, curl it up, slide in a finger, oh fuck you're so wet, find the little rough spot and stroke it

She bucks against me, I pull my tongue out and find her clit again, suck it between my lips

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oh shit how does he know where that spot is

OH

Yes do that again do that again oh my knuckles hurt from biting oh god don't stop

it's coming it's coming suck it out of me oh yes suck it out of me

******************************************************************************

She’s clenching, pulsing, whimpering, her juices dripping down my hand, I press her arse against the wall, press my finger down hard inside of her, flick her little head with my tongue, oh fuck yes here she comes again

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It's, it's coming out, oh shit it's coming, I can't I can't I can't

OH GOD YES

******************************************************************************

She lurches up, throws her head back, teeth clamped down on her hand, but the scream gets out anyway, even if it is just a strangled whine. Her whole fucking pelvis is throbbing, I can feel her spasming inside against my fingers, clenching; her legs nearly give way but I release her clit from my lips and catch her as she starts to slide down
I'm dead, I'm dead, that must be it, death by orgasm, oh shit I can't feel my feet, oh shit oh shit oh shit

Oh shit I hope no one heard that

Oh acushla, Éowyn mine, you are the most bloody beautiful and sexy woman on the planet, and
you're mine mine mine.

I rise to my feet again, hold her up against the wall with my body, my arms around her; she's
panting, trying to catch her breath; her limbs are flaccid, weak, drained. I bury my nose into her
golden curls. Sweet, so sweet and pungent; I can smell you, can smell the musky scent of sex in
this little enclosed room; it's the greatest fucking perfume in the whole fucking world.

How long have we been in this bloody little toilet? Five minutes tops; time to have some lunch.
Feeling a bit peckish, acushla? I know I am.

He holds me, his arms around me, his hands caressing me. Oh that felt good, still feels good, like
waves of electricity passing through me still, taking all the strength out of my legs.

Wake up wake up wake up, haven't done anything for him yet

She pulls back, finds my mouth with hers; can you taste yourself, acushla? See how fucking good
you taste?

Odd tasting myself on his mouth, sexy too though, I could get used to this, oh yes.

We still need to get you off, though.
Her hand moves tentatively down my chest, down the buttons of my shirt, finds the front of my trousers. Yeah, acushla, still hard as a fucking rock, but that's just too bad – got other things on our bloody agenda, don't we, now?

He pulls back, smiling at me. His eyes are still touched with lust, still glowing a bit, but the outside edges crinkle; he thinks this is funny.

Then he reaches down, pulls up my panties, pulls down my skirt hem, adjusts himself and steps back.

Where are you going?

You've no idea, little bit, how much I want to knob you, take you right here against the wall, but there's no time – need to get topside. Don't think she can fucking walk at the moment. Better give her a minute, I'll cover for her.

"Brush yer hair, acushla, you look a right mess," I say, grinning at her. She smiles back, one shaky hand goes to her curls.

"But –" she pauses, bites her lip; oh fuck I'd rather be the one doing the biting, but not now, not now! "But we haven't, um –" She reaches forward, runs one long finger up the length of my plonker. I cover her hand with mine, press it up against me; oh fuck that feels good but –

"Not now," I say, moving her hand away. "Time for dinner, luv, can't keep our friends waiting." And before I lose all presence of mind and just shag her silly I unlock the toilet door and duck out, leaving her glassy-eyed, leaning up against the wall.

Fuck, that was fun.
Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

14.

Hm, this hasn't happened in quite a while. I pull into my driveway (my stupid car was finally ready – paid for it with Legolas' Visa, hope he doesn't mind) and I'm overrun with Harley-Davidsons and rental cars. Come to think of it, I don't think this has EVER happened. Carriages and horses, yes. Harleys, no. My neighbors are PISSED, I can tell; I've got one of those You're-In-Trouble letters tacked to my mailbox from the Homeowner's Association, and everyone's glaring at me when I get out of the car and start unloading bags.

Oh, well. Like I care. Not going to stay HERE very long.

I resist the impulse to give them the finger and go up to the front door. Wait – what is that? I stop on the front step, listen more closely – it's music – music being played VERY loudly, and lots of talking and laughing.

Holy shit. They're having a party. And I'm not even there yet.

Suddenly, although I've been excited about this all day, at this moment, when it's right in front of me, it seems odd, surreal. I haven't seen some of these people in hundreds of years. I used to LIVE with them, lived with them for eons. It shouldn't be strange – and yet –

I admit, I'm a little shamefaced by what Faramir and I did. Not that I did it willingly, mind you; I was just trying not to rock the boat, trying to make him happy, wanting to do ANYTHING to keep him from getting so sulky and snooty all the time – so I agreed. Cut ties, run off, pretend they don't exist.

And quite frankly, if the other Chosen had tried to find us, how would I have known? I was never allowed to write letters, send telegrams, answer the phone, collect the mail, have an email account. Faramir claimed it was because we needed the extra security; we needed to be cautious, careful. "This new modern world is a dangerous place," he'd said to me solemnly after the horrifying debacle of the First World War. "People take notice of anomalies. We need to be as unobtrusive as possible."

So, starting with the Renaissance, Éowyn of Rohan became an effective nonentity. Right on up into the twenty-first century, I might as well have not existed... I couldn't even have a freakin'
library card, so I was forced to just sit in the libraries and read to pass the time, find out what was
going on in the world – couldn't sign up for classes at the local university, couldn't even make
friends without Faramir's suspicious face, peering, prying, disapproving. There were whole
decades that passed when I met NO ONE, never had any acquaintances – just my lame-brained
husband and me, sitting in our shabby armchairs, me reading books I'd bought with cash at
bargain sales, him working our paperwork, mouth pursed, eyebrows puckered.

The unhappiness was almost palpable. Even if I had managed to meet someone they would've run
screaming the moment I brought them into the living room.

Faramir had to work, of course, to keep us solvent; he kept telling me, "Don't worry about our
finances. I'll handle it. I want you to be safe, so you just keep under wraps." To make him happy,
I complied – it was hard doing nothing at first, but after a few hundred years the loneliness and
isolation began to seem normal.

I didn't see it while it was happening, but looking back at it, seeing it from Legolas' and Gimli's
and everyone else's perspectives, I was like a plant kept under a barrel – watered, but never given
any sunlight.

No wonder my soul withered.

Having to go to work was actually a blessing, in a way – I guess I have Faramir to thank for that –
I was able to meet new people (despite the fact one of them was Barbara) and learn new things.
Not that I necessarily WANTED to know this much about auto insurance, but hey – you take
what you can get. And I met Doris and Mary, of course – that was nice. And Harry McMonahan
– well, they can't all be winners.

Ran into the little bald-headed dweeb when I left the office. So unctuous, so syrupy, leering at me
and making all these suggestive innuendos. Squashed HIM flat – told him I couldn't go out to
lunch with him because I was having lunch with my new boyfriend. Got all indignant on me after
that, huffy – you know, I never noticed it before; except for the bald spot and comb-over he's a lot
like Faramir – wanted to know who "this new fellow" was.

So I told him.

Told him all about the hair and the motorcycle and the leather pants and the blue eyes and the
money. Told him about the incredible sex and the promise of permanence. Told him about our
long friendship and sudden physical attraction.

Don't think he believed me. Oh well. Doris and Mary will fill him in. They sure got an eyeful of
my Elven Ass – oh hell yeah! I came upstairs all wobbly-legged and woozy, I'm sure I had that
derer-in-the-headlights look on my face, and there was Mr. Valinor holding court – he can be a
charming asshole when he wants to be – swept the two of them right off their feet.
How did he KNOW, dammit? How did he know I wanted them to be happy for me, that their opinion is important to me? Hell, we just met up again yesterday – after four hundred years of silence – am I that transparent?

Obviously. Or maybe the Valar told him to do it. Or maybe he's that way normally and I just never noticed. Whatever. Either way you look at it, it was gratifying to see Doris, suspicious, narrow-eyed, take-nothing-at-face-value Doris, laughing and talking with him and Gimli, and even responding cheerfully to Gimli's blatant attempts to hit on her.

Under the table our hands were everywhere; it's very difficult to eat Moules à la Provençal with one hand but we managed it – we were a little messy, true, but it was worth it to see his face go pale when I stroked his length through the leather. Almost made up for what he did to me in the bathroom.

Gotta pay him back for THAT. That sneaky, adorable, tricky bastard, I've been aching all afternoon, wanting to get into his pants.

Damn! This is quite a switch for me. Twenty-four hours ago I was almost sexually repressed. NOW look at me!

Not that I'm complaining, mind you.

Okay. Enough waffling. Time to take the bull by the horns, cross the Rubicon, screw my courage to the sticking place – what the hell is that supposed to mean, anyway? Doesn't matter. Just open the damn door and face your destiny.

I turn half an ear to Pip's chatter, listening to the soft sounds on the front stoop. Arwen can hear them too, can hear the hesitating footsteps pause. Our eyes meet across the living room ("Pink!" Lottie had squealed, the grotty gobshite; "I LOVE pink!") and she raises one eyebrow. My acushla is nervous – knew she would be. Fucking Day of Destiny, this is, for her. Poor little bit; all gobsmacked. My fault, of course.

No, Greenleaf. This is necessary for her. The upcoming baptism of fire will serve to make her better, stronger, wiser. Do not fear for her.

Well – if you say so, my Lord. Bloody hard not to intervene, of course.
I'm holding my breath. Fuck, I'm holding my fucking BREATH, like I'm waiting for the bloody Queen of England to make her entrance.

May as well be, for how I feel.

Bugger.

*********************************************************************

Open the door.
Open the door, dammit. It's your stupid door, open it!
Open it open it open it!

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Come on, acushla, open the bloody door already. It's your fucking door, your fucking house. Come in. Rejoin us. We're all waiting for you, been waiting for centuries. Open the door.

**********************************************************************

Dammit, why can't someone ELSE open the stupid door!?

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Wonder if I should open the door for her? Preclude all this hesitation . . .

No, Greenleaf. Let her test her own courage. She will not find it lacking.
Fuck. Figures opening a bloody door has turned into some sort of fucking life lesson.

*******************************************************************

It doesn't matter if they disapprove. It doesn't matter if they don't understand. Legolas does, and that's all I need.

Oh, and the Valar. I guess that counts, too.


&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Here she comes. Arwen's looking at me, she understands. Steps closer to the door, between the entryway and Diamond, blocking that first sight from the others. Bless Arwen Undómiel, O Elbereth; bless her for her insight. No one else has heard, no one else has so much as fucking noticed. They're drinking and laughing and talking as though our last booze-up was a month ago.

Oh, wait – it was, wasn't it? Everyone met in Kauai to celebrate the publication of Frodo's latest novel. Got absofuckinglootely mullered on Mai Tais . . . Fuck, I forgot about that. It's just been such a long time since we've had a rave-up and Éowyn's been there.

Think Arwen and I are the only ones who understand.

No – Whitey does. Look into his eyes, he fucking understands.

************************************************************************

Turn the handle. Open the door and face everyone. Just face them – how bad can it be? How pissed can they possibly be? How many bad things can they say? Especially with Legolas there. I'll be fine, just fine.

Damn. Don't believe myself.

Oh, well. I'll open the stupid door anyway.
About fucking time. I have two seconds – two seconds to just LOOK at her, look at her before anyone else notices. Two seconds to drink in the sight of that lovely face, see those beautiful legs, that mop of golden curls –

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Full house. Oh, shit . . .

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Look at me look at me look at me look at me

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Oh, thank heaven; THERE he is.

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Oh fucking A, how her eyes lit up when she saw me, thought my heart would stop

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Oh my god there’s ARWEN!!!
That's it. Two seconds're up. Bugger. Nice while it fucking lasted.

They run to each other, embrace. Éowyn's relieved, I can tell; Arwen always was one of her best friends. And here come Lottie – and Sam – and Stella – all wanting a fucking piece of her.

Oh bugger, I hate sharing her.

I know, I fucking know; selfish selfish selfish fucking oik I am; want her all to myself, want to take her away and nobble every second of her days forever, forever.

Patience, Greenleaf.

Oh, give over, my Lord; you're the one put this fucking compulsion into me; you'll all have to bloody well deal with it.

************************************************************************************

"ÉOWYN!!!!!"

It's Éomer – it has to be Éomer – it IS!

My heart nearly somersaults – there he is, blond bearded face lit up, taller and broader than I remember – my brother, my family!

Sam and Merry step aside and let him through. I fling myself at him and WHOOF feels like he's about broken all my ribs; he's laughing, I can hear it in his chest, swinging me around in his arms like I was a rag doll – I can feel my feet in my heavy leather boots flying out behind me. He's kissing the crown of my head, just like he used to; oh shit I'm going to start crying – don't cry don't cry don't cry . . .

And here's Aragorn, clean-shaven, short-haired, respectable-looking, and oh my god there's Gandalf; long white hair pulled back in a ponytail, white beard trailing over his chest, dark eyes twinkling knowingly at me. And there's Diamond, hugging me, she's crying too, and Estella, and Frodo wearing a horrible shirt, and Merry, oh shit I AM going to cry –

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I lean against the office door jamb, fold my arms over my chest, watch them crowd around her. They're hugging her, kissing her, welcoming her back. All of them have the same fucking looks on their faces – relief, joy, delight. And that's mirrored back in her starry silvery eyes too – especially the relief, and a sort of startled happiness.

You see, acushla? Everything's fine. Fucking Fairy-Meer was wrong – THIS is where you belong, with us, with all of us, in the thick of things.

Fuck. I was wrong too, wasn't I, for wanting to take her away from them?

It's a normal reaction, my Greenleaf. These intense feelings of jealousy typically surface at the beginning of a romantic relationship.

That's a relief – thought I was going all soppy on her.
Grim joins me, still grinning, beer in hand. Thought I'd have to pry him away from that little crumpet at lunch – Doris, that was her name – poor Grim, hasn't gotten the rumpy-pumpy in a while – but we managed to get the party started; ploughed through the market buying up every fucking chop we could find, and got a good keg of Liffey Water, and a case of plonk. While checking out the plumbing in the crawl-through he found a box of fairy lights, so they're up in the garden – looks nice, what with the tiki torches we dug up in the garage, and all the chairs, and the grill ready for the meat what's been marinating, the salads, the crisps, and the tables – Di and Stella did that for us, folded up the serviettes all fancy – looks very posh, perfect for a home-coming.

And it's for my acushla – my Éowyn – HER bloody home-coming, though it feels like mine.

"Gonna give 'em a few minutes?" asks Grim, taking a swig of his beer.

"Yeah," I say; "why the fuck not? Been a few centuries."

We're silent a moment; he takes a handful of cashews off the side table and bungs them into his mouth. I'm biting my lip – bad habit – where the hell are my lollies? Oh fuck, I remember; ate the last one while hanging the fairy lights – bugger. Don't even have any of those manky mint-flavored ones.

Don't chew your lip don't chew your lip. Bloody hard not to though.

Fucking A, I need a drink.

Whitey and Éomer are talking to her now; Éomer's got his arm round her shoulders, she's beaming, smiling brightly like she used to, wrinkling up that little conk and flashing her teeth at everyone. She glows, she fucking glows; her happiness is like heat, I can feel it on my skin.

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This is WONDERFUL, why didn't I do this before?! Oh it is so GOOD to see them again, so GOOD to be with Éomer, so GOOD to hear Lothíriel squeaking and gushing, so GOOD to see the hobbits – though I guess I can't really call them hobbits now, they're so tall, almost as tall as me – I can't believe I've missed so much – can't believe Aragorn's a doctor, works in some remote hospital up north – can't believe Merry's a lawyer in Southampton – can't believe Pip and Diamond own a chocolatier in Lyons – can't believe I'm back with them, being hugged, being talked to, being loved as though nothing was ever wrong.

And even when we start to talk about Faramir, it's going to be all right, I can tell. They all know, there are no explanations needed – I can thank Legolas for that –

Legolas . . . where IS my Elven Ass, anyway?

"Elven Ass" – I've GOT to find him a better nickname.

Hmm, how about Sugar Daddy? Certainly fits – he's got a sweet enough tooth –

Oh, shit, I forgot! And oh shit, I haven't even said HELLO to him yet!

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Just wait, just fucking wait, Legs. Won't take too long and it's off to beddy-bye for us both. Oh my
sainted aunt, can't wait to push her down into the mattress, lay my body over hers, spread her legs with my knees –

OW! Fucking leather trousers!

I straighten up against the wall, try to ease my knacks into a more comfortable position. Bugger, why'd I wear these bloody things AGAIN?

Just a few more hours, mate, just a few more hours. Calm the fuck down . . .

Oh bugger. She's looking at me, smiling, coming up to me – can see those lovely tits jiggling under her blouse, those two-klick legs in those unbelievably sexy boots walking right up to me – everyone's looking, starting to quiet down, no one believed it when I told them but oh fucking A will I show them

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Whoa, check out the bulge in those beautiful leather pants – knew he'd like the outfit. And the way those turquoise eyes light up –

Uh oh, I see the predatory curve of that sweet pink mouth, the sudden awareness in his eyes

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Come here, let me claim you

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Dammit, why the hell did he have to invite all these people? Suddenly all I want is to drop his pants and climb on top of him

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I unfold my arms, hold them out

Got awful quiet in here all of a sudden
It's like I'm falling, I'm up and he's down and gravity takes hold, I can't stop myself

Right here, acushla

Oh that's nice, nestle right in, how I love body heat

Like a jigsaw puzzle cut in just two pieces, and we finally fit together, my acushla and me

Rosemary, silk, aquamarine

Orangy-lemony curls, press that slim strong body against mine

Oh heaven, it's heaven, never knew what it meant to feel as though your heart was full but oh do I
feel it now, so full it's bursting

Welcome home, my acushla

Four feet firmly planted, both heads swimming, can feel his heartbeat against my chest

Irmoamin, alasséamin, harma'amin; ai lirimaer . . . *

Kiss me, kiss me, touch your lips to mine, better than speech

Tula sinome; miqula amin **

oh sweet, sweet; soft warm wet
I could stay here forever, entwined in your arms
"Legolas!"
... or not.

Mmm... what?
No, no no no no don't pull away –
Oh, bugger.
"Legolas!"
Who the fuck's shaking my shoulder? Hard to focus my eyes, got a little wonky there – oh, it's Whitey.
"What?"
He's grinning at me, the bally tosser, eyes twinkling. Thinks it's fucking funny, he does. Éowyn pulls back, looks a little flushed, a little embarrassed – bugger; why the fuck did I invite all these fucking people to a fucking party? Especially when all I really want is to roger her senseless.

Oh, damn. Just when we were getting warmed up, too.
I can't believe I just thought that! Shouldn't I be embarrassed? Necking in public, I can't believe it, I've never done anything like that before!
Ooooh, everyone's looking at us, I didn't notice they all stopped talking; oh shit now I AM embarrassed.
And Éomer – he's biting his lip, can't tell whether he's pissed or amused. Damn!
Come to think of it, EVERYONE looks a little amused.
Shit. Now I'm MORTALLY embarrassed. I wonder if it's possible to die of it?

"I admit, Legs, when you said you'd become intimate with Éowyn I questioned your judgment. But I see now that the Valar have truly united you both. I apologize for my doubting you."

Well, THAT'S a fucking newscast for you. Takes a bit to get Whitey to doubt me – he can Listen a little too, what with being a Maia and all – at least Manwë told him to sod off.

Gandalf – doubted Legolas? Why? I look up at him – that smooth, perfect alabaster face, those glowing blue eyes, shining hair like a sheet of molten gold – he's smiling, his arms still around me in a loose circle – loose, but unbreakable. How could anyone doubt him?

"Don't blame you, mate. Thought I'd nobby a skint little kife, did yer? Well, I know yer all gobsmacked – " He turns to everyone else, still with his hands about my waist. Suddenly I'm not so embarrassed any more. Hard to be, when he's obviously not, and when everyone's looking at us as though we're the latest thing the Valar sent from Valinor. "Not as fucking gobsmacked as I am, mates. What's a manky greaser like me doin' with a flash little bit like the White Lady of Rohan, I ask you? No bloody idea, to tell the fucking truth."

That makes me a little indignant, to know he thinks that way. "Greaser," indeed! I pull back, my hands on my hips; he lets me go, eyes a little wary.

What's this, then? Chin up, grey eyes flashing, mouth set, jaw clenched –

Fucking A, it's the Shieldmaiden. Pukka!

The wariness changes to an awareness – not quite a sexual one, but an appreciation, I can see it – as though he's not bracing himself for whatever I'm going to say, but welcoming it. Just the look on his face – "Come on, hit me!" – reminds me of sparring with him, sword to sword, sweating and grunting, the clash and bang echoing through the clearing – millennia upon millennia ago, at one of our camps in the Black Forest – the love of the challenge, the gratification of being with an
equal.
My heart starts to pound. Shieldmaiden, Bitch, or not, we'll always meet on equal footing, we two.
About time I figured this out.

Come on, acushla, hit me! That sarky, hard-as-nails face – oh my sainted aunt, you are so lovely –

She reaches forward, grabs me by the collar, pulls my face down to her. I hear Éomer chuckle and say something to Lottie – sounds like, "Atta girl!" Sam and Pip are grinning, even Aragorn is smiling – hell, SHE'S smiling, eyes sparkling, full of piss and vinegar –

Fuck, yeah! The Shieldmaiden has returned! Bloody hell, my acushla, you are fucking BRILL.

"Greaser like hell," she says, her voice husky, oh fuck how I want to bite those red red lips –
"You come sauntering in here, riding your big ol' bike and wearing your nasty leather pants, cussing up a storm and playing like you're some blue-collar dirtbag. Well, if you can rub that 'White Lady of Rohan' shit in my face I can sure the hell call you the Prince of Fucking Mirkwood, and if anyone has anything to say about us screwing each other they can kiss my ass, 'cause I'm sure the hell not giving THAT up."

That's my girl!

Gimli's howling, Éomer and Merry are busting up, just about everyone's laughing at that. Lothíriel's doubled over, Rosie's got her hand over her mouth, Estella and Diamond are nearly crying they're laughing so hard – Legolas is grinning, leveling the full effect of those damn dimples on me, his fingers on my hips, just barely, barely touching. Gandalf's hand is still on his shoulder, and his arm is shaking; I look over at him, he's laughing, too. Then he pushes Legolas away and puts his arms around me.

Hold hard there, Whitey . . .

"That's the daughter of Éomund I remember of old," he chuckles into my hair. He smells like pipe smoke and chocolate – odd; I think he's always smelled like that, now that I think of it. He gives
me a squeeze and releases me – reminds me of how my uncle used to hug me, back when I was little.

Nice to have a fatherly type around again. Man, I missed that.

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Touching his –

Oooooohhhh, I know what that is.

I press in, hear him draw in his breath.

I AM NEVER WEARING THESE FUCKING LEATHER TROUSERS AGAIN

Now would be a good time to give him his present.

In private. VERY good idea, Éowyn. In PRIVATE.

I look at Éomer, at Gandalf, at Gimli and everyone else. Shieldmaiden, Bitch, White Lady of Rohan, daughter of kings. I smile, my I-just-know-everyone-is-going-to-love-this smile that got more courtiers to do my bidding than all the temper tantrums Faramir ever threw in his life. He could rant and rave all he wanted – I just had to smile sweetly and boss them within an inch of their lives.

"Will you all excuse us for a moment? In all the excitement I forgot that I had bought Legolas something and I need to give it to him in private. You don't mind, do you?"

Well fuck, what's this then? Could be good …

You can hear eyebrows going up all over the room. Disappearing into bangs, wrinkling foreheads, raising eyelids. Kind of funny, really.

I take Legolas' hand and start to pull him towards the hallway. "Well, seeing as no one objects – "
Oh bloody hell, she's good. That vocal inflection – even my mum couldn't do that.

And yes yes yes yes fucking yes, here we go – right through the lip-biting, mouth-covering, eye-crinkling crowd. THEY know. How can they NOT know? Especially Arwen and Lottie – Arwen's giving me that Look, the one she might as well have fucking patented, that says I-can't-believe-you, and Lottie's – oh fuck, she's giving me the bloody thumbs-up!

Knew I liked her. Nice little kife. Don't even bloody care if she likes fucking pink.

Scoops up her bags, starts pulling me to the hall. Éomer's laughing at me, says, "Where the hell you going, Legs? Thought you wanted to get this party off the ground."

"What, you think the Prince of Fucking Mirkwood's gonna slag off the White Lady of Fucking Rohan? Leave it out, mate."

Everyone's laughing again, they know what's up. Don't bloody care. Gonna get my todger off, always whets my appetite, after all. I hear Longshanks say to Arwen, "Those two are worse than rabbits," and Sam says to Rosie, "Well, mought as well start the barbie, dear," and Éowyn pulls me into the bedroom and slams the door.

Don't care if they DO approve, I'm locking the fucking door!
There she is – leaning against the door, hand on the knob, turning the lock.

Oh, fuck. She's even more beautiful when she's agro. Those eyes flash silver, those perfect oval cheeks stained pink –

OW these goddam trousers!

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He stands before me, tall, lean, tight as a bowstring, blue eyes deep and sparkling and alert. I can see the stiff rod outlined in black leather and it's making my mouth water.

I remember how it felt, his hot tongue and lips on me when we were in the bathroom at the restaurant, and I want to put him in my debt again – just so he'll do THAT again. But oh god I want him inside me . . .

Can't decide which I want, to go down on him or just plain jump him.

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Not moving yet, seems a little undecided. Fucking A, I'll make your mind up for you, I will.

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I'm crushed up against the door, damn those Elven reflexes, but I can feel his hard hard cock pressed against me, touching me oh right there, his hands on my wrists his knees between my thighs, spread-eagling me, hot breath on my face and his blue eyes pinning me down, like a moth to a board. Blue blue blue, bluer than the Caribbean, bluer than the Mediterranean, bluer than the sky.

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Oh my acushla you are so lovely, so fucking lovely it hurts . . .

Now. Where were we, before Whitey so rudely interrupted us? Oh, yes . . .
Our lips touch, those blue eyes close, I open my mouth to him and he slides in.

Oh, yes . . .

Dammit, the Moaning Bitch is back. Might have something to do with that hard hot thing rubbing me in just the right places –

WHOA that was JUST the right place, saw sparks there

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Ah, got you, heard that quick intake of breath, not that I'm doing much better, my plonker's so hard feels like it's about to burst, she flexes up against me, oh fuck that's VERY nice

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Something between a groan and a whimper there, poor guy, he's probably worse off than I am; we'd better do something about that

OH my god that felt good, tip my hips back and let you do it again

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Practically fucking dry-humping her, lip-locked, our breath whistling harshly out our noses, every time I move against her she makes that noise, that throaty moan, sexier than a scream even

Oh fuck this feels good, need to get inside her before I spunk in my trousers

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His hands trail down my arms, run his fingers across my breasts, rubbing the metallic fabric against my nipples – more sparks, oh please I want to feel your hands on my skin, oh that's much much better –
Up goes the shirt, oh shit I'm moaning again, his hair like silk runs through my fingers
Wait where did his mouth go oh there it is, teeth on my jaw, yes work your way down my throat
oh goosebump city, can't control my hips I'm grinding against him

Oh fuck acushla stop stop stop or I'll come too soon, no you little cow stop fucking stop
Grab those hips, wait how did the skirt get hitched up, oh who the fuck cares move those fucking pants out of the way

Here we go at last at last can't move my hands as fast as you can but I sure the hell can find your zipper
That's it, out you come, god you're hot, rub my thumb over the sticky spot

OH FUCK

I heard THAT bet everyone else did too, his fingers are shaking, pushing my panties down, oh hurry up hurry up hurry up I'm aching, god I want this

hurry hurry hurry before you spunk all over the fucking floor
Tip my hips back, his hands are on my ass, grab his dick and guide it in

quick quick quick oh fuck I can't wait
aahhh yessssssss

like sitting on a goddam pole, goes up so far it practically sticks out my mouth, oh god yes

Can feel her muscles clench, her hands round my waist, fuck she's beautiful, pinned to the door
Brace yourself, let's ride

OH my god he moved in so hard my feet left the floor, my ass is sliding up the door, can feel the wood against my skin; his hands under my thighs are holding me up even when he pulls out and
OH he's in again, the Moaning Bitch isn't leaving, oh shit

that's right acushla wrap those fucking two-klick legs round my waist, oh fuck yeah, oh fuck she's grinding me into her, oh fuck
oh shit
if I'd known how
OH shit
strong Elves were I would have
Oh god oh god oh god
would have screwed one before
oh oh oh
before now, oh oh shit

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Fuck she's got her limbs wound so tight round me think my circulation's cut off, there's this roaring in my ears, can't hear a damn thing except for our breathing, loud and hoarse, she's pulsing, I'm pulsing, oh fuck my knacks are going to fucking explode

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oh don't stop
don't stop don't stop I'm almost there oh don't stop
ooohhh shit here I come

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

hold back hold back hold back she's quivering I know that sign she's going to come I can hear her voice rising oh yes here she comes, wait for it wait for it wait for it oh fuck I'm not going to make it
that one point explodes, shocks run up into my stomach, up my limbs, out my mouth

she convulses oh bugger I can't wait any longer

it's running trembling through me, makes my legs shake, like an earthquake, waves of it covering me, then he jolts up into me, that gush of hot sticky wetness

oh fuck yes finally

My throat's hoarse, have I been yelling?

His face is hidden in my neck, then out it comes, I can feel his lips against my skin, his deep breath, the shudder inside me like an aftershock.

"Oh, fuck, Éowyn!"

So much for Elven eloquence. Well, that was so down-and-dirty I guess I couldn't expect romantic sentiments in an ancient language, could I? And anyway, "Oh, fuck" has a certain satisfying ring to it. After all I have a dim recollection of saying something like, "Ooohh oooooaahh ohh," which isn't a remark known for its cogency.

His head is still pressed up against the door by my neck, his hands around my ass holding me up, pinning me; he's shaking like a leaf and breathing hard. Guess he needed this even worse than I did.
Oh, fuck. Oh, bugger. Oh, I needed that. Thank you, acushla, thank you thank you thank you.

Fuck, I'm avenged for the bathroom incident. That took what, about a minute and a half? Oh my sainted aunt, what a fucking brilliant knee-trembler that was.

She squeezes around me, like an octopus really; then she unwinds those long limbs and slides down. We’re all sticky and wet now, don't really care, oh fuck did that feel good. Looks up at me, sweet little acushla, silvery eyes cloudy, red lips smiling, smiling at me. Bugger, can't even catch my breath.

Wow. He looks absolutely whacked. Not that I'm probably a whole lot better; my knees are shaking so hard I'm surprised I can stand upright. Then as though we coordinated it our arms go around each other and we just stand there, holding each other close, our faces buried in the other’s hair, just breathing, breathing. His heart is hammering against my chest, slowing a little as we recover. Breathe in, breathe out.

I could do this forever.

Oh, wait. I CAN do this forever. What a fucking brilliant plan. We'll just shag for the next ten millennia, will that work for you, acushla? Works for me, I can bloody well tell you.

I'm so looking forward to the next few centuries. Wonder how many positions from the Kamasutra we can try? Let's see, if we attempt one a week . . .

Geez, you'd think I'd be satisfied for at least thirty seconds. It's like drugs, you get addicted. Elf Sex Addicts Anonymous, that's one group I'm not going to be joining any time soon – like I'd want to give THIS up!

He takes a deep breath, pulls back a little. His arms are still around me, his hands slid under my shirt, his sticky pubic hair rubbing against mine. The clouds are clearing from his eyes; they're bright and present again, and his pretty pink lips are smiling, flashing those dimples at me.

I surrender. I'm powerless before the dominance of the Elven Dimples. I give up; do whatever you
like to me, so long as you concede to give me Happy Pelvis at least twice a day for the next ten thousand years. He reaches up one hand, long white fingers brushing the curls from my face, damp and sweaty on my skin, then rests his palm against my cheek and kisses my forehead.

"Nice present, acushla," he says. His voice is still a little trembly, but I can tell he's about completely recovered – Elven powers of recuperation, you know.

I can't help but laugh. He thinks THIS is his present?

Oh you lovely, lovely bird; I'll never tire of looking at you, seeing your starry silvery eyes, hearing your bright tinkling laugh, like bells ringing. She reaches down, pulls up her pants and tugs down her skirt. Don't want to, but time to rejoin the rave-up – be good hosts, and all that – I tuck my sticky plonker back into my trousers.

What's she doing? What's in the bag?

She turns back to me from where she was rummaging around, her face alight with mischief. She's holding a –

Oh fucking A, it's a bag of sweets! So THAT was my present – the knee-trembler was just the wrapping paper.

He gives a shout of laughter and takes them from me. Then he's kissing me, hard and insistent, his hand pressing me to him. In a flash he's got the door open and he's run out into the living room, I can hear him over the noise of the stereo and the conversations.

"Look, everyone! She bought me lollies!"

Oh, shit. I think I'm in love, dammit. In love with a sugar daddy. How pathetic is THAT?

* "My desire, my joy, my treasure; oh lovely one"
** "Come here; kiss me"
*** "You are beautiful, my beloved"
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

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Now everyone's fucking looking at us out of the corners of their eyes – they're all asking themselves, "Did they or didn't they?" Ah, keep the gobshites wondering, that's my bleeding motto.

Doesn't matter anyway. They know we're doing it, know we'll be doing it from now on; does it fucking matter if I get my knacks off with my acushla in the bedroom? Besides, letting them all know I can keep my bloody todger up twenty-four-seven, ah yes mate, that's a big fucking point to Leggsie. Top that, Mr. Bloody King of Gondor!

Got too many chops for the barbecue, so we're just churning them out, Sam and me; we take turns poking and turning and bunging them on the platters. And we talk. Always liked little Samwise – not so little now, oh dear me no – always liked his homey ways, so down to earth and fucking NORMAL. Never went in for any of that crazy keech, never got faddy or oofy or caught up in any of that faffing about with fashion or showing off or modern crazes. Plain ol' suburban Samwise Gamgee; him and his estate cars and respectability and nut-chokers, loving his wife and worrying about that part-time shirtlifter Frodo, taking care of his lawns and his houses and being your garden-variety, all-round Good Guy. Like Éomer, no mouth-and-trousers; WYSIWYG, only not so agro.

Good thing, too. Merry and Pippin are about the most aggressive hobbits I've ever met, and that's quite fucking enough, thank you. Bloody unnatural, in my opinion. There they are now, arguing about what we should do with fucking Fairy-Meer . . . whack him over the head with a lead pipe, or tie him up by his feet in a Country-Western bar with a sign on his chest that says, "I butt-fuck boys." Typical of those two gits, really; Merry's more direct, but Pip's deviously creative.

But in the midst of our little rave-up, with everyone around me laughing and talking, despite the glow of the sunset and the smell of the grill, I feel that bloody drawing, pulling sensation without even seeing or hearing her – like being sucked off-course by a strong riptide. Where's my acushla? Fortunately I can look around for her while still chatting with Sam . . . ah, there she is – changed into her short-shorts, so fucking tight you can tell what year's printed on the coins in her pocket, thirty-six inches of inside seam propped up on the ironwork table in front of her, fucking bollocking me without even bloody well knowing about it. Creamy, yellow-gold skin, acres and acres of it, stretched from the tattered edges of those tiny ridiculous bloody excuses for shorts, scraps of denim is all they are, follow the bend of the knee down the delicious curve of those calves – love to sink my teeth into those, oh fuck yeah – right down to those pretty feet, little toenails painted bright red, flashing like a fucking neon sign and making me want to bung the fork in the grass and fall on my fucking knees beside her, running my tongue up and down that same bloody path, from the edge of her shorts to her curling glossy toes. Fucking A, how does she DO it? All she's fucking doing is sitting with her elbows on her knees, talking to Frodo about his sodding new novel, and dishing the dirt on the publishers' houses. Not looking at me, not fucking fluttering her eyelashes at me, not even fucking paying attention to me, and still my eyes wander over to her, wanting her to look at me. Look at me look at me look at me, notice me, see how I'm looking at you, like a fucking turkey-cock spreading his tail and strutten around trying to get the hen's attention. Stupid, stupid, stupid! I'm such a git, such a fucking prat sometimes. Give over, Leggsie; you're all hair and hormones; can't even fucking have a fucking barbecue without smoodging your little bit.
Pathetic, aren't I? Fucking pathetic.

Thought she'd fall arse over tit when I told her Frodo's going through a "gay phase;" guess she never sussed that one out in the little poncer. Well, doesn't bleeding matter too much; give the nit a couple centuries and he'll straighten out his queenishness. Always does, the bleeding batty-boy. Last time was what – Philippines, Spanish occupation; what a fucking fop he was – had a nice boy, though, treated him well. Then it was off on a tour of the antipodes and suddenly he had a bleeding bird in his shreddies. Like fucking Foucault's Pendulum, that one. No one minds much any more – no one except poor little Rosie, who's the jealous type. Keep trying to tell her Sam's straighter than Maggie Thatcher with rebar shoved up her arse, but the little poppet always wonders.

Frankly, if sitting between my acushla's two-klick legs doesn't turn Frodo from being a poofter, nothing will. Oh my sainted aunt, could I be in that position right now, looking right up those lovely thighs to the denim-clad wonders within . . . of course, I wouldn't be nearly so fucking nonchalant about it; hard not to push those slim knees apart and settle between them . . .
loves the look except for the falling-over part, and Aragorn heckling his wife and saying she
should dress like me more often.

But really, I don't see what the big deal is. At first I thought they were all excited because the
shoes were new and expensive and designer and different, but then I overheard them exclaiming
over the height of the heel and how much it would hurt to wear them for an extended period.
That's when I looked down at THEIR feet. Arwen's wearing white Keds, Lothíriel's in thong
sandals, Rosie's wearing orthopedic shoes and both Estella and Diamond are in flat loafers. I guess
I can see why they're a little taken aback by the differences in our shoe preferences, but what's
wrong with wearing high heels? They're sexy – especially when you've got what Legolas calls
"two-klick legs." It took me about three times of him saying it before I figured out he meant "two
kilometer." I kept thinking he was talking about the sound of my heels on the tile.

