

## Enemy Mine

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## Enemy Mine

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### Summary

Before Maedhros could speak, Worf rose to his feet and informed Kira, "You should listen to nothing this man says. He is a kinslayer without honor!"

The one-armed Klingon with shockingly red hair - inherited from his human mother - also rose to his feet, bared his teeth and growled.

### Notes

[Originally posted on AO3 in 2022.](#) Trek/Silmarillion crossover with the Noldor re-imagined as Klingon.

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

It wasn't long after the Dominion War had ended that there was a new conflict to deal with: a civil war on the Klingon homeworld Q'onoS. However, the leader of one faction - Maedhros, of the House of Finwë - had agreed to meet with Commander Kira on Deep Space Nine and discuss his side of the conflict, in hopes that the Federation would intervene.

Worf, now Ambassador to the Klingon Empire, was present, and before Maedhros could speak, Worf rose to his feet and informed Kira, "You should listen to nothing this man says. He is a kinslayer without honor!"

The one-armed Klingon with shockingly red hair - inherited