Dancing to the Fall

by LadyBrooke

Summary

It's the end of the world, and Celebrían waits.

Daddy danced.

It was the end of the world, at least for them. Perhaps the Secondborn would find themselves in a new world, but not her. Or her father.

When I was little, he held me in his arms and spun me around the room.

She had not seen him since she had left. They had captured her, and tortured her, and she has sailed. And now she waited.

And then, when I was older, he sat me on his shoes and taught me how to dance.

And the clouds spun in the sky, dark clouds. They said that Morgoth would be stopped before he reached Valinor, but they were wrong.

Dancing was Daddy's favorite thing.

And as she looked out over the walls surrounding the city, she saw them come closer. She could have looked at the wolves of Sauron, growing ever closer to the city, growling, having feasted on those who couldn't make it behind the walls.

He said it made him feel free.

Or those accursed orcs who tortured her, or the balrogs with their flaming whips, or Morgoth himself, tall, taller than Fingolfin or Ingwë, taller than even Manwë himself, with eyes not of burning red, but cold smoldering coals staring out from a stark pale face with red lips like blood,
which were turned in a smirk as he stared at the opposing armies of elves. For what had he to
fear? Finwë and Fëanor were not yet released, Fingolfin crushed, and the rest of their house
scattered across Valinor, Finarfin strewn limply across the shore where he had visited Olwë. Olwë
too was gone, Ingwë forced to remain up in the mountains.

Like he had no responsibilities.

But all she could do was stare at him, silver hair turned red with blood, legs mangled beyond
recognition. There were others there - she recognized Thranduil, and from Elrond's gasp she
thought the person on the other side was Maglor, but still she stared at him. And she stared at his
body, and realized they had taken his dancing from him. And then she heard screaming, and
Elrond was shouting, and she was falling.

Because dancing was the one time he wasn't tormented by the past.

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