I like how he likes my legs. I like how he looks at them, keeps making grabs for them. I like how
he makes me feel, like I'm sexy and desirable and attractive. Hell, let's face it; I like
EVERYTHING about him, even his Listening, which I admit is creepy but after all, who else is
going to do it? And I imagine being the spouse of the Listener is a bit of a status symbol to the
folks in Valinor, too. Wow, look at me, all you retired Elves! I used to just be the princess of a
backwater Hicksville country in the mountains, but now I'm getting it on with the LISTENER!

Geez, can you imagine what my uncle would've thought about my hooking up with an Elf?
Probably would've precluded Snowmane squashing him by having a stroke right then and there.
Hell, he hadn't even acknowledged the Eldar's existence until Legolas strode into the hall of
Meduseld.

Now Estella and Diamond are getting in on the action, reeling and lurching around the back yard
in my Fendi boots and my Via Spiga pumps, the ones with the leather bows on the back straps,
looking a little ridiculous with their nicely-pressed dress pants and conservative blouses; Frodo
and I are both laughing, and they can probably hear Gimli's haw-haw all the way down in
Burbank. Gandalf strolls up to me, glass of wine in hand, his dark eyes sparkling with good
humor.

Though it might just be the wine. Doesn't matter, I guess.

"I have never understood a woman's compulsion to try on shoes," he says, smiling down at me.
"Could you perchance explain it, my dear?"

Love the way he talks, the Oxford don that he is. Something ironic in that, all right. Dirty jeans,
shit-stomping boots, leather jacket, long hair . . . and a high-class Oxonian accent. I wonder what
the other professors make of him? "Not really, no," I say. "Just something we do, to pass the time.
It's like taking the same picture and changing the frame every now and then, makes it look a little
different. Maybe we like looking at our feet in different settings."

"Like taking a beloved character and transplanting him into a different story," smiles Frodo,
watching Diamond nearly take a header into the bird bath. Wait – where the hell did the bird bath
come from? I don't remember that thing . . .

Gandalf turns to watch Diamond wobbling around the garden, Pippin trying half-heartedly to hold
her up. "A parody, I fancy, in this particular incident," he says dryly. "My god, Êowyn, how do
you walk in those contraptions?"

Typical response from someone who's probably never worn anything except comfortable boots
and bedroom slippers the past ten thousand years. "It's not that bad," I protest. "You just need the
right feet and a good sense of balance."

"Yeah, that's it." It's Êomer, he sits heavily on a deck chair next to me. He's got a beer in one hand
and a plate of food in the other; the scent makes my mouth water. Veal . . . when's the last time I
ate a nice cut of veal? Suddenly I'm starving. "It's all those years as an expert equestrienne. Good
balance, doesn't get unseated easily."

"I can bloody well vouch for that." Rosemary wafts over to me, and I can feel myself tense – tense
in a good way, that is. All those prickly spots just seem to flare up and my stomach gives a little
lurch. Being around Legolas is like riding an ingeniously nasty roller coaster – you're in a constant state of disequilibrium.

Nice feeling, though. I could get used to this.

Éomer looks up at him, eyes crinkling over his big fuzzy beard. "Which part?" he asks, winking at me. "The balance part, or the part where you can't unseat her?"

Legolas sits on the loveseat next to me, grinning. He's got a big plate of food in his hand, which he sets on the low table in front of me. Better move my feet – very impolite to dip my toes in the ratatouille. Though I wouldn't mind if he licked it off –

Ooo, kinky Éowyn! We'll have to try that later. Not ratatouille, though. Wrong concept entirely. Whipped cream, maybe.

"Both, actually," he says, reaching around behind us to grab the bottle of wine on the bench and refill our glasses. I've had about four already, and have achieved that stage of tipsiness where the lights are so pretty and bright, the conversation so witty and amusing, and the sky such a beautiful shade of . . . of whatever, doesn't matter, just very, very pretty. Another glass couldn't hurt, probably just make me feel even better. I scootch next to him, pressing my long bare leg against the black leather, and he spares a second to nuzzle his nose under the curls by my ear and give me a quick nip.

Great. Now not only is my stomach demonstrating the tango for the benefit of the rest of my digestive organs, my heart's accompanying it with the drum solo from "In A Gadda Da Vida." Dammit!

"Has to do with the legs, I think." he's saying to Éomer, leaning forward and cutting up a veal chop into bite-sized pieces. I love watching Brits eat – they hold the utensils so funny. A lot more efficient than the American way, I guess; at least you don't have to keep switching hands after you've cut something to put the food in your mouth. "Longer the legs, the better the balance. Should've seen her legs in the shoes she was wearing yesterday when I picked her up – " he looks back at me through his curtain of hair, his blue eyes sparkling. "Thought they'd wrap round me twice."

Gandalf coughs in a genteel manner, Frodo covers his mouth with his hand, and Éomer looks about halfway between laughter and offense. Legolas turns pink – that's a first, really; never seen him even remotely embarrassed before – and says indignantly, "On the back of me fuckin' bike, I mean!"

"Geez, you'll try it anywhere, won't you?" grins Frodo.

I can't help it; I snort into my wine. Doesn't matter if I blush; I'm all flushed anyway – between thinking about our quickie in the bedroom earlier, and drinking all these tannins, I'm sure I'm red as a beet about now.

Hmm, back of my bike – might take a little maneuvering, but that could be a hell of a good time.

I look over at my acushla. She's pink round the cheeks, eyes starry, glowing with health and happiness and such a fucking contrast to that browned-off, spare little bit I met on the street yesterday . . . our eyes meet over the rim of her wine glass. She sparkles almost, the silvery-gray flecks in her eyes like chips of glass, hair all tousled and curly about her pretty little round ears. I fucking love Édans' ears – well, most of them, anyway. Éowyn's are nice, little, folded against her
fucking love Edan's ears – well, most of them, anyway. Éowyn's are nice, little, folded against her skull; I've seen a few that qualified as flying jibs. Love to alter mine; never bothered, though. Why spark debate in the plastic surgeon's office? Fucking Fairy-Meer may have been a prat, but he was right about one thing – better to exercise a little caution than to invite scientific curiosity. Ever since I started reading Heinlein, I've been spooked by the whole dissecting-aliens bit. My ears are just so bloody weird-looking – make me stand out too much – though really, now I think of it, I'd stand out anyway; at least the ears're something I can cover up with a handkerchief or my hair.

Then there's the undeniable fact they're an extremely sensitive erogenous zone. Have to let my acushla in on that little secret. Isn't that why Arwen's resisted Aragorn's attempts to dock hers? Be an awful shame to do the old snip-snip on THAT. One thing to keep the bloody scientists away, another entirely to fuck up your chances of an eye-popping orgasm. Like the one we had in her bedroom just now – oh, fucking A, am I bloody glad this crowd is buggering off to a hotel tonight.

Back of the motorcycle, hmmm? Sounds intriguing. I push my knee up against his, feel the answering pressure beneath the squeaky leather. I take another mouthful of wine. Almost raw, this stuff; dry and fruity on my tongue, biting and tangy like blackberries.

I feel you, acushla; no fear, I'm looking forward to a nice slow shag later, too. Too rushed today, we were; no time for a proper bunk-up. I'll fucking make it up to you – hell yeah. Now. Try this. My own rub recipe, and cooked to a fucking turn at that.

He holds up his fork; there's a piece of veal stuck to it, speckled with herbs and spices and steaming a little. Oh, does that smell good. He smiles, I smile back; for a second I just look at him – two long white hands, one holding the fork, the other cupped underneath it so it doesn't drip on me; the sweet, columbine curve of his lips, the high angle of his cheekbones beneath the blue topaz eyes.
Oh fuck, I see what's in her eyes – when's the last time I inspired such unthinking adoration? Feel like my heart just dropped down into my stomach.

She opens her mouth, tongue half extended; the memory of her taking my plonker into that hot wet sucking cavern shoots my heart from my stomach into my throat. Fuck it, when are these fucking people going to fucking LEAVE?

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Oooh, that's good – now I've got Happy Tongue, as well as Happy Pelvis. Hell, practically every inch of my body is happy. Now all we have to do is try the Toes à la Mode and I think we'll have every part covered.

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Her eyes flutter a little as she chews; bloody nice she appreciates my cookery, but bugger it if her reaction makes me want to get the leg over NOW. Always knew she was a closet aesthete, this one.

I hear the ghosty breath of a chuckle; Whitey, of course. When I look up at him he's smiling, but it's a wry, reluctant smile.

I know, Whitey. I'm gobsmacked, too.

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I see Éomer and Frodo exchange looks. I know – this must seem too weird to them. I mean, me and Legolas? What the hell? It's been me and Faramir for millennia beyond count, and then they show up and I've got one of their oldest bachelor friends hand-feeding me, and kissing me, and making bold sexual innuendoes with me. And Éomer's my brother – the protective type – man, I hope he gets used to this, because I am NOT backing down, dammit.

Some of my defiance must be showing up in my face, because Éomer grins at me and says, "Well, at least I know you're in good hands now. You have no idea how long I've been worried about you."

Really? He worried about me? I know he and Faramir weren't exactly best buds, but I didn't know he felt like I wasn't being treated right.

"Me, too," says Frodo, and he flicks a quick glance at Legolas, whose eyebrows go up.
Fuck, I knew I didn't care much for fucking Fairy-Meer, but I had no idea... well, on the one hand it's bloody gratifying to know her brother approves, but on the other hand, why the hell didn't anyone do anything about this before?

You know that we are slow to wrath, and rich in mercy, my Greenleaf. We were reluctant to take the Shieldmaiden from him until it was proved to us beyond doubt he was unworthy of her.

Oh, there he goes again... Gandalf straightens up, gets an intent look on his face, watching Legolas as his eyes go all clouded and glowy and weird.

"What are they saying, Legolas?"

Shut yer gob, Whitey, I'm trying to Listen here...

When your feasting is over gather the Chosen in one room. We shall all speak together through you there, and impart to you your separate tasks.

I shall do as you say, my lord.

Interesting to watch the light fade from his eyes, see him sort of shake himself and come back to us.

"When we're done eating we need to go into the lounge and I'll Listen," he says to Gandalf. He looks very serious, which seems stranger to me than his wigging out when the Valar speak to him – "serious" isn't a word I normally associate with Legolas; "amusing," "volatile," "peculiar," and more recently, "sexy" are closer adjectives to how I see him. But he's definitely serious now – all business, and Gandalf's expression echoes this.

Gandalf nods soberly and says, "I'll tell the others." He glances down at me, the corner of his mouth twitching up. "Finish feeding your new pet," he adds with a sardonic grin, earning him a nasty look from us both.

"Pet," indeed! Like he'd put a collar around my neck and chain me to the – erm, bedposts... well, okay, maybe "pet" isn't so bad after all.
Bugger off, Whitey; just because you've got no fucking libido doesn't mean the rest of us were born cockless.

All right, then. Eat, then Listen. Spear another piece of veal. "Feed my pet"! Well, I will, then. But I'll take a bite, first.

Ah yes . . . turned out fucking perfect. Love a good chop, I do.

"What's going to happen?" asks Frodo anxiously, folding his arms over his chest. Poor sod, never did like an argy-bargy. "What are the Valar going to do?"

"Are we going to be told to take care of Faramir?" asks Éomer. Looks brassed, that one, and fucking eager; got his blood up, I guess. Fuck, wouldn't want to be on HIS bad side.

"Dunno, mates," I say. My acushla's turn – oh, hungry, are you? I saw that look, my Êowyn . . .

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Never pegged myself for the kinky type, but man! Does Legolas bring it out in me!

I'll have to find one of those sex shops, see if they sell dog collars and chains. Maybe I can get us matching ones, with "His" and "Hers" printed on the sides.

Maybe I can get a tattoo that says, "Property of the Listener." Yeah, that'd be good. Now, where shall I get it? My shoulder? Nah, not visible enough. Across my stomach? No . . . hmm, how about right above my ass, in that little hollow of my tail bone? That could be good. Then he could look down on it when we're doing it doggy-style.

Oh, bad, naughty Êowyn! Makes my stomach jump and flutter just to think of it.

Dammit, when are all these people going to LEAVE?

Oh, right – after we hear what the Valar have to say. Spit it out, Legolas, then let's send everyone back to the Marriott so I can jump you.

"Manwê says he'll give us our marching orders. Didn't say what they were." He glances over at me, has a funny look on his face.

"What?" I ask. He grimaces, looks away.

I have such a bad fucking feeling about this. "Slow to wrath and rich in mercy," he said, but I got the impression their patience is about at an end.

Bugger! What if she starts to feel sorry for him? What if she decides to preclude their anger and
take him back?

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Is THIS the obstacle you meant, my lord?

My lord?

Bugger.

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"'Marching orders'?
Éomer looks puzzled. "Do you mean they're going to tell us to do something about it? I thought you'd pretty much taken care of everything already."

Frodo and Éomer look at me thoughtfully. Legolas is pushing the veal chunks around his plate, elbows on his knees, staring down at the ground.

Shit. Now what? "Why do we have to do anything?" I ask. I'm almost angry. "Things are finally starting to go right. I don't want to see that fuck-up again. What the hell can we do, anyway? If they tell us to talk him into taking me back, I'm sorry, but I refuse to even THINK about it."

Legolas glances up at me through his hair; his mouth quirks into a half-smile.

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Ah, much better. That's right, acushla, get brassed! Makes me feel better about it, at any rate.

"Maybe we're just supposed to force him to give you your money back," Frodo suggests shyly. "You know, hold him down and make him sign a check. For reparation, sort of."

"I don't want his fucking money," Éowyn says. There are spots of red on her cheeks, and her pretty silver eyes are flashing angrily. "I don't need anything from him. I have Legolas. And even if I didn't, I wouldn't deliberately seek him out and ask him for my money back. I'd rather live in an alley and push a grocery cart full of trash around than see him again."

That's my Shieldmaiden! Fucking shame my being proud of her makes my plonker stand up and take notice. What is it about her being cheesed off that makes me so fucking randy? I put my hand on her thigh; she's quivering, like she quivers when I'm about to enter her. Oh fuck, I want to be inside her.

"There, there, acushla," I say, giving her a little squeeze. "Love you agro, but we need to finish this rave-up and get to business." She turns to me, her pretty red mouth pouting; oh bugger would I love to bite that lower lip, suck it into my mouth . . .

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Funny how fast I go from being pissed to being horny. All of a sudden that wave of anger heated
me up right between my legs, and Legolas putting his hand on my thigh only makes it worse. Move it up, up further, oh please –

Oh shit, forgot about Éomer and Frodo. Damn! I may be getting a little kinky, but nothing in the world will coerce me to get it on with my brother watching. Ick!

"Besides," he says, holding up another piece of veal for my own private consumption – I could get used to this, being hand-fed gourmet food by a friggin' Adonis – "Manwë didn't say anything about yer money, acushla. Maybe that's not even what they're mad about."

Mad? That surprises me; I never thought the Valar could get mad. "They're mad at Faramir?" I ask.

"Why not?" asks Éomer grimly. "We sure the hell are."

"He betrayed one of the Chosen, Éowyn," says Frodo in his quiet voice. "Even the Valar have their limits."

Damn, I wish I'd spent more time around all these guys. Faramir always kept away from them when they were talking about the Valar and being the Chosen . . . made him uncomfortable; said he thought it wasn't "proper." Well, to hell with that – I've got lots of catching up to do.

I know each race has their own pair of Vala; I know it's Manwë Legolas usually talks to; I know they've been ordering him around for years . . . since the Fourth Age at least . . . I chew and drink and ponder, while Legolas and Éomer and Frodo discuss oaths and penance and the afterlife. Spiritual, nebulous stuff . . . never pegged my brother to be so into it, but he's bought it, lock, stock, and barrel; not so surprising in Frodo and Legolas; they're more mystical and unworldly than the rest of us, Gandalf excepted. The sky turns from blue to teal to purple to black, and little pinprick diamonds flicker down at us; even under the Christmas lights and the orangy glow of the tiki torches I can see that faint whitish glow around Legolas' head and arms, and when I look over at Arwen, standing nestled in the crook of Aragorn's arm, I can see she's glowing, too.

Eldar! I'll probably never get used to how beautiful they are.

Legolas has stopped feeding me. I look down at the plate. Empty. We ate all of that? There must've been three veal chops on there, and the ratatouille, and that yummy crusty bread, and the salad. I go to take a sip of wine, but my glass is empty. Shit. Well, that explains the fuzzy feeling in my frontal lobe. Red wine – better than a lobotomy.

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All right, mates; time to get moving. The Valar await us.

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Legolas gives my thigh one last squeeze and stands up. All of a sudden everyone goes quiet; all you can hear is Éric Clapton singing tinnily on the little radio, and some tree frogs to keep him company, and the faint roar of traffic underneath it all. Everyone is looking at Legolas. He's standing still, head bowed; his hair is shining white in the darkness, the stars like a crown rim the outline of his head. Oh shit, he's so beautiful; how on earth did I end up with HIM? Is anyone listening to me up there? Thank you, Valar, for sending him to me; thank you thank you thank
you. I don’t know if you can hear me, but thank you – even if it's only been a little over twenty-four hours, all this happiness is erasing those long years of misery. Thank you, Oromé. Thank you, Yavanna.

Everyone's so still, waiting. Legolas is still. No one is moving, we're hardly breathing.

"We go to a party, and everyone turns to see/ The beautiful lady that's walking around with me/And then she asks me do you feel all right . . ."

Would someone shut that damn thing off?? Last thing I need right now is a smarmy love song to completely throw me off.

We're all stock-still. Lothíriel is standing next to Éomer, her long dark hair just brushing the top of his head. Frodo’s eyes are downcast. Sam and Rosie are holding hands. Arwen and Aragorn are looking intently at Legolas, as though they can hear, too. Gimli’s lips are pursed and he looks worried. Gandalf’s eyes are closed and his mouth is moving, though I can't hear any sound. Merry and Estella are sitting together on the wall beside Pippin and Diamond, and all four of them have their eyes fixed on Legolas.

"I feel wonderful because I see/ The love light in your eyes . . ."

No love light in HIS eyes right now. I'm looking up at him, I can see the neon glow, can feel his sense of being elsewhere. I'm holding my breath.

Stars spin and planets dance; clouds pulse and their cousin the sea swells and recedes, yet still we who are seated above the circle of Arda watch over our Chosen. They are whirling lights, twisting and bowing beneath us, reaching luminous fingers down to the rest of the denizens of this sorrow-darkened world, touching, healing, helping. They are one body, responding to our commands given to the Listening Ear; some are more eager than others – the Evenstar, the wife of the King of Gondor – she also understands, though she hears us not – yet it is the Listener who has ever been our most faithful servant. It is our will that our wrath and approbation commingled shall fall tonight, for one of this number shall be cast off, and his reward given to another.

It is time.

He raises his head. His eyes rise to the stars; his face is impassive, calm, heartbreakingly lovely. And all about him falls the pale light, diffuse, like some odd baptism.

"It is time."

Everyone stirs; those who were sitting get to their feet. He turns to walk into the house, but before he starts he reaches one hand down to me, to help me up.

How did he even know I was here? I thought he was somewhere else . . .

I put my hand in his. It's cold, almost unresponsive; he's not looking at me, his eyes are still glowing, and he's abstracted. But I let him pull me to my feet and we walk inside, hand in hand,
and everyone follows us.

Seat the injured Edan in a place of honor. Tonight shall be her reckoning, and the wrong done her reversed.

He guides me to the big flowered easy chair and lightly pushes me into it, then stands beside me. I'm reminded of the time I used to rule Emyn Arnen, when I'd sit on the dais and my bodyguard would flank me; big men in green and brown surcoats, holding spears, there to ensure my words were made law, and that I received impertinence from no one.

Of course, it's easy to be regal when you're dressed in rich, stiff brocades, foamy lace and silver crowns. I feel a little foolish now, barefoot in my flimsy sparkly shirt and ratty cut-offs, with everyone in a half-circle around us. I tuck my legs up underneath me and look up at Legolas. His eyes are still glowing that neon-blue, his face still impassive. When everyone is seated he closes his eyes briefly, then opens them again.

"Oaths taken have been broken."

Oh shit, I don't like the sound of his voice – echoey, resonant; he's not speaking at all, someone else is speaking through him.

Where are you, Legolas? Where do you go when this happens?

Speak for us, O beloved Listener. For long ages have you been our faithful servant. Serve us again, that our will might be fulfilled. Dive, plunge deep into the spinning blackness, pit your strength against the shadows and bring light to this broken globe that gyrates in the star-speckled night.

Yes, my lord.

"The Prince of Emyn Arnen has been warned five times fifty to withdraw from his present course. Still he has defied us. Our munificence toward him is ended. Not only has he betrayed his
Reward, the Edan you see before you, our Shieldmaiden; he has betrayed the mortals placed under his care, and taken from them that which did not belong to him." Legolas' face turns to Merry and he says, "The Master of Buckland shall disclose to you what he has discovered concerning these things."

Everyone looks at Merry, who blushes but jumps to his feet. "Well, it's true, I guess," he says, scuffing the toe of his shoe on the tile. "Found out when I got to digging round his financial records – got quite the scam going, he does; taken about eighty thousand quid from a bunch of ol' widows what live in Nevada – took over their investments, see, and bled 'em dry."

Shit, I didn't know THAT. I feel as though I'm getting heartburn, but I know it's anger – anger that Faramir would steal from the helpless, from those who put their trust in him. I can hear some muttering around the circle; Gimli looks pissed as hell, Aragorn's scowling, Éomer's gritting his teeth. Suddenly I want my sword, dammit. Give me my damn sword and I'll take care of it, all right – I'll cut off his fucking head!

"Yet even to those two offenses we might have relented and stayed our wrath, had he not further provoked us by his deception and disloyalty to those he has promised to cherish. Fourteen lovers has he left disillusioned and misled since he quit the presence of the Shieldmaiden, forswearing constancy for pretext, and devotion for licentiousness, prostituting his immortal body for the temporal pleasures of desire, promising much and delivering nothing. He has renounced his place, abjured his oaths, disowned his tasks. Therefore, for the reparation of his injuries to the Shieldmaiden, and to protect those mortals with whom he has contact from his depredations, we have determined he shall be cut off from the Chosen, and given his just due."

No surprises there, though I can tell everyone else is a little taken aback. Hell, I could've told them Faramir couldn't be faithful if he tried – it wasn't about me, it was about him; about time I figured that one out.

I'm a little slow, aren't I?

"The hands that shall administer this chastisement shall belong to the following members of your fellowship."

Everyone leans forward. Who gets to whack Faramir? Oh please, let me be one of them . . .

"The Istar."

Gandalf stirs.

"The King of Gondor."

Aragorn doesn't look very happy about that.

"The King of Rohan."

Grim satisfaction there.

"The Naugrim."

Gimli grunts, then catches my eye and winks. I smile a little shakily. Do I really want a part of this?

"The Master of Buckland."

Merry grins at me and flexes his fingers. Oh, shit; they're going to beat up my ex . . .

"The Thain of the Shire."

Pippin groans. He and Faramir used to be such friends. Oh, I'm starting to hate this.

"The Listener."
I look up. Legolas' face hasn't changed; he's still staring straight ahead.

"The Mayor of Hobbiton."

Sam looks surprised and a little pleased. Rosie glances at me, and we exchange worried looks. I don't like this. I don't like this idea any more. All these guys ganging up on Faramir – even if he deserves it – oh shit, I don't want to see this.

"The Ringbearer."

Frodo gives a little squeak and sits up, a look of panic on his face. Oh, I'm right with you there, Frodo.

"You will find him after midnight. Bring him to a secluded place where no mortal eyes may see what will come to pass. You will have to use deception to coerce him to come with you. Use the Ringbearer and the Listener to find and bring him."

"Me!" Frodo exclaims. He looks at Gandalf. "Why me?"

Gandalf clears his throat and says carefully to Legolas, "What use shall the Ringbearer be to us, when we go in search of the Prince of Emyn Arnen? Why is it necessary for him to accompany us? He is not the sort to take pleasure in castigation."

You got that right. Poor guy; never did have the stomach for this sort of thing.

"It is he who shall lead you to the Prince of Emyn Arnen."

Frodo's frowning, thinking hard. "But I don't know where he is. How would I know? I haven't seen him in centuries."

"You have frequented the establishment he favors. He is there tonight, searching for another victim to temporarily quell his lusts."

Frodo blushes. Don't blame him; that's not something you want everyone to know. Sam's biting his lip, Merry and Pippin are rolling their eyes. Diamond giggles. Shut up, you; this is serious!

"Let me think," says Frodo breathlessly. We all wait; he sits and pulls at his lower lip, staring at the floor. After a minute he raises his head. "It's got to be Solar Tonic on Forty-Second Street in L.A.," he says at last. "Legolas didn't mention any of the ladies going, and it's a men-only club. High cover, three-drink minimum, but a killer dance floor." He blushes again and glances guiltily around the half-circle; we're all staring at him. "I used to date one of the bartenders," he says with a shaky smile. "Nice guy 'til he dumped me."

Sam clucks his tongue; Rosie gives him a sharp look. Gandalf sighs, and turns to Legolas. "Well?" he asks. "Is that it?"

Legolas doesn't speak; his eyes are still glowing, his face still aloof. Then his tongue flicks out to touch his dry lips. It's like an electric shock going through me to see that; such an erotic thing in such a grim situation. But it wasn't meant to be sexual – he was just wetting his lips. Then he starts talking again.

"The Ringbearer's deductions are correct. Now go you to this place and bring out the Prince of Emyn Arnen beneath the stars, that our sentence may be cast upon him."

"What about us?" asks Arwen from her place beside Aragorn. "The Shieldmaiden is our friend, too. Do we have a place in this?"

"No, Evenstar; you shall remain here with the Shieldmaiden, and with you shall be the Queen of Rohan, the Rose, the Diamond, and the Star. Here you shall wait until all has been fulfilled that we have ordained, for it is our will the Shieldmaiden shall be safeguarded from any harm. For if it come to pass she witness the deposition of her spouse great injury will come of it, and our design come to naught; this shall not be, for enough disruption has been caused by the Prince of Emyn Arnen, and it is our desire to end it once for all."
That has a damn permanent sound to it. I can't help it; I shudder – bad enough hearing that the Valar are pissed off at Faramir, bad enough hearing they're going to get him back for it, bad enough they're telling me to shove off – it's worse, hearing it in Legolas' voice, even though it's not really him speaking – it's got a mechanical, emotionless quality to it that gives me a major case of the creeps.

Seems like everyone's thinking this. They're all looking down, or looking at each other, lips pursed, uncomfortable. There's silence, then I hear a great shuddering sigh above me. I look up – Legolas has closed his eyes and is breathing deeply through his mouth; his hands are shaking. I reach up and take them in mine; they're cold and clammy.

Oh my lord Manwë, this is a terrible thing.

Peace, beloved Listener. You know this is the only way to bring about reparation. To let him go upon his own path will cause even more sorrow.

Fuck it all. All right. I know.

Bugger.

I feel something warm touch me; my fingers tighten. I open my eyes, look down. My acushla is there, holding my hands, looking up at me; her eyes are glazed with tears, the poor little bit; not tears for Faramir, but for me, for us, for all of us.

Oh acushla, how I wish this were over. How I wish we didn't have to do this. How I wish I could whisk you away on the back of my Hog and take you someplace – anyplace – where the fields are lush and green, and the mountains stand like sentinels about us, their sharp heads crowned with snow. I would lay you down on a bed of white flowers and cover you with my body, and you would see the stars look down upon us as I made love to you.

But not now.

Whitey steps up to me. He's got his Maia look on, the one that tells everyone it's time to get down to business.

"So that's it, then, Legs?" he says soberly. "We're the Valar's vessels in this?"

Is it? Is this it? Fucking enough, as far as I can tell.

It is the Istar's hand that will administer the final blow.

Bugger, he'll bloody well hate that.

"You're the vessel," I say. My voice is shaking, dammit. "We're just the entourage."

He closes his eyes, shakes his head. "Bollocks," he says softly.

Éomer stands up, clears his throat. "Well, I for one am ready to go," he says. His light eyes are angry; he's looking at my acushla. Well, can't bloody well blame him; if anyone bished up Arwen's life I'd fucking want to bollock him too. "You heard what he's been doing. I vote we go now."

The men all look around. Only Pip and Frodo look uncomfortable; can't blame them, really. Then
Grim looks at me, cracks his knuckles, and heads to the door.

"All righty, then," he growls. "Let's ride."
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

There's so much fucking light pollution in this goddam city you can't even see the stars. And oh bloody hell, could I use a squint at them right now.

We've been sitting in this fucking car park for over an hour, waiting for midnight to pass. The hobbits are sitting on the hood of the estate car, and the rest of us are on our Hogs – barring Éomer, the prat, who rented a rice rocket, sounds like a bleeding hornet – tucked behind the garbage bin, watching the entrance in the shadows. Whole string of fairies filtering in, nancing and swishing past the bouncer at the door.

Haven't seen fucking Fairy-Meer yet. Hope Frodo was right.

I lean down, rest my chin on my hands, bent over the handlebars. We've kind of talked ourselves out; not much to say right now. Just fucking waiting. So I can occupy my time sussing out how to take my acushla on the back of this thing . . . let's see, if I sit facing forward, and she sits facing me with her legs over my hips . . . No, wait; might want to tip her back. If SHE sits facing forward, and I face the back, I could brace myself on the handlebars and press her back against the seat –

Ow, dammit! Still haven't changed out of these fucking leather trousers. Might as well bung the bloody kecks in the bin when I get home – can't wear them and think of Éowyn all at oncers. Not that black leather trousers will be standard fare on a horse farm, come to think of it. Better find some jeans. Loose jeans. With lots of room for my fucking plonker when it gets a sniff of my acushla . . .

I rearrange my trousers, look around. It's thick tonight, the air's too fucking heavy. I can hardly breathe . . . can feel the anger of the Valar, settling down on me like a heavy blanket. Whitey can feel it too; he's sitting back, sucking on his pipe, arms folded across his chest, glaring at the asphalt. Maybe he's thinking about what he's supposed to do to Faramir. He won't talk about it, that's for damn sure. Longshanks and Éomer are doing what male Edan do best, namely Brooding, and Grim's picking his teeth and muttering under his breath. The hobbits are playing poker on the hood of the car, Pip dealing, the fecker; nasty little cheat he is; fucking hates to lose, he does. Merry keeps him on his toes, though.

Pay attention, Greenleaf.

Whoops! All right, then, my lord.

I sit up. A car pulls into the car park, a tan Beemer. The little fuck uses the valet parking, guess he can't be bothered to fucking park his own bloody car; when the poncy pink-clad valet opens the driver's side door something clicks inside my head.

Faramir.

I'd recognize him a klick off. Look at that fucking arse-poker slide out his car, look the valet up and down; bold little fuck-head, aren't you, you grotty fucking goddam ankle-biting bendy manky kerb-crawling scrubby soppys arse-fucking cock-up.

Bloody hell, anyone would think I didn't like the little tosser.

"Oi!" I say, and everyone looks at me, then they follow my gaze to the front of the building. They all sit up, looking very alert. Faramir's paying the bouncer, flipping his hand around; what the
fuck's he wearing, a fucking sharkskin suit? Looks like it in this light. I hear a little crackly-poppy noise; it's Éomer's knuckles flexing – wants to get his fingers round the shirtlifter's throat – can't bloody blame you, mate.

Frodo speaks, his voice little more than a whisper. "What do we do?" he asks, biting his lip. "We can't just rush up there and drag him back behind the dumpster. He'll start yelling and someone will call the police. Aren't we supposed to do this secretly?"

Everyone looks at me. Fuck it all, what the hell do I look like, a fucking strategist? That's Longshanks' thing; he was the fucking King of Gondor, not I. My idea of strategy is shoot 'em all where they stand, and when you run out of ammo, slit their throats. Not subtle, but oh hell does it feel good.

Wait a few moments, then bring him out.

What, me?

Yes, Greenleaf, you. Lure him to his chastisement.

Fucking marvelous. Now I'm the Aunt Sally, am I?

In truth, my beloved Greenleaf, you are the only one here who can successfully draw him out from the public eye so that he may be dealt with in secret.

Hm, probably right, there . . . Faramir wouldn't suspect anything out of me, whereas he'd wonder what Grim or Longshanks were doing in a place like that –

Oh fuck, Manwë, you don't mean . . .

Hell shit fuck damn, he DOES mean.

Well, all right. As you wish, my lord.

Bugger.

I sit, biting my lip a minute. Need a lollie, need a lollie . . .

Oh, wait. No, wrong look entirely. Wait . . .

Fuck. That could work. I turn to Frodo. Little Flash Harry he is – naff shirt, but I can see where a bleeding ponce would think it brill.

All right, then. You can do this, mate.

"Frode," I say, "gimme yer shirt."

He blinks. "Huh?"

Everyone's looking at me, confused; then Longshanks' face clears and he covers his eyes with his hand. "Oh, no, Legs . . . "

"Fuck off, Longshanks. Gimme yer bloody shirt, Frode; let's get this the hell over with."

Frodo looks fucking pithed but he starts unbuttoning it. Whitey gets it, he groans too; Éomer just looks like he always does when he needs to suss something out – like his brain hurts but he's game to give it a go. Grim starts, looks spare, and says, "No, Legs – oh shit, no. Oh, you've got to be pulling my leg – "

I yank my shirt over my head, bung it at Frodo and take his. A little tight, but will work in that oofy place. "Anyone have a hair elastic?" I ask as I button it up. No, not all the way, mate; leave it open down to about right there . . .

The hobbits get it; Merry mutters, "Oh, god . . . " Pip dives into the car, digs around the back seat
and comes up, holding a small ponytail holder. "Think it's Rosie's," he says, and Sam glances at it and nods. I pull my hair back, twist and snap the elastic round it. Pink – why'd it have to be fucking pink? Well – at least it matches the bleeding shirt.

Frodo's buttoning up my shirt; looks odd on him, too big, too fucking masculine. Everyone's watching me. I dismount, tuck the shirt into my kecks, pick and smooth and adjust it just so. Shirtlifters are so fucking particular. Then I turn to them, arms out. "Well?" I ask. "Do I look like a poofa?"

NOW Éomer gets it. But instead of looking horrified, like everyone else, he gives a great big bloody shout of laughter, comes up to me and cuffs my shoulder. "Perfect!" he says, grinning at me. "Shit, what a brother-in-law you're going to make."

That makes me feel a little bloody better, at least. "Oo, do you really think so, big boy?" I say, shifting my shoulders in a queeny way and rolling my eyes at him.

I was an actor once, after all. Not only have I seen more batty-boys than the average hetero, I can imitate them pretty fucking well. It's a stance, the way you hold your head, move your limbs... I try out another pose, putting my hand on my hip.

Éomer shudders, makes a face. "Yech," he says. "You're too good at that."

I snap out of it, hit him back. "Fuck you," I say, shifting my shoulders in a queeny way and rolling my eyes at him. "Oo, do you really think so, big boy?" I say, shifting my shoulders in a queeny way and rolling my eyes at him.

"That was the point," says Longshanks. Grinning now, the clot.

"Ah, shut yer fucking hole," I say. Pippin holds out the carton and I take a cigarette, stick it in my gob. "Need a light, mate," I say around it. He's grinning too, the little git, lights a match and I give it a puff.

Oh, fuck, have I missed this. I take a long drag, and when I exhale I take it from between my lips – between two fingers, flip it up beside my head. Queeny, queeny, think queeny. "How's that?" I ask, looking round at them.

Everyone's quiet, studying me; none of them seem particularly comfy with the concept. Fucking A, neither do I, mates. Poor Sam looks about ready to vomit. Frodo's looking – well, fuck, a little too bloody appreciative, if you catch my meaning. I glare at him. "Don't get any fucking ideas," I warn him, and Whitey and Grim laugh. Frodo grins.

"Good luck," he whispers, and looks at his feet, still smiling.

"Right, then." I take another fag, tuck it into the front shirt pocket. "You said there was a side door, right, Frode?"

Frodo nods. "Not the emergency exit, but the one by the bathroom. You have to duck behind the stage to get to it. It's dark in the back too – no one goes out that way."

"Fucking perfect." I pause, try to collect my thoughts. Think queer. Think fop. Think bender. Put off the manky greaser gypo and put on the batty-boy shirtlifter.

That's all it is, really, is window-dressing. It's all people see anyway – not what you really are, but the cliché of what you act like.

All right, mate. Do it.

"Go round the back side, mates. Keep out of sight 'til we come out. Don't want to spook him into running back indoors, throwing the abdabs. Wait 'till I've got him. Pull your car over there, Merry; I'll try to get him up against it, so make sure it's at the back of the car park."

"Right," says Merry. He and the other hobbits start back to the car. Whitey, Longshanks and Éomer mount up, but Grim stands looking at me, a worry-pucker between his shaggy brows.

"Be careful, Legs," he growls.
"Aren't I always, darling?" I ask archly, and start across the car park to the entrance, swinging my hips. Gimli's laughing, saying, "Man, he's just too good at that – " I hear the roar as they start up, but I don't dare turn – the fucking bouncer's spotted me.

Sashay, nance, prance, flounce. No swagger, no stomping. Flip ponytail behind shoulder. Take a drag. Blow it out, eyes on bouncer. He sees me watching him. He takes the fee from the two poofs in front of me, but he watches me. I slide up to him, smiling.

"Evening, darling," I purr, put the cigarette back between my lips to take out my wallet. "Busy tonight?"

"It's hopping," he says cautiously. Big fucking oik, bet he's straight as an arrow. What a hell of a way to make a living.

"Ooo, goody," I say, looking him over blatantly. I show him my driving permit and hand over the cover charge. Fucking daylight robbery, that is. I have to bloody PAY you to drink your fucking watered-down, over-priced drinks? Bloody hell.

"Not much action out here, is there?" I ask, fluttering my lashes at him. "You poor thing. Busy later?"

He rolls his eyes. "Sorry, dude, I'm straight," he says.

I roll my lips into a pout. "Oh, damn!" I exclaim, and flounce indoors.

The noise nearly makes my ears curl. Fucking A, what the fuck are they trying to do, pull a Pete Townsend? My sainted aunt, what a place . . . smoky, loud, dark, flashing strobe lights and neon round the stage, a parade of drag queens strutting round with fairy lights worked into their costumes, three bloody bars, and oh leave it out, the dance floor lit from beneath, dry ice blowing fumes everywhere, confetti dropping from the ceiling, crib-boys in leather chaps grinding in suspended cages . . .

