

## death we will deal him ere Day's ending

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## death we will deal him ere Day's ending

by [baktag \(verhalen\)](#)

### Summary

"Hand it over at once," the Klingon snarled.

"...What?" Riker glanced over at his drink, playing dumb. "I could just buy you a drink, you know. Unless you were talking about my cock. You're going to have to work a little harder -"

The Klingon threw him down to the floor with a growl. Riker's communicator flew out of his hand and Riker quickly retrieved it, holding it tight. The Klingon loomed over him. "I SAID. HAND. IT. OVER."

### Notes

Crossover between Trek and the Silmarillion, where the Noldor are re-imagined as Klingon.

This is an AU where Riker and Deanna separated for awhile during and immediately after the Dominion War, due to wartime stress creating tension and communication difficulties, but I don't like to think of them as broken up for good, let's just call it a temporary break from each other.

[Originally posted on AO3 in 2022](#). No spoons for comments but kudos are appreciated, thank you kindly!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

After his last mission, where a negotiation between two warring nations on the same planet turned into a terrorist attack and a riot, Riker had well-earned his leave on Risa. He and Deanna were both taking a vacation - though not together, just friends these days.

Good friends. Close friends.

Close enough that as Riker was served his Samarian Sunset, watching the flower swirl in the blazing liquid, he thought of Deanna and found himself instinctively reaching for his communicator. "How are you doing?" he asked.

"Busy," Deanna replied, her voice breathy.

Riker's cheeks burned, his mind immediately in the gutter at what "busy" could possibly mean with her voice sounding like *that*. And while their empathic connection was not as strong as it once was, now that they weren't together anymore, she still knew him too well.

"Not like that. I'm playing Parrises Squares."

*Is that what they're calling it now*, Riker thought to himself reflexively, and wished he hadn't, not wanting Deanna to think he was some kind of pervert. "Oh - I had better let you get back to the game, then." Riker frowned a little, hoping she wasn't about to get injured for being distracted. "Have fun. Riker out."

Riker still held his communicator in his hand for a long moment, even though the conversation was done. His face flushed hotter, feeling sheepish about the gesture, like it was a way of holding Deanna. They were just friends now. He didn't need to be thinking about her Like That. He was here to fuck around and forget about her.

And still, he kept holding that damn communicator, watching the diamond-like crystal gleam and glimmer in the dim light of the bar, rubbing his thumb along its edges, the way he rubbed his thumb along her hand back when...

Suddenly, intense light grey eyes met his across the bar. They were the most piercing eyes Riker had ever seen. Extraordinary eyes.

The eyes belonged to a Klingon - or half-Klingon, by the looks of him. Male. Long, flowing black hair. A sensuous face. Tall and muscular.

Glaring at him like he'd done something incredibly offensive.

That glare was sexy. Riker winked coquettishly, not able to help himself. The Klingon responded to that by getting up, walking across the bar, grabbing Riker by the collar and picking him up from his chair like he weighed nothing.

"Hand it over at once," the Klingon snarled.

"...What?" Riker glanced over at his drink, playing dumb. "I could just buy you a drink, you know. Unless you were talking about my cock. You're going to have to work a little harder -"

The Klingon threw him down to the floor with a growl. Riker's communicator flew out of his hand and Riker quickly retrieved it, holding it tight. The Klingon loomed over him. "I SAID. HAND. IT. OVER."

Riker pulled out his phaser, preparing to stun, and the Klingon laughed, sneered, and readied his bat'leth - Riker still couldn't believe Risa allowed weapons these days, but then the Dominion War had called for little necessary evils like this. "Put down your gun and fight me with HONOR, petaQ!" the Klingon roared.

Two bouncers came over. One of them helped Riker off the floor - and then they shoved the Klingon and Riker out the door. "Take it outside."

Riker brushed himself off and squared his shoulders - the Klingon was several inches taller than him. "What exactly do you want me to hand over?"

"Don't play dumb with me, petaQ. Hand over the Silmaril immediately!"

"The... the what now?" Riker was genuinely confused.

"THE SILMARIL! I AM MAGLOR, SON OF FĒANOR, OF THE HOUSE OF FINWĒ! I HAVE SWORN AN OATH, FOR MY FAMILY'S HONOR! YIELD THE SILMARIL OR PREPARE TO DIE!"

Riker stood there with his mouth hanging open, not able to believe any of this was happening. "What is a Silmaril?"

The Klingon lunged for him. Riker dodged, and put up his hand, holding the communicator in the other. "Look. Look. How is it honorable if you insist on fighting me and I have no weapon but a phaser and you won't accept that, so I have to fight you bare-handed? Let's find a holodeck so I can get a bat'leth too."

Maglor the Klingon growled, but he reluctantly nodded.

There was a hotel down the street, which had plenty of holosuites available. They rented one and Riker replicated a leather sparring outfit and a bat'leth. Maglor and Riker saluted each other and began to circle each other.