Fuck, never thought Frodo'd like a place like THIS. That must've been one hell of a bartender he was dating. Either that or he's fucking good at hiding his kinks.

All right, then. Where is the grotty little poofster?

Got very good at looking for people without seeming to. I work the floor, smile, lower my eyes demurely, take dainty little puffs on my fag, give everyone the glad eye. Getting lots of attention – fuck it, if I wanted to have a queer pull I'd certainly have plenty of bloody opportunities here.

Ow! Who grabbed my arse? Oh well, can't tell – best get used to it, mate; going to get a lot of that in this fucking place. Work it work it work it. You're a poof, a queen, a bender, a slag. Mary-Ann, I'm a Mary-Ann . . . unless of course you want a bottom; then fucking hell I'm a topper. Shit, not really here to get picked up – better watch myself.

Getting some action now. There's a fop sharking me, smiling; smile back, he's at the dance floor bar, you can see more from there.

Hell, maybe he'll buy me a drink. I could fucking use one.

My cig's done, I flick it away, pull out the Emergency Back-Up Fag. I sashay up to him, look at him through my lashes. Batty-boy, I'm the batty-boy . . .

"Got a light, darling?" I ask. He grins, looks me up and down suggestively, which makes my skin crawl.

"I have everything you need, sweet cheeks," he says. I smile, though really I'd rather punch his fucking poncy face, and lean in so he can light my cigarette. He's grinning, the bender, got his beady eyes fixed on my package. Like the leather kecks, do you, shirtlifter? Well, too bloody bad . . . this plonker belongs to Éowyn.
Shit! Don't think about Éowyn –

Well actually, that might work out well. Nothing like a stiffie to make him think I'm the genuine article. A bogus stiffie, to be sure; but hell, whatever works.

"Thank you, darling," I say, and lean against the bar, watching him through the smoke. He turns back to his beer, but his eyes are still on me.

"What are you drinking?" he asks hopefully.

Then I see him. Bing! His back's to me, on the dance floor; he has his arms round some poor kid who doesn't look to be more than twelve, the fucking scrubber, and he's grinding his manky package into the boy's leg. Without blinking I look back at my erstwhile protégé.

"Depends," I say, smiling seductively. "Are you buying?"

"I will if you make it worth my while," he says, and looks pointedly at my plonker again.

I pretend to consider this, take another drag and flip my hair over my shoulder.

"I'll dance with you," I concede.

He raises his eyebrows. "Beer?"

"Cosmo," I say, blowing smoke in his face.

He grimaces. "Better be one hell of a good dance."

I lean in, smile at him. "It's what happens after the dance makes up for the drink," I say.

He's got that cosmo on the counter in record time, I have to admit. Nasty bloody drink, though; watery and too fucking sweet. He watches me drink, playing with the little umbrella and turning his beer bottle round in his hands.

"My name's Mike," he says after a minute.

I glance down at the dance floor. Faramir's nibbling on the poor pillock's neck now. The song'll end soon, need to hurry this along.

"Call me Legs, darling," I say.

"Legs?" he asks disbelievingly.

I shrug, take another drink – blech! – and throw my hair behind my shoulder. "A nickname," I say evasively. "Has to do with my inside-seam." I stretch out one of my legs to him, show him the black leather and the length. He's very appreciative, oh fuck yeah. "And anyway, you're not really interested in my name, are you, Michael darling?"

He grins at my seductive tone, reaches out and starts fingering the buttons on Frodo's shirt. Oh hell, now he's walking his fingers up my chest – don't cringe don't cringe don't cringe, and above all don't fucking rip off his fucking knacks – "I have a feeling you've got a lot more interesting things about you than your name," he says, his voice husky. Oh fuck this is the mankiest thing I have ever done . . .

Faramir and his current rear-ender are grinding up against each other, lips locked; oh shit I wish I was at home with my acushla . . . focus focus focus, you're a poof, a fop, a bender – swing swish nance prance, here we go.

I knock back the drink, take Mike by the collar, exhale cigarette smoke and Cosmo breath in his face. Fuck, he must really need a bunk-up if he puts up with this. "Time to pay for the drink, darling," I whisper, and when he stands up I drag him to the dance floor.

My only consolation in fooling him is that he's getting a lot of envious looks from the rest of the shirtlifters here. Let's face it, I might not be a real poofy, but I can turn a lot of homosexual heads
– one of those times I'm fucking glad I DON'T look like Frank Perdue. So Mike's being with me on the dance floor is sort of a prize anyway – being seen with the Elf With The Golden Trousers. Need to be pretty, need to be desirable, nancy-prancy-light-and-fairy, as opposed to my usual milieu, which is more the moody-broody-buff-and-hairy type.

Fuck, it's hot in here. Sweat's rolling down my face, my chest; gonna have to pay to have Frodo's shirt dry-cleaned, dammit. Play the part, play the part, quit grizzling . . . bump and grind, arms over my head, let him put his hands on my waist, ick ick ick ick, my lord Manwë I must love you a hell of a lot to do this for you . . .

Can feel him behind me, can smell him, always smelt of wood and stone. Swing, pout, move those hips. Poor Mike is loving this but if he grabs my arse one more time I'm fucking ripping his fingers out their sockets. Turn it a little, make it look like an accident, turn turn turn – close your eyes when you're sure he's facing you, make him spot you first – come on, you fucking gobshite, come on –

I can hardly hear him over the Frankie Goes to Hollywood remix. "Legolas?"


Yeah, it's sharkskin, all right. Nasty color too.

He pulls back, shocked, though whether it's from my reaction or just from seeing me here, I've no bloody idea. Don't care, either – halfway there now, mate, almost done . . . the little ponce he was dancing with is pouting; Mike looks mad, tries to pull me back. "Hey!" he yells over the noise. "I was dancing with him."

Faramir's gobsmacked, a little wild-eyed, but behind his expression is a faint look of hope – bloody hell, he thinks he's not alone in this. Thinks there's someone else he can turn to who's just like him, the poor clot –

Wait – did I just think that?

I did. That was pity I felt. Bugger.

Harden your fucking heart, Leggsie. Now's not the time to go all soppy.

I have him, though, gripping him by his nasty manky lapels. Not gonna let you go, you fucking Flash Harry. Gonna drag you out of here to the car park if it fucking kills me. Ignore them, Faramir, just ignore them. "Faramir!" I squeal again, bouncing up and down on my toes, and give him another big hug.

Fuck, I'm such a ponce . . . works, though; he hugs me back, tentative at first, then his arms tighten around me. All I can do to not lift my knee and bollock him. When we break the embrace he's grinning, looks relieved, almost happy. "Legolas," he breathes, looks deep into my eyes, searching, questioning.

Harden your heart harden your heart harden your heart

"Oh it is so good to SEE YOU!" I gasp, put both hands on his cheeks, answer the gaze. Look tender, look compassionate, look like anything but how you feel, which quite frankly is fucking sick to my stomach. Is it the noise or the Cosmo? He smiles tentatively, raises a hand to touch my own, presses my palm against his cheek.

"It's – good to see you too, Legolas," he whispers.

Oh bloody hell, it's a fucking Tender Moment. I try to look as though I've been waiting my whole life just to find someone like him. It'd be easier if I didn't keep thinking about all those poor old ladies in Nevada he fucked over . . . I shake my head, feigning incredulousness, and say, "Where've you been, Faramir? I've – " say it say it say it, don't fucking choke on it " – missed you."
He turns his face against my palm, smearing his fucking sweat all over it, brushes his lips against my skin, oh fuck fuck fuck Manwë can I please HIT HIM? Fortunately Mike takes a hand, grabs me by the elbow and yanks me back before I can slam my fist into Fucking Fairy-Meer's oofy face.

"Hey!" he says angrily. "You still need to pay for that drink I bought you."

I turn, look as innocent as possible. "Oh, darling, I'm so sorry," I croon, laying one hand on his chest and touching the forefinger of the other to his sticky lips – I'm going to need a fucking shower when I get out of here, dammit – "I haven't seen my friend in AGES, won't you please give us a moment? Please, Michael?" And I bat my eyes at him, look irresistible, look desirable, look sweet and fuckable.

Oh bugger, didn't need to think that. Fuck the shower; I'm going to need to get disinfected. Just dunk me in a vat of Lysol . . . Mike looks sulky and mopey, but I don't give a flying fuck; I've hooked the prat and I need to land him. And any residual guilt I might feel about nobbling a drink off him disappears when Faramir grabs his little Mary-Ann and shoves him into Mike's arms. "Here," he says shortly; "take this; I'm through with it."

Oh, fucking brilliant! That's the Prince of Emyn Arnen for you – if he hadn't just slipped his arm round my waist I would've been tempted to high-five him. As it is I'd rather break his fucking nose.

Focus, Legs, focus. Reel him in.

Mike and Mary-Ann look at us in hurt surprise; I smirk at them, turn in Faramir's arm, put my own arm round his shoulders. He's a little shorter than I am, he's looking up into my eyes, fucking fatuous adoration plastered all over that dissipated face. I reach up, touch his cheek with my fingers. "Faramir," I sigh, and he closes his eyes and rests his head on my shoulder.

"God, I've missed you," he whispers, barely even loud enough for me to hear.

I glance back at Mike and Mary-Ann. Mike's still got the little prat in his arms; the manky little kerb-crawler is looking up at him with that oh-my-hero-you-rescued-me look in his eyes. Fucking hell, still has a hickie on his neck from where fucking Fairy-Meer was sucking on him.

"Come away from here," I whisper back, and gently lead him round the back of the stage. He's nestled into my side, his head on my chest, fucking nuzzling me – only consolation is I must've tricked him but good.

Frodo was right; it's dark and quiet back here. And there's the door – just a couple of snogging ankle-biters working up to a cottaging; they won't even notice us.

I'm close I'm close I'm so fucking close – don't bish it up now, mate . . . careful . . .

Oh fuck, now we're alone Faramir thinks he's got license to have it off; hardly come to a stop and he's pushing me up to the wall, hands on either side of my face, rubbing his naughty bits on my thigh and stretching up to kiss me. Fuck fuck fuck I have to kiss him back, have to play along until I can get him out of here, fuck fuck fuck . . . pretend you're kissing Éowyn, pretend it's Éowyn; oh bugger I can feel his stubble rubbing my chin, nasty nasty nasty! He's got his fucking tongue in my mouth, tastes like whisky, breathing hard through his nose; he's all hard underneath that manky sharkskin and he's using my fucking leg to masturbate against.

Lysol, hell. Just give me a bathtub full of bleach.

Focus focus focus – almost there, almost there –

"Faramir," I gasp; I can't help gasping, he's shoved up against me so hard my lungs are compressed. He groans into my mouth, tangles his hands in my hair, starts rubbing harder.

"Oh god it's so good to see you, you're so beautiful, oh god I missed you so much — " Amazing talent he's got, talking and snogging all at once; if I weren't about to lose my tea I'd be pretty
fucking impressed. "I'm so glad I found you, so glad we're together, so glad you're like me . . ." He looks up at me, oh fuck he's crying, don't pity him don't pity him don't pity him . . . "I thought I was alone, that I was alone forever –"

"Shush, shush," I croon, brace myself to kiss him back. Oh bugger, the poor sod –

Wait, wait! Remember what he did to Éowyn, remember the old ladies in Nevada! Remember the fucking Valar!

"Wait," indeed. Enough of this fucking shit, time to take this party elsewhere. Besides, if he grinds against me too much more he'll spunk in his trousers, then he'll be all embarrassed, then it'll get bloody awkward – no, keep him hungry, reel him in. I pull back, straighten up. "Wait, Faramir," I say, trying to sound all keyed up and randy. He looks up at me, still teary-eyed, hands in my hair, plonker shoved into the crease of my hip – oh please, don't notice I'm soft; then the gig is up . . . I twitch back just in case. Don't bish it up now, mate. "Not here – my car's outside – come on –" I take him by the hand, tug him toward the door.

Thank the Valar, doesn't even bloody hesitate, the fucking pranny; follows me eagerly, he does. "Yes," he whispers, he's smiling now. "Oh god, Legolas, hurry, oh god how I want you –"

I nearly vomit at that; good thing my face is turned away from him or he'd see me gag. I push past the snogging couple, got their hands in each other's trousers now, open the door, we're outside.

He flinches back. It's dark, smelly. Don't see a soul, don't hear a soul – those gobshites had better be waiting out there or I'm going to fucking kill them. No fucking way in hell I'm bunking up with fucking Fairy-Meer in the back seat of a rental. I turn to him, tug his hand again. "Hurry," I whisper. He doesn't move. Fuck. His eyes are wary, looking round in the blackness, darting round the dark forms of parked cars, of the dumpsters, of the stunted little trees. Hell of a time for his Rangerhood to show its fucking head. Time to pull out the big guns.

I take his face in my hands, kiss him hard at first, then slide my tongue into his mouth. Ick, ick, ick . . . snog him snog him snog him, don't think about it dammit. I can feel his shoulders relax a little. I reach down – oh fuck I don't want to do this – and grab him through his trousers. He gasps, his eyes close.

"You're so hard," I breathe into his ear, and flick the tip of my tongue round the lobe. He groans.

"Yes," he says. His breath is going shallow again. Fuck, he's easy; hasn't been five minutes and I've got my hand on his todger. Okay, Legs, you can do this. Easy . . .

I rub up and down slowly, giving it the kind of pressure I'd like. He groans again, leans into me, pushes his face against my neck. Now his arms are around me again – that's better – come on, you fucking slag, come on –

"Come on," I repeat. "My car. Hurry. I have to have you."

Fuck, I can't believe I'm saying this. And I hope to hell the others can't hear me. Bugger, I'll never hear the end of this . . .

Got him now; I'll have to remember this – if you want a bloke to follow you, just grab his willy.

Now, that's pretty fucking pathetic – hope Éowyn doesn't suss this out.

Or maybe she has already, and I'm just too much of a fucking nit to see it.

Don't have to drag him now; he's practically got his mouth cello-taped to my neck – please, please, no hickies; how the fuck would I explain that to Éowyn? – his hands are everywhere, on my ronson, grabbing my nips, in my hair. Don't touch my plonker, please; I'm Mr. Softee, so fucking turned off I could sick up right now. Where's the fucking car where's the fucking car where the oh there it is, no one in sight, quick quick quick –

"Here," I pant, push him up to the car. He grabs me – stronger than I thought, this one, better
watch myself – turns me, my back to the car door, presses up against me, kissing me.

All right, mates, any time now . . .

I let him tangle his tongue with mine, fight down the nausea, let his hands run all over me – not there, dammit, he'll suss me out – my hands in his hair – come on, mates, come on, let's go . . .

"Legolas," he groans, oh fuck he's biting my neck, if he marks me I'll fucking break his jaw, "Oh, Legolas – "

A click, the sound of a foot being placed softly on the asphalt.

About fucking time.

I grab his hair, jerk him back, slam him up against the car, knock the breath from him. Got his arms twisted round his back, pull tight, hear the crack; he tries to yell but I shove his belly into the side mirror and he doubles over. I smash his face against the panel, hear him grunt, then wrench him round, twist, and he's flat on his stomach, my knee in the small of his back, one of my hands holding his wrists, the other gripping his head by his hair.

Got you, you fucking slag.

He can hardly draw in his breath, not lust this time is it, oh no indeed . . .

"Legolas," he croaks. "What the hell – "

"Shut the fuck up," I hiss into his ear.

Had enough of this mess, let's end it. Fuck, feel like a year's passed; that's the grottiest, grossest, nastiest thing I have ever had to do in my entire life. And that's bloody saying something too, mate. Oh my lord Manwë, do you owe me big.

The steps approach. I look up. Big boots, denim, that's more like it.

I yank his face up by his hair so he can look up too.

"You remember your brother-in-law, don't you, Faramir?" I ask sweetly.

Éomer's out front. Fuck, he looks mad. Dangerous looking greasers we are; wouldn't be surprised if Fairy-Meer soiled himself. Longshanks, Grim, and Whitey are to his left, the hobbits to his right, and fucking hell do they look brassed.

Faramir gives a little whimper, tries to wriggle backward; I put all my weight on my knee and he stops struggling.

Whitey steps forward. He's got a very nasty smile on his face, and – I'm not sure how he got it – his staff is in his hands. That's it, then. The Valar have given him the go-ahead; there's no bottling out now. I give Faramir a shake by the hair, being very careful to bang his head against the asphalt a few times in the process. Need to pay you back for the biting, you bleeding ponce.

"Going to be a good boy, aren't you?" I say. "Not going to bolt, oh dear me no – have to get real fucking mean then, won't we, mates?"

"Damn straight," says Éomer in a low growl, and flexes his fingers.

I feel Faramir flinch under my hands, flinch back from that big, bloody, belligerent man who up until four years ago had been his brother-in-law, part of his family. He knows, he fucking knows he's bollocked; he knows he's been sussed, the holiday's over. He tries to buck me off but I tighten my grip on his arms, pull them up harder, harder and farther until he's fucking squealing with pain. You stuck-up self-centered manky nine-bob cheating little gobshite, you WILL do what I tell you. I relax them, he quiets and stills beneath me, tense, trembling. I put my face up to his ear again.

"Going to be good?" I ask. He nods once, quickly, and I jump up and get clear.

Everyone else has circled him, hemmed him in. I join Grim, dig a lollie out of my pocket. Fuck, got to get his taste out of my mouth. As I peel back the paper Faramir slowly gets his hands underneath him, looking up at us, face scared and cautious and resentful; up to his knees, then slowly, slowly to his feet, looking behind himself, circling, looking for an escape.
No escape now, Fairy-Meer. You bished it this time, didn't you, you fucking cock-up?

His hands are shaking, brushing off his trousers. He turns round and round, looking at us, looking for an out, for a sympathetic face. Not going to get it here, mate. We know too much.

He runs his fingers through his hair unsteadily, trying to get it back into place. He looks directly at Longshanks; looks like a challenge.

"Well, Aragorn?" he says. Tries to sound brave but it comes out wobbly. "All of you going to gang up on me, beat me up?" He looks over at me, resentful, hurt. "And you," he says, and I can hear real anger there. Oooh, I'm sooooo scared . . . "You just used me, Legolas – used my, my weakness to get me out here.‘ He glares at me, daring me to answer, but I roll the lollie in my mouth, lean back against the car door with my arms folded. You see any regret on this face? Didn't think so, feck-head.

"No need, Faramir," says Longshanks. His voice is quiet, but you can almost taste the undercurrent there – anger, sorrow, disappointment. "We're not the ones who will be dealing with you. We're just the delivery boys."

Faramir goes white, he looks around a little wildly. "What do you mean?" he asks, his voice tight. "Who – the Valar? But – " he pauses, looks at me, grits his teeth. Oh, look. The poncer's mad. Boo hoo. "You bastard," he says, balling his hands into fists. "You – you betrayed me, brought me out here just to – to poke fun at me, to mock me, to – to – " He chews his lips a minute, too mad to speak, then he says, "You always hated me – didn't you! Always took Éowyn's side – you always did – you always liked her best.

Like a photograph flashed in front of my face is the image I get, don't know where it came from but it's before my eyes in a heartbeat – my acushla, naked, leaning back in the bed, a lollie in her mouth, her long legs wound around mine, laughing, smiling at me – at ME. I laugh out loud before I can stop myself. Faramir flinches, stares at me, then looks around again – smiles, grins, snorts of laughter surround him. He takes a deep breath. "Stop laughing at me!" he says, shaking his lips a minute, too mad to speak, then he says, "You always hated me – didn't you! Always took Éowyn's side – you always did – you always liked her best."

"Oh, shut the fuck up." It's Éomer; he's running his fingers thoughtfully over his knuckles, like he's planning to use them for something other than keeping his fingers attached to his hands. "You're the one who turned Éowyn away. Not Legolas' fault she ran right into his arms. Legs, now – he's man enough to handle her. Aren't you, Legs?"

More chuckles round the circle, some sly looks. But the expression of growing horror on fucking Fairy-Meer's face is funnier than anything anyone's said so far this evening. He's staring at me, the bloody berk, eyes wide, mouth open in shock. I grin, my snarky go-to-hell grin, and take the lollie out of my mouth.

"You haven't – " he starts, but can't seem to get the rest of the statement out of his mouth. Mental, this one.

"Insatiable, that pretty little bit," I say, licking the sticky residue off my lips. "Hell of a good time in bed, she is. Thanks, by the way," I add solemnly, examining my lollie carefully. "If you hadn't decided to go arse-fucking, I never would've had the chance to suss out what she's like between the sheets. I owe you one, you slimy git."

Merry snorts with laughter; Pip elbows him. Faramir looks wildly round at them, back at me. Doesn't believe me, doesn't want to. He licks his lips, eyes darting round, then says, "So – so that's what this is all about – it's my being gay – isn't it? My god," he says, his voice shaking; "you're all so antediluvian – homophobes – it's always the same – "
"Don't be stupid," says Frodo quietly. Faramir looks at him. "I'm gay and they don't care. Put your dick anywhere you like – the issue's not our sexuality."

Faramir stares at him. "What is it, then?" he asks.

Prepare yourself, Greenleaf.

What? For what?

It is coming. Are you ready?

A vista of terrible blackness opens before me. It pulls, drags me down; it's emptiness, it's pain, it's horrible silence.

Are you ready?

Oh, fuck, my lord . . .

No one's seen me Listening; they're looking at Whitey, who's stepped forward, his staff outstretched. Faramir cringes back, still defiant, but terrified.

And rightly so. Oh, fuck.

"Faramir son of Denethor," says Whitey, "you have been summoned here before these witnesses to defend yourself against charges leveled upon you by the Valar themselves. Your depredations are threefold: First, the betrayal of your given spouse, Éowyn of Rohan, and the withholding of her property. Second, the theft of monies belonging to twelve retired pensioners in the state of Nevada." Faramir goes very pale. Obviously he had no idea we knew. Murder will out. "Third, your deplorable behavior in this very establishment, procuring sexual favors without keeping promises. Have you anything to say?" He waits, staff leveled in Faramir's face. The tip is glowing slightly, and I can see Narya flickering in the dimness.

Oh Faramir, you are so fucked.

Faramir swallows, looks from side to side. There's no escape, mate; you're bloody well bollocked. He licks his lips again, opens his mouth to speak, pauses, then drops his gaze.

"Well?"

It is coming.

Stop it. Stop it, my lord Manwë. You can't. Don't do this, please. You can't fucking do this.

Don't let it come out. Turn the staff off – turn the bloody staff off!

Faramir drops his head, defeated. "All right," he growls. "Okay. So I did. So sue me. I was just – " he casts around for an explanation. "Just trying to make ends meet – to figure out who I am, what I am – " He gestures blankly, closes his eyes, shoulders slumped. "Fine," he says. His voice is very bitter. "I knew no one would understand. No one ever has. It's always the same – nothing ever works out for me. It never has. I've never been able to do anything right, make anyone happy. I can't even make myself happy. I don't care. Kill me if you want." His voice breaks. "I'm so unhappy," he says.

It is here.

Oh, fuck . . .

Will you do this, Greenleaf? You have never disobeyed before.

Fuck fuck fuckity fuck fuck.

Whitey stretches the staff out. The tip approaches Faramir's forehead. It's glowing brightly now, glowing red; Faramir's skin is glowing red.
No. No. Don't make me do this. I can't do this. Oh fuck, my lord . . .

That blackness, the sense of eternal isolation

And pain, pain unendurable

Oh fuck

I turn to Grim. His face is sad, regretful, but stern. He knows the punishment is just. Hell, so do I, but –

I've never disobeyed my lord before. Fuck it, I'm not going to start now.

"Grim," I say quickly. I don't want him to stop me. "Tell Éowyn I'm sorry." And I reach forward and touch the tip of the staff.

My brain explodes

someone's screaming my name

someone's screaming

oh god it's fire it's running down my veins oh god my head my head my eyes

something hits my head, scrapes my back, oh god that fire, it cuts me slices me flays me

my heart oh god it's swelling my lungs I can't fill my lungs oh my lord help me

help me help me oh god I can't stand it

no more no more no morenomorenomoreohgod

the fire

then black

then nothing
I sit on the chair by the bed. My hands are in my lap. I'm staring at them. Just staring. They're folded, fingers laced together. Long, thin hands, with long, strong fingers. But they're not doing anything right now.

A little while ago they were hitting Gandalf. And when Aragorn and Éomer dragged me off of him I started hitting them. By the time I was done hitting people I'd graduated to hitting the walls. And screaming. I remember screaming.

I won't look at the bed. Oh, damn. My eyes are filling up again and my hands have gone all cloudy.

I can see the edge of the bed at the top of my peripheral vision. The comforter is blue. I bought it after Faramir left me. I was so tired of pink, I guess I wanted the antithesis. So it's blue.

I blink the tears away. I'm so tired of tears. And my throat hurts from screaming. And it's tight.

Merry's sitting next to me. They've all taken turns sitting with me. They don't say anything, just sit there.

Sometimes I don't sit. Sometimes I lie down on the floor. It makes a change. But after I've laid down on the floor for a while I get back up and sit in the chair.

But I don't look at the bed. I know what it looks like. Heaven knows I did that enough.

Merry sighs. I can tell from the corner of my eye that he's looking at me. But he doesn't say anything. No one does, not any more.

He gets up, walks out of the room. I can hear his shoes on the tile, clunk clunk clunk. He walks away, into the living room. Now I can hear voices, people talking. They're probably talking about me. I don't care.

I won't look at the bed. I know what's on it. I don't want to see it. It hurts too much, and I'm so tired of hurting.

I'm restless, I want to stand up. But if I stand up I might accidentally look at the bed.

Someone's walking down the hall to the bedroom. Footsteps stop at the doorway, I can hear someone breathing. It's a man.

"Éowyn?"

It's Éomer. Oh please, don’t talk to me. I can't talk. Every time I open my mouth my throat gets all tight again and I get that feeling like someone's just punched me in the stomach.

Silence. He waits. Then he tries again. "Éowyn."

I shift my feet, letting him know I'm listening, but I don't look up.

"Do you want me to sit with you?"
His voice is shaky too. Everyone's is. No one who's said anything for the past six hours has been able to say it straight. Wobbly, trembly, unsteady voices.

Six hours. It feels more like six centuries.

I decide to not stare at my hands any more. I'm going to stare at my feet. At least that's a little different.

Long thin feet, red painted toenails. No calluses, no corns, no bunions. Just perfect feet to go on the ends of my perfect legs.

My two-klick legs.

It hits me like a blow, I double over, I can't breathe. I've got my hands over my head and I'm rocking, rocking, back and forth, the pressure building up in my skull until I think it's going to explode. There's a whining, a high keening noise coming out of me, like a prelude to an eruption. I feel hands on me, Éomer's hands, he's holding me, rubbing my back, trying to hug me. But I would have to sit up, my stomach hurts, and I might see the bed. He's speaking, he's saying something, he's crying.

Then the sob comes out, horrible wrenching in my chest, tearing out my throat. How can I have any liquid left in my body to make more tears? Surely I must be dehydrated by now.

I slide out of his arms to the floor. Cold hard tile on my face, my elbows, my knees; I'm hiding, hiding from him, hiding from this horrible pain.

More footsteps. Aragorn is speaking, low quiet voice, bedside voice, the hands of the king are the hands of the healer.

"Just leave her alone, Éomer. There's nothing we can do, nothing we can say. We all just have to ride it out."

His voice shakes. He's crying too.

The footsteps leave, the breathing leaves. There are two people in this room but only one of them is breathing.

I don't know how long I crouch there, my tears making a puddle under my face, but after a while the racking sobs stop again and I roll onto my side. I lie there, waiting for my chest to stop hurting.

I keep doing this. I stop, then I start and my chest hurts. I stop until my chest stops hurting, then I start again.

It was worse at first. The screaming was definitely worse. I'm not sure who was louder, me or Gimli, but this place was mayhem for a while.

I open my eyes. I can see under my bed. A shoe, an earring, a couple of dust bunnies. When was the last time I vacuumed under here? I stretch out my arm and pick up the earring. I thought I'd lost this at work. I'd put it in my jewelry box but that would entail getting up, and I'm so tired. So I cradle it in the palm of my hand and stare at the dust bunnies.

I'll never answer the phone again.

I didn't believe him at first. I could hear yelling in the background, Gimli yelling, Éomer yelling. It was Aragorn, trying to explain what had happened. I didn't understand. Fifteen thousand years of survival, and one touch does it? It didn't happen. He'll be all right, just wait a couple of minutes. I'm sure you're mistaken.

Then Gandalf. Hysterical. The staff, the ring, the flash of light. He's a Maia. He knows.

That's why I attacked him when he came back. It was his hand that did it. I was screaming, "Bring him back! Bring him back!" as though it was just as easy to reverse it as it was to do it. But then
Éomer brought him in and I knew.

I still tried to argue. How did they know? Stupid of me. A doctor and a Maia. Of course they knew.

What are the stages of grief again? Anger, denial, bargaining, what comes next – is depression one of them? I think I went through the first three and I'm stuck on the last one. No, wait, the last one is acceptance. Fuck that. Like I'll ever accept this.

My cheek is starting to hurt from lying on the tile. I roll over onto my back and stare at the ceiling. There's a crack in the corner, and a stain from an old leak over my head. It's kind of shaped like a teapot. Or an amphora.

That's it. I could drink. I could drink and drink and drink and drink until I passed out, then when I woke up I'd be hung-over, and have a damn good reason to feel this bad.

That's what Gimli's doing. He hit the tequila within minutes after coming back.

Tears streamed down his cheeks into his beard, his eyes were red, bloodshot. He could barely speak for sobbing. "He said he was sorry," was all I could get out of him.

Sorry. Sorry for ending it. Sorry for obeying his master. Sorry for hurting me.

I get punched again and I curl in. My stomach hurts, my throat hurts, my head hurts. My eyes burn from so many tears. I roll over onto my other side and face the wall. Something digs into my hand when I clench it into a fist. It's my earring. Another sob rips its way out of me and it hurts.

Footsteps, soft ones this time, soft hands on my side. The smell of baby powder and hairspray. Small strong arms in soft silky sleeves slide under me, pull me up into a warm comfortable bosom, hold me there, rocking me like a baby. A quiet voice, a mother's voice, a mother who knows death and loss and pain and sorrow.

"Go ahead and cry, dear," says Rosie, and I do what she says, I cry and cry and cry into her breasts until her pretty satin shirt is all stained with my tears, but I can feel drops of water on my head and I know she's crying too. I don't know how long I cry but when I'm done I lie there, staring past her at the wall, one hand on my mouth, the other holding my earring. And still she rocks me, rocks me like a baby, and I lie there and let her.

When she speaks again I can hear her voice through her chest, can hear it over her heartbeat. "We all loved him," she says softly. "But you and Gimli loved him best, and you two are the ones hurting the most."

Oh, you understand, don't you; you understand what I'm feeling. You know that sucker-punch, the jab to the kidneys. I inhale, a deep shuddering breath.

"Rosie," I say. I'm still sobbing, my voice thick and choked. "What am I going to do?"

"There, there, now, dear," she croons, and I feel her hand stroking my hair. "You'll do just what he would have wanted you to do. You'll go on and do things and go places and meet people. You'll be strong, you'll be his Shieldmaiden."

I start to sob again. It's too hard. "I don't want to be a Shieldmaiden anymore," I say, I know it's stupid but I say it anyway.

Rosie sighs. "Well, you might change your mind about that eventually, dear," she says, and gives me a squeeze. I shut my eyes. "Now then, dear, would you like a cup of tea? Might settle your stomach a bit."

I haven't had anything to eat since dinner. We all sat around the table when the guys left, swapping stories, trying to distract ourselves from what they were going to do. Not that I think any of us really knew what they WERE going to do – if I'd known Gandalf was heading out to off Faramir I wouldn't have been as calm as I was.
Lothíriel kept asking me what he was like in bed. Arwen and Rosie wouldn't listen; Arwen because he was like a brother to her and it grossed her out, Rosie because it "wasn't proper-like." But Lothíriel, Diamond, and Estella hooted with laughter when I told them how many times we'd done it.

Twenty-four hours. We were together barely twenty-four hours.

Rosie squeezes me again, and I say, "No thanks. No tea."

"No?" She kisses the top of my head, where her tears wet my hair. "Well, let me know if you'd like any. Do you want to come out with us into the lounge? We won't talk to you if you'd rather not."

"No," I say. My voice is a little stronger, I think I'm done for now. "I want to stay in here a little while longer."

Rosie pauses. I know she doesn't like me being in here, but she knows now would be a very bad time to start ordering me around. "All right then, dear. Do you want to get back up into your chair?"

And look at the bed? Hell, no. "No," I say. I roll out of her lap and lie on the floor again. The tile is cool on my cheek. She kneels beside me for a minute, stroking my hair; then she squeezes my shoulder, gets up, and pads out of the room.

I can hear voices in the living room. Gandalf is explaining something; his Oxford accent is slipping, catching, snagging on his sorrow. "I don't know why he did it," he's saying, for about the twentieth time. "But the Valar accepted the substitution. I didn't know, I couldn't stop it – "

He sobs, I hear Frodo say something like, "It wasn't your fault," and I close my eyes.

Typical of the stubborn bastard, dying just because Manwë told him to.

I'm not sure whether I admire him or hate him for it. Faramir goes free and the Listener dies.

The Listener.

I haven't thought his name since I came in here. I started out looking at him, then I sat down and looked at my hands, and now I'm here on the floor again. I open my hand, look at the earring. It's not even a real pearl. I drop it on the floor.

I can't lie here forever. I'll have to get up eventually. I may not ever stop hurting, I might cry for centuries, I might slog through the rest of my days doubled over with pain, but even ceramic tile isn't eternal and if I lie here long enough watching the dust bunnies reproduce I'm sure I'll miss out on something important.

It's only cowardice preventing me from getting up. If I can just get up and look at him, if I can just walk out of this bedroom and leave him behind for a while, I'll have proven that I really AM a Shieldmaiden, and not that gutless, weak-hearted, spineless wimp I was when he picked me up in Pasadena. He spent twenty-four hours awakening my Inner Shieldmaiden and I'll repay him poorly by cowering under the bed, refusing to face him.

First things first. I roll onto my knees and elbows, rest my forehead against the tile. How he'd laugh at me if he saw me, my butt stuck up into the air. I push up so my arms are straight. He wouldn't laugh now. He'd be biting my ass, or reaching around to unbutton my fly, or rubbing up against me from behind. I feel the thrill of anticipation quiver through me and more tears drop onto the floor.

Never again . . . It takes me a minute, but I close my eyes and stand up.

I can see the reddish glow of the bedside table lamp through my eyelids. I'm facing in the right direction, right next to the bed. All I need to do is open my eyes.

I know they're not glued shut. They just feel like it.

Oh god, why did this have to happen? Why did he even come? It would've been better if he'd
never come.

No, that's not true. Even twenty-four hours with him is better than no hours at all, despite the horrible ending.

I open my eyes and look down at the bed.

Legolas.

I knew he was dead when Éomer laid his body down on my bed. That quick, kinetic, twitchy, energetic form was limp, flaccid, sagging in my brother's arms, head lolling back, limbs askew. The eyes were half open, lightless, dull; his jaw was clenched, teeth gripping the tip of his tongue, testament to the torment of his death. As I look down upon that still gray face I remember hearing Aragorn speak to Arwen and Lothíriel – "Did he suffer?" Lothíriel had asked anxiously. Aragorn was sobbing. "Oh god, he was in agony – " And I heard Pippin in Diamond's arms, brokenly describing his screams, his thrashing, the long body arching up in anguish before the light left his eyes and he dropped lifeless to the ground.

It's so strange to see him like this; it's almost as though it's not really him. That translucent abalone skin is colorless, waxy; the hair has lost its luster, spread out on the pillow, the thin nimble fingers lightly flexed, perfectly still. It's the lips that convince me he's gone, he's left the shell of this body and gone elsewhere, where, Gandalf couldn't say; rejected by Námo, he said. Harborless, anchorless, homeless; abandoned, deaf, mute, halt and blind – a worse agony than the physical death is the spiritual one.

The rose-leaf pink of those cupids-bow lips is gone, replaced by a lackluster purply-blue. The marble cheeks have lost their hint of color, the creamy thick eyelids darkened, wrinkled. When they first laid him down I threw myself across his body, wanting to make him start breathing, make him come back. The chest was still, I couldn't hear a heart beat, and I just lay there with my face in his cold dry hair, until the scent of rosemary faded completely.

Then I started screaming.

The tears roll down my cheeks, down my neck, down my chest, over my breasts. I'm not sobbing, but the tears roll down and down, like a dull trickle from a heavy gray sky, a drizzle, dribbling down my chin and soaking into my shirt.

All right. I think I've looked at him long enough. I KNOW what he looks like dead. Now I want to think about what he looked like when he was alive. It's all I've got, now.

I can't, here in this room, with his body lying there inert in front of me. It mocks my memory, reminds me I'll never hear his loud brassy laugh, smell the rich piney scent of his hair, feel the satiny smooth hardness of his skin. I'll never lie with my head on his breast, hearing the comforting thum-thrum of his heartbeat after we make love.

Love. I never told him I loved him. I was too scared. The Shieldmaiden was too fucking scared. He kept trying to tell me, casting hints, hoping I wouldn't run off screaming.

Well, it's too late now.

I can't even ask Gandalf to tell Manwë to tell Námo I said I loved him, because he's been denied entry to the Halls of Mandos and no one's talking to him now. I screwed up. I spent thousands of years desperately loving a worthless piece of shit, and when the perfect guy came along I was too fucking timid to put my heart on the line and tell him how I felt. Oh sure, I sang him that aria, but he was the one who said, "Die Liebe ist's allein." And how did I respond? "Réponds à ma tendresse, verse-moi l'ivresse." What a cop-out.

I turn my back on the bed.

Will I come back in here later? I don't know. Probably.

I look at the door.
Gimli is standing there. Well, propped up against the door-jamb, anyway, holding a nearly empty bottle of tequila. Bleary-eyed, still damp about the beard area, red-nosed and sniffing.

Someone who feels as bad about this as I do. Amazing.

He swallows a couple of times; I can tell he's gearing up to say something and doesn't want his voice to break again. I wait. I have forever to wait, after all, and nothing to hurry to do. At last he says in a quavery voice, "Gonna sit here a while, 'kay?"

I nod. He totters in, his eyes on Legolas' body. I step aside and he sits heavily in the chair, broad shoulders sagging, hands drooping limply from the ends of his arms, bottle swinging, staring blankly. Neither of us moves for a long time. All I can hear is his breathing, heavy, through his mouth, and my own, whistling through my nose. I clear my throat.

"Okay?" I ask.

He nods. I turn and walk out.

People are lumped around the living room like sacks of potatoes. No one's moving, they're just sitting around, slumped over, heads in hands, drooping. Only Rosie is upright, weary-eyed but alert; Sam's head is in her lap, and he's asleep.

I look at the clock. It's almost six thirty. The sun will be rising soon. I look out of the sliding glass doors to the patio. The back wall is a black shadow; the sky is lightening from deep blue to purple. Suddenly I want to see the sunrise. I missed it yesterday morning; by the time I woke up I was in Legolas' arms as he made sweet love to me in our bedroom.

Our bedroom. Not mine.

Quite a difference twenty-four hours makes in a person's life.

I cross to the glass doors and unlatch them. The click makes Lothíriel's head jerk up; she's curled up in Éomer's arms. They both look over at me.

"Where are you going?" she asks, brushing her hands over her face. Tearstained face, like mine.

"Outside," I say. My throat is getting tight again and I don't want to talk.

"Do you want to be alone?" Arwen turns to me from her spot on the floor, where she's cushioned in Aragorn's lap. Her lovely eyes are ravaged, bright with tears. He was like a brother to her, the brother given her after the Twins broke ties.

"Yes," I say. It's hard enough handling my pain. I don't want to have to deal with someone else's, too.

The door rumbles open, I step onto the rough stone floor of the patio, and slide it shut behind me. I hear crickets, tree frogs, the soft distant roar of traffic. I inhale. Damp grass, concrete, the faintest after-scent of barbecue. The Christmas lights are still up, turned off but hanging from the palm trees and oak branches; the tiki torches are burnt out, black and smelling of fuel. I walk carefully, trying not to hurt my feet on the bumps and knobs of the patio tile, and when I get to the edge I sit down and put my feet in the cold grass. I look to the sky. It's lighter now, almost lavender, and the stars are fading.

Yes, this is better. Better than sitting in that hot little room, watching him grow colder and stiffer. Better than watching the others watch me, better than fielding questions about how I'm doing, better than hearing the self-reprimand, the angry accusations, the weeping. I think I'll stay out here forever and not ever go back inside, never never never.

Shit. My feet are cold, and the dew is soaking my butt.

Okay. Not forever. But at least for a while.

I wish I could turn my brain off. I keep seeing him alive, then him dead. I see him in my head,
talking and cooking and throwing his head back to laugh, then I see him limp and gray and cold. I watch the sky as it gets lighter, then I get tired of that and bury my head in my arms, propped up on my knees.

Peace, Shieldmaiden.

I raise my head, look around. Who said that?

I am Yavanna.

Oh shit. I'm either going nuts, hearing voices in my head, or . . .

Or I'm hearing voices in my head, and I'm NOT going nuts.

Either prospect scares the shit out of me.

You are not going mad, Shieldmaiden. With the Listener gone, I must speak to you directly, for his intervention has been taken from you.

It sure the hell has. What's up with that, anyway? What the hell was Manwë thinking, doing that to him? All he ever did was obey perfectly, he Listened when he was supposed to, told everyone what they were supposed to do, did everything you and Elbereth and Manwë told him to do. And what thanks does he get? An excruciating death and eternal damnation. I don't call that very fucking fair. In fact, it's fucking UNfair, and I'm pissed as hell, and I don't want to listen to you, I don't care what you have to say to me, I'm mad and I don't give a flying fuck about ANY of you any more, so you might as well just shut up and leave me alone. You've never done a damn thing for me anyway, just gave me a worthless trashy husband who treated me like shit, and just when I think things are finally going right you fucking pull the rug out from underneath me, and if that's not bad enough you punished the GOOD guy and let the BAD guy go off scott-free. What the fuck's up with that? Don't you have any sense of right and wrong? Or are you so removed from normal people's lives that you just sit up there on your damn fat immortal asses, throwing lightning bolts down at the poor shitheads living beneath you, thinking it's some damn computer game like the Sims? Oh no, we don't matter at all, we must not have feelings or opinions or anything else that matters to you, so you think you can just jerk us around and ruin our lives and do whatever the hell you want with no consequences or responsibility at all. Well, fuck you! Take your Valinor and your Two Trees and your stuck-up superiority complex and shove it up your ass, because I am NOT having ANYTHING to do with ANY of you ANY MORE.

The crickets chirp and the tree frogs croak. I lift my head. The sky has streaks of green in it now, and it's a pale blue – like his eyes were blue – clear blue – deep blue. Oh god, I miss him.

I know how much you desire to be with him, and it pains me to feel your grief. But sorrow, like night, has its end; you need only wait for it to dawn upon you.

Sorry, Yavanna, there's no end to grief for me. I've got to live for at least another fifteen thousand years, and if I can't have him there's nothing for me to do.

Ah, there you are mistaken, my Shieldmaiden. There is much left for you beneath the circle of this earth. There is sorrow here, and hurt; pain and suffering, toil and poverty, confusion and hatred. All these things you are here to combat; you are our vessels, our hands. And the soul that has felt these griefs is all the more mighty to oppose them.

Oh, great. So not only do I have to live alone for another hundred centuries, I get to work my ass off trying to get people to treat each other properly. What a charming prospect. Thanks all the same, my lady, but I think I'll just stay here.

Would you reject your calling, as your husband did, and cower beneath a cloak of mortality, rejecting our commands?

Um . . . well, when you put it that way . . . no, I guess not. And besides, if I did that, I'd lose touch with everyone else again, and that would suck.
Do you then accept your destiny?

Do I have a choice?

You always have the choice, Shieldmaiden. Well? Do you accept what I have planned for your future?

Sure. Why the hell not? I'm not doing anything right now, anyway.

Hey. Since I can hear you, does that make me a Listener, too? I mean, now that Legolas is gone, you're going to need someone else to Hear. Does this mean you've picked me? Am I the one that's going to go all weird-glows-eyed now?

I told you, in the Listener's death, other channels had to be sought. For now, you are that channel.

Oh. Well. Okay, I guess. I can do that. I mean, that's not so bad. And Legolas never seemed to mind. And you're always there, right? I mean, as long as you're speaking to me. So it's not like I'll ever really be alone.

I promise you, beloved Shieldmaiden, you are never alone.

So I can talk to you when I need to?

Yes.

And ask you questions, things I need to know?

Yes, Éowyn.

Like, what do I do now?

I would suggest you rejoin the rest of the Chosen. See, the sun is rising; night is ended. Sorrow endures only for the night. Your presence will reassure them.

It will? Funny, thought I was being a major downer. Guess I'd better stop moping and start doing something. Like fix breakfast or something, right? Well – I'm not much of a cook. Maybe I'd better let Sam and Rosie do that. Or – wait, I know. Rosie keeps pushing cups of tea on me. I bet it would make her feel better if I had a cup of tea, it would make her feel like she was helping me. Is that a good idea? Is that sort of what you meant?

Well done, Shieldmaiden! Your desires honor you.

Should I go inside now?

Yes.

Okay then. Oh – and, um, I'm sorry about cussing you out – but I'm still kind of pissed, you know.

Anger fades as well as sorrow. Be well, Shieldmaiden.

I sigh, heave myself to my feet. Damn – my butt's drenched. Oh, well. Water dries eventually. And if I do it right, I can leave little butt-cheek-shaped wet spots all over the furniture. Legolas would've liked that. Probably just because it would've pissed off Faramir, but still.

I turn back to the sliding glass door. Now it's lighter outside than it is inside, and I can't see through the glass. All I can see is the reflection of the sky on the glass, and as I watch, the sun-reflection rises over the wall-reflection, and I'm bathed in light.

Things could've been worse, I guess. I mean, he could've died without our having had that twenty-four hours at all. Sure, I'd never have known what I missed, but I wouldn't have had all that happiness, either. It hurts like hell now, but he was worth it – oh man, was he worth it.
I turn around, watch the sunrise for a while, and wish like hell he was standing next to me.
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

empty
*
*
*
*
black nothing, no air, no earth
*
*
*
*
no voice or sound
*
*
*
*
lost, I am lost, no self, no other
*
*
*
*
had I a voice I would cry out but no one would hear me, lost, lost for endless ages
*
*
*
black black black, no cold or heat, no light of star, nothing, nothing

Greenleaf

brush over me, not air but some movement

Come

What is this? For as long as I can remember there has been nothing, nothing at all; no feeling, no sound, no taste, nothing. Now a voice speaks, and I listen.

Come

How? I am formless, empty; I am nothing.

Come

The brush again, a pull, a breath
Come, Greenleaf

I don't know to whom he's speaking, but he is very compelling. Were I able I would come as well.

Perhaps I can. I have no limbs, no purchase, but I move, I feel air against me, a soft feathery touch. I want to obey his command, so I move again. Now the air moves too, and I push against it. Then I see it, the lightest spark.

Come.

Yes, my lord, I'm coming.

I push toward the spark, though now I can feel it I am pulled as well; something draws me, draws me from the thick cloying blackness to that tiny point of light.

Light! How I have craved it all these centuries, crushed by the cold; how I have strained to see, to hear, to feel, and been thwarted. But now I hear a voice calling, and feel the air around me, and see that little shaft of light as I approach, as it grows nearer, brighter.

Now I am pushing faster, being pulled faster; I can feel the air streaming about me, I am streaking toward the light, it is pulsing and growing. And I can hear other voices too, voices crying a name I do not know, voices praising someone for his great deeds. I do not know for whom they call, but I want to join with them, so great is their joy, so deep their approbation.

Now I see them, they are in the light, a great multitude of them; shining faces, shimmering, translucent; they lift their faces to me, raise their pearlescent arms; they are smiling, laughing, singing. I look down upon them, full of delight. That I should go from such an agony of loneliness to come to this! I weep for happiness; this is more than I could have hoped for.

Not yet.

I do not pause; still I speed along, and soon the wispy lucent people bid me farewell; I am sorrowful, but not terribly so, for now the wind about me is stronger and I fly, I fly faster, faster toward a yet brighter light. Now I hear music, the voices of ineffable beauty lifted in song, and light, light inextinguishable, two tall shining trees upon a high hill, and standing about the hill tall, immense lovely beings, smiling upon me, reaching down to touch me. All about their feet throng others, singing, crying out to me in a language I do not know.

I look down upon them. There are faces there I feel I should know, if I could but remember; there is that one there – marvelous, golden and shining – and that one, with the crown of leaves upon his fair hair – he is speaking to me, the woman at his side weeping, and she is laughing as well.

"Well done, my son. Oh, well done."

I am no one's son, I am no one, nothing, so why should this great lord say such things to me? I turn to the greater ones, the ones who stand tall above me; they look down upon me, smiling, and I love them, I love them.

Yet above them is yet another, one I cannot see, but I can feel Him. He is greater by far, higher, wiser, brighter, better; I cannot look upon Him. Greatest, Highest, Wisest, Brightest, Best. His blessing settles upon my head, but I lower my gaze to the grass at my feet, for I am not worthy.
A hand lifts me, it is one of the tall ones; he is smiling, holding me. He speaks, and it is the voice that called me out of darkness.

"Now, my Greenleaf, your reward shall be complete."

The throng shouts, and there is more music; I look around – who is this Greenleaf to whom he speaks? But then I am flying again, faster this time, away from the city of light; I can see them receding, waving to me, bidding me farewell. The Golden One calls out to me, I can hear him –

"Do no forget to breathe – it is very important. Just breathe, and everything will be well."

What can I say to that? I do not know what he means. But he is gone as well, they are flying back from me, growing smaller and smaller, and I am surrounded by darkness once more. But this darkness is warm, and the air pungent; I turn into it, spread my arms into it, let it tear at my hair, whirl me along.

Go, Greenleaf. Go with our blessing.

Oh – I think he's speaking to me. Greenleaf? Have you named me, my lord? Very well, then, I shall be Greenleaf. It is a good name – it makes me think of things I cannot remember, things that are fresh and moist and new, or that are curled and dry and brittle, crackling beneath my feet in the cold.

Now I am flying even faster. I see something in front of me, some sort of body; it is still, dark, empty.

Fill it.

Without being told I know how to do this. I rush toward it, though whether I am rushing up or falling down I cannot tell –

I stop with a jolt.

Now it's black again. What happened? I can smell things, can smell something musty, and something musky, and something damp. And I can hear someone breathing next to me, and voices somewhere else, but they're hazy, indistinct. I can feel something on my back, something soft and giving.

Shake off this old husk and be renewed.

As you wish it, my lord. I, Greenleaf, shall never fail to do your bidding, for I love you.

As we love you, beloved Listener.

Listener? Is my name Listener now? Two names, when before I had none! Oh, I am blessed, blessed.

I feel the skin around me shudder and split; I feel it burn away, but it is still black.

Open your eyes.

Oh yes – eyes – I forgot about eyes, that is how I see. It takes me a moment to remember how the muscles work, but I raise my lids, and I see.

I see a flat surface with a crack in it, and a brown stain. It's a, a ceiling – it must be – I'm lying down, that must be a ceiling above my head. And to the left I see a yellow glow. What were those things called, that gave out light? Lamp, that's it. And there is something to my right. If I can remember how to move my neck muscles, I can turn my head and see what it is.

Oh, look; it is a – a – I cannot remember what it is called, they are short and hairy and live in caves, what is it – a Naugrim, that's right. It looks as though it is sleeping, its eyes are closed, though its face is very wet. Why is its face wet? I don't think I've ever touched a wet face.
Using muscles gets easier the more I do it. I can lift my arm now. It's transparent, like the people in the first place I went to, and it's covered in a glowing light, like the two trees. I can see the Naugrim through my hand. I think it is male. Yes, definitely male. I watch him through my hand; he looks funny that way.

His eyes open. Oh, good. I was hoping I would have someone who would talk to me. I would like to be able to hear something again.

This is a little louder than I expected. He's yelling, and falling backwards, and thrashing around. What does that mean? Is he trying to tell me something? I sit up so I can hear him better. He yells louder and runs out of a doorway.

Very odd. I wonder if all Naugrim act like that? If so, it's going to be very difficult to get along with them.

What the hell is all the yelling for? And who turned on the TV? The house is filled with this blue-white light now; I can even see it through the sliding glass door, past the reflection of the sunrise.

Hm. Sounds like Gimli. Maybe he's got the D.T.s.

Well, I'm sure it's nothing Aragorn can't handle. I'll just stand out here a couple more minutes and admire the sunrise.

Yes, I think I've gotten the hang of these muscles. I swing my legs over the side of the bed. I can see through them, can see past the curve of my thigh right down into the blue coverlet. I hold out my arms. I can see through them, too. What about the rest of me? Am I transparent everywhere? I stand up and turn around. There's a mirror next to me, showing me my reflection. Yes, I'm transparent everywhere, glowing with a blue light. How pretty! I wonder if the Naugrim thinks it's pretty, too. I'd better find him and ask him.

Now someone else runs into the room. This must be a very busy place. There's even ANOTHER someone behind HIM. These ones are taller, they're – oh, wait, I know what they're called – Edan, that's it. The first one has dark hair, and he's staring at me and yelling something; the one behind him is taller and broader, and has lots and lots of yellow hair, kind of like the Naugrim but not so bushy. He's staring at me too, and his mouth is hanging open. Why are they staring? Do they think I'm pretty? I think I'm pretty – but then, I don't have much to compare myself to. I like the way I glow. Don't you like it? And think how useful it will be when it's dark out.

The first Edan comes up to me, very very slowly. Is he afraid of me? I think he is. Oh, that's terrible, that makes me feel sad. I don't want you to be afraid. I want you to like me. Maybe if I smile he'll like me.

He's speaking. If I listen hard I think I can understand him.

"It looks like him. But he doesn't seem to have any substance."

The Naugrim comes back in. He looks very frightened, the poor thing. What can I do to make him
feel better? "It's a ghost!" he's yelling. "A ghost! A ghost!"

A ghost? Where? I look around. I don't see any ghosts. What is he talking about? I look back at him. He's still scared. If I hugged him, would he feel any better? But before I can go up to him the dark-haired one comes up to me, his hand extended to my face. He's speaking very slowly. I think he's talking to me.

"I'm going to try to touch you. Do you mind?"

You mean me? Oh, sure, go ahead. I'd like to be touched.

He puts two fingers on my neck. You call that a touch? Very strange people here, first they yell, then they put their fingers on my neck and press down. He's frowning. Then he looks into my face, into my eyes.

"Well?" says the big yellow-haired one.

"No pulse," says the dark one. "He's not breathing, either. But I can touch him, he's definitely corporeal."

Corporeal, what a nice-sounding word! I bet that rolls off the tongue nicely. Maybe I should try to say it. But before I can try another Edan runs into the room, and then some more, females this time, all staring and chattering excitedly.

"Tell her! She's out on the patio! Quick!" one of them is yelling over and over. I don't think anyone's listening to you, you know. They're all standing in here looking at me.

Wait. That's not an Edan. I should know what this is – this is important, this one, it's a – a – a Maia, that's right! Wow, a Maia. What an honor. I smile at him. He doesn't smile back. What's wrong with these people? I'm just trying to be nice.

"What do you think, Gandalf?" asks the dark-haired one, and the one with all the white hair, the Maia, looks closely at me, and I can feel his mind press up against mine.

That's fine. You want to come in? Enter, and welcome.

His thoughts snake in, tentative, unsure; I want to tell him to make himself at home but he pulls out too soon. "It is he, without a doubt," he says to the others crowded around him. "There's no memory, no experience; his mind's a blank. But it's definitely Legolas."

Legolas, now THERE'S a nice word. I wonder what it means? It does something to me, makes me feel funny, like I ought to know it.

"Where did he come from?" asks another. Not an Edan, not a Naugrim, not a Maia – not sure about this one . . .

"They sent him back, I suppose," says the white-haired one. "It's not unprecedented. Glorfindel came back. I came back."

Glorfindel – the Golden One – yes, that's the one. He's the one who told me something about breathing. But why do I need to breathe? I look around at them. They're still staring at me. I'm starting to feel a little crowded. I wonder if the next room is any bigger? I'm sure we'd be much more comfortable in a bigger room. I walk forward, they part before me, let me through. Yes, much bigger out here. Much better.
"Éowyn! Come quick!"

I turn away from the sunrise. It's Lothíriel, stumbling out onto the patio; she sounds terrified. Holy shit, NOW what? Oh, all right, here comes the Shieldmaiden to save the day again.

I walk up to the sliding glass door where she's standing. She's perfectly white, shaking like she's having a seizure, her eyes popping out of her head. Not an attractive look, hon.

She grabs my hand. Her fingers are very cold, and she's gripping me very tight. I look up at her.

"What?" I ask.

"Look," she says, and drags me through the doorway.

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Yes, much more space. I like this better. Now they can all stand around and stare at me and talk, but I'm not so crowded. But they're not talking, not any more. I can hear a voice, outside, but I can't understand what it's saying. Now everyone is looking toward the voice. Maybe it's important. Maybe I should look, too.

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The room is full of light. Not the TV after all. Blue-white light, pulsing, throbbing. Everyone's standing around in it like shadows. The light coalesces, it becomes a form, it becomes – it's – it's –

oh

my

god

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Oh, it's another Edan. A female. I like her hair, very pretty. Especially with the sun shining behind it, it looks – it makes me feel – I don't know; the other females were pretty too, but this one is making me feel awfully funny.
It can't be. It is. It's him. It's him. It's him.

Aragorn and Gandalf are talking at once, trying to explain.

"There's no pulse and he's not breathing, but there definitely seems to be a solid form there."

"I don't think he remembers anything, but it's the same personality, I'm convinced of it."

"I don't understand it – if he were really alive he'd be breathing, we could see organs working, but we can see right through him."

"That light is just like the light of Valinor, it has the same quality."

"He hasn't said anything, I'm not sure he's mentally capable of speech."

Oh, great. So it's HIM and it's NOT him.

He stands looking at me. Naked and yet not quite naked; clothed in light. You can see the outline of his body through the glow, you can see through him, as though he were a glass filled with light. His hair is white, gossamer-soft, his eyes the most intense blue I have ever seen, bluer even than the neon glow he had when he was Listening.

It's him. But it's not him.

I know that face. Why do I know that face?

She's staring at me, she looks hungry, hopeful. That's a nice change from all the yelling and looking terrified. I think I like this Edan. She's pretty. And she's doing odd things to me. My throat feels tight. Why is it tight? And why does my chest hurt?

I know her. I just can't seem to remember.

He cocks his head, looks at me more closely. I can almost see him thinking.

This is so not fair. It's him and it's not him. If the Valar were going to bring him back, why didn't they do it right in the first place? Good grief, can't you guys up there do ANYTHING right?
Oh. I remember now. She has a name. I remember the name. Actually, like me, she has two. Two beautiful names. Maybe if I call her by name she'll come up to me.

I want her to come up to me. The dark-haired one just touched me on the neck with his fingers; I bet the pretty Edan will do better than that.

He opens his arms, the lips – not pink but the same cupids-bow shape – curve into a sweet smile.
"Acushla," he says. "My Éowyn."

She flies into my arms, I can feel her, solid, pressed against my chest. I wrap my arms around her back. I can see the fabric of her shirt through my arms, but she doesn't seem to care. She buries her face in my hair, and I'm laughing.

Rosemary, I smell rosemary. It IS him. It is. It's him. Oh, thank you, thank you, Yavanna.
You're welcome, Shieldmaiden.

He lifts his head; he can hear her too. He smiles at me. His eyes are clear, open, unguarded, unfilled. But it's the same beautiful face, the same silky hair, the same DIMPLES. I can't help it. I put my arms around the shimmery, quivery throat and kiss him.

Oh! This is – well – I wasn't expecting this kind of touching – not that I'm complaining, mind you, it's just that it's – it's – it's making that tightness in my chest feel worse, and I – I can't –

Remember what Glorfindel told you.
Oh yes – breathe.
His lips pull away from mine, and there's this loud sucking breath – he throws his head back, mouth open, inhaling deeply – then he exhales, looks down at me in wonder – inhales – exhales.

"He's breathing," says Aragorn. He looks astounded. "He's breathing."

In. Out. In. Out. Reminds me of something else I used to know that I can't remember. But my chest feels much, much better. Fuller, heavier, but I can feel the pretty Edan better, can feel the way her chest presses against mine. And instead of being flat, hers has these two soft bumps, and they feel very nice.

The dark-haired one steps up to me, looks at me, puts his fingers on my throat again. This is a very odd man. "Still no pulse," he says to the pretty Edan in my arms. "But look!" He's pointing at my mouth. "Look where Éowyn touched him. The skin isn't see-through there. It's solid."

Everyone crowds around to look. My pretty Edan looks too, then puts her fingers on my cheek, lightly draws them down to my chin. Oh, I liked that.

Well, I'll be damned. Wherever I touch him, he goes solid. I can see the lines my fingers drew on his face – four thin lines of warm porcelain skin, white against the glowing translucent blue of the rest of his face. I look at his lips. They're not glowing – they're that same alabaster. Not pink, though.

Aragorn notices. "No pulse, no blood, no blush," he says, grimacing. "He's breathing but there's still no heartbeat."

Damn. But it'll be nice to draw skin-pictures on him . . . I touch his chest. I leave an imprint of my hand in white skin, solid against the transparency. He looks down at his chest, then meets my eye and smiles. He takes my hand, puts it on his stomach, takes it off. Another hand print. He laughs.

I like this! Her touch changes me. Touch me some more.

The white-haired one steps up, looks around. They all fall silent, watching him. It's nice to see a Maia getting some respect. They deserve it, after all. I watch him, too. They are speaking to him, the tall shining ones. I can hear them. They are telling him things, things the Edan is supposed to do. And now he's looking at me, looking at my pretty Edan and me, and he's smiling.
"I have just been informed by Elbereth herself that it's Éowyn's touch that will bring Legolas back to us," he says. He looks around at them again, he thinks this is funny, but I don't know why. Why should it be funny that her touch changes me, makes me more permanent? Is this strange? "The Valar have an amusing sense of the apropos, after all."

The big yellow-haired one is looking at me strangely. "Are you saying he and Éowyn have to – erm – keep touching each other before he goes back to being normal?"

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Hm. I don't think I'd complain about that. I like touching him – like little jolts of electricity, only soft, they hum and caress. I would love to see how that glowing translucent skin feels pressed up against mine.

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Yes! What a wonderful idea. Yes, yes, please. I think I'd like that very much.

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Gandalf turns to me, looks seriously at me, though he's still smiling. "I think it's about time we all headed back to the Marriott," he says, his black eyes twinkling. "Let's allow these reunited lovers the chance to see if love really DOES conquer all."

They look at him, at each other, then start collecting shoes and coats and shuffling to the door. They're murmuring, whispering, excited and smiling, looking back at us with anticipation. Gimli especially looks torn, as though he wants to stay and see what happens, but desperately doesn't want to have to watch the actual process.

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Wait – where is everyone going?
"Hey," I say. Gandalf turns back to me, shrugging on his leather jacket. "Wait a minute. What the hell am I supposed to do, exactly?"

"Now, now, Éowyn," he says chidingly. "Don't embarrass an old man by forcing him to describe acts of intimacy before younger and better experienced folk." Then when I blush he winks at me and says, "I have every confidence in you, my dear, that you'll know exactly what to do with him."

Now everyone's smiling, filing out, looking back at me and grinning. Gimli's staggering, still a little drunk, completely confused, but happy too. Lothíriel and Éomer are the last to go; Éomer's smiling wistfully, but Lothíriel looks back, gives me a big sunny grin and a thumbs-up. "Call me," she mouths, and the door shuts behind them.

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That's too bad. Well, at least the pretty Edan is still here.

What was her name again? Oh yes.

"Éowyn."

********************************************************************

Oh, there's that voice saying my name, that voice I thought I'd only hear in my dreams. I turn in his arms. They're light, insubstantial, but when I brush my fingertips over them I see the flesh beneath, as though I'm wiping the light away. He watches as I touch him, watches my fingers draw patterns on his arms, his shoulders, his chest. His hands, shimmering with a sort of veiled energy, are on my hips, holding me; I can see the denim through his hands. I take them, run my fingers and palms over them. He watches as his hands fade into solidity, then when I release them he smiles at me and lifts one of them to touch my cheek.

"Kiss?" he asks. He looks very hopeful. Well, heaven knows he's been through the wringer; I'll give him that one.

"Yes," I say, and he smiles and lowers his face to mine. Our lips touch.

He seems to remember kissing, at least. Those soft lips slide around mine, I can feel his breath on my cheek, and when I touch the tip of my tongue to his mouth he opens and answers, and for a while we just stand there and kiss and breathe.

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Actually, I think I'm kind of glad the others have left. I don't think I'd be enjoying this nearly as much if they were watching us. As it is it's quite nice to kiss her, to feel her tongue against mine,
and as long as I remember to breathe it's very comfortable.

I would like to touch her back, but that's not what the Maia said – he told her to touch me. I wish she'd keep going; I like watching my skin go opaque. And it gives me a heaviness, too, a feeling that I'm actually here, and not floating any more.

She raises her hands to my head, she's running her fingers through my hair. I can feel its weight floating down my shoulders and my back. What does her hair feel like? I lift one hand to her head and touch it gently. Oh, it is soft, soft and curly; I bury my fingers in that silky twisty warmth, pull my mouth from hers and rub my lips and nose against it.

I know that smell. Why do I know that smell? What is it, what is it called . . .

***********************************************************************

Oh, that feels so nice, to have his breath on my face, his mouth against my ears. He's nuzzling me, breathing deeply; it's a little disconcerting, since I still can't feel any sort of heartbeat, and he's still very cold.

"Oranges," he says into my hair, and I can feel him smile against my scalp. "Oranges and lemons."

He's not the first person to tell me I smell of citrus. I wonder if the Valar gave us our own personal scents? I never really noticed it in anyone else; I'll have to go around sniffing everyone to see.

He's still about two-thirds glowy see-through stuff. I'd better get cracking, I don't know how long everyone will be gone. I step back a little and start running my hands over his chest, arms, stomach, watching the light fade beneath my fingers, seeing the familiar planes and angles, the smooth muscles of his abdomen and arms, the light scattering of golden hairs on his navel and forearms, the pale downy fuzz that covers everything else. When I run my hands over his pectorals his nipples go dark; he flinches back, and they pucker up into little nubs.

Whoa. Wasn't expecting that.

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Oh! That was – it tickled – it makes prickles, goose bumps all over. And why did I draw in such a quick, sharp breath? I didn't mean to do that.

She's looking up at me, it looks like she's thinking. Her hands are still on my chest. This feeling reminds me of something, something I can't quite remember. Is she going to do it again? I'm not sure but I think I'd like that.

How can I show her I liked that? Maybe if I kissed her. And anyway, kissing feels and tastes and smells good. Even if she doesn't take the hint at least we can kiss some more.
What did Gandalf mean? Am I supposed to try to get it on with Mr. Night of the Living Dead here? I don't even know if he has a penis down there; I can't see anything, just a bright glow of blue-white light. And judging from his reaction when I touched his nipples, he'd probably faint if I just reached down and grabbed him.

And what if I grab, and nothing's there?

THAT would be a big damn disappointment.

He's watching me, his eyes puzzled. He doesn't remember any of this; he barely even remembers my name. He doesn't realize we've explored each other's bodies, touching and caressing and kissing in every conceivable position.

Maybe I can remind him.

He leans down, he wants to kiss me again. Hell, I'm not about to complain about THAT. Undead or not, he's still a hell of a good kisser. But this time, when our lips touch and our mouths open, I keep up the rubbing and touching, making sure I get every square inch of his upper torso. I can't quite reach around his back, though.


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All this, this touching and kissing, it's, it's making me a little, I don't know, anxious perhaps is the word I'm thinking of; my chest is tight, but not from not breathing; in fact I think I'm breathing faster now than I really need to be. But every time her mouth moves against mine, every time her fingers brush those sensitive spots on my chest – nipples, isn't that what they're called? – every time her hand reaches around my back my breath gets tighter and shorter and more uneven. Glorfindel told me to breathe, but I'm not sure he knew how hard it would be to breathe properly with a Mr. Night of the Living Dead kissing you at the same time.

She runs her hands up my shoulders again, sinking her mouth into mine; I'm holding her by her waist, not sure what to do with MY hands. Do I touch her back? Would she like that? Would it be proper, under the circumstances? I don't know – I wish I could ask her, but my mouth is busy doing something else right now.

Now her hands run up my neck to my hair. Is she going to touch my hair again? Her hands are brushing the back of my scalp, pulling my face closer to hers. Now her fingers are –


OH


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He gives a great jerk, his breath sucked in with a sharp hiss; nearly bit off my tongue there. What did I do? I just ran my fingers up the rims of his ears, to make sure the glowy stuff was gone.

His fingers have tightened on my waist; I can feel them trembling. He's looking down at me, his luminescent eyes wide, his face stunned.

What did I do?
She's watching me, concerned. Oh, what was that; I felt like something cold and sharp slid into my stomach . . .

"Are you all right?" she asks. She looks worried. Am I? Oh yes, I am DEFINITELY all right, do that again . . .

"Again," I say. My voice sounds strange, thick; my throat is tight. She raises her eyebrows, but reaches her hands up to my ears again.

Ooohhh . . . that feels nice, nicer even than the nipple-thing.

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His lids droop shut, his mouth drops open. Ooo. A previously undiscovered erogenous zone. No wonder Arwen won't let Aragorn touch her head in public. Wish he'd told me about this before. Probably saving it for a special occasion, the dork.

Now I'm definitely curious about the penis question.

We need to take this somewhere else. I don't mind making love in the living room, but the couches are leather, the floor is tile, and quite frankly, if I'm going to have nookie with a virginal vampire or whatever, I may as well make sure it's comfortable for us both. That means the bedroom.

Our bedroom.

Let's hope all his parts are present and in perfect working order.

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Every time her fingers stroke up the sides of my ears the tight fluttery feeling gets stronger; when her fingertips linger on the points my stomach starts to shake. Oh, don't stop, don’t stop . . .

But she stops, trails her hands down my throat, my arms, to my hands. I open my eyes. She's smiling, looks nervous. She really is very pretty. I like her gray eyes, sparkly like they have jewels in them; I like her red mouth, especially when she smiles. And I like the little dent under her nose that curves into the top of her upper lip. I wonder if it's as soft as it looks? I hope she doesn't mind my touching her. I reach up with my fingertip and brush it carefully. Oh, it is soft, and she seems to like it; her eyes close. I trace her mouth with my finger; when I get to the middle of her bottom lip she opens her mouth and kisses my finger.
This is promising.

He smiles at me. He has the same dimples, the same delicious mouth. Suddenly I don't care if he IS still dead. Necrophilia was never one of my things, but if this is what it takes to get me off, I'm all for it.

Now. Time to do what Gandalf said.

"I need to touch the rest of you," I say. He smiles innocently at me. Obviously that doesn't trigger any kind of memory in him. That's a little worrying. Then again, he didn't seem to realize my touching his ears or his nipples would do anything either, and boy, did he like that!

Maybe he'll like the rest of it, too.

Okay. That's fine. Then we can make all of me opaque, make the brightness go away. And anyway, I like how her hands feel when they make my skin appear. Her hands are nice, warm and soft, like the rest of her. And maybe, when she's done touching me, she'll let me touch her. If it feels as good for her having her ears and nipples touched, maybe she will.

"You'll need to lie down, though. I need to be able to reach all of you."


"Not here," she says, and she's smiling. I smile back. She has a pretty smile. "You need to lie down on the bed. It'll be more comfortable."

The bed? Oh yes, that blue thing I ended up on. All right, we can do that.

"Okay?" she asks.

"Yes," I say. She smiles again and leads me back to the other room.

It's almost a shock to see the empty bed, see the rumpled comforter pressed down in the shape of his body. But oh, I'm so glad it's empty now, because I'm going to be able to put him back there, and even though he's not really HERE, at least he's moving and speaking, and that's so much better than his dead cold shell.

He walks up to the bed confidently, trustingly, sits on the edge. He's about half-glow now; there are hardly any glowing spots on his upper body, but from the navel down he's just one big blob of thick white light. When I approach the bed I see that I've missed a few spots, where I couldn't reach the middle of his back between his shoulder blades, or a few shining parts of his scalp.
Might be better to start with the backside, anyway. If all goes well, by the time I reach the front we'll have a major distraction on our hands.

"You'll need to lie down on your stomach," I say, and I sit on the other side of the bed and pat the middle. "Right here."

"Okay," he says again. He rolls onto the bed, stretches that long lean body out into the groove his dead body made. He brings his arms up under his chin and nestles down comfortably with a sigh and a smile.

It's like I'm going to give him a backrub or something. I scoot forward on my knees. Better start at the top and work my way down.

This is very cozy, I like this bed. It smells nice, it smells of her and of me, of citrus and rosemary. I can feel her weight moving across the bed beside me, then I feel her knee touch my side. Her hands touch my head, stroking and petting and swirling through my hair. I can feel the light fade, feel her fingers chasing it away.

Now her hands are between my shoulders, rubbing and stroking. They're following the groove of my spine. I turn my head and look up at her through the shining strands of my hair. I would really love to have her touch my ears again.

"Ears?" I say.

She looks surprised, but pleased. She smiles, reaches out a fingertip and traces my ear.

I love that rush of warmth, the prickly chills that go down my spine. I sigh again.

"You like that?" she whispers.


He shivers under my touch, and I can feel shivers of my own starting up. Oh hell, even if he doesn't have a penis he can still touch me; I'll show him what I like, dammit, and he can bring me off that way. Since he's being so agreeable I might as well take advantage of it. I have to wriggle a little; my shorts are very tight, and the thick doubled-over denim seam between my legs is rubbing and pressing up against a suddenly very tingly, achy spot.

I run my fingertip over the sharp point of his ear again, circle it gently. He inhales sharply, closes his eyes. I can see the muscles of his arm clench up. Oh yes, very promising.

Now then. Let's see what kind of reaction I get below the waist, shall we?
Oh, that is nice, very very nice; when she's finished I'll have to see if I can return the favor. I don't know if her ears feel like mine, but maybe I can find some other spot she likes to have touched.

I would like to explore her. All I can see is the skin outside the clothes. I wonder what she has underneath them? I know it's not going to look quite like mine. I wonder what the differences are? I know I ought to know, I know I ought to remember, but I can't . . .

Her fingers leave my ears, which is disappointing, but as they're trailing down my back and my sides I suppose I can't complain too much. And now – oh my – they're running over my backside – the palms of her hands flat, stroking, circling – not quite like touching my ears, but it makes me want to jump and twitch and wriggle.

*******************************************************************

Ah yes, see those back muscles constrict and tense; oh hello there, Elven Ass, I really, really missed you . . . those beautiful round globes, the crease of the middle, with its slightly darker skin, the two dimples flanking the end of your spine. I won't scare you and start probing your depths, so to speak, but I will trail my fingers down the cleft to that tight spot between your legs . . .

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Don't get him too wound up – still have the legs to do.

I skim the hips, smoothing the light down into soft pale skin; I enjoy the curve and play of muscle, the fold of flesh from his backside to the back of his thigh. When I stroke my hands down one leg to the back of his knee he twitches, jerks back, then laughs breathlessly.

"Does that tickle?" I ask.

"Yes," he says, then turns his head back around to look at me. He's grinning, flashing his dimples at me through that tangled golden mess of hair. I grin back. Ticklish! That's something to remember. When I do the other leg I press a little harder, so it doesn't tickle as much.
I trail down his calves to his feet, his beautiful slender feet; he jumps again when I knead the flesh back into them, and laughs – laughs like bells ringing, like water chuckling over stones in a stream. It makes me laugh, too.

I finish his toes and look him over. The only blue-white light I can see is seeping out from beneath his hips and legs, where I haven't touched him yet.