Maglor lunged again and Riker spun out of the way, then swung with the bat'leth. Maglor's bat'leth clashed against it, then rose up, aiming for Riker's chin. Riker leaned back, and swung at Maglor's stomach. Maglor rolled out of the way and swung at Riker's knees. Riker stepped away and Maglor got up - Riker took another swing and Maglor blocked it with his bat'leth.

Bat'leth struck bat'leth, again and again. Maglor advanced, Riker retreated. Riker aimed, Maglor blocked. On and on they fought until, at last, Riker wasn't fast enough to get out of the way and Maglor's bat'leth sliced him in the shoulder. Riker fell, dropping his bat'leth as he grabbed his shoulder in pain, and just before he could reach for his bat'leth, Maglor's bat'leth was at his throat. Riker had made a fatal mistake.

Riker looked up into those beautiful grey eyes. The eyes of death.

"Any last words, petaQ?" Maglor snarled.

"Are you going to explain to me what this Silmaril is that I am supposedly in possession of, before you kill me? I'd like to know what I'm dying for."

Maglor exhaled and rolled his eyes as if he were talking to an incredibly petulant child. "The object shining in your hand in the bar. It was very bright."

"Oh, *this*?" Riker pulled the communicator out of his pocket and showed him. "This is not what you think it is." He tapped the communicator. "Hey, Deanna, it's me again. Say hi to my new friend Maglor."

"Will, I don't need to know who you're having sex with right this minute -"

"HAHAHAHA -" Riker closed the channel, face on fire again. Maglor's eyes widened with shock and he lowered his bat'leth.

"You see? That's not a Silmaril, whatever the hell that even is," Riker said.

"It's a jewel. A jewel my father made."

"You were going to kill me over *some rock*?" Riker fell over laughing, which made his shoulder hurt even more... he was going to have to stop at the hotel infirmary when they were done, but the pain was worth it. He hadn't laughed like this in *weeks*.

"It. Is. NOT! FUNNY!"

"You're right, Maglor," Riker said, wiping his eyes. "It's not funny. It's *hilarious*." He howled and wheezed, tears streaming down his face. *I survived the Dominion War... just to get killed over someone's pet rock.*

Maglor threw down his bat'leth, looking ready to kill again...

...and he pounced on Riker like a cat. He and Riker rolled around on the holodeck floor, punching, slapping, elbowing, kneeling, grunting and growling.

Riker found himself getting hard, despite this Klingon's ridiculousness over a rock. Or perhaps because of it. It took dedication to hunt down whatever it was, for the legacy of his family. There was a passion, a fire, in this Maglor, and Riker found it intoxicating.

That strong, muscular body against his didn't hurt, either.

Maglor went hard too, and after a few minutes of grappling, hitting, Maglor bit his neck... and began to grind against him. Riker's cock stiffened even more and he heard himself moan, working his hips, rubbing cock against cock through their trousers. Maglor's teeth had drawn blood and Maglor licked where he had bitten, then claimed Riker's mouth with a deep, passionate kiss. The taste of his own blood on Maglor's tongue almost made Riker come in his pants.

His leather pants were agonizing to wear now, as hard as he was, and Riker reached down to undo his pants and free his hard cock. Maglor did the same and Riker let out a soft moan of appreciation at Maglor's long, thick cock, ridged towards the tip like his forehead. When those ridges began to rub against his cock, Riker bucked and dug his nails in Maglor's hips, going mad with lust and sensation.

It had been a long time since Riker had rubbed cocks with a Klingon. Not since Worf. He'd almost forgotten how delicious it was, those ridges sliding against his aching cock like Klingon cocks were designed to fuck other cocks, not just holes. Riker and Maglor rolled their hips together, finding that perfect, sensuous rhythm. Kissing. Their tongues licked together, mirroring the way their cocks teased. Riker's hands ran over Maglor's muscular arms and chest, savoring the feel of his strength and power. Maglor licked down Riker's throat, and back up.

When they got closer, trembling, panting into each other's mouths, Maglor took both cocks into his fist, stroking them together. The tight grip of Maglor's hand intensified the pleasure of those ridges rubbing against him, and Riker was undone quickly, coming with a cry. Maglor came right after, growling deliciously, and the sight of cock creaming cock, their cum combining and flowing down both their shafts, made Riker's orgasm all the stronger. His toes curled and he let out a deep sigh.

Riker and Maglor looked into each other's eyes for a long moment, and then they kissed again, more tenderly than before.

"You fought well," Maglor said softly.

"So did you." Riker smirked. "You fucked well, too." Riker winked again, feeling the same impish mood that had come over him in the bar when he first noticed that gorgeous Klingon staring at him. "If it's a rock you want, I've got a very hard one you can play with anytime."

Maglor's laughter rang out and he kissed Riker again.

End Notes



Photoshop art of half-Klingon Maglor by my friend SemperViridis, posted with permission.

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