All right. Show time.

"Turn over," I say. He smiles over his shoulder at me and complies.

I roll onto my back. Ah, that feels better; I can feel the cloth beneath me better, it's soft, soft and giving beneath my skin.

She's watching me, her eyes hooded; still smiling, but I can tell something is about to happen.

I know I should know what it is. Why can I not remember?

She kneels at my feet, and I watch her look at me. Her eyes start at my legs and move up my body to my chest. She pauses when she gets to my hips. What is she looking for? Does she suspect, as I know, that the center of this agitated, nervous, jiggly feeling is right in that bright white place? It started with her fingers on my nipples, and only got worse as she touched my ears, my bottom, slid her fingers beneath my bottom. Oh, please hurry; I want to touch you, make you feel like this, too. We ought both to feel this way, trembly and goose-bumpy and excited.

She puts her hands on the tops of my feet, strokes up my shins. The light fades beneath her palms, and I see the flesh there, stretching up to my knees, to my thighs.

The trembling is getting worse now. The closer she gets to that bright white core, the shorter my breaths are, and the more my stomach twists and turns. Her breaths are coming fast too, I can hear them, short and ragged; her eyes are bright, she's concentrating hard.

Smooth white skin, curly golden hairs. Oh please, oh please –

He's quivering beneath me, but when I look at him his eyes are trusting, ingenuous. I can feel him, tense beneath me; I can hear his sharp breaths, smell the piney, musky maleness of him.

Only a few more inches – come on –

The light flees before my touch. The golden curls thicken, the skin grows darker. I circle around this last bright point, find the dip of the navel, the sharp points of his hips. I run my fingers through the coarse hair.

Now or never.

I bring them up, in, and together, and what I find there more than makes up for the last six hours of living hell.
Oh, you are almost there, lovely Edan; closer, closer, touch me, touch me please –
Oh yes –

He arches, thrusts up against my touch. It stands out from the nest of curls, ramrod-straight, swollen purple head, hard as a rock, the sac beneath high and tight.

Oh – yes – what was your name –
"Éowyn –"
She looks up at me. Her eyes are clouded, feral; with trembling hands she grasps the hem of her shirt and pulls it up over her head.
Oh . . . lovely – so that's what she has underneath there. She has nipples too. Oh, they are lovely.

His eyes are on my breasts, darkening with desire. The light is gone now, except for the glowing in his eyes. His cock is trembling, lying quivering against his belly, thick and dark and leaking from the tip.

She looks at me hungrily, as though I were a feast for her own consumption. Devour me, show me what to do; I know I should know but I can't remember, can't remember, just take this aching, this itching, this heaviness in my chest, this trembling away before it drives me mad
His eyes are desperate, confused; he knows he's supposed to do something but he can't seem to remember how to do it.

Not to worry. Got it covered.

Have to get these stupid shorts off, hurry hurry hurry, he's watching me, eyes wide, panting; his arms are stretched out beside him, fingers twitching and flexing and grabbing at the comforter. I tear the shorts off, pulling my panties halfway down in the process; they're drenched, sticky.

That's a new smell, it's – it's – oh, what is it, I know that –

Oh, look – a thick triangle of hair, what's beneath it, I should know, why don't I know

Now she crawls up me, her knees on either side of me, her hands on either side as well; she is breathing hard, her gray eyes clouded, her red lips open.

Touch me – touch me some more – oh, please, touch me – this aching, this shaking is driving me insane –

Careful – careful – don't spook him – he looks close to terrified, but he's desperate too, and oh how he looks up at me, adoration and trust and desire all at once –

My labia brush the length of his cock; his eyebrows pucker in his forehead, his hips twitch upward. Not yet, not yet –

Oh please, lovely Edan, please, Éowyn – what was it I called you, it rolled off my tongue so easily –

“Acushla –”

She jerks her head up at that, meets my eyes; startled, pleased. Then oh, her fingers circle that hard heat, pull it forward, and she shifts down
oh god finally, thought I was going to explode
I clench around him; his eyes flutter closed, cutting off the glowing light. His hips buck up into mine and I can see sparks. I pull up, then push down again, feeling that fat thick head rub up inside me. Oh god, that feels so good.

She makes a moaning sound; I open my eyes. Her eyes are shut, she's moving, moving back and forth, and I am inside her. Oh I fill her, she surrounds me; oh this is what I wanted though I didn't know it; I remember it now, I remember the clenching the pulsing the heat and friction
She shifts above me, braced on her knees, oh no lovely acushla we can do better, I remember now

His arms spring like snapping elastic around me, his hands on my back, pressing me to him; when he moves his hips I feel him rubbing inside me, and outside too; the jets of electricity shoot from front to back, my entire pelvic area is throbbing
Then we twist, we two; the long springy body flips me, pins me down on the bed, the hips shifting, his length still inside me, pumping, stroking; I can feel his legs on the insides of my thighs, the long silky hair falling about us like a brilliant waterfall; he tucks his face in the crook of my neck, thrusting, deep, even strokes, oh god it feels wonderful
And odd as well, though I can feel the sleek skin, feel the rubbing, the pulsing, he is light as a feather, light as a cloud; there's no weight, nothing pressing down on me. But that doesn't prevent those muscles clamping and clenching, the shifting, pushing, palpitating rhythm building that spiral within me, that circle

yes
this is what
I remember
the heat within her
that answers mine
oh yes
there is something coming
I think I know what it is
and it is within me
but I think
it is about to come out
and into you
my acushla

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Our breath is short, ragged, I can feel his mouth against my throat, I want to see him as he comes, want him to see me, oh I'm close, the shimmery electricity of his skin ignites me, it is building building building oh I am almost there

I hold his head, lift it, his face is before me, restive, agitated, he looks down at me, his eyes shining blue blue blue; his rhythm quickens, my body answers

Our lips touch, the lightest brush, I am crying aloud, he is too, oh it is coming, coming

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Oh look at you lovely Edan, look at you acushla, listen to you, listen to us, it is lovelier music by far than anything I have ever heard

We are approaching something, my chest is bursting, I want it but I don't understand it, oh help me reach it, acushla

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I'm almost there
Wait I know I can push him over the edge, watch

I bring my fingers to the tips of his ears just

as

I

explode

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THAT'S IT I REMEMBER NOW

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OH YES

“AIYA SIÍ!”

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oh oh oh oh yes yes yes, that was it, oh yes I remember, oh acushla –

my body, my chest, oh it hurts, it hurts, but now –

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He gives a great wrench in my arms, groans, jerks up and back down, takes a deep breath, and then –

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yes that's what I was waiting for
His weight is on me, sudden heaviness, we sink deeper into the mattress and the bed creaks, he groans, gasping, trembling

I put my arms around him, he is solid, and I feel warmth beneath my skin

And when I press my face to his neck, when my ear is so close to his chest, I hear it.

His heartbeat.
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

Thum thum.
Thum thum.
Thum thum.

I can feel it striking against the bones of my chest, can feel it constricting and expanding. There's a rushing, a warmth, a clarity attendant to it.

The warmth especially ignites me. It rushes through me, fills me to the very tips of my fingers, the ends of my toes; even my nose feels flush, tingling, hot. My eyes clear of the blue-white overlight, springing lucidity; I can hear, see, smell, taste more clearly, more intensely.

Thum thum.
Thum thum.
Thum thum.

What is it? It's drumming against my sternum, fluttering, releasing all the tension, the tightness, the hurt inside my torso. It's like releasing a dam, letting the water flow out. It's comforting, like rocking a baby, like breathing, like – like what we just did, the rhythmic, steady, up-down movement, but this one neither accelerates nor culminates, it simply is.

His weight rests on me, his hips on my hips, his chest pressing my body into the mattress. His head has slid to the side, beside mine; his cheek is touching my shoulder, and I can feel his lashes brushing against my neck.

Rosemary, rosemary and dirt and sunshine. Silky strands across my face, my throat, my breasts. Heat, weight, and that strong heart, thumping against my own.

I wonder if I should call Gandalf, and tell him he was right?

Well, almost right. It's Legolas, all right, but he's not all there anymore.

I feel a little ambivalent about that. I'm glad he was sent back – gladder than I've ever been – but where is my Elven Ass? Where's the sexy, foul-mouthed, sweet-toothed, in-your-face sonofabitch
I fell in love with? I'm not complaining, Yavanna, but it's not quite the same . . .

Well, actually, it's like stepping back fifteen thousand years. I remember what he was like, when I was Lady of Emyn Arnen, and he was Lord of Dol Galenehtar, and we'd sit around the council-table and try to hammer out agricultural and trade agreements within our and the surrounding fiefdoms. Stubborn, terse, funny, deferential; really, nothing's changed – just the way he dresses, and some grammar. And as he goes along he seems to remember things – he sure the hell remembered how to get me off – so I imagine he'll slide right back into the thick of things, pick his personality up again. It doesn't matter, really. We have all the time in the world for him to play catch-up. And he's the same person – he smells the same, and looks the same, and feels the same, and moves the same – he even sounds the same. That exclamation when I felt his hot seed spurt up into me – "Aiya sií!" – I remember that; I remember him saying that before. And the trembling beforehand, and the wild thrusting, and the agitated groans –

Yes, it's him, all right. Thank the Valar – I was getting used to all that sex. Hate to have to live without it, just when I was getting the hang of the ol' bump-and-grind every ten minutes.

She moves beneath me, shifts her hips. Oh you lovely Edan, oh you lovely, beautiful, generous, wise Edan. How, how would I ever have known this, had you not shown me? I am blessed, infinitely blessed to be nestled between your legs; I answer your blessing tenfold – I bless your throat, I bless your chin, I bless your collarbone, I bless your shoulder, I bless your breasts.

He's kissing me, his warm lips traveling all around, from my neck, up and down, down across my chest. He finds my breasts, his tongue goes out, making the hot shivery feelings shoot through me again. He takes a nipple into his mouth – the pulling, sucking warmth – warmth in his lips, his mouth, his tongue, where it was cold before.

Yes, blessing your breasts is definitely good, something I can do we both like. I roll the nipple between my tongue and teeth, suck it into my mouth, taste the salt-sweet of your skin. I raise my hands, cup your breasts, your soft firm breasts, press them up into my mouth, knead them.
All right, I'll stop bitching about him not quite being himself. This is fine. Definitely remembers
the trick to making Happy Breasts. Hell, if I play my cards right, not only will I have trained him
to suck my nipples; he'll be tonguing my clit at the drop of a hat. After all, he's being so pliant, so
agreeable . . .

This feels very nice; I hope he doesn't find any reason to stop soon. And if as I suspect he's the
same physically as he was before, he'll be up and running in record time, ready for Round Two.

I could go for that, hell yeah.

I am stirring, tensing again; I can feel the tightness, the pressure against my stomach. What was
hard before has softened inside of you, but it awakens, rising, quickening. And the thing in my
chest which pushes the heat quickens as well; it rushes, pulses, swishes and purls about my body,
from the warm center of my being to the ends of my limbs.

My eyes brighten, my ears sharpen, my memories –

I can feel them, burgeoning, hastening; like a thousand tiny lights they kindle, each with their own
spark, their own line to the other, the warmth from my chest pulses through them, carries them,
takes them on their inexorable march through –

motorcycle sun ice lollies kitchen table Mozart prawns credit card emails fairy lights Frodo's shirt
Faramir Gandalf's staff fire Manwë

OH FUCK

He jerks up off me, as though he's been pulled up by his hair; suddenly he's upright, kneeling
between my legs, both hands clutching the hair on the sides of his head, an expression of appalled
horror on his face.

"Oh, FUCK! Éowyn!"

He looks down at me as though seeing me for the first time, his personality, his essence finally
coalescing into one point, his blue, his intensely blue eyes.

She's lying there, oh my acushla, eyes glazed, sprawled beneath me, flushed and naked and sticky.
She smiles, rolls onto her hip and curls her arm round my waist. Oh fuck, the feel of your fingers
on my skin --

"That's better," she says, voice husky and low; slides her cheek up my stomach; "I was going
through withdrawal, not hearing the F-word every thirty seconds."

My strength bleeds out of me, I collapse. I’m worse than dead, I’m dead-but-living, oh shit oh fuck how I must’ve hurt her. I left, vanished without any explanation, shouldered her needs aside in order to obey my lord, abandoned her, as good as fucking dumped her. But incredibly, when my body crumples on the bed she’s there, her long limbs twining around me, her face nuzzling against me.

Oh Éowyn, acushla mine, how can you possibly forgive me?

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Much, much better; that’s the Elven Ass I missed. Come here, you. Make it up to me.

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She’s warm, vibrant, quivering with life; what a fucking contrast to the cold, the darkness, the silence, the – the – oh fuck, I don’t want to think of it, oh my sainted aunt it was horrible.

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He’s shivering now, curling in on me; his arms, his opaque warm trembling arms wrap around me, his legs draw up so he's in a fetal position. Oh Legolas, my poor Elf; you remember now, don't you? You’re remembering the pain and the punishment and the isolation Gandalf told me about, the rejection, aren’t you? Oh shit, how I wish I could go back, go back thirty seconds and keep you from remembering, if it’s this bad, if it’s doing this to you. Oh god I've never seen you like this, never seen you shake and hide your face from anyone, never heard the sound of frightened breath hissing behind your teeth.

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The aloneness, isolation, silence, crying out and hearing nothing, no one, nothing there – oh fuck, oh holy fuck, oh please, never, never again, oh fuck
I remember how Rosie was with me; was it only an hour ago? I hold him, cradle him against my breasts, rock him and stroke his silky fragrant hair and press my cheek against his head. He's clutching at me, desperate, his long white fingers trembling, his whole body shaking. I wait, like Rosie waited; and after a couple of minutes the shaking subsides, his fingers slacken, he takes a deep breath and raises his head to mine. He just looks at me, looks with those cerulean, aqua-faceted eyes, and I can see everything going through his head, written on that beautiful face: fear, anguish, horror, relief.

His arms snake around me, he presses his face up to my neck; I feel his tears on my skin. He's crying, oh shit he's crying; good grief that must've been worse for him than it was for me.

Of course it was, you stupid self-centered bitch. Agonizing death and damnation? Duh.

Oh fuck, my lord, please never make me do that again, never again, oh please no . . .

Be at peace, beloved Greenleaf; I shall never ask such sacrifice of you again. We threw you into the crucible and you were not found wanting. Never have we had such a faithful and obedient servant as you, who accepted his lot bravely, and so selflessly immolated his soul on another's behalf. Know that we are well pleased with you, and the tales of your great deeds echo from Mandos to Valinor and beyond. You have more than earned the right to rest and peace and prosperity for the remainder of your life.

Peace? Well, that'd be pretty fucking nice for a while, and the prosperity I've bloody well got, but I think I might get a little bored of resting after a couple hundred years . . .

Believe me, Greenleaf, with the reward that now encircles you, you will have no chance to explore the limits of ennui. Enjoy her; she is yours completely, absolutely, eternally.

Well, finally!

Bloody hell, glad that's over with. Fuck.

Don't even know what fucking day it is, or what time it is . . . feels like morning, can't be sure – bugger, I'm hungry. I wonder how long I was dead?

Oh fuck – Éowyn – oh fuck, fuck, I left you, I left you alone, I can't imagine how you felt, oh acushla –

He uncoils like a spring in my arms, long hard stomach pressing up against my own, legs extended; he takes me into the warm safe circle of his embrace, his hands cupping the back of my head, his fingers buried in my hair. His expression is aghast, anguished, tears running down his cheeks, his perfect sculpted cheeks, from those beautiful blue eyes; his dark lashes are congealed with tears and his rosy lips are trembling.
"Éowyn," he says, his voice quavering; he's shaking with emotion. "Éowyn, oh fuck Éowyn, I'm so sorry, I'm so fucking sorry."

Oh geez, he feels GUILTY; guilty for doing what he was made to do, what every person in the world would admire him for – that is, if we could explain it sufficiently – guilty for obeying his master, for rescuing a soul from hell. And he's apologizing – apologizing to me, for leaving me! Hell, an hour ago I would've made him crawl, would've made him buy me a roomful of roses, a couple diamond necklaces, maybe a new Mercedes to make up for it, but right now it's enough to know he's the best damn person on the whole fucking planet and he's mine, in my house, in my bed, naked, with a half a hard-on.

Funny how your priorities change when someone comes back from the dead. And funny how they change when you speak to one of the Valar, when you hear their voices, feel their love for us, and their wisdom concerning the place of mankind. I was so angry, so ready to scream and throw things and demand recompense an hour ago – but now he's here, and everything's going to be all right.

But he's so worried, so repentant and remorseful, that asking for either a diamond necklace OR a good fucking seems wildly inappropriate. I kiss him instead, kiss him hard on those sweet trembling lips, to let him know his Shieldmaiden's no shrinking violet. Hell no, you made a monster out of me and you'll damn well live with it.

"It's okay," I say, moving my lips on his, stroking his hair, his pale sleek hair. "It's all right. Everything's all right now."

"Oh, fuck." He sinks back down onto the bed, sagging in my arms, drops his head down to my chest. I embrace him, just hold him – it feels so good to hold him – he's so warm, so soft, so kinetic. It feels so good to have our skin touch, to smell him, to hear him breathe, to know that strong heart is pulsing and contracting inside his chest, hurrying his immortal blood around his beautiful, his delectable, his perfect body.

Oh fuck, oh bugger, oh my sainted aunt, I never got a chance to warn her, never got a chance to say good-bye, never even got the fucking chance to tell her I loved her – oh fuck, I'm such a goddam bloody fucking self-centered scally sissy sonofabitch I can't believe I did that to her. How fucking hard would it have been to just tell her, tell her before I left, tell her when we were in bed, I had so many bleeding opportunities and I bished it, I'm a cock-up, a fucking cock-up. I never told her, I just fucking waltzed around it, I hinted and hoped she'd hint back, how fucking cowardly is that, why the fuck didn't I TELL HER!

And who knows how long she's been grieving, oh my acushla, my poor Éowyn, not knowing why I did it, not knowing I was going to come back; hell, I didn't even know I was going to come back and I did it anyway, I'm such a stupid fucking manky grotty OIK. She didn't know what was going to happen to her, where she was going to go, oh fuck she must've thought she was alone again, oh fuck, oh bugger.
After a minute he speaks; I can feel his lips move against my collarbone. "How long was I dead?"

"Only six hours," I reassure him, kissing the top of his head. Hell, for good measure I'll rub my face in his hair, and breathe in, oh how I missed that smell . . .

"Six hours? Oh, fuck, Éowyn – " His arms tighten, he raises his face, he looks stricken. "I'm so sorry, I'm so fucking sorry – "

"It was only six hours," I repeat firmly, shaking him a little. "It's not like it was a week or something."

"But six hours is worse than a week," he groans, drops his head back to my shoulder. I can feel the tears drip off of him, dripping down my shoulder to my breast, tickling down next to my nipple. "The first blow of grief is the hardest, it gets easier to bear after time has passed – oh acushla – " He looks into my eyes again, frames my face in his long warm hands. Oh shit, Legolas, do you have any idea how beautiful you are, how much I missed just looking at you, looking into your eyes? It's so totally unfair that I'm going to be stuck with a man who's ten times prettier than I am, but shit, I'm up to it. Has its compensations, after all. "I'm so sorry, I'm so fucking sorry. I'm an idiot, a fuck-head, a bloody stupid selfish berk to have put you through this – "

Now wait just a damn minute!

"Excuse me?!" Her silver eyes flash angrily at me, her hands tighten on my waist. Oh, slag me, acushla, god knows I deserve it; oh fuck you have no idea how lovely you are when you're brassed. "You just willingly sacrificed your life to save the soul of one of the Chosen, and you're calling yourself an IDIOT? Oh, no you don't," she says, and I can tell she's warming to her theme, the brill little bit; look at her eyes narrow, her lips thin out. Oh fuck, am I in for it, and I love it love it fucking love it. Love her shoulders squared, jaw clenched, brows creased, cheeks flushed; what a bloody brilliant little kife you are; what an absofuckinglutely marvelous little bit of all right. And when she speaks that low clear voice is sharp, incisive, cuts my fucking knacks off. Oh fucking A, am I in for a hell of a ride. The Lady of Emyn Arnen has returned and she's got the weed on, going to spit tacks, this one.

"You spend fifteen thousand years listening to, speaking for, and obeying the Valar; you go through war, privation, pain, grief, difficulty and discomfort with no thought for your own well-being or needs or desires, even when you DON'T have direct orders from the Valar you spend most of your time making sure everyone around you is healthy and happy and well, and right after you change ME from being a wimpy, sniveling mess you turn right around and sacrifice your life for some – some selfish jerk who doesn't deserve it, but you do it because you're asked to and you can't bear to see anyone suffer – " She takes a big breath, bugger her eyes are starry when she's mad, bet she's not the slightest bit aware how fucking gorgeous she is " – and then when the Valar DO relent and they DO reward you and you DO come back, all you can think about is that you're an idiot because I had a bad six hours? What the hell are you THINKING? I have never met anyone as selfless and good and stubborn and – and – beautiful – " Whoops, her voice cracked there – and generous and kind and, and good-hearted and if you think I'm going to sit here in MY bed and listen to you talk trash about MY Elf – " another big breath " – you'd better think again because if you put yourself down ONE MORE TIME I am going to – to – " Floundering a little bit here, too mad to think of an appropriate punishment, not like she can bung my head off; oh fuck don't smile don't smile don't smile
Dammit, he thinks this is FUNNY?!

Ah, look at that now; her whole pretty face is all red; surprised there isn’t steam coming out her ears . . .

He bites his lip, obviously trying to keep himself from smiling, damn him damn him damn him, but actually I guess I do sound kind of funny yelling and carrying on like this . . . oh damn, it must just be a reaction from all the stress and emotional shit this past night, oh shit I’m going to smile, don’t smile don’t smile don’t smile, oh shit . . .

I see the edges of your pretty red lips twitch up, acushla. Ah, love a good bollocking, I do; and oh my Éowyn you do it so bloody well.

"You’re going to what?" he asks, eyes crinkling. Oh, shit, he’s leveling his damn dimples at me; set dimples on stun Mr. Spock, I’m helpless when he does that –

Go on, then, acushla, tell me what you’re going to do to me . . . can’t wait to bloody well hear this . . .
SHIT HOW DOES HE MAKE ME SO FUCKING MAD AND SO FUCKING HAPPY AT THE SAME FUCKING TIME???

Looks like she's going to blow a fuse – yeah, that did it all right; she lets out a bloody furious scream and starts drumming on my chest with her fists, not to hurt – if she'd wanted to hurt me she sure the hell could – but out of frustration, poor little bit; why do women always find me so fucking irritating?

Could have something to do with the undeniable fact I love fucking with them. Poor little kifes – so easy to get their backs up, and so bloody funny too. No wonder Arwen's smacking me on the head all the time.

Didn't realize she felt so strong about me, didn't realize she thought so highly of me. Knew she fancied me, but fuck, mate, what woman doesn't? Hard not to, when I've been made to look like a bleeding Adonis. Nice to know she fancies my personality, fucking warped thing it is anyway, as well as my ronson, which has been sharked so many fucking times I'm bloody surprised it hasn't fallen off.

Oh fuck I love this little bit; even love it when she's bollocking me; I know this'll cheese her off even more but I laugh and embrace her. She tries to fight me, even pops off a big howl, "EEEERRRGGGGHHHHHHH!" but that only makes me laugh harder. Soon she's laughing too, gripping me by the back so hard I bet she's leaving fingernail-marks in my skin.

Not that fingernail-marks are necessarily a bad thing.

Oooooh fuck, that's got my todger's attention . . .

Oh this aggravating, funny, sexy, irritating little dork . . . shit, I love him I love him I love him, I never want us to be taken from each other, never never never . . .

Be at peace, Shieldmaiden. The Listener is yours for ever.

Oh, thank you, thank you Yavanna.

Hmm . . . I feel that against my hip. Not such a little dork after all.
Who was that – Yavanna, talking to my acushla? Well, I'll be damned.
Wait. I already was, wasn't I? Oh, well.
Now then. About your being brassed at me, acushla . . .

He pulls away from me, still has his arms around my waist, still pressing that hard hot jabby thing against me. He's smiling, the smug bastard, his eyes twinkling; I guess he didn't mind me telling him off, after all.

"I apologize profusely, O Lady of Emyn Arnen," he says in a high-class, fancy-pants voice, oh shit he just wriggled against me in JUST the right place, got a Hot Prickly dancing around down there again – "Whatever can your humble servant do to properly atone for his atrocious behavior?"

That's right, acushla; feel that, don't you? Oh fuck yeah, so do I, and it feels so bloody good.

So he wants to make up for it, does he? Well, hell, I can think of a couple of ways . . . Seems to me I have all of Faramir's old ties, the conservative preppie heterosexual-looking ones, in a box in my closet; I bet I can come up with a few creative uses for them . . .

Her gray eyes darken; I can see the awareness there, can feel the muscles in this lovely lean body tense and quiver. Now she's smiling, feral, untamed, that wild northern barbaric Shieldmaiden I remember.
Oh bugger, I am in so much fucking trouble.
"Let me tie you up," she says, her fingers tightening on me.

Lumme! Wasn't expecting that one!

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Hard to shock him, but I seem to have managed it after all. How fun! Love to see that surprised blink, a little startled twitch, winged eyebrows raised; then he purses his lips, thinking; I can see the lust kindling in those beautiful blue eyes.

Oh please, please say yes; I'm holding my breath here, can't believe I actually SAID that but oh shit do I want to try it, always wanted to but never done anything like this before, never even dared to ask, oh please oh please oh please . . .

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Now wait just a damn minute; I'M supposed to be the one in charge here!

FUCK how the fuck did she do THAT?

I'm on my back, didn't even realize she was going to flip me, couldn't even fight back – you little judy, I'm on to you now –

Oh, bugger that. She wants to tie me up; she can bloody well take charge if she likes. All hail the Shieldmaiden! Fuck yeah!

She's got my wrists pinned to the bed, her knees holding my hips down; I could shrug her off in a heartbeat, but why? Can practically feel the heat from that delicious quim right over my todger; oh fuck would I love to arch up and rub up against that hot wet spot . . .

I got him!

He's lying beneath me, surprisingly docile; looking up at me with a half-smile, eyes clouded with craving; he wants me he wants me he wants me, and why the hell shouldn't he? I'm going to make him weak with pleasure, make him groan and mewl and yell; he sure the hell ought to want me for what I'm going to do to him. His hair is spread all over the pillow, like a mass of golden floss carelessly strewn around his head; his beautiful, perfect face is framed in gold, he's flawless, exquisite, unbearably lovely, and mine mine mine.

I lean in, taste those sweet pink lips. "Gonna be a good boy?" I whisper against his mouth.

"As you wish, my lady," he whispers back, relaxing into the comforter. I grin at him and hop off the bed to root around in the closet.

Oh that evil grin; makes my stomach go tight, makes my plonker sit up and take notice; you fucking bet your arse I'll lie right here and be as good as gold so long as you get my knob off.

Bending over to dig around in a box on the floor – nice view – being good has its advantages. Fuck, I love her arse. Two honey-colored globes atop those two-klick legs . . .
Where are they where are they where are they I know they're in here somewhere doesn't that just fucking figure you trip over something for months until you want it and then you can't FIND IT!!! Going to lose the mood if I don't hurry where are they where are they –

Ah-HAH!

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She turns to me, did I think her grin was evil before? Practically angelic, now THIS is evil; got a handful of neckties in one fist, and oh fuck that look of anticipation –

"Nice ties," I manage to say, not easy to talk all of a sudden, my throat's too bloody tight by half . . .

"Didn't realize you were an expert on men's neckwear," she says, she's grinning, the brill little bit, climbs back on the bed and starts sorting them out.

"I'm not, never wear the bloody things," I say, more for conversational filler than for her intellectual benefit. Fuck, I'm such a berk.

"You will today," she says, and grabs one of my wrists.

Oh, fuck.

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He actually looks a little apprehensive; I guess he's never done this before, either. Well, first time for everything, my dear Elven Ass; shit I'm so excited I think my heart's going to hammer itself out of my chest, and my hands are shaking, but my mind feels clear and sharp and ready ready ready, oh shit am I ready.

I stretch one of his long sculpted arms out; I love to look at the play of muscle underneath that lovely porcelain skin, love the visual proof of his incredible strength and agility – I was always pretty good at tying knots on board a boat; the ability returns to me and I loop twice, pull through, twist and tug, and his white skin is bisected by a thick strap of blue-and-gold stripes.

I knew Brooks Brothers was good for something.

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Oh fuck, this is not good, oh fuck am I in trouble this time . . .

I'm nervous, but bugger I'm excited; if my plonker gets any stiffer it'll shatter, so hard not to push
up into that warm soft hole

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I pull up the other arm, loop loop pull pull twist and tug, and he's spread out beneath me, stretched out like he's flying, his ivory skin is flushed and his eyes are dilated and heavy-lidded. He may be nervous but oh shit, is he turned on.

"Now my turn," I say, and head back to the closet.

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Oh fuck, oh bugger this is so . . . so bizarre, so fantastic, I can't believe I'm letting her do this, I can't believe I'm giving up control, I want to sit up, want to reach for her and I can't, I can't, oh fuck what have I done . . .

Oh, fuck. Oh, my sainted aunt. All right, then. Like I said, being good has its advantages – The remuneration of obedience is the fulfillment of the senses, oh fuck yeah . . . she's rolling those silky thigh-high stockings up over her legs, got her foot propped up on the bed, thighs spread, got an oh so perfect view of that lovely, that beautiful fadge, two pink folds surrounded by thick golden curls, oh fuck it . . .

Let me out let me out let me OUT I want to touch you oh fuck this is going to fucking KILL ME!

Knows what she's doing to me too, the little cow, oh my sainted aunt will I pay you back for this . . .

Oh wait – she's paying ME back – oh fuck –

Got both stockings on, beautiful things going up those gorgeous legs, love the wide strap of lace, want to get my fingers in it but I CAN'T FUCKING MOVE, oh fuck now she's turning round, showing me that absofuckinglutely magnificent arse, she's oh my sainted aunt she's bending over to pull up those boots –

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I always thought I'd feel stupid doing this, acting this way, but oh wow this is FUN!

Maybe it's the look of frustrated desire on his face – or the way he's absent-mindedly tugging at the straps, obviously wanting to get free and grab me – or – oh shit, that moan he just gave, I'm driving him crazy, oh yes, yes, yes! Love my ass, don't you? Love to grab it, squeeze it, push it into the mattress – well, too bad, my beautiful Listener, right now all you can do is look at it, and if anyone's pushing anyone else's ass into the bed it's gonna be ME.

Never knew he had a foot fetish . . . gratifying. I slide those Fendi boots up my legs, making sure
he gets a good eyeful of my pussy from behind, oh yes he just gave this heartrending groan –

"Oh, fuck, Éowyn, please . . ."

Bloody hell, was that MY voice? Oh fuck, I sound like my knacks are getting ripped off . . .

She turns her head, looks over her shoulder at me through her mop of golden curls, oh fuck oh shit oh bloody hell that expression on her face, I am so fucked . . .

"What's wrong?" she asks, practically fucking purring she is, you can tell she loves this, this fucking predicament I've got myself into, expert in cock-teasing this one, oh fuck . . .

"You're – stop, you're – oh fuck, come here – " I'm pulling on the ties, squirming on the comforter, anything to give myself some tactile stimulation, oh fuck I can't stand it –

She clucks her tongue, lowers those gorgeous silvery eyes demurely. "In a minute, Legolas. I'm not ready yet."

I can't help it; I groan again and mutter through gritted teeth, "You bloody little tease . . ." But she just fucking giggles, I can see her shoulders shake, oh fuck my plonker's about to explode . . .

She turns at last, can see those beautiful tits, that long lean stomach, she's stalking up to me, oh bloody hell she's so fucking gorgeous, and those boots, oh fuck –

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Yes, I'd have to say that, in the face of the evidence, he likes my boots.

Now my stomach's all jumpy and fluttery; I'd better pull back a bit or I'll just sit on him and bring us both off so fast we won't know what hit us. I can do better than THAT. We have time, we have all the time in the world, more time than that even, no reason to rush . . .

"Now, is that a nice thing to say to your reward?" I ask archly. I kneel on the bed looking down the length of his body, stretched tight, muscles elongated, that big fat juicy dick shivering against his stomach, palpitating with every heartbeat. Spread the thighs, let him get a good look of what he's waiting so impatiently for . . .

"Not a nice fucking thing to do to YOUR reward," he says, his voice tight; he's wound up like a top, ready to blow . . .

Ah, blow, good idea. Shall we commence?

"No?" I ask. I very lightly, very carefully draw my fingertips up his thighs, he jumps and twitches and grits his teeth, I can see his jaw clenching. "You don't think this is nice?" I start to draw circles and swirling patterns on the insides of his thighs, getting close to his cock and balls but not touching them.

He lets out his breath in a hiss. "Closer," he groans.

I grin. This is too fun, reducing him to a wind-up toy. "Closer to being nice? I thought so," I say,
and just keep on drawing circles on his legs.

He lets out a breath like an explosion; his eyes are squeezed shut, he's breathing very harsh, very heavy. Oh thank heaven, he's breathing, his heart is beating; it's over, my pain is over, oh thank you, thank you, thank you! "Fuck, Éowyn, just touch me," he begs, his hips arcing up into my hands.

"Already?" I smile at him, he opens his eyes, but oh that look of desperate supplication undoes me, and with a grin I lower my head.

Oooohhhhh yeeessssssss . . .
The tip of the tongue starts at the base runs right up to the helmet, fingers brush my knacks oh fuck yes . . .

oh fuck who the fuck is that making all that fucking noise in here

Oooohhhhh yeeessssssss . . .
The tip of the tongue starts at the base runs right up to the helmet, fingers brush my knacks oh fuck yes . . .

oh fuck who the fuck is that making all that fucking noise in here

oh that smell, that heavy masculine smell, and oh the taste of him and myself commingled on his skin, that velvety skin right under the head . . . I swirl my tongue around the fat mushroom, hearing his low groaning "Oh bugger . . ." For some reason hearing him moan and watching him twitch and writhe beneath me is the biggest turn-on in the world, I can feel the heat growing in me, can feel the pressure, the aching, oh shit I want to mount him and ride ride ride . . .

suck me suck me suck me get me off before I fucking explode

Hmm, don't want him to come yet, better pull back
oh fuck don't stop don't stop oh fuck fuck fuck

He looks down at me, practically crying, his balls are so tight I can hardly see them, I bet if I sucked on his cock two or three more times he'd spill right into my mouth . . .

But that's NOT where I want him to come, hell no . . .

"Not yet," I tell him, wait, what's wrong with my voice, it's tight like his was, oh shit I need him inside me . . .

oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck I can't wait please please please
yes yes yes slide up me slide up my body oh fuck yes I need to be in you quick quick quick, can feel those boots, those fucking sexy boots, scraping my thighs
oh that smell that heady sexy smell hurry hurry hurry
I want to grab those tits, those creamy swinging tits above my face, I can't move, oh fuck I can't move my hands, can't even reach up with my mouth, oh fuck, oh bugger
oh shit do it do it do it
oh fuck

We're both breathing hard, oh god I want this
I straddle him, pull up his cock, not yet not yet, I split my lips with it, rub the wetness over the head, rub it on my clit

oh
yes
that feels so good, oh yes
oh fuck oh fuck acushla stop teasing me oh shit oh bloody hell I can't stand it
I can't move my FUCKING ARMS or I’d flip you so fucking fast and impale you, fuck I'd pound you into the bed, wrap those boots around my back, oh please please please

I can feel it building, pressing against me from the inside, oh yes, he's biting his lip, pulling hard on the ties, trying to control himself, trying to keep from arcing up into me, oh yes just a few more strokes

oh look at you, look at you acushla, oh fuck you're so beautiful, oh fuck that look of desire on your face, come on come on come on you know you want it as bad as I do

I can't help it, I want to wait but I can't, I have to have him now
I straighten up, push down
oh god

oh fuck at last
now who the hell's groaning in here, tell him to stop
oh fuck I already feel it I'm not going to last very long
oh yes that's right, he lurches up into me, can feel his pubic bone on my clit, not yet you bastard, I clamp my thighs around him, hold him down, ride him ride him ride him

that's right oh shit yes it rubs me right there right there oh yes

what are you doing let me move let me move in you oh fuck my wrists hurt from pulling my cock hurts from teasing, from want, I feel that clenching pulling sliding grinding oh fuck fuck fuck I can't hold back oh fuck I can feel those boots those fucking leather boots dig into me hold me down she's riding me oh my beautiful acushla ride me

like riding an angry horse, bucking and twitching and trying to unseat me, go ahead move some more you rub me just right, oh oh oh, the Screaming Bitch is back, and she's got company

yes
oh fuck yes
oh yes slide like that like that oh fuck
oh fuck my heart fuck she's going to fucking kill me all over again

it's stretching it's coming out oh god yes here it comes, warm blunt spreading throbbing oh god yes
it's, I, I can't hold it, I, I can't –

oh bugger here I come

there it is the gush of warmth and then oh god I'm shaking, shaking from the inside out, oh god here it comes it's spreading up me out of me oh god I think I'm screaming but I can't stop

holy fucking shit on a lollie stick I don't believe it I'm coming AGAIN OH FUCK HOLD ON

it's not stopping it's not stopping oh shit feels like someone's shaking me from the inside oh god crashing over me like waves I'm drowning I can't breathe

I'm . . . oh . . . bugger . . .

breathe breathe breathe, oh fuck, can still feel it running through me like an electric shock, oh fuck bet the neighbors heard that, probably phoning the coppers right now

my throat hurts oh shit

shit am I finished? Oh . . . my . . . god . . .
What – what did she say, "Oh fuck Legolas"? That's a first –

Oh fucking hell, oh that was good, oh fuck fuck fuck. Feels like my eyes are spinning round in my skull, can't feel my feet, don’t care . . .

That was – whoof! – okay, try to catch your breath there . . . hey, how’d I end up lying down on top of him? I was sitting up a minute ago . . .

Hoooo boy, nearly blew the top of my head off there, better think twice before I go for the bondage thing again. Wow.

I feel like I've just had every last ounce of energy sucked out of my body. If my arms weren't still tied up I'd go completely limp.

Oh, fuck. That was bloody brilliant. Let's do that again sometime, hey, acushla?

Love to feel the weight on me, two sweaty bodies quivering, trembling, two frantic heartbeats pounding against each other, the shrill of breath, the shuddery aftershocks in the loins, the sticky skin. Oh fuck, thank you Manwë, never pegged myself as a closet pervy but oh my sainted aunt could I do this every fucking minute of every fucking day for the rest of my fucking life.

Fuck, my arms hurt.

All right, just move a little; need to get the hip moved over, shift the thigh a bit – ah, that's better.

Mmmm. Warm, slick, smooth skin beneath my palms, lean strong legs clamped between my thighs, long sticky soft penis sliding out of me, stickiness everywhere, good grief – does he ever run out? Hell, I hope not . . .

He shifts underneath me, rolling his hips, gives a deep sigh. Oh, I love you, Legolas; I love you I love you I love you.
Maybe I ought to tell you.

He's never told me. But I think he does, anyway. Maybe like me he's afraid to tell me, afraid I can't tell him I love him back.

I ought to tell him.

"That was fun," he says, I can hear his voice resonant in his chest, he sounds sated, relaxed, such a difference to a few minutes ago when he was so wound up I thought he'd fly apart.

"It sure the hell was," I say. Shit, is that MY voice? Husky, throaty, warm, seductive . . . Since when do I sound like a sex goddess?

Oh yeah – since he turned me into one, that's when. Hmm, from Scardy-Cat to Shieldmaiden to Sex Goddess in thirty-six hours. Not bad. This Elf works fast.

I nuzzle his throat, smell the piney, musky smell of his hair, then for fun I run a fingertip up his ear.

He jumps, his hips twitching upwards, gasps; then he gives a breathy chuckle into my hair.

Ah, this is so bloody nice, so warm, so –

FUCK

That little tease, she's at it again, taking the piss on me; fuck acushla, if I weren't so knackered I'd oblige, but I blew a pint of spunk and it'll take me a minute to recoup . . .

"Why didn't you tell me about your ears?" she asks. She's running her fingers round the rim, making chills run up and down my spine, making my breath come short; fuck does that feel good.

"Why d'yer think?" I ask. Bloody hard to talk when you're doing that, acushla . . .

"Saving it for a special occasion?" she asks, voice all snarky and sarcastic. I chuckle.

"Naw. Then I would've told yer the minute I picked you up in Pasadena. No, acushla, I figured if you knew about 'em, you'd be playin' with 'em all the time, and it's hard enough keepin' me control with you around – we'd be knobbins' twenty-four-seven, then, luv."

"And that's bad?" she asks innocently, making me laugh. Still those fingertips go round, up and down, touch the point, oh bugger – I have to pull my head away.

"Stop it," I say.

I can feel her cheek bunch up against my chest, she's grinning, the little bit. "Make me," she says.

I kind of like this, being in control, having him at my command, being in charge –

Strong hands grip my wrists, pull my arms down.
"Hey!" I twist away, sit up; he's got my wrists still, wrapped around in those long strong fingers. And he's grinning up at me, the little shit! I look up at the ties, hanging limp and empty on the headboard.

"How the hell did you do that?" I ask. He laughs, his belly jiggling me against him, I can feel our pubic hair rubbing together, can feel the stickiness drying and getting gooey between us. I guess a shower's in order . . .

"Easy, acushla," he says, pulling me back down to him and putting his arms around my neck, holding me still while he kisses me. Oh those lips, and yes that tongue, hard to stay mad when Mr. Mouth gives his libation to mine . . . "Just gave 'em a quick twist, is all. Bloody hard to tie up an Elf, it is."

'I'll have to remember that," I say, trying to sound grumpy. Hell, I'm trying to BE grumpy; it's not fair that he can wiggle his way out of any knot I tie him up in –

Oh, those soft warm lips, that nimble hot tongue, oh yes –

Now wait just a damn minute –

"Dammit, Legolas, stop it!" I pull away from that sweet mouth, which is difficult as my tongue was really starting to enjoy itself, and sit up, glaring down at him. "You just broke the rules of BDSM – you're supposed to be helpless, dammit!"

Oh, look at her, you snarky shirty little bit you, hands on hips, jugs pert atop that lovely body, and oh those boots . . . I sit up, scoop her close; she tries to fight me but doesn't want to, not really; I settle her in my lap, feel those slick leather boots wind round my backside, oh fuck, there are worse things, yes indeed . . .

"I didn't break the rules of S & M, or whatever the fuck you want to call it," I tell her, wrap my arms and legs around her, hold her up to me. Oh bloody hell, Éowyn, you have no idea what you do to me, how you make my heart stop . . . "And I AM helpless, acushla; you've got me fucking tied up already – " She pulls her head back, stares at me, eyes wide. Yes, acushla; here I go, the world's least tactful cock-up, trying to tell you I love you, if I can just get it out my gob. "I'm in bondage to you, to you and the Valar – but it's good bondage, acushla, and good bondage is always voluntary."

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Whoa. Shit. Wow. I think we're about to have A Moment here.
She looks at me, her expression changing, softening; she lifts a hand to my cheek. Oh yes, Éowyn, I love you, help me to tell you –

"Legolas –"

"Yes –"

I open my mouth –

BANG

"Winnie? Éowyn? I'm hooooome!"

FUCK!

********************************************************************

Oh, shit. Not again.
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

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Dammit dammit dammit dammit! We were so CLOSE!

I'm going to kill her. I don't care if she IS over ten thousand years my junior, I'm going to cut her stupid head off.

The moment's broken; I see the look of frustration on his face, see how it fell. He drops his forehead to my collarbone, I hear him mutter, "Bugger."

Bloody hell. That's torn it.

Fuck – I was so CLOSE! Can't blurt it out now, mate; better wait for a more suitable moment.

Fuck.

***************************************************************************

All right; we're naked, we're sticky, I'm wearing thigh-high stockings and boots, and the bedroom door's wide open. Nuts!

"Dorcas!" I yell. "Don't come in yet!"

I can hear voices, whispering in the living room, then she calls back, her voice thick with humor:

"Are you in the bedroom AGAIN?"

"More like 'still,' Ducky," Legolas calls out. There's an explosion of girlish giggling and more whispering. Legolas pauses, head cocked, eyes abstracted, listening; can he actually hear what they're saying way out there? Obviously the answer is "yes," because suddenly he puts his dimples on display and yells, "No, just GIVE us a moment, will yer?"

Another burst of high-pitched laughter; I hear Dorcas say, "Okay, okay! Sheesh!"
Ah, well . . . I'll work it in sometime today, I swear I will. Can't do it now, obviously.

Fuck, I need a lollie . . .

Odd. What I was so reluctant to do seems urgent to me now that I've been thwarted in doing it. Isn't that always the fucking case!

Right, then. More post-adolescent mingers to give me the look-over. Well, I'll just remember not to wear the –

FUCK! Where are my FUCKING LEATHER TROUSERS?

Let's see, I was wearing them at the nightclub – and in the parking lot – then –

Oh, bugger. And then . . .

Might as well pull a dress on or something; I've managed to keep the boots and stockings on, seems a waste to take them off. Let 'em wonder.

I hate pulling out of his embrace, but it's very hard to get dressed with arms wrapped around your back. Let's see, what have I got in my closet that'll work? Oh yeah, I got that great Armani dress, that'd work with the boots –

"Éowyn," says Legolas behind me; his voice sounds funny. I look at him. He's kneeling on the bed, long white hands resting on his thighs; buck-naked, silky-haired, blue-eyed and gorgeous gorgeous gorgeous, but he's got the strangest expression on his face . . .

"What?"

"Where are me leather trousers?"

Um. Good question. I look around the room, as though they'll jump out from under the bed and yell, "Here I am! Whee!" like we were playing hide-and-seek. No, I don't think they're in here; hard to hide something like that. Let's see, he was wearing them last night . . .

"I had 'em on at the nightclub," he says carefully.

Oh yeah, I remember him leaving in them, remember watching that delectable ass bunching and contracting and filling the backside . . . "Yes."

"But – was I – was I still wearing 'em when I – when they – brought me back?" He asks this carefully, like he's afraid to talk about it. His fingers tighten, his eyes flicker, glance away from mine, then return, subdued, the light in them fading.

My eyes are drawn to the chair by the side of the bed, where I spent all those hours staring at him.
Hard wooden chair, ornate scrollwork on the back, distressed white finish and painted roses to match that horrible pink dining room. Hell yes, I remember exactly what he was wearing.

"Yes," I say.

Fuck, her voice got all thick and chokey. Fuck. And she's got her eyes glued to that fucking chair. Don't know what significance it has but obviously I've bloody well brought back a bad memory. Nice going, Leggsie, nice fucking thing to do. Shit, I'm such a bloody stupid gobshite! Fuck, shit, bugger!

I try to think, try to remember what I did when I came back. I was lying there, I saw Grim, I looked at him through my hand –

-- wait –

What did Manwë tell me, "Shake off this old husk"? I did, I felt myself shrug out of my body like it was an old cardie, it slid back, burned away, vanished –

I was naked –

Oh, fuck –

"Acushla!" he exclaims, I tear my eyes away from the damned chair and look at him. His eyes are bright, present, oh god he's here, he's not gone any more, there's no need to cry any more. "Me shoulder – me tattoo – is it there? I can't fucking see it!" He's twisting his torso around, looking behind him, trying to turn so he can see his back in the mirror.

Hard not to look at him anyway, when he's shifting and flexing all those lovely lean muscles beneath his marble-white skin; he's turning his head, lifting his right arm, straining to look at a place even Elves aren't flexible enough to manage. The skin is smooth, pale, flawless –

Well, I'll be –

"No," I say, I walk up to him and touch the spot where it was. Warm, velvety skin; I can feel the muscles tighten and flex beneath my palm. But where the script flowed over the back of the shoulder it's bare, untouched, as though the skin is brand new.

Which, now I think about it, makes sense. The old body had to be got rid of somehow, didn't it? Nice thought – he traded in his old body on a new one.

Boy, talk about me getting the best of both worlds! Same old sex god in my bed, but a brand new body to play with! Wow, this resurrection thing keeps getting better and better.

"It's gone. And the clothes you were wearing are gone."

He sits back on his heels, looks up at me with a wry, wistful expression.
"Well, fuck," he says.

"Fuck" indeed. No more ogling my Elven Ass in leather pants . . .

Shit.

That lovely red lip pouts out, she's looking down at my jacksie like she's willing it to be covered in black leather. Poor acushla . . .

" 'S'all right, luv," I say, put my arms round her waist and bury my face in her tits, those lovely creamy soft tits. "I'll buy a new pair. Have to be a bit roomier round front, though – too fucking tight in the willy region, when I'm with you." I grin up at her from between her jugs. "Never was a problem before we hooked up, you know, acushla."

Her hands are in my hair, soft sweet gentle hands, letting it slide and fall through her fingers. "As long as it's tight around the back, that's fine," she says, and presses my cheek up against her.

Ah . . . fucking paradise, this is. View's not bad either – got a perky little nipple right in my line of sight.

Well, damn . . . better get him to the store as soon as possible. I'm going through withdrawal here.

Leather Pants D.T.s – I'm sure there's some sort of medical term for that, isn't there?

"You'll have to wear jeans today, I guess," I admit reluctantly. Though come to think of it, I've only ever seen him in cut-off shorts and those yummy black leather pants. "Um – you do have jeans, don't you?"

"Course I do," he says, pulling back and kissing my belly. Man, I'd love those lips to be elsewhere, but . . . Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I are out there, lurking about the kitchen and no doubt waiting to hear us get it on again. Damn! "Put me kit in yer chest of drawers – didn't notice?"

"No," I say. That's not really surprising; it's not as though I go rooting through my dresser drawers all the time, and just about everything I bought yesterday needed to be hung in the closet.

Speaking of, I don't think the Armani dress will quite fit the early-morning-post-fuck tone . . . oh well, I'll just have to take the boots off. Starting to get a little sweaty in there, anyway. Jeans and a tank top would probably do.

"You'd better wear a tee shirt, too," I say, sit down on the bed beside him and unzip my Fendis. "You need to hide your shoulder. Remember, Dorcas and Cyndi asked about the tattoo yesterday morning."

"Oh, right," he says, but he doesn't sound like he's paying attention. What on earth has distracted him? He's staring at me as I --
Oh. That's why.

Oh, fuck, those two-klick legs . . .

. . . and thigh high stockings and black leather boots, like fucking icing on the cake. My sainted aunt, I'm practically fucking drooling.

Nice to know the new me works the same as the old one.

Shit, better rein him in before things get out of hand again. Is he going to be this horny ALL the time? The next several millennia are going to be very interesting . . . I pull back, slide off the stockings and go to my dresser.

Oh please, please, acushla, get your kecks on quick or I'll knob you right here . . .

"Behave yourself," she says firmly, looking back at me over her shoulder. Fuck, she's a bloody bit of all right – look at that long lean back, that adorable arse, and those oh bloody hell those legs –

Oh yeah, bend over like that again – that way I can see your – oh fuck, she's getting dressed. Bugger.

Hmm. Nice pants, though – love the G-string.

Hope he likes these panties – I certainly paid enough for them.

Well, technically HE paid enough for them. So he'd BETTER like them. I love the way they feel – heavy, with those chains criss-crossing on the front, and the little rivets around the backside. I thought it appropriate, considering he's a biker.
Never thought I'd see Éowyn in underclothes that looked like they just came off the line at the Harley plant... bet she did that on purpose, the sweet little bit.

Fuck. Getting a little excited here. Better find some clothes or we'll be treating Ducky and her mates to another fucking free show.

Not a nice fucking concept, oh no indeed. I mean, exhibitionism's pretty bleeding nice in a small way, but having it off with the fucking rent-girl watching? Give over; there are some things that are better when kept between two people. Don't mind the lads sharking her, but to think of one of our mates watching me slide into her –

OH bloody hell, stop thinking about it stop thinking about it stop it stop it fucking STOP IT! Lumme, you'd think after two goes in one hour I'd be ready for a little pause in the action, but oh fucking A...

I think this new body's even randier than the last one. My sainted aunt, would I love to lock the fucking bedroom door and have it away for the rest of the bloody morning.

But Ducky and Poppet might get a tad squidgy, poor things... ah, well. And we still need to find a place of our own, leave the pink house in Ducky's care. If we don't move out soon we'll be permanently afflicted with Dorcas Interruptus.*

Time to suss out the real estate out west. Now I think about it, Montana's quite lovely this time of year...

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Well, I know he's not crazy about me wearing a bra, so I'll forget about that and just pull a tank top on. Good thing I have plenty of –

WHOA!

Hold on a second there; wasn't expecting his hand on my ass, how the hell does he move so quietly, dammit? I didn't even SEE him!

When I turn to him he looks a little surprised. Might have something to do with my jumping a mile high when I felt him touch me. "Sorry, acushla," he says, brushes his mouth across mine. "Didn't mean to give yer the abdabs."

"That's okay; you just startled me, that's all," I say. Damn, my heart's beating fast; run silent run deep indeed –

Note to self: Never play hide-and-seek with Legolas. The leather pants are probably a lot less stealthy.

Oh shit, cut that out; now that thin warm hand is sliding around my left cheek, curving and flexing in –

stop it stop it stop it
Oh acushla, I heard that sharp intake of breath; give you something to fucking think about I will – not terribly nice of me but then, not a terribly nice little pikey, am I?

Find that hot damp crack, slide my finger into it . . .

oh shit, he's paying me back for teasing him

she flinches, eyes drop, hands clutch back at my wrist.

"Stop it," she whispers, looks up at me through those thick black lashes, oh my acushla you are so lovely . . .

What was it she said to me before, when I told her to quit mucking about with my ear? "Make me," I whisper.

Now, let's see how she likes it when I pay a little attention to HERS . . .

His head lowers, his face in my hair, his nose nuzzling the curls apart, oh shit the hot breath gusting around my ear –

Ooooh, those Power Fuzzies are conferring with the Hot Pricklies and they've decided it might be a good idea to start a dance hall in my abdomen

He's tracing the outline of my ear with his tongue

I think the Fuzzies and Pricklies have reached an agreement, got a pretty good remix of Destiny's Child going on in there, oh shit
She droops in my arms, her eyelids flutter shut. I can see her heartbeat pulsing in the little dent in her collarbone, can practically watch the slow blush of her cheeks . . .

All right, think I've fucking made my point already.

Speaking of points –
Down, boy!

That's the fucking trouble with teasing – makes the giver as bloody randy as the receiver.

That warm, that nimble, that strong hand glides up my ass to my back; can feel lips on my ear, my throat, my cheek, oh that's so soft and gentle, so sexy, I'm melting –

YIKES!

Did he just SMACK ME ON THE ASS?!

There – that ought to bloody well get her back out of the mood.

She jerks back, eyes fly open, mouth drops, rubs her arse with one hand. Oh fuck, I'm grinning, I can't help it –

"What the hell was that for?" she demands. She twists, looks round at her backside. "Shit, you've left a fucking handprint on my ass!"

"That's fer bein' a right cock-tease, acushla," I say, and brace myself.

Dammit, that STUNG! Better rub it to make the pain go away – there we are, it's fading, now it's all tingly and . . . and warm . . .

Oh, shit. I was right. I AM kinky.

Shit, shit, shit!
Right, then, I'm ready, acushla, go on and banjo me, I'm ready –

Wait –

She turns back, silver eyes contemplative, pretty red lips curving upward, still rubbing her arse.

****************************************************************

Dammit, he's pretty when he's nasty. I love how his eyes darken, love that almost cruel curve to his mouth . . . he's obviously waiting for me to smack him back, but you know what? I don't think I will.

"Well, then, I'll have to be a cock-tease more often," I say calmly, and pull out a pair of blue jeans.

Feels funny to slide them on over that tingly prickly hot spot; I wonder if he left a mark?

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Fucking A. Will this woman EVER stop gobsmacking me?

Bugger it, I hope not.

****************************************************************

He's grinning, the cocky little shit. Well, what the hell do I care? At least he's here to smack my butt – that's a big fucking improvement over a couple of hours ago, when there was no one within a square mile who'd even CONSIDER it.

I hear some banging and clattering in the kitchen. We both turn to the door, then look at each other; he looks regretful, almost apologetic.

****************************************************************

Manky little kifes, wish they'd bloody well take themselves off . . .
Éowyn looks as though she's thinking the same thing. Can practically fucking read her mind in those starry grey eyes – "knob me knob me knob me" – well, acushla, I bloody well would if we were alone in this fucking pink house, but we're not, so . . .

Now for a spot of brekky. Time, too; I'm awfully peckish.

"I'd better get out there," I say, though what I REALLY want to say is, "Throw me on the floor and fuck me senseless!" Not sure which would be worse, if he said yes or no.

"Right," he sighs, pulls a pair of very disreputable jeans out of one of my dresser drawers. Where the hell did he get those, and how old are they, anyway? Look like Noah could've worn them, for pete's sake. He shakes them out – I'm surprised the rivets don't fall off – and slides one long leg in.

Wait – he's not wearing any underwear?

I better get out of here fast. Nothing like Legolas going commando to get my heart rate up. AGAIN. I can just imagine his cock and balls, soft and warm, sliding around against the denim . . . I unzip, slide my hand in . . .

Okay, I DEFINITELY need to get out of here. And take a cold shower. Or something.

Bloody hell, she scarpered fast.

Let's see – what the fuck can I make for breakfast? Got some eggs left, not enough, some rashers . . . leftover bread, can make toast . . .

Fuck, my stomach's growling. Feels like ten fucking thousand years since I ate last. Wonder if Éowyn's hungry?

I can feel that itchy tickly prickly spot on my ass every time I take a step and the denim rubs against it. Dammit, how does he DO that? Little bastard.

Well, not so little. But still.

I probably look like something the cat dragged in. Better try to straighten my hair out . . . I round the corner to the kitchen. Dorcas and Cyndi-with-an-I are rummaging around in the fridge, and their Close Mutual Friend Tanya the Wonder Twat is drinking a glass of my orange juice. Dammit, that stuff is fresh-squeezed! If you've filched all my juice you'll damn well go buy me another bottle! Shit, I can't afford to feed every stupid little twit that –
Oh, wait. I CAN afford it now. Damn, so hard to go from being stingy to letting people take what they want . . . well, anyway, Tanya the Wonder Twat works at a clothing store in the mall and probably only makes minimum wage anyway – this is most likely the best orange juice she'll have in months. I shouldn't begrudge her that.

I begrudge her that fucking awful outfit, though. What the hell is she thinking, wandering around San Dimas at eight A.M. with a red faux-leather minidress on? Looks like something out of one of the more racy episodes of Rockford Files. The bleach-blonde look doesn't add much to the mix either.

All right, I know; bitchy bitchy bitchy. Not like the poor thing knows any better at this stage – she's what, nineteen? And I think I recall Cyndi-with-an-I telling me once her dad left them when she was two and her mother's turned out to be a real slut. Give her the benefit of the doubt already – chances are she thinks she looks perfectly acceptable.

Though I wish Dorcas would give her the heads-up about the blue eyeliner. Nasty stuff.

"Good morning!" I say brightly. All three of them turn around, eyes wide; what the hell's up with that?

"Win – Éowyn!" squeaks Dorcas, straightening up with a jar of mayonnaise in her hand. "I thought – um – " She blushes, looks at her feet.

"What?" I ask. What's so embarrassing about me walking into the kitchen? I'm dressed, aren't I? Better take a quick inventory – jeans, tank top – nipples showing? Well, a little bit but not too bad – yep, I'm dressed, so what's the problem?

"We thought you'd be, um, entertaining your new boyfriend for a while," grins Cyndi-with-an-I; her cheeks are pink too, but as she's a little bolder than my roomie I guess she feels more confident about explaining.

Well, I guess I can't really blame them. After all, isn't that what Legolas and I have been doing the past day and a half? Precedent . . . I shrug. "We're getting hungry," I say off-handedly, head to the cabinets. I REALLY need some coffee . . . "Have a nice night? Where'd you stay, anyway?"

"They crashed at my place and watched a movie," says Tanya. She's put the glass down, looks a little self-conscious; guess she figured she could lift my juice with me none the wiser.

"Oh, good, thanks," I say. "Anyone else want some coffee? I didn't get any sleep last night and I need a mega-dose of caffeine." There's a desultory murmur of agreement; might as well make a full pot. "What movie?"

Dorcas and Cyndi exchange glances. "When Harry Met Sally," grins Cyndi. "In your honor, of course." She opens the fridge again and digs out a block of cheddar.

Well, I'll be damned. "Really!" I say, look at them. They're both smiling at me. Well – I guess it is kind of appropriate. "Okay – thanks, I think." Damn, now I'm blushing! Better get this coffee started . . .

"Didn't get any sleep? Why, were you up all night?" asks the Wonder Twat. Well, no shit, Sherlock; obviously if I didn't get any sleep I was up all night. Duh!

"Did you have a good time with all your friends?" asks Dorcas. She opens a loaf of sandwich bread.

"Up to a point, I guess," I say. Shit, it's hard to explain, and I don't really want to lie, but –

I feel him before I hear him; I know he's just walked in, though his feet make no noise padding on the tile. As I turn I see the Wonder Twat's eyes widen and mouth drop open.

Hah! You can't have him, nyah nyah nyah!
Fuck, what a lovely sight, Éowyn's arse in those tight tight jeans . . .
And oh, the smell of coffee. Could I bloody well use a cup.
Lumme, who's the slag in the red dress? My sainted aunt, where'd they pick up this scrubber?
Close your mouth, dearie; you'll get drool all over the nice clean tile.
"Mornin', Ducky, Poppet," I say. Fuck, it feels good to stretch; makes me wish I was a cat; extend those muscles, love the warm burning feeling. "Who's yer mate?"
"Oh! Um, Legs, this is Tanya," says Poppet. Fuck, still has that shag-me-quick look on her face. I shake hands with the little minger – leave it out; purple finger-nail polish; how much do you charge for a bunk-up? Staring at me, too, like she wants to eat me. Ugh! Fucking nasty thought. Better stake my claim quick and settle who's sharking whom.
But first – a lollie. Yeah, there's the fucking bag, right where I left it. Ah, my lovely acushla, bought me Chupa-Chups – closest thing to a gourmet lollie you can get, here.
Dee-lish. Think this one's cherry. Fucking sexy flavor, anyway.

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He sidles up to me, winds an arm around my waist, pulls me up close. Love the body heat; love the tickly swishy hair around my bare shoulders; love that smell – pungent, piney, clean. I tip my face up to his.
Oh thank heaven, he took the hint – mm, nice, soft lips, brushing over mine, fingers tightening on my hip, the smell of clean clothes and hot Elf.
Oh, and the taste of artificial cherry – that's kind of nice, too.
Whoops. Closed my eyes. Oh well, I'll just have to guess how much coffee I put in the filter . . .
That sweet warm mouth leaves mine, I feel his hand give my waist a quick squeeze before he turns, leans that gorgeous ass against the counter next to me. I wonder why he's got his arms crossed? Usually a sign of defensiveness – then again, seeing the way those three are scoping him out, I don't blame him for feeling a little hounded. I dump in the water and turn on the coffee maker.
"How're you two kifes today?" he asks casually around his lollipop. I can see his eyes moving, taking in everything in the kitchen – protecting his territory, I guess.

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All right, Ducky, it's okay if you make a sandwich in my kitchen, but mind you don't dull the
knife – and oh fuck, please Poppet, don’t slice the cheese on the fucking countertop, use a cutting board! Bloody hell, it's like they're bleeding idiots when it comes to food preparation.

"We’ve got a concert up at the Greek this afternoon – Moody Blues," says Dorcas. "It's open seating so we need a picnic lunch for while we're waiting."

And you're making fucking cheese sandwiches? Give over; I can do better than that . . . " Collectin' a nosebag, are you? Take some leftover veal, pets; better than cheese anyway."

"He means, pack our leftovers from last night for your lunch," says Éowyn calmly. Yeah, that's right; need a fucking translator if I'm going to live with all these seppos. Lumme, what's it going to be like in the fucking wilderness when we get our ranch going? Not a bleeding gobshite's going to know what the fuck I'm saying. I look at her, all long golden limbs, topaz hair and mirrored eyes – oh fuck, oh bugger, what an absofuckinglylutely bit of crumpet she is . . . be my voice, my mouth; say what I mean, acushla, none of these fucking Yanks know what the fuck I'm talking about.

"Oh, okay, thanks," says Ducky, and goes back to the ice box.

Poppet's looking at me, horny little tosser she is, says, "Kind of a shame you're actually dressed this time."

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Little cunt, I'll shove her face in the toilet, scoping out my Elf like that.

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Come on, won't you guys just LEAVE already? Geez louise, the Moody Blues; you have to get to the Greek early to get good seats . . . though I admit getting there at nine AM might be kind of overkill.

It's nice, though, knowing these three don't do a damn thing for him. I can feel his hand, playing with my side, drifting down my hips, can feel his hair tickling my shoulder, his wonderful heady scent fill my nostrils . . .
Oh, why can't they just TAKE OFF???

Now they're laughing, the stupid little twats, all three of them with their eyes drifting all over him – his pelvis in particular – well, too bad, you horny little twerps; that mushroom is all MINE.

"I know Éowyn stayed up all night," says Dorcas, putting the bread back in the fridge and taking out the Tupperware full of veal. "How late did you stay up, Legs?"

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All right then, be careful here . . .

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Oh shit, what's he going to say? He can't lie, after all . . .

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"I dunno, pet," I say.

Think think think, how can I make this sound right? Oh yeah – "Can't remember nothin' past about two; woke up in the lounge."

Right as rain, mate; holed it in one! They all laugh, think it's a right cod.

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Oh, he's GOOD.

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"Must've been a great party," laughs Ducky. I look at Éowyn. Well . . . fuck, it really wasn't, was it? Began well, but oh my sainted aunt did it go down the piss hole after that.
A great party? Well, if you don't count the malediction by the Valar, the hunting down of my ex, the death of my Elf, the six hours of LIVING FUCKING HELL, sure, I guess you could say it was a good party.

He's looking at me, blue eyes intense; almost as though he's daring me to crack in front of these little dimwits. No fucking way. These poor little twerps, life is hard enough; why scare them with pronouncements of doom and disaster?

"You can damn sure say that again," I say, with just the right inflection, so that they think it was such a freaking good time we can't even remember it.

Good answer, acushla. Oh, well done.

They laugh. They bought it. And they're at the age now where they think if you can't remember a party, it must've been good, Q.E.D. Alcohol consumption equals fun, right?

Well, that's done then. And now – time for some fucking brekky. About to faint, I'm so bloody peckish.

"Going to have some brekky – breakfast, I mean?" Better watch myself; remember, Legs, no one understands you here. I slide my arm from around Éowyn's waist and head to the ice box. Might as well suss out the eggs and rashers.

"Oh, we already ate," says Poppet.

Pukka! We can nobble it all to ourselves! Hide your smirk, no need to let them know you're happy as Larry they're buggering off. Five eggs and rashers, all to ourselves! Fucking wicked!
WHOOPEE! I know we only have about a half dozen eggs, and I don't feel like sharing!
Especially not with these guys. Gimli or Lothíriel would be one thing, but –
Oh, shit! I was supposed to call them!

"Oh, shit!"
I turn to Éowyn; her eyes are wide and she's biting her lip.
I'd rather bite it myself . . .
All right, leave it out, mate, settle down . . .
"What?" I ask.
I take out the eggs, the rashers, some butter. Eggs fried in butter – oh, fuck yeah, they slide down so nice –
Bugger, I AM hungry. What's it been, almost twelve hours? Fucking hell, you'd think I'd never put a scrap of food in this stomach.
Oh, wait – I haven't.

"I was supposed to call – " Okay, can't use her full name, too many weird names for them to assimilate – need to use a nickname; what was it again? Oh yeah " – Lottie and let her know – " Let her know what? Careful here " – that we're up."

Excellent! Wonderful digression; these soppy nits won't suss that out.
Although – well, fucking hell, as soon as she calls Lottie, the whole crew shows up to see me. Seem to recall there being a bit of an exodus there, when everything was blue-white and I couldn't quite focus –
Bugger. Guess I won't get my third piss-proud shag of the morning. Fuck.
"Well, give her a ring, then," I say. Bloody hell, bet Grim and Whitey are browned off; better let them slag me or they'll go spare. "Not enough kippers for everyone, though. Tell 'em to feed
themselves."

Fuck. So much for an empty house, just me and my acushla . . .

Bugger, now I think of it, not going to have an empty house all day. Because once Ducky and Poppet and the Manky Slag leave, everyone else shows up and it's bye-bye roger. Damn!

Won't be able to – to tell her, either. Running out of time, here. What's it been, thirty-six hours? Need to tell her need to tell her need to tell her –

"Okay," I say, and head to the phone. Well, so much for spending the rest of the morning exploring all the sensual nuances of his new body –

Oh, stop being so selfish, you bitchy Shieldmaiden, you. They mourned him too. It's only fair they get to see him back to being his normal potty-mouthed self.

Let's see, Merry wrote the number of the Marriott down on a little sticky-note – here it is – and their room numbers, let's see, Éomer and Lothíriel are 205 . . .

Before I can dial Legolas says, "Oi!"

We all turn to him. He's standing in the middle of the kitchen, long blond hair, bright blue eyes, long legs and perfect face, bright red glossy lollipop in one hand, but his expression is determined, stubborn.

Now what?

Do it do it do it! Quick quick quick you grotty oik before you bottle out!

She's looking at me, my eyes have gone all wonky, can only see her – I know the other three are here, but it's a black tunnel leading to her, I can see only her – tall, slim, poised, confident, beautiful; my Shieldmaiden, my acushla, my Éowyn.

Say it. Even if you just fucking blurt it out, mate, it's better than making her wait any longer.

"I kept meaning to tell you and couldn't," I say, "I'll say it now before I can get interrupted again. Éowyn, I love you; will you marry me?"

Holy shit.
My mind just went blank. I think I must've dropped the phone; I heard something go thunk. Maybe it was my jaw.

It must've been my jaw because my mouth won't work. Oh shit, isn't this what you've been wanting forever? Say something say something say something! He's going to think I'm the world's biggest jerk if I don't say something immediately, he's going to think I don't want him, can't tell him I love him back, and I DO love him, I love him I love him but my mouth is numb and I can't SAY ANYTHING!!!

My sainted aunt, you can see it in her face. I've never seen that look before, not directed to me, anyway. Holy fucking shit, the Shieldmaiden loves me. She doesn't even need to say anything, I can just see it.

And the other three little mingers? They just melt and say, "Awwwww," their voices creeping up the register to a squeak.

Fucking little tossers.

"Dorcas Interruptus" is part of the Pottymouth vocabulary thanks to the creative efforts of April Duchess, who coined the phrase in one of her reviews. Thanks, Duch!
Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

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Alone at last.

Geez, thought they'd NEVER leave. I love Dorcas to death, and Cyndi's funny, but a little of them goes a long way – especially after a day like today, when I feel absolutely swarmed by people and just want to be left alone for a while. It gets old too when all they want to do is flirt with my man – er, Elf – well, fiancée, right? I mean, really; find your own Adonis. And even worse, the Wonder Twat kept looking and looking at my Elven Ass – more specifically, at my Elf's ass – wanted to ask her if she had crabs; she kept twitching and swiveling her hips. I suppose she thought it was sexy, rotating her backside in that tacky red plastic dress. That might've been alluring on a less, shall we say, Rococo girl.

Yes, I know he's gorgeous. Yes, I suspect every woman wants to have a chance at getting into his pants. Yes, I know he absolutely drips sexuality in the most blatant and obscene way, even when he's NOT wearing black leather. But geez louise, do you have to DROOL? Even Dorcas and Cyndi weren't THAT bad. Got a little irritated with Cyndi, but once I figured out she was just teasing, that hard tight knot of irritated jealousy loosened. No reason to be jealous, either. I mean, even without his admittedly gauche proposal, it'd take a moron to not realize he's hot for me. Honestly; how many women have the assurance that sex with a particular man (okay, I know, not MAN, whatever) results in eternal fidelity? Arwen said something odd to me this afternoon, after we'd all sat around and knocked back a couple of toasts to the Incredible Returning Elf.

"You realize you're stuck with him, don't you?" she'd said while Lothíriel ransacked my toenail polish supply.

"I should certainly hope so," I'd said, a little defensively. I mean, geez! Like I'm the type of girl to love 'em and leave 'em.

"I don't mean you," said Arwen, uncanny how she can read my mind; must be an Elfy kind of thing. "I mean him. Now he's slept with you he can't sleep with anyone else until you die. See?"

That came as a bit of a shocker. I mean, I KNEW he'd been faithful to all those mortal lovers he's had over the millennia; I didn't realize there was a psychological reason behind it.

Well, to hear her describe it, it's not exactly psychological or philosophical or even religious. It's more physiological. Came as a bit of a surprise to find out she'd been a virgin when she and Aragorn were married. But as she explained it, once an Elf does the dirty, the genetic material that governs the psychic connection kicks into gear and locks onto the brain cells or whatever of the partner. That meant Legolas was not only sweet and thoughtful and unselfish in his faithfulness to those other women; it meant he had deliberately imprisoned himself in those relationships, simply through the act of physical intimacy. If they'd lived forever, he would've been, as Arwen had put it, stuck with them.

Kind of puts a new spin on when he bent me back over the kitchen table, five minutes after we'd walked into the house the first time. He said he was driven to it – he must've been; what a terrifying thing for him, to give up his sexual options for the rest of his life, just because I was
horny!

He certainly doesn't seem to be regretting it. But it does explain his immediate capitulation into my life. He didn't just WANT to stay with me forever; he HAS to stay with me forever.

At first, that made me feel a little cheated. I don't want some weirdo psycho-Elven-locking-shit in our brains; he ought to be faithful to me because he WANTS to be, dammit! But on the other hand, it's so easy these days to divorce, to give up, to say, "This is too hard!", to leave your partner. Being physiologically constrained by these Valar-induced boundaries (I understand Yavanna had a lot to do with setting it up – figures, eh?) gives you the want-to to want to; he deliberately put himself in the position of being potentially mortally wounded by sleeping with me. He knew I wasn't an Elda and I wasn't hemmed in by these restrictions; he knew I could eventually say, "Well, that was fun; see ya" and walk out of his life, give him a case of Terminal Heartbreak, and he couldn't do a damn thing about it.

And yet – he did it anyway.

I sit on the edge of the bed and stare at the pink-flowered chair. It puts what he did for Faramir into perspective, knowing how his brain works.

Complete selflessness. How often do you run into ANYONE who can claim that? Everything he's done has had one goal: the care and comfort of the Chosen primarily, and the rest of the world secondarily. You'd think he'd fight it and tell the Valar to kiss off, but I guess that's just not in his makeup. Even to the point where he gives up his freedom to live with a flaky psycho Shieldmaiden, even to the point where he gives up his life and his promise of an after-life to keep a mopey, self-centered dorkwad from suffering the same fate. You'd complain to the Valar about it, but good grief, look how they rewarded him! Even Gandalf admitted to me a few hours ago, after he'd had a few too many beers, that this was not something the Valar were in the habit of doing – sure, they'd brought back Glorfindel, but mostly because Arda needed him so badly – and they'd sent Gandalf back, but as he doesn't really need a body ("I'm a possessor only, I have no physical form," he'd said owlishly) this one he's got now is just a loaner – the only thing he could figure was that Legolas had proved himself so faithful the Valar were constrained by a Higher Power to resurrect him and give him an eternal reward.

At this I had blushed, but Gandalf had said quickly: "Oh no, Éowyn my dear; you're not the reward – at least, not the larger part of it. No, his reward is in the continuation of his tasks, the faculty to persist in his subjection. He is still the Listener, you know – I can feel that, being what I am – but there is something different, some deeper power . .. " He'd drifted off, staring into space, until I nudged him and he'd said, "Eh? What was I saying? Oh yes, jolly good show this; very good beer . .. " It was at that point I decided philosophical discussions and Guinness don't go hand in hand.

All in all, a very nice party. Gimli hadn't even had time to recover from his hangover from last night before he'd started drinking again, and he was so wasted when they left we had to roll him into the Hobbits' rental car, and Merry drove his motorcycle back to the hotel. He kept hugging Legolas and sobbing, his tears running down into his beard, saying things like, "Oh fuck, you're such an asshole, oh fuck I missed you so much – " When he cleaned out Dorcas' peach schnapps in one swig we cut him off and made him drink soda for the rest of the afternoon.

Aragorn and Arwen were pretty calm at first, but the more wine got circulated the more gushy Arwen got, and the more sentimental Aragorn got. By the time I pried them off of him they were both clinging to him, one on each arm, professing their undying love and affection and telling him they ought to have named one of their kids after him. The Hobbits weren't much better, either; Rosie couldn't look at him without bursting into tears, Sam stared at him as though Galadriel herself had paid a visit from Valinor, Merry kept refilling his glass and Pippin annoyed everyone by constantly asking him what weightlessness was like, Diamond and Estella huddled together in a corner for a hectic half-hour and ended up singing him a terribly written spoof of "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald," titled (of course) "The Return of Legolas Greenleaf." Only tequila can produce that level of stupidity.

And Frodo – well, Frodo just contented himself with gazing rapturously at Legolas' ass and
sighing on occasion. I'd hit him, but considering there wouldn't even BE a world to live in if it weren't for him, I suppose that might be perceived as a little ungrateful.

Éomer surprised me the most. I mean, Lothíriel – or Lottie, as she wants me to call her now – was pretty straight-forward, as I'd expected; she'd launched herself into Legolas' arms (good thing he's got good balance or he'd've ended up on his ass), squealing and giggling like a Valley Girl on speed, then hauled me off to discuss wedding gowns – shit, that still gives me the heebie-jeebies – but my brother, my stoic, funny, practical brother could hardly speak. I could tell he was trying not to embarrass Legolas, trying hard to be manly and mundane and not rock the boat – but when he gave Legolas that masculine brotherly shoulder-squeeze I could see the tears start leaking down his cheeks; and what does Legolas do? Does he twit him, tell him in a bluff, offhand voice not to worry about it? Try to brush it off and be all masculine and sensible and jokey? No . . . he takes Éomer into his arms and embraces him warmly.

And my brother, my brawny, manly, hairy, solid, stable brother broke down and cried like a baby.

It was about that time things got REALLY emotional. Everyone wanted to touch Legolas, to reassure themselves he'd really come back; everyone wanted to talk to him, to make sure it was really HIM, that he remembered them. It was hard not to force myself in between him and whoever happened to be hanging all over him at the moment; I had to keep telling myself, "They missed him too; they missed him too." But after an hour or so I was ready to chuck them all out and grind against him like a sex-deprived teenager.

What really irked me was that they kept asking him what it was like to be dead. Gandalf, bless his beard, headed those particular conversations off; every time one of them would start up with it he'd interrupt and say, "Now, now, that's proprietary information, you know," and change the subject. Good thing, too – I was starting to get a little worried, and angry, too. I could see that flash of remembered horror in Legolas' eyes whenever someone mentioned Mandos, and it made me want to drag him into a closet, throw a blanket over his head, and hide him until they all left.

Well, he survived at least. As soon as Dorcas and her tee-hee mob showed back up after seeing the Moody Blues ("They were so OLD!" Cyndi had squealed; I didn't feel like explaining to her that the combined ages of the people in the room made Carl Sagan's proclamations about the ages of the continents seem paltry), everyone started picking themselves up – well, in Gimli's case, barfing and passing out – and headed back to the Marriott. Everyone agreed to meet at Ari-Ya for lunch tomorrow, barring any unfortunate hangovers, and then go see Legolas' show at the Norton Simon.

Odd, isn't it? I'm going to be his wife and I've never seen one of his paintings. I asked Frodo what they were like, and he just shrugged and said, "Representational, of course, with loads of color and light and negative space. But with a dark undercurrent of mythic symbolism, just enough to keep the critics on their toes." I nodded but I have no idea what that means. Guess I'll figure it out tomorrow.

Tomorrow. I can't believe there's going to be a tomorrow. And days after that, too. Lots and lots of tomorrows – all filled with foul language, hot sex, jolly companionship and the smell of rosemary.

It's especially astonishing when I think back on the past four years. My tomorrows were so awful, so bleak and empty and full of bitterness. And last night – oh shit, don't get me started about last night.

It would help if I would just get up off the edge of the bed, pick up this stupid floral chair, and bring it back into the dining room where it belongs. That's why I came in the damn room in the first place. But here I sit, swinging my feet over the floor, staring at this dumb chair. I have no idea what's sparked this inertia – exhaustion? Delayed reaction? Too much wine? Fear?

Either way, I don't want to touch the chair. Call me irrational, call me drunk; I spent the worst six hours of my life on that thing and I'm about five minutes away from calling Legolas in here to take it out for me.

I know, I'm chicken. Even Sheildmaidens have their limits.
I wonder how long I can sit here until Legolas comes looking for me?

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Ah, that's better; can finally put my hand on the kitchen counter without fucking sticking to it. And all the glasses are washed and put up, the booze – what's left, anyway; my sainted aunt can we drink – set back in the cupboard, the finger-foods cleaned up and set aside. It's nice having a clean kitchen; been a hell of a day for it anyway.

First brekky with my acushla – never look at fucking fried eggs the same way again, oh hell no, best eaten off her skin after all, lovely slippery things – then a quick knobbing on the davenport, barely fucking finished before the mob arrived – just zipped up my trousers when Grim nearly broke the door down; bloody hell thought he'd have the abdabs right there. Then it was drink and eat, drink and eat, and fucking A talk talk talk, plates on the floor, cups on the furniture, and then Ducky and Poppet and the Minger arrive, and they oh-so-fucking-nicely offer to help me clean up – oh bleeding hell, was I glad to see their backsides.

Not that they're very nice bloody backsides. If I want to squeeze a jacksie it's my acushla for me every time.

Such a nice arse to squeeze, too –

Speaking of, better see what she's got up to. Pretty flown herself, she was, all glassy-eyed and flushed, like an afterglow but with worse balance. Said something about straightening up the lounge, maybe I should give her a hand.

And then? Ah, fuck yeah, and then!

Call it quality control, mate. Have to make sure this bleeding new body performs well under high-stress situations, after all. Not that I can see returning it to the Valar under warranty.

Hm, doesn't appear to be in the lounge. I listen a moment.


Be cautious, Greenleaf. The wine she has drunk has reawakened the wound of a painful memory.

Oh, fuck. You've got to be fucking kidding me. And here I was all ready to fill her night with dreamy bliss. Bugger!

There remain still symbols of unhappiness, though they are but small ones. And I have full confidence in you, my beloved Listener, that you will take those melancholic emblems and transfigure them for her.

Interesting thought. Any suggestions as to where I should start?

I am sure a solution will come to you.

Thanks a fucking lot.
I smell him, sense him. I know he's standing there without turning. He's watching me, silent, I can almost feel his contemplation on the back of my head.

"Éowyn."

Ay Oh When. The aural orgasm.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

She stirs but doesn't turn. What the fuck is she staring at, the chair? I'd stare at the bloody thing too, mate; fucking awful color scheme. Bloody hell, can I not wait to lose this house.

She's sitting up, slightly slouched, simply staring. Staring at the chair. Hm, is that the symbol Manwë told me about? Pretty fucking stupid symbol.

Wait.

When I woke up, Grim was sitting there.

But Rosie told me Éowyn had sat there all night.

Sat in that chair, hour after hour.

And I was . . .

. . . on the fucking bed.

Dead.

Oh, fuck.

************************************************************************

I feel his weight behind me on the bed, hear the springs creak as he crawls over to me. Then warmth against my back, his chin on my shoulder, long wispy tendrils of golden hair float across my breasts.

"Acushla."

Warmth, weight, heartbeat, breath. Eternal, too. Get used to it, Éowyn; he's not going anywhere.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

She leans back into me, drooping, wilted. I can smell wine on her breath, wine and tequila, and citrus in her hair.
Eclipse these unhappy thoughts, O Listener
As you wish it, Yavanna.

**************************************************************************
Hmmm? Thought I heard something there. Oh well. Must've been my imagination.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&
Big fucking sigh, her weight against my chest. I brace myself on my knees, wrap my arms round her waist.
So she sat there, all fucking night, watching me get cold.
Oh, my acushla.

**************************************************************************
His breath on my throat, stirring the tendrils of hair, his and mine commingled. Pale flaxen strands floating, ghostlike, ethereal; glossy silky curls, tawny and twining. The pressure of his fingers on my belly, strong, gentle.
"How many hours did yer sit there, lookin' at me, acushla?"
"Six," I answer. Why not? He might as well know. Can't do a damn thing about it now. What's past is past.
We are silent, we two, both staring at the chair. Or at least, I'm staring at it. He could be looking down my shirt at my boobs for all I know.
I've been curious about something, but I'm afraid to ask. What if I hurt him by asking? He was so frightened, so petrified when he remembered.
"You sat there watchin' me the whole fuckin' time, Éowyn?" he asks. His voice is soft, not accusatory or even apologetic. It just sounds as though he wants to know.
"Yes," I say. When he doesn't respond I feel as though I need to expand on that answer. "I couldn't do anything else. Just sit and stare." Well, that's not quite true. "Though sometimes I lay down on the floor." I point at the tile. "Here. I lay down here. And I found an earring under the bed."
Oh my acushla, my heart hurts for you.

His arms tighten around me. Well, good job, Éowyn, you just made him feel bad again. You bitch.

"It's over," I say. "You're back now. It's okay."

"But you're still starin' at the chair, luv."

Um. So I am.

So that's the symbol. "Eclipse" it, eh? Hm, how does one fucking eclipse a bloody chair . . .

By sitting in it, O Listener.

Ohhhhh . . . good idea, my lady.

Fuck yeah . . . VERY good idea.

She turns a little in my arms, tips her face up to mine. Her eyebrows are knotted with thought.

"How long did you stay out there, Legolas?"

black nothingness no feeling no warmth or cold silence silence silence

This healing is for you as well, my Greenleaf.

Is this a fucking prescription, then, my lord? You're the Heavenly Pharmacist now, are you? Dosing us with sex until the hurt part of our brains go numb?

Take it as you will, Greenleaf. For you, the fulfillment of the senses is no longer tied to your obedience, for you have proved yourself worthy of a lifetime of gratification.

Unlimited refills. Fuck yeah, I can live with that.
Shit. He's quiet, still. I could feel him freeze. Shouldn't have asked him; what the hell was I thinking? Stupid stupid stupid stupid stupid! Tell him you didn't mean it, tell him it's okay, you don't really want to know, tell him –

Wait, he's talking. What?

"You can't really – express – the passage of time like that," he's saying, his voice thoughtful and quiet. So unlike the way he usually speaks – he talks like a bulldozer most of the time, or like a volcano, or a sword. Just explodes with words, burns and knocks down and cuts and overwhelms.

But not now.

How do I explain this? She deserves to fucking know already.

Try. Just try it, you bloody pikey.

"Time doesn't pass, you don't notice it. You just are." Well, that's pretty fucking obscure; bet she won't latch on to that one. "It's like – like being somewhere so long you forget how long you've been there. Time means nothing, existence means nothing. Everything takes forever because forever is all there is."

She inhales sharply at this. I must've made a connection.

================================================================================================

Holy shit – all that darkness and aloneness and pain – forever?

Oh my god.

"So that's why you did it," I say without thinking. Damn, think I had too much to drink, I'm letting my mouth run without the benefit of my brain's input. "You went there because you knew Faramir couldn't survive it."

Well, fuck. Not such an untutored Edan after all. We might actually make this marriage work. Not easy between an Edan and an Elda . . . have to ask Arwen's advice.

"Holed it in one, acushla," I say. My voice is rough – fuck, didn't want her to think it was so bad. Well, doesn't matter. She might as well know. We've got eternity to work things out. "Besides, when my lord tells me to go, I go."

She knows, she knows the price of subservience. "I know," she whispers.
Damn, makes six hours seem like nothing. At least I had people around me.

All right. Enough with the pity party. I get like this sometimes when I drink too much wine; I get lugubrious and melancholy. And those are two adjectives I shouldn't use when I've got a warm firm body pressed up against my back, and hot sweet breath on my neck.

There – just that thought dispels the gray sugary fuzz and burns it away, starting with my stomach and working its way up and out.

Hmm . . . seems to have hit my breasts, I can feel my nipples bead and tingle . . .

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

She moves against me, presses back until her arse is nestled in the cusp of my thighs. Oh fuck yeah, wriggle a little this way – ah, yes.

Well, acushla, shall we pick up where we left off?

Nice view I've got here too; hell yeah, can see those pert little nips just begging for some fucking attention –

***************************************************************************

Oh how nice, he took the hint, not that it was a terribly clever one, but when you've had this much to drink you can't really be very subtle. Here come those long flexible fingers, drifting up up up, oh yes, make happy breasts for me . . .

Ah . . .

His fingers roll and knead, sparks shoot from my nipples to my stomach, yes . . .

Maybe if I tip my head back against his shoulder he'll take yet ANOTHER hint; I'd love to feel that mouth on my throat . . .

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Oh my acushla to feel this warmth, this firm slim body pressed up against mine, fuck I want to be in you, want to touch you, taste you, ride you
gust of air on my throat – yes, that’s it, get those lips on over here

-- yes --

oh I love that feeling, that soft warm mouth, the face nuzzling my hair aside, the heat from his
breath, his sweet immortal breath, the –

YEOW

Teeth too, love the teeth, felt that jolt from my neck to my belly, hard not to make noise when
you’re doing that

Fuck I love the way you jump and squirm, she’s fidgeting, restless; oh bugger acushla every time
you move your jacksie you rub rub rub against me oh fuck yeah . . .

Need some more contact, move you closer

-- ah --

Whoa I felt that, hard hot shaft pushing up against my ass, oh god yes let the sparks fly

He’s breathing a little faster, a little louder, oh god oh god where is his hand going

-- oh --

good choice, wanted to feel a little – yes – getting that itchy tingly achy – harder, press harder –
yes, that’s it, oh god, the Moaning Bitch has taken up permanent residence in my body, think she’s
channeling disco-era Donna Summers or someone

not good enough the Screaming Bitch needs to make an appearance, come on you
Fuck if she grinds against me too much more I'll bloody well cream my kecks; can feel myself building, that tightness in me, oh fuck oh shit oh bloody hell, gonna sound like Robert Plant here in a moment

squeeze those tits, make her moan louder, love the way you sound, acushla

*************************************************************************

oh god

*************************************************************************

fuck yeah that's it, bloody hell you're hot down here, hot and damp, cup my hands over that thick denim seam

*************************************************************************

yes, oh yes, please, press harder, too many clothes

*************************************************************************

oh you smell good, can smell you through your jeans, can smell your throat, your hair, your sex, fuck I want you

Sit in the chair.

Oh – fuck – bugger, I almost forgot – the eclipse, that's it. Fuck, sounds like a bloody astrological sanction, got the positions of the stars and planets aligned properly, let's go

*************************************************************************

oh god his hand squeezes, tighter tighter tighter shit I'm burning fluttering humming oh shit I need
to get off

his breath in my ear, hoarse, tight: "Turn round, acushla."

I would if I could get my legs to work, feel like they're made of lead

He turns me, grabs my legs by the knees, pulls them to either side of his hips. I can barely focus on him, on his face, that white oval, pink sweet lips, brilliant blue eyes glittering, dark with lust; oh god press me closer

-- yes --

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Oh fuck oh shit she's bloody gorgeous, so fucking gorgeous I feel like my heart's about to burst, it's pounding too hard, oh fuck she's got her ankles locked round my back, grating against me, oh fuck that feels so good

wait wait wait wait get up get up get the fuck up

******************************************************************************

oh yes yes yes I'm going to come right in my jeans oh yes

-- wait --

His hands on my ass, he shifts, he stands, turns, the room spins, oh god I had too much to drink, oh god oh god oh god

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

There you are then; steady, luv, I've got you – I've got you.

Get these fucking clothes off, get them off get them off quick quick quick

Oh fuck wish I knew what it was like to make love slowly, guess that'll take some practice, slow down, slow down.

I lay her down on the bed; she still clings to me, limbs clutching me; I untangle her, push her down on her back. Her eyes open, they're sparkling, flashing, flecks of silver in the gray, oh those kissable red lips, another way to slow down, kiss her kiss her kiss her

Aahhhhh
His mouth on mine, oh god kiss me, harder harder harder

He pulls away, chuckling. "We've got time, acushla," he whispers, lips soften, moving slowly, tongue flicking gently, sliding in

Oh yes

And his hands, busy busy busy while his mouth skims and engulfs and consumes mine

&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.

That's it, now, acushla, no fucking hurry here, everyone's gone for the night and we have hours, hours.

Damn jeans, hate those buttons, ah there we go

Nice little pants, love the chainwork, better suss this out

&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.

Whoops, there go my jeans, didn't even feel him undo them, they skim down my hips my legs my feet, can feel the air on my skin

Oooh, can feel THAT air all right . . .

What is he doing, he has his mouth over the panties, right where my lips are covered up by them, he's – oh –

exhaling

oh that gush of warmth, from without, from within

&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.&.

I heard that, acushla
Now his hands are skating over my skin, can feel the warm lissome fingers floating, touching, teasing, oh please please please

She writhes, bucks beneath me, oh fuck I love that satiny skin beneath my fingers, my palms, and oh that smell, leather and your juices together, need to take a bite, just a little one

His mouth opens, can feel the light imprint of teeth behind the leather, oh god that feels good

Denim's a little better than leather but my plonker's still a bit confined; what say we let him out to breathe a bit, acushla?

What's he doing down there, can't see past his head, fiddling with something, ah there we go, shit his mouth left my crotch but I can see his

Oh!

Is that for ME? I must've been very, very good this year, Santa. Oh yes, thank you very much, I know JUST where I'll put it . . .

Bloody hell, that feels better. Fuck, think we'd better rethink the bleeding ranch concept and move to a clothing-optional colony. If I have to spend the next ten thousand years touching and tasting
and smelling THIS, there are no fucking trousers in the world will feel good.

And besides, oh my sainted aunt, that look of eager hunger when she catches sight of my plonker – fuck, might as well lick her lips.

I am the most fortunate pikey on the planet, got a Shieldmaiden who matches me need for need, touch for touch, the remuneration of obedience is the fulfillment of the senses, fucking A I'll have THAT tattooed on my shoulder next . . .

And now – time for the eclipse.

*****************************************************************************

Big fat moist dusky shaft, oh hell yeah, all for me, mine mine mine, take THAT Wonder Twat!

Wait, come back – where the hell are you going, backing up like that?

No – stop –

Oh god.

Not there. Please.

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

I park my ronson on the chair, oh fuck it's hard, can feel my pelvic bones sticking into it, hopefully I won't even fucking notice in a couple minutes, come on acushla, come on . . .

Bugger! Her pretty face falls, the light leaves her eyes; her eyebrows come together, she pushes herself up on her elbows.

Fuck, what lovely tits.

"What – why are you sitting there?" she asks, but I can tell she already knows the answer.

*****************************************************************************

Oh please, no, don't make me do this. Just – just take the damn chair out – hell, take the whole dining room set, I'll torch it myself, please don't – don't know why it makes me feel like this but it does, it's like revisiting your death, I remember the pain, oh god it hurt –

"Come here, acushla," he says gently, holds out his arms.

No. I can't. Take me anywhere else, just not on that GODDAM CHAIR!

Oh I hate you, why are you doing this?
Tell her why you are doing this.

"It's only a chair, acushla," I say. Fuck, if she doesn't come over here soon I'm going to finish myself off, I can hardly see, it's like a shaft of light sticking out my belly. Come here come here come here . . . "Come on, luv, where's me Shieldmaiden? Right here, now."

I get to my feet, I can't do this. I know it's stupid, I know it's just a stupid chair, but it makes me think, think of that time –

Hell, you stupid cowardly little shit, six hours is nothing. He was dead forever and he hardly turned an eyelash.

You can do this.

He's looking up at me, his beautiful face composed, tranquil, smiling benevolently, he's an angel, an angel dropped from heaven onto this damned chair.

Well, let's send it to perdition, then.

If I could just get my legs to move . . .

She stands still, but I can see the capitulation in her face, can see it intensify, the courage burning the doubt away.

There is no longer any need to fear. Forever is a long time, and we belong together, you and I, Shieldmaiden.

He pats his thighs a couple of times, his smile gets mischievous. "Gettin' awful lonesome over here, luv," he says, takes his cock in the fingers of one hand and waves it at me, like a flag. "And he's gettin' so cold. Warm him up for me, will you, acushla?"

Well – fuck. How can I possibly resist that? Angel, Elf, Sugar Daddy, I love you too much to be
afraid.

Besides, the Hot Pricklies are back and they've brought all their friends and relatives – think
they're having some sort of party down there, really need to take care of this –

Fuck it. Off with the panties. Look better on the floor, anyway.

Two big steps and she's straddling me, my nose in her belly, she reaches down, oh fuck acushla
that's right, hold me still while you

oh

fuck

yeah

*I can feel his hands on my ass, he shifts pulses up

-- yes –

oh god yes that tightness, that rubbing right right right there, oh god yes

and down

god that felt good too

and up

oh shit he's biting my breasts, little bites but they're sending the climax back, slowing me down,
damn you

Not so fast, not so fast my acushla, no hurry now, let it build, oh fuck I can feel it building
I need to go faster, I clench, press forward
-- ah, better --
yes there's that flash that hurrying feeling
he groans, drops his head back against the white and pink slats, his hair like a shimmery waterfall obscures it

oh fuck you little cow oh fuck

faster, faster, I need to go faster
I grind again, oh god yes, and again --

fuck, stop it stop it you're going too fast

-- and again --

oh god oh god oh god oh god you're so fucking tight so hot oh fuck
-- and – oh – again and – oh, god – again --

ooooh that was quick, here it comes, like a jolt, a, an explosion, oh SHIT HERE I COME

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&
she arcs back, legs stiff, cries out, no words just incoherent pleasure, can feel her fingers in my shoulders clutching, digging

so much for perfect skin, going to have fingernail-holes everywhere, don't give a fuck

All right, then, acushla, you've had your fun, will you fucking slow down already? You're pulsing, pulsing around me, can feel that gush of wetness, we're gliding together now, she's weaker, letting me move her, eyes closed, smiling, panting, oh fuck you are so lovely

Now then . . .

**************************************************************************

Oh shit let me rest a minute before you start that, oh god

yes, well, okay, I'll concede that feels pretty damn good, oh yes, that slow drag out, that slow push in; oh god my clit's on fire, it's chafing, massaging, shit Legolas if you keep this up you'll polish it to a high gloss, oh god that feels so fucking good, don't stop

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&
sounds like

you kind of

oh god

fancy this

do you?

oh god
I know that
oh god
I sure the hell do

*******************************************************************************

Look at him look at him look at him, open your stupid eyes, don't miss it, you can feel the
thrumming, the trembling in him start, that's the beginning, you know it's the beginning of his
climax, you don't want to miss it, he's so beautiful –

Yes, gorgeous, oh shit he's so gorgeous; cerulean eyes heavy-lidded, rosebud lips curved into an
abstracted smile, flushed, pulsing and flexing beneath me, inside me, can't tell who's riding whom,
doesn't matter, oh god does this feel good –

oooh think I'm gonna come again, wait wait wait, he's not there yet, want to come with him, how
can I speed this up, wait –

I can't wait, I'm –
-- I'm going to –

oh shit

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

Look at her, sweet little acushla, tense shivering open-mouthed cloudy-eyed throbbing above me,
I'm so close so close my Éowyn, just wait, wait a moment and we'll

FUCK

*******************************************************************************

quick the ears remember the ears

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&

hot swirling electric jets jolting thumping pounding oh fuck
bugger it here I go

*************************************************************************
okay – here – I come – take the tip of the ear into my mouth

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&
I CAN'T STOP OH GOD

************************************************************************
YES HERE IT COMES

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&
I hear the shriek, hear words this time, it's my name, oh fuck the waves are on me, they're crashing over me, tumbling me, drowning me

**********************************************************************
"AMIN TULIEN!"

oh

phew

well, I know what THAT means.

Yowza.
Wow, I . . . just Wow.

Maybe I should pretend to be scared of inanimate objects more often. If he's willing to dispel my fears by fucking me on top of them, this could be a profitable exercise in creative seduction. Let's see, dresser, washing machine, kitchen counter, end tables . . . where else haven't we fucked?

Funny, I used to hate this dining room set. Think I'll keep it now.

He shifts, about a gallon of semen leaks out from where our bodies are joined. Hopefully it'll lift this awful finish. He's panting, eyes closed, head resting against the back, hands still lightly encircling my hips. I rest my forehead on his collarbone, we're slick with sweat.

He takes a deep breath, I lift my head. His eyes are open, cloudy, he's smiling faintly.

"Never – should've let you suss out me ears, acushla," he says weakly.

Oh fuck, that was a mistake – that wicked smile, her fingers stroke up to the tip . . . oooohhhhh bugger . . .
Oh fuck . . .

I feel her chuckle, she lays her head back down on my shoulder, arms locked round the back of the chair. "And deny you more pleasure?" she says; I can feel her cheek bunch up, she's smiling, the brill little bit.

"Need to teach you how to work 'em," I say. Fuck yeah, if she gets good enough she can get my plonker off without even touching it. Just the thought makes him start to think about another round. She feels me stiffen in her, looks up again.

"I'd like that," she says. She smiles, winds her arms round my neck, presses her forehead to mine. We sit there a moment, let our breath still.

You know, I think it's time to practice other things, too.

"I love you," I whisper.

Never said it to him before. I've thought it, but never said it.

Bloody hell. That just made my insides turn to treacle. Ask anything of me right at this moment and I'll tear the fucking world to pieces just to make you happy, Éowyn.

Have to untangle my tongue and lips, not sure if it'll come out right.

"I love you too," I say.

Silence, not uncomfortable but recognizing a boundary has been crossed. At last he shifts his hips.

"Can see why you bloody well hate this fucking chair, acushla," he says, forcing his voice to be light-hearted. When I give him a quizzical look he grins, flashing those adorable dimples at me. "Awful hard on me arse. Feel like I'm growin' a fistula here. What say we move this party to the bed, luv?"

"Fine by me," I say. Not romantic, not even sexy, but I can't see my Elven Ass with a fistula . . . I get up, we're all sticky and gooey, but he's still hard as a rock.
Ah, yes. Elven stamina . . . bet I can take advantage of THAT.

He must've seen me admiring his not-so-little-soldier, because as soon as he gets to his feet we're down again, this time sinking into the soft mattress. It creaks beneath our weight; I can feel him on me, his long lean warm body, that silky fragrant hair forms a curtain around our faces. He kisses me, his tongue and lips playing lazily with mine.

Lovely, lovely; she answers me desire by desire, accepting, embracing, consenting, craving. Twine your limbs about me; let me descend into you, rise up to meet me.

You've promised us we'll be together forever . . . suppose we'd best make sure the rest of the world knows it too.

"This mean you'll marry me?" I ask. She looks up at me, red lips smiling, starry eyes alight.

"Detholalle, lirimaer," she says, and my heart melts.
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

Biker!Legolas meets Divorced!Eowyn on the streets of LA. So AU it hurts.
WARNINGS: bad language, gay-bashing, sex, incomprehensible British slang

EPILOGUE

Funny how you can drive by something a thousand fucking times and never really, really see it. Funny how I can just glance at something and it stirs in me, making my fingers itch, making my soul ache. I need to bloody well let this out or it'll drive me nutters every time I go by it.

Stop the bike, put down the kick, shut it down. Stretch my leg over the seat and my hands go automatically to the left saddlebag, where I keep my watercolor pencils and pad. Then it's down with the ronson, legs crossed, and the stillness envelops me so I can work.

After a while I don't even smell the dust or the grass, don't hear the tractors or birds or the distant hum of the town. Even the sibilant breeze fades and it's just me, my pencil in my hand, and the blank white paper turning into something that satisfies me.

I know time passes; I can mark it in my head. But I can ignore that, too. This is a little more important right now than getting Rosie's marketing to her. Besides, the perishables will be right as rain in the saddlebag; well-insulated they are; she insisted on that, poor little kife, last time this happened and the cheese was all spoilt by the time I made it home.

That's the way to loosen Sam's purse strings, I've found: make Rosie brassed about something that can be fixed with a purchase, and it's off to the market he goes, no matter what it might be. Poor fellow.

But aren't I the same with my own little bit of all right? Do anything for her, I would, right down to jumping off a fucking cliff if she asked.

Fortunately for me she doesn't ask that very often, and stops me before I go through with it. I have to grin at that memory – "Take a flying leap," she'd said to me, all exasperated and cheesed off because I'd done something she didn't like. "Right then, acushla," I'd answered, and was halfway to a hundred-meter drop before she screamed at me she was just KIDDING, DAMMIT, LEGOLAS!

Did I get bollocked for that! Made up for it, though, got her that mare from Bar Four Stables in upstate New York, the one what sprung Pedro Patino. Now she's about to foal and my sainted aunt, are the buyers lining up for the little bugger.

Hope he's a gray; always liked grays. His sire's gray at least, that's a fucking nice start.

Pay attention, Greenleaf.

Hmm? Yes, my lord?

Watch the road.

All right, as you wish.
My god, never thought she'd live this far from anywhere. I feel as though I've been on the road forever.

I don't like this car – never liked American cars, but what choice did I have? That stupid girl behind the counter just laughed when I asked for a Beemer – "We only have domestic-made vehicles, sir" – and when I told her where I was going she shook her head and said, "Sorry, sir, I wouldn't be doing my job if I let you drive all the way to White Rock in a sedan."

I've never driven an SUV before. I don't think like it. Too bouncy, too much like a truck. And oh, I miss my stereo! Simply Red just doesn't sound the same; these cheap speakers are so tinny.

Why -- ?

Don't ask don't ask don't ask. I don't ask myself that anymore. The answer would be too frightening for words. I don't like being frightened.

I don't like not knowing why I'm doing something, either.

I'm pushed – or pulled, one or the other. Why, why, why?

It serves no purpose. Why can't they just leave me ALONE?

I think I made a wrong turn. I must have. There's no way that anyone would live this far from civilization. And I thought the civilization, if I can even grace it with that term, was far away from everything! Brings new meaning to the phrase "two-horse town," I even saw horses when I stopped there, tied up to the light posts. How provincial.

Hair styles ten years out of date. Dickies. Overalls. Bad teeth and chewing tobacco. Pocked roads, dusty pick-up trucks, old faded Tastee-Freez signs. Oh god, what did I do to deserve this?

Not a good thought. Push that one down.

The man behind the counter at the grocery store kept looking at me funny. I think he suspected I'm gay. I can't help the way I look, I can't help wanting to wear clothes like this and fix my hair like this and talk like this. This is how I am, this is WHO I am. Why, why do people judge me so? It's not fair; at least if I were in L.A. I could be around people who understood, sensitive people, more sophisticated people. These inbred, poorly-educated country folk are just incapable of accepting me, that's all.

Well, damn them. I don't need them, I don't care.

Bet he gave me the wrong directions too, just because I'm a queer. Bastard.

Wait – is that a fence? It is! Well, good. A fence means something ought to be coming along soon. I'll drive this way until I see a gate or a person or a house and stop and ask directions again.

Oh, I hate my life.
I hear it before I see it, a low rumble, biggish engine, probably large six or eight cylinder. Then a murky yellow cloud of dust, far far down the road.

He answers your summons, Greenleaf.

Not finished yet. Fuck! Hurry hurry hurry, need to get this done . . .

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Oh thank god a gate, and a flash of metal; maybe I can find someone to tell me what I should do now.

Floundering . . . I feel as though I'm just treading water, getting swamped by the occasional wave. Sucking down salt water and sea weed and looking around for land, not finding any.

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Almost there almost there almost there, do that little bit by the morning glory vine, touch of blue, close close close . . .

Big green SUV pulls up. Oh fuck, I'm almost done; couldn't you have gotten lost or something?

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It's a gate, there's a motorcycle or something parked out front, someone's sitting on the ground -- wait --

Oh shit, it's HIM.

Damn damn damn damn! I had hoped he'd be out of town, or riding around with Aragorn and Gimli or something, not here! Oh shit, I hate this, I hate this so much.

He's just sitting there, looking at me. He knows it's me, he probably knew I was coming. Shit, shit shit! Will I NEVER be rid of his influence? It was bad enough all those years ago when he was just an Elf – JUST an Elf, like that wasn't appalling as it was – but now since – since – that time he's worse, he's – I can feel him, can sense that disapproval, the pity, which is worse than disapproval.

Oh god, he's beautiful.

He's sitting cross-legged on the grass next to the gate, something white in his lap, something long in his fingers. A cigarette? His hair is covered by a blue bandana, his blue, his impossibly blue beautiful eyes are looking at me, looking through me, digging holes into me.

I hate him I hate him I hate him.
Well... I might as well talk to him. He, at least, will know where she is.

Well, my lord, now what?

Read him, Greenleaf. Do you not see his pain? Does that not move you to pity?
It does, but pity's not what he wants.
What he wants is not what he needs.
Fuck, I knew THAT. Do I tell him what he needs or not?
We seek obedience of him.
And of me, naturally.
We need not seek that commodity of you, beloved Listener, for we know you give it freely and without question.
All right then, my lord. Just don't go too far, will you? Need your help with this.
You underestimate yourself. He will obey you.
Fucking shirtlifter.
Behave yourself.
Sorry, my lord.
He gets out of the car, hesitant, wary. I can feel the fear coming off him, fear and resentment and despair, it almost hurts me to feel it, like a blast of icy air rotting the flesh.
Oh, my lord Manwë, how do I turn him? I can bend him to my will but I can't soften that hard heart, calcified with bitterness and self-loathing.
Patience, Greenleaf.
Fuck, I fucking HATE it when you fucking say that!

I approach. Careful, though why I'm being careful I have no idea, it's not like he couldn't take me if he wanted to – too fast, too strong, too quick. I was never a match for him, the bastard. But it's like approaching an attack dog, you never know what will set him off.

And he just LOOKS at me, the prick; that gorgeous, that perfect sculpted face is impassive, his lean body relaxed. He knows. He knows he has absolutely nothing to fear from me, and I hate that. I hate him.

He knows that, too. And it doesn't bother him. Bastard!
"Faramir," he says, and rises smoothly to his feet. How does he do that? And why does he call me by that name, when I've told him I want to be called Frances?

He hates that, me using his real name. Wants to be called fucking Frances. What a prat.

Now he's got this stupid knowing smile on his face. He called me that on purpose, the jerk.

He looks brassed and spare all at oncers. Poor little git, if he'd only listen to me, like I listen to my lord, things would go better for him. Bloody idiot.

"Legolas," he says. His voice is cautious, protecting himself, wants to give nothing away. Bugger that; I can read you like I book, I can; I can see your fear and your self-loathing and your loneliness and your frustration.

You stupid soppy rear-ending nit, why won't you just fucking LISTEN?

Oh god, stop looking at me like that, like you're pitying me. I don't want your pity – especially YOUR pity – you make me, make me feel like I'm an ant, a worm, like I'm obliged to you in some way.

I am, of course –

Dammit, that HURT! I don't want to think of it, don't want to think of his hand before my face, intercepting the fiery death; the agonized screams that brought the bouncer running around the building, the horrible gurgle in his throat when his life left him. I have nightmares about it still.

Now we're just standing here looking at each other. This is such a waste of time – why, why, why did I even come?
Bally git, has no idea why he's even here. At least he came.

He's fucking missing everything. Look around; pay attention! It's like he's a malignant tumor, encapsulated; nothing gets in, nothing gets out.

You can't live like that, mate. My lord won't let you.

Here. Let me try to show you, try to crack the shell.

He tucks the pad of paper and the pencil back into one of the motorcycle’s bags, then turns to me.

He's smiling; what is he going to do to me?

Oh shit, he's holding out his hand to me. Now what?

"Come with me, Faramir."

No, no, no – what are you going to do? I don't trust you.

Come on, gobshite, I don't bite.

Well – I do, but only Éowyn, and she bloody well likes it, oh fuck yeah.

"I'm not going to hurt you," I say, still hold out my hand. "Come on now, mate. Come with me."

He still looks wary, unwilling. "Why should I?" he asks. Stupid manky kerb-crawling sonofabitch, would you just fucking YEILD already!

"Cause I WILL hurt yer if yer don't," I say. My voice sounds a little cold, but I can't fucking help it, he cheeses me off something terrible, the poncy bender.

Oh god he can too, I remember when he brought his will to bear on me the last time we met, when he caught up with me in San Diego; the horrible pressure, the crushing, the weight on my mind that defeated, subdued, mortified me, made me do everything he said. Those glowing blue eyes, the flash of light, then the feel of him entering my head, wrapping those long white hands around my soul – oh god oh god oh god, don't do that again, I beg you; I'll do anything, anything to keep you from doing that to me again!
That's right, mate, be a good boy. Can see the terror in his eyes; doesn't want me to do THAT again. Don't bloody blame him – don't want to do it, myself. That kind of power still gobsstocks me, can't believe I can fucking do that. Remuneration, indeed – like I'd ever get off hurting someone.

Come on, you fucking prat, come on . . .

I can't help it – I don't want to, I don't trust him, I hate him I hate him I hate him, yet when he compels me I come.

How did he manage to get his hand around mine? Now he's pulling me toward the gate. He's pointing up with his other hand, still holding onto me.

"Look," he says.

There's an archway above the gate with a couple of signs on it. My eyes are clouded, I have tunnel vision, I can't see – but he makes me look, and then my vision clears, and I can read it.

SILVER CREEK RANCH
HOME OF
SIENA DASH
OUT OF
FLIPPI
ÉOWYN GREENLEAF, PROP.
RIDING LESSONS, TRAINING,
BOARDING, BREEDING

To the left on the side of the arch is another sign, smaller.
And on the right, surrounded by closing morning glories, another:

FRIENDS AND VISITORS WELCOME
ALL PEOPLE FALLING INTO NEITHER CATEGORY
ARE INVITED TO BECOME ONE OR THE OTHER

I see him read the signs, a small frown creasing his forehead. Does he still not get it?

Why is he making me see this? Is he showing off? Doesn't seem like much to be proud of.

No – doesn't get it. Fuck.

I lead him to the verge, push him down on the grass. Soppy little mama's boy, afraid of soiling his trousers – just sit, dammit!
Oh god, these are Tommy Bahamas, do you have any idea how expensive it is to dry-clean them?

He may know but he obviously doesn't care. I try to sit carefully but I just know I'm going to get dirt and grass stains all over my rear end. Shit, shit, shit! Why did I even come?

He's sitting gingerly, legs pulled up, almost quivering with the effort of getting the least area of his ronson on the ground. Fuck, and this man used to be one of the leading captains of Ithilien! Unfuckingbelievable.

Well, all I can do is wait for him to crack, the fucking gobshite. Fuck, Rosie'll have the abdabs, waiting this long for the groceries.

He lies back on the grass, arms behind his head, staring up at the sky. What are we doing here? Why doesn't he say anything? What's the purpose behind this? Is he deliberately trying to ruin my clothes, is that it?

God, it's quiet. So, so quiet. No engines or street noise or voices or anything.

Wait – not so quiet. I do hear birds. And some kind of bug buzzing somewhere – and a soft rustley noise; that's the wind, isn't it? Yes, I remember that sound – the wind through tall grass, whistling around the flat signs, humming through the tree branches.

Smells good – clean – I can smell warm grass, cold rock, the slightest scent of horses.

Nothing at all like San Diego, is it?

I look down at my companion. He's stretched out, his long body crushing the grass, his flannel shirt looking soft and worn and faded; he even has a small hole in his elbow, and I can see skin peaking out. He's gazing up at the sky, blue eyes soft and contemplative, flaxen hair spread like liquid gold across the blades of grass. His jeans are patched and worn nearly white at the knees, his boots rubbed down at the heels. He's put a stem of grass between his lips and is chewing on it absently. A breeze ruffles his shirt, stirs up the silky tendrils of his hair to float about his head. His bandana's slipped and I can see his ears, long graceful points framing the high-cheekboned face, the smooth jowl and perfectly curved lips.

Astounding. The loveliest and most powerful being on the planet, and one of the richest as well, wearing worn-out clothes and lying next to a horse pasture in Montana. He ought to have a house in Mentone overlooking the Grand Corniche, with a high white wall covered in bougainvillea, a courtyard full of lemon trees and furnishings from Monaco. Instead he's teaching kids how to paint, and he's married to a woman who breeds livestock.
There we are; I think he's starting to understand.

"It's not who you are or what you've got," I say around my grass stem. "It's what you are and what you do."

I look over at him. He's looking down at me, still a little puzzled; when I feel his comprehension snap open, he looks faintly irritated.

Oh, please, not that tired old lecture again. Good grief, people have been spouting that goody-two-shoes nonsense for millennia, and it's gotten us nowhere.

"We're not what we are for no purpose, Faramir," he adds, his eyes warm and kind. "Sooner you understand that, mate, sooner this nasty spell will be over for you."

Nasty spell? What is he talking about, me being gay? I want to yell at him, tell him it's not my fault, but then he makes an impatient noise and says,

"Not yer sexual preferences, mate. Yer loneliness. Do what you're supposed to do and the blessings will come back to yer."

How does he do that? I feel that shiver of fear go through me. He can read my mind. I hate that, I hate him.

Poor stupid little fecker, still so cold, so fearful, so closed-up. Guess I'd better let Éowyn have a go at him after all. Fuck.

I'll give him a few more minutes, then bring him in.

Beautiful out here, love being so far up north. Those mountains, like great black fences surrounding us, snow-crowned, tree-dappled, lovely; the high bright dome of blue, the wheeling swooping swallows, the birdsong and crunch of dry grass. Wish he could see it, would do him some good.

Have to remember to call Mrs. McLucas when I get in about Veronica's last lesson, have to check on Bobby Taylor and make sure he's all right after that fall, have to look up the last books for Bailey's Store to see if he needs any more money, need to grind up that veal and get the pasta made. And Rosie's marketing, she needs her marketing.
I haven't been out in the country for so long – how long has it been? Decades, maybe even a century. It's so much safer in the city; no one knows you there, you can hide, be anonymous, no one knows your name, no one notices you. Here everything's open, exposed; you have all the crush of humanity on you, people demanding things of you – your time, your attention, your things. I feel exposed, vulnerable with these huge mountains looming over me, with the silence, with no one near except this odd and frightening being lying beside me.

He breathes so slowly, he's so still; I look down at him again and see his alabaster skin, arched eyebrows, long columnar neck; he's pale, pale, pale, and oh so lovely, so terrifying. Almost looks like an angel, but I know better – more a demon in disguise.

I was so close, so close to oblivion, so close to being able to bid this awful world good-bye and end it all, so close to halting my horrible downward spiral of seclusion and isolation and pain and fear, and he stopped it – stepped forward, hand outstretched, bathed in the sickly red light; lightning arcing from the tip of Mithrandir's staff to his palm, suffused in death and deeply profound agony.

I'm not sure I could've stood that much pain. I'm pretty brave as a rule, but . . .

I remember that letter Mithrandir sent me a couple of years ago, detailing what exactly Legolas had done for me. The death was the easy part, according to him; the ultimate punishment occurred after death – that was what he saved me from. Eternal separation from everything, and from what Mithrandir said, Legolas felt it, it was worse, worse than death.

It must've been horrible. Why did he do it?

I know it wasn't because he wanted to, because I saw the fear and pain on his face before he even touched the staff. I know it wasn't because he wanted to spare me, because I know he hates me, despises me, I know I disgust him. And I know it wasn't because anyone there told him to, because they all yelled for him to stop.

Why, why, why?

And why am I here? Why did I obey this meaningless compulsion to come out to see them? While I'm at it, why am I suddenly so afraid to do anything wrong? Why did I just beggar myself replenishing all those women's trust funds? Why have I suddenly clung to celibacy and sobriety? Well, I can answer those last three; it's because I'm afraid – terrified Legolas will do what he threatened to, what he showed me he could do. He can hurt me, he can bend me to his will, he can force me to do anything – he could tell me to shave my head and join a monastery and I would have no choice but to obey him. Damn him! I was unhappy before, but at least I could lose myself in sex and drink; now I don't even have those.

And why Éowyn?

Why did he marry her? Surely he didn't want to; the Valar must've told him to do it while he was Listening. How can he possibly be happy with her? She's the world's biggest bitch to live with – willful, crass, sloppy, pig-headed, cold. She can't even cook; I had to do it all when we were together. Over fifteen thousand years of trying to understand the woman, trying to help her find herself, to achieve self-realization, to improve, to grow, to mature. I felt as though I were beating my head against a brick wall – she never showed the slightest interest in bettering herself; she just got colder and colder and then shut me down completely. How could I live with that, I ask you? Especially when I found the company of other men so much more fulfilling . . .
I didn't mean to cheat on her, I really didn't. But you can only go without sexual gratification for so long. And at least I never cheated with women, only with men. It doesn't seem to count as much that way. I was just trying to self-actualize, to find myself, to find happiness, a grounding, to feel good. Not that she understood – only made her mad. Lord, does that woman have a temper . . . I suppose it serves Legolas right, trying to live with that irritable witch.

And I suppose it serves her right, having to put up with this peculiar being, who's currently in the process of unwrapping a Blo-Pop and putting it in his mouth with an expression of gratification usually reserved for orgasms. I never understood him – blowsy, irresponsible, foul-mouthed, hard-drinking, reckless, violent . . . but worse, that streak of eerie mysticism, that compulsion to fiddle with things better left alone, the arrogant assumption that everyone would obey him just because he said "the Valar said so" – who on EARTH does he think he IS?

He's the person who willingly descended into the pits of hell to rescue me from a fate worse than death itself.

Again the question. WHY? I can't seem to qualify that – can't wrap my head around the juxtaposition of Legolas, Lord of Dol Galenehtar, wino, party animal, disheveled denizen of the haunted woods, against the Listener, the mystic, the perfectly obedient servant of the angelic beings who watch over us, the one who gave up everything just so the man he disliked wouldn't have to be punished.

I need to stop thinking about this, or it's going to start hurting again. And oh, I'm so tired of hurting.

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Getting close.

"Lie back," I tell him. He looks over at me, puzzled. I pat the grass beside me. "Lie down," I say. "Look at the sky. It'll help."

Now he's frightened again. Of me, or of the help he's going to get? Poor nit, looks all spare. "Reflection may be good for the conscience but it's bloody soul-searing," I add, rattle my lollie round in my mouth.

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Oh damn, he did it again – how does he DO that?

I lie back. I might as well; my clothes are ruined as it is. The grass crunches beneath me, and the sweet scent of hay fills my nostrils. My body is heavy, ponderous, sluggish. But when the earth cradles me I am light again.

The sky is blue, so blue, blue as Legolas' eyes. And deep – fathomless – as the demon himself is fathomless. Centuries, millennia will I live, and I will always fear him, always misunderstand him, always dislike him, and – damn it – always respect him.
I think sour apple is my favorite flavor of Blo-Pop.

I can't help but respect him. How does he DO it? Thousands upon thousands of years, and he never balked, never protested, cheerfully did whatever he was told. And the stories I had of him from the other Chosen reflected this attitude even to the mortal citizens of this horrible planet – he was always feeding, succoring, helping, nurturing, and caring for them. He never questioned, never complained, never demanded his due. He just did it.

Well. That's my "why" answered.

And here I've been judging him, calling him crude and filthy and crass.

Maybe it's me.

Maybe I'm the one that went wrong. Made the wrong decisions. Went in the wrong direction.

"Ilúvatar allows U-turns, yer know," I say. He turns his head, his gelled hair crackling against the dry grass. His gray eyes are full of tears, his face twisted into an agony of indecision. Come on, you poor fecker, come on; we're waiting for you – all you need to do is come home.

How can I? How can I return to that circle? I separated myself, pulled away, cut ties and turned my back on them. They won't want me back. It's impossible; they all hate me, hate me for what I did to Éowyn, for what I did to Legolas. I can't go back to them, to that anger, that resentment, that intolerance.

I'm alone . . . I'm so alone.

I can't help myself – the sob just chokes its way up out of me. And then he's there, his arms around me, cradling me like a baby.
Poor spare little nit.

I can't help crying, can't help it, curled up against his chest. I can hear the comforting thrum-thrum of his heartbeat, can smell a sharp, piney fragrance; his silky hair falls across my face. His arms are long, strong, stronger than the roots of the mountains, holding me and rocking me and murmuring something in my ear.

That's torn it; he's ready now. Poor fecker, needs a good rave-up and a soft bed, is all.

"You belong with us, with the rest of the Chosen, Faramir," I say as he cries. "We were never meant to be alone, you know. The Valar put us here to be family to each other. You gain damn all by bottling out."

"H – how can I g – go back?" he sobs, I can feel his tears wetting my shirt. "Everyone hates me – they all b – blame me – "

Well, he's got a point there; no one feels too fucking hospitable where the Son of Denethor's concerned these days. But they'll do what I bloody well tell them, the feckers; they'll fucking take him back if I have to shove him down their fucking throats.

"Frodo, Longshanks and Arwen will accept you back, no questions," I say. "Same with Pip and Diamond – always liked you, Pip did. Éomer and Lottie – they'll come round, so will Merry and Stella. Sam, Rosie, and Grim may throw a bit of the abdabs, but I'll quash 'em."

He pauses, takes a deep shaking shuddery breath, wipes his eyes. "Why?" he whispers.

"'Cause yer supposed to come back, you nit," I laugh. "Why" indeed! "Haven't you been fucking listening to me, mate? Yer supposed to be with us. And if those other feckers try to give you a hard time I'll fucking bollock them, I will."

That's – not what I expected – that he'd support me in this, be my champion. Seems odd.

No – not odd. Think about it, Faramir, what has he already done for you? This is a drop in the bucket.

And whether he wants me back just because the Valar said so, or if he wants me back so he can boss me around and make my life miserable, or if he wants me back because he genuinely cares about me, what does it matter? All he has to do is tell me and I'll do it – I don't have any choice.
"What about Mithrandir?" I ask. A valid question; he's an Istar after all, and if anyone can make my life difficult it's him.

Legolas laughs. "Especially him," he says, gives me a squeeze. "Think he doesn't feel pretty fucking awful about sending me to hell? The bloody gobshite'll do whatever I fucking tell him." He rolls me away, stands and pulls me to my feet. I'm dizzy; I see the mountains, the trees and grass wheel about me a moment, then settle and –

My god. It really IS lovely out here.

Look at Legolas – perfectly balanced on his motorcycle, arms outstretched, shirt luffing and undulating as he rides – and look, look at those horses! They're galloping toward him, toward the fence that separates them, now they're flanking him, running along beside him, beside us as we go down the road – like an honor guard.

I almost want to laugh, not because I find it funny but because suddenly I realize something. I was wrong. Wrong, wrong, wrong. This is not a concession, a serves-him-right place for Legolas. He and Éowyn always had this in common; they really are remarkably suited for each other. He's not here because the Valar told him to be here; he didn't marry her because he felt obliged to. He loves this; he loves her. And I'm not sure why this makes me glad, but it does.

Thinking about seeing Éowyn again still makes my heart turn cold, though; my laugh dies before it can even come out. Oh god, what have I done? Why did I treat her that way?

Now I'm not so much afraid as . . . what is this emotion I feel?

I've fought it so long I can hardly put a name to it.

Shame.

I was wrong, so wrong about so many things. What and who I am; what does that matter? It was what I did about it that was wrong.

Oh, god. What am I going to say to her?

I have to say SOMETHING. I can't let it go on like this. I have to resolve this.

And anyway, if it works out okay . . . maybe . . . maybe I can come back, can come back to the rest of the Chosen.

Please, please, let it work out.

"Rosie!" I call, then wait. Sure enough, there's a soft thump thump thump from upstairs as she walks to the end of the hallway; I can just see her feet in their comfortable shoes and her long denim skirt.

"Ah?" she calls down.

"I'm done at the barn, gonna take a shower," I yell. "Sam'll be up in fifteen."

"Ta," she calls back, and pads back down the hallway.

It's very freeing, having the house divided in two like this. Before we got it set up right I was always flashing Sam, or poor Rosie was getting more of an eyeful than she'd have liked of Legolas' ass – ought to have been grateful, really, but she's awfully squeamish. Don't know why – half a hundred girls in town have been jonesin' for a glimpse of my Elven Ass since we bought the place. Just the thought of those two pale globes of flesh, flanked by the little dimples at the base of his spine –

Shit. Hope he's back from Bailey's, I could go for a quickie.

I shut the door behind me and head down the hall to our end of the house. I have to stop to let Doris out of the guest suite; she's got the laundry in her arms.
"Hey," she says, leaning against the wall to let me get by. "I'm gonna throw a load in. Got some darks you need washed?"

"Yeah, gimme a minute and you can have my jeans," I say. I look down at the pile. "Guess you don't mind they're all gross." I can see Gimli's pants on top – they look like they've been electroplated with mud. Doris makes a face, crinkling up her nose, and runs her hand through her short dark hair, making it stick up even more.

"How that man can get his clothes so dirty on a camp-out is beyond me," she says. "Seems he has this irresistible compulsion to crawl around in caves."

That explains the sulfur smell. "Call it part of his genetic makeup," I say. I'm not going to start that conversation NOW. That's Gimli's business, not mine.

She's wrinkling up her nose again, looking down at my pants and boots. "What the hell is that shit all over you?" she asks.

"Shit," I say, can't help grinning. "Dr. Weber had to give Roost an enema and he let loose all over me. Got Sam, too, you shoulda heard him yell."

"Yech!" She shakes her head. "You must love your brother a lot, to put up with that stupid gelding."

"Don't call my brother a gelding; Lottie'll have your head." I interrupt her startled shout of laughter with, "And anyway, it's only horse shit, it's not like his intestines fell out or anything."

"You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din." She heads down to the doorway. "Just toss 'em out and I'll wash 'em for you."

"Thanks," I call back. I stand still for a moment, watch her push the swinging door open with her backside and go through to the mud rooms. The only thing I'm not looking forward to is trying to explain to her why we never age. I figure we've got about ten more years before she starts to figure out something's wrong with us. Oh Yavanna, please don't let her leave; I don't think Gimli could handle it.

Peace, Shieldmaiden. The Naugrim is in Aulë's care.

If you insist, my lady.

God, a shower's going to feel good. I strip off my crusty clothes, my sweat-drenched tank top and bra, step out of my tighty-whities . . . well, they USED to be white – another pair stained by horse shit. Well, I'm done for the day; I can put on something pretty, just for Legolas; wonder if he'll like that pink pair with the bows on the butt? He got such a kick out of them.

And hey, if I'm lucky, he'll get back while I'm still in the shower. Haven't had sex in what, twelve hours? Starting to go through withdrawal here.

Stupid gelding.

I throw my clothes out into the hall, I can see chunks of mud and horse shit fall off onto the hardwoods. Whoops. Oh well, at least we pay Jane Enyeto a lot of money to keep this place clean, or Rosie'd kill me. Wait – shit, she's not coming in until Tuesday. Maybe I can sweep it up later.

Turn on the water, wait for it to get hot. Thank heaven we replaced those two water heaters – even in the summertime, cold showers in Montana are a very BAD idea. Not that they had the
conventional effect on Legolas, but still.

Come to think of it, I don't imagine ANYTHING would have that particular effect on him – are Elves born horny? I ought to ask Arwen.

Hell, I ought to ask Aragorn.

Aaaahhh . . . hot water – now THAT feels good.

Lather rinse repeat, cream rinse, scrape that muck out from under my nails, see all the dirt and sweat and shit and mud wash down the drain. Poor Jane Enyeto, has to clean this up once a week. She must hate tackling this shower stall.

I step out and dry off. Legolas must not be back yet; shame he couldn't catch me while I'm wet and naked. How long has he been gone, anyway? It doesn't take that long to get to Bailey's and back.

Oh, wait, I know. I bet he got distracted by something.

He oughtn't to carry his art stuff around with him. Rosie gets so irritated.

But he's making dinner tonight, so maybe it's not so bad. Cannelloni, yum! I love the way he cooks. Rosie's better at baking, but Legolas makes KILLER Italian.

On with the pink panties, forego the bra – why do I even bother buying them? I never wear them – pull on clean jeans and a flannel shirt, slide into my Clarks, and I'm ready to go.

I spare a glance at the Evisu dress I bought in Paris for Legolas' next show. God, I can't wait to wear that. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred I'll go for the jeans and tee shirt look, but every once in a while I really relish the feel of being Legolas' arm candy.

He doesn't look so bad in Armani, either.

All right, where the hell IS he? My fingers are itching to grab a handful of Elven Ass.

I might as well start with the kitchen. Chances are he just jumped right into the cannelloni when he got home – that, or Rosie's still yelling at him.

Oops. Forgot the horse shit. I'd better get the broom from the front closet before we track it all over the bedroom.

Wait – looks like Doris swept it up. That's it; I'm buying her that Volvo SUV she wanted; to hell with Gimli and his buy-American kick. I may not like foreign cars, but Doris sure the hell does.

I push open the swinging door and head to the kitchen. Is that his voice? Yes – it is – oh shit, I can feel the meltdown in my nether regions already; maybe I can talk him into a quick screw while the cannelloni's in the oven. Who's he talking to in there? Frodo, Rosie, Doris . . .

Oh.

My.

God.

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I can't believe I'm here. And I wish I were somewhere, anywhere else.
Although it's not as bad as I'd thought it would be. Rosie was horrible – awful – nearly refused to let me in, but Legolas pretty much told her to shut up and move aside, and she did. Does EVERYONE obey him? Frodo about had a heart attack when he saw me, jumping back, his eyes wide and staring – but he's all right now – trying to make small talk, a stilted and awkward discussion about advance copies. And this other woman, the stout dark one, when she realized I was Éowyn's ex she scowled at me, hasn't said a word. Gimli's girlfriend – does everyone have a partner except for me?

And Mithrandir – but he doesn't need one.

And Frodo, of course. You know, I never noticed it before, but he has lovely eyes.

I wish Éowyn would hurry up in the shower; I want to get this over with so I can leave. I can't even taste my tea, which is a shame, because I know it's Oolong and they've served it to me in the prettiest Port Marion mug, with a passion flower on the side. In fact this whole room is pretty, in a back-woods-country-kitchen way.

I can't meet Frodo's eyes, can't meet Doris' either. I'll just watch Legolas at the counter. He's making cannelloni, he said, with minced veal and goats-milk ricotta and homemade tomato sauce. I'd ask to stay for dinner but I know everyone would say no.

Although Legolas did say something odd – well, he says a lot of odd things, but this one just occurred to me – he was speaking to Frodo, but I got the feeling he was really talking to me. "You can discuss things and mend fences around the dinner table easier than the conference table," he'd said, and Frodo had glanced at me, then looked down.

Does that mean I'm supposed to stay here and work things out with EVERYONE? That's a daunting prospect.

But if I'm supposed to return to the Chosen . . .

Oh, I wish this were over with.

Something emotionally satisfying about reducing veal to mince by hand. I smell basil, fennel, flat leaf parsley. Faramir's watching me, sitting at the kitchen table, perfectly still and quiet – probably afraid to rock the boat, poor little shite. Don't blame the fecker. Frodo's oh so polite, cautious but nicely making small talk; Doris is just sitting turning her mug of tea round and round in her hands, keeps giving me these reproachful looks – I know what it looks like, pet; I know the bally tripe Grim's been feeding you about the poor little fuck, but give over, will you? I know what I'm fucking doing, after all. And Rosie's brassed as hell, stopped screeching but now she's clattering and banging round the kitchen, throwing pots and wooden spoons round like an unmanned missile. Makes her opinions known, she does – fuck yeah, wasn't bad enough I brought him in to talk to Éowyn, I told her he was staying for a while and she had the abdabs right there. "HIM?" she shrieked, aiming her finger at him like she'd like to fucking shoot him. Right in front of Doris, too. "HERE?" Had to bear down pretty hard on her – Sam won't thank me for that, oh fuck no.

Then I smell citrus, and I turn. She's standing in the doorway, eyes on Faramir. Gobsmacked? Afraid so. Should've warned her, but fuck, if I'd gone into the loo with her naked, wouldn't have come out for an hour, and I need to get tea in the oven.

She looks at me, a question in her eyes. Why?

Because he fucking needs this, acushla, that's why.

Those starry gray eyes flicker, her pretty red mouth twists into a smile. Very well.
Unbelievable. Didn't think he had the balls to come here.

Rosie looks pissed. Better diffuse this pretty damn quick or he'll run off again.

Doris turns, sees me, starts to get up. Bet she feels pretty uncomfortable. Now Faramir turns.

Oh, god. It's her.

Boy, does he look unhappy.

She looks so – happy.

There we are, now. Let's get this over with. You two have an hour to sort things out, then it's time for tea, and I won't have any fucking ructions with cannelloni di vitello on the menu. Fuck, what do you think I'm running here, a fucking restaurant? You either play nice or eat elsewhere.
"Faramir," she says. Her voice is warm, her eyes welcoming. How can this be? How can she forgive me for what I've done? It must be an act; she must be afraid of Legolas, too.

I get up; she reaches out her hands to mine. Just to touch my hands to hers feels as though I'm forcing her to make a great concession. I can't believe she'd even want to be in the same room as me.


"Éowyn," he says. Yep, still pronounces it EE-winn; I could never get him to say it right. You'd think, after seventeen thousand years, it would've sunk in by now, but NOOOOOOOO . . .

His hands are cold, and shaking a little, too. All right, let's get this over with.

Right then, you two, get it over with.

Okay. Let's get this over with.

"I want to talk with you. Is that all right?"

Well, duh.

Leave off your snorting, Rosie-lass; this has to be taken care of.
"Of course," she says, smiles and squeezes my hands. Her grip is warm, sure, firm. I remember those hands, those long strong hands, clothed in leather, gripping the reins, the squeak of the saddle between her legs. Her eyes bright and assured, back straight, poised, confident. Nothing at all like any lady I had ever met – those well-bred, soft-voiced, delicate ladies of the White Tower, with their embroidery and their thin-soled slippers and their heavy brocade petticoats.

Why did I ever try to turn her into one of them? I ought to have known from the outset she'd never be like that, it would completely ruin her to be that way.

Rosie looks at me, still cheesed, but a little unsure. Yes, dearie, I know you're shirty; let Éowyn handle it, she's up to it. Doris and Frodo, too; they look at me like I ought to fucking know better. Dammit, I DO know better! Don't you little shites know by now she's got my heart in her hands? How could I ever do anything to hurt her?

Trust me; fucking TRUST me already. Fucking A, I know I look a right charlie, but oddly enough I know what my acushla can do. You really think this shirtlifter has the capacity to hurt her any more? My sainted aunt, you're fucking nutters.

Well, I'm certainly not going to talk to him with an audience. Even I have my limits.

"Come on," I say. "Let's sit on the front porch. We can talk there."

Actually, what I'd really like right now is a beer.

"Want a beer?" I ask, and head to the fridge.

She – drinks beer? Well –

"It's Harp," she adds over her shoulder, opening the fridge. Well, Harp is all right; it's better than what I was afraid of – PBR, or worse, Milwaukee's Best.

I don't know why I'm surprised they have Harp. This may be a country house out in the country,
with country jobs and country responsibilities, but anyone with taste can tell the people who live here are definitely NOT poor. The furnishings, the window treatments, the kitchen appliances and cookware – Legolas must have paid a fortune to outfit this place.

Funny. He never seemed to care what he had or where he was. He must be doing this for Éowyn.

No wonder she's happy.

"Yes, please," he says quietly, looks relieved. What, did you think I was going to offer you a Miller Light or something? Gimme a break – just because you drink beer doesn't mean you have to drink BAD beer.

I dig out two Harps and lead him out to the porch. He trails me disconsolately, like a whipped dog.

Apt simile.

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All right then, mates. Let's get this cannelloni fixed up, shall we? Got a rave-up tonight, want everything to be just so. It's a fucking homecoming for the little bender, whether you approve or not. Whose fucking house is it, anyway?

And whose fucking wife?

Fucking wife – oh, fuck yeah.

We sit on rocking chairs on the porch – so Norman Rockwell; I can hardly believe it of myself. But the view – I have to admit, the view is – well, it's nothing short of spectacular.

Those wide rolling fields, stands of trees flanking hidden rivers, folded green mountain feet rising to snow-crowned peaks, the sky pinking and darkling and swallows and bats swooping and dancing from eaves to poplars to pines . . . all right, I concede the prospect is agreeable.

I wish I knew what to say.

She church-keys the bottles and hands me one; it's slick with condensation. She knocks hers back, eyes closed appreciatively; I never pegged her as such an aesthete. I take a sip – I actually do like Harp; if I have to drink beer, it might as well be good beer. Shame it's not Guinness.
Ahh . . . I could stay here for centuries and never get tired of this view. Look at Mount Otoahnacto out there, reflecting back the sunset on his snowy cap, and the Togquos peaks, which Legolas calls the Two Tits, jutting up into that puffy golden cloud. And smell that air! I swear, I could just stand here and breathe for a week.

Faramir's sitting on the rocking chair beside me, clutching his Harp like it was his hope of heaven. Poor bastard, bet he feels pretty uncomfortable here; not his kind of place at all. And it looks like Rosie was giving him a hard time – he ought to have worn L.L. Bean and not Tommy Bahama; what the hell was he thinking? And he's staring out at the view, like he's never seen anything like this before.

Gimme a break. Don't you remember the White Mountains, Faramir? And the Ered Nimrais? Remember?

Or has it been too long for you? Do you not remember how beautiful it was, when we were young and mortal, and so in love we ignored our differences? "Opposites attract" like hell – they might for starters, but after a few centuries it gets a little old.

Maybe he feels uncomfortable because Gimli's coming up the stairs, his face like a thundercloud.

Uh-oh.

"What the hell is he doing here?" he growls. Faramir flinches back; I don't blame him – Gimli can look pretty damn scary when he wants to.

I knew it. I knew it was a mistake to come. They all hate me, they all want me to leave. I'll say what I came to say and leave, that's all. I won't stay. I'll go back – go back to California, back to my little apartment, back to my miserable existence.

I hate myself.

"Back off, Grim," she says; her voice is sharp and forceful. I look at her; why did she say that to him?

What; you think I'm going to let him talk to one of the Chosen like that? Gimme a break.
"We're going to talk, he's staying the night, and you're going to suck it up and shut it up. Got it?"

Amazingly Gimli drops his gaze. How does she DO that? I'd have to scream and throw things and put my foot down; all she ever had to do was SAY it and people listened to her.

What was it Éomer said – too much woman for me? God, I pity Legolas; I pity anyone who lives here. Then again, knowing what Legolas is like, seeing how he crushed Rosie's objections to my waiting in the kitchen for Éowyn, I suppose my former brother-in-law was right – Legolas IS man enough to handle her.

It must get really noisy here when they argue.

That's right, Gimli; I love you but you're throwing off our groove. Let us talk, get this cleared up, and things will be okay again.

He looks at me, as though he's asking me if I'll be all right. What a question – what on earth can Faramir do to me now? I've got his number; besides, if he tries to mess with me my Elven Ass will cut his nuts off, and he knows it.

"Staying the night?" he rumbles, looks sideways at Faramir.
"Nah. Lemme drop the transmission, I bet I can fix it."

"Okay."

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At least I've managed to placate him. Hell, just for the fun of it I'll throw him a barb.

"By the way, I've decided to buy Doris that Volvo SUV for her birthday."

He turns, glares at me. I grin sweetly up at him. Aren't I cute? Aren't I adorable? Don't I always get my way?

Guess I made my point. He stomps in the door, muttering under his breath.

Wish I were Elvish, then I could have heard him. Bet he was swearing. Rosie won't like that.

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Oh, that give-and-take, the playful banter, the easy understanding, the intimate discussion of mundane details – I miss it, I miss it, I miss it.

Well, I've blown it. I'll never have it now.

It's quiet between us. She's quiet. She knows I'm here to say something, and she won't say anything until I do.

That used to really bug me. Then I realized she was just being economical with her words. Why say anything when you haven't got anything to say?

She could sit for weeks and say nothing. Kind of irritating, really.

I look over at her. She's still sitting leaning over, her elbows resting on her thighs, the Harp bottle dangling from her fingers. Her profile is smooth, perfect, long straight nose coming down from a round forehead, high cheekbones, wide red mouth, obstinate chin. She's let her hair grow out; it's about shoulder length now, all tumbling, riotous honey-golden curls, glimmering faintly in the mellow light.

Beautiful, this Shieldmaiden. But it was never enough for me. There was always something missing, something I wanted.

I suppose if she'd had a penis, she would've been perfect for me. But because she was a woman, I wanted her to act the way I thought a woman should act, and not like a – a tomboy, some embarrassingly horsey woman who thought more about armaments and bravery and honor and outdoorsy things –

A lot like Boromir, really. I wonder what he and Father would have thought of her?

Well. It's too late now.
He shifts, takes a sip of beer. Just wait for it; give him a minute. It'll take him some time. Let it come out on its own; you can't force this, he'll just get irritated and run off again. And then won't Legolas be mad!

He was so pissed when he found out Merry and Éomer had run Faramir off, after he'd died for him. He'd yelled, "He was supposed to come back to us! Fuck, he was supposed to STAY with us! What, did you think I went through all that for nothing? What the bloody hell were you thinking?" Merry and Éomer just stood, looking sideways at each other, shuffling their feet – like boys who've been caught teasing that retarded kid down the street.

It took us a while to understand what Legolas meant. He'd paid the price; everything was even. Faramir had screwed up, but it didn't matter anymore.

"Éowyn," he says, then clears his throat; his voice is a little husky.

She just looks at me. Dammit, that's not helping me any!

All right. Just say it. Flowery language never worked on her anyway.

"I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. I treated you horribly. Can you forgive me?"

Tears fill his eyes. Oh, god. I knew he was probably going to say something like this, but it still gives me a big ol' wrench when he does. Now my nose is burning, and my throat feels all tight. Dammit! I hate crying, it makes my eyes red, and then my nose is stuffy all night. I swallow it, smile at him. My lips are trembling. Damn.

It moves her, I can tell; I can see the little quiver in her chin, the glassing-over of those classic gray eyes.

My heart lightens for the first time in centuries. It's possible, then. She can forgive me.

"I forgave you four years ago, Faramir," she says, her voice unsteady. She reaches over to me, puts her hand on my knee. It's strong, unwavering, secure. "Whatever happened, it turned out for the good. I'm happy now, very happy. If you'd never left me, I would've never married Legolas,
and you and I would have just gone on being miserable together." She pauses, looks at me keenly. "I just wish you'd figure out how to be happy," she says, and her voice is thick with regret.

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He flinches at that, looks away. The relief and elation he showed when I admitted I'd already forgiven him fades; he looks regretful, pensive, sorrowful.

You poor, stupid idiot. Why do you fight it?

"I don't think I'll ever be happy," he says in his oh-poor-pitiful-me voice.

This time, I'm not buying it. So much for the Enabler; you're sitting with the Shieldmaiden now.

"You know what your problem is, Faramir?" I say, gripping his knee hard so he looks over at me, surprised and hesitant. "You're fundamentally self-centered. You are, you know," I say over his protests. "Look at you, look at what you've done. Why have you done all these things? Because it's all about you, it's all about Faramir and how awful his life is. I've heard you, the past ten or so years – all this self-actualization, finding yourself bullshit. Gimme a break – you know who you are; and now you know your sexual preference. So what? You think you're put on this earth to be happy, to find happiness and fulfillment? Well, guess what – you're not. All this running after money and stuff and sex and gratification – has it made you happy? No, of course it hasn't! You don't GET happy that way, stupid, because it's NOT about you."

He looks astounded that I would talk to him that way. What, has no one told you the truth yet? Time to listen, you dork.

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What – does she mean? What is she talking about? I don't understand.

"But – how can I be happy if I don't pursue happiness?" I ask.

She snorts. It always was one of her more endearingly irritating habits, snorting when she laughs. "The pursuit of happiness," she says sarcastically. "So American. You really think that's why we're here? Do you, Faramir? Do you know why the Valar put us here?" She pauses, her eyes go cloudy, seem to glow a little; when she speaks her voice has a different, a deeper quality. "Do you know why Ilúvatar put you here?" she whispers, and I get the eerie feeling she's listening to something I can't hear. It frightens me, but intrigues me too.

Why has Ilúvatar put me here? Why am I here? I've been floundering, thrashing around, casting about in a hundred different directions for millennia. And she knows? She knows why I'm here?

"Why?" I ask. My voice is barely over a whisper.

"Two things," she says, lifting her fingers in the V-for-victory pose. "Do what the Valar say. Help other people. Full stop."

Oh, please. It can't be that easy.
He doesn't believe me. Stupid shithead.

"It IS that easy," I say, and he flinches back from me, his eyes fearful. "I know it sounds backwards, but the Valar reward us when we do what we're supposed to do – NOT what we want to do." I look at him closely; he's thinking about it. "It makes perfect sense if you look at it from their perspective," I add, hoping that will help. "Read Legolas' tattoo sometime. It says, 'La retribuzione di obbedienza è l'adempimento dei sensi' – the remuneration of obedience is the fulfillment of the senses. Manwë said that, Faramir, and he ought to know what he's talking about."

That sounds – odd – but it kind of does make sense, now that I think about it. The Valar reward those who obey them . . .

Is that why I've been so unhappy? I've been looking for it, instead of working for it?

Funny. All this time I assumed it was my right. I had no idea it was a reward.

But –

"I've screwed up too much," I say. It's too easy, it doesn't work that way. "I'm a fuck-up. I've hurt people, done bad things. It's too late for me."

Oh, please. Don't give me that crap.

"Don't you remember, Faramir?" I ask, shaking him. "It's over with, it's done. Legolas already took your punishment for that. You can stop feeling sorry for yourself; it's in the past now. The Valar don't hold it over you any more. You're free, you're forgiven. You can start over."

He looks at me, stunned. The idiot, didn't he understand?

"What about everyone else?" he asks, his voice quavering.

"Who?" I ask. "Legs and me? We're good. The other guys? They'll come around. And if they don't, I'll just kick some ass."
I always envied that in her – her ability to make people do what she wanted. Legolas, too. Oh, god, is she right? Can I start over?

She pats my knee. "The past is just the past," she says; she's smiling, her lovely gray eyes twinkling. "We've got another twenty thousand years to work this out. You'll be fine."

Well, when you put it like that –

I guess I WILL stay for dinner.

I step out on the porch. The light is fading, the air is thick, fragrant with dusk; I can feel the Steward's capitulation, can sense the Shieldmaiden's triumph.

He is back, he has returned to us.

Well done, beloved Listener; well done, beloved Shieldmaiden.

She turns, looks up at me; fucking A she gobsmacks me; will I ever be used to how fucking beautiful she is?

"Well, acushla?" he asks, wiping his tomato-y hands on a tea towel. His rosemary scent is overlaid with the pungent aroma of well-seasoned veal and astringent tomato.

He's beautiful, my husband; his long pale hair sweeps past those sculpted cheekbones, his eyes, his impossibly blue eyes gaze down at me, soften, melt me.

I rise, though my knees are suddenly weak.

"He's staying," I say.

Look at them – two souls irrevocably entwined, two hearts beating as one. My eyes fill with tears and I have to look away.
I take her hand, bring it up to my lips. My tongue tastes sweat, skin, beer; I can smell her, smell the citrusy scent of her hair, and I want nothing more than to bury my face there and forget the circling world about us.

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He kisses my palm, and I feel the flicker of his tongue there; my heart races. He must see the excitement in my eyes because his sweet pink lips smile slyly, and he scrapes the skin with his teeth.

Dinner, talk, then bed – my favorite part of the day, with my Elven Ass.

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Oh, my acushla. Oh, fuck yeah.

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They’ve forgotten me – so wrapped up in each other, I’m just an addendum, an impediment.

But then he looks down at me, his blue eyes thoughtful; he smiles then, his mouth widening, accepting, joyful.

"Welcome back, Faramir," he says, and holds out one hand to me.

And she turns, she also holds out her hand.

"Yes," she says, her eyes shining. "Welcome back."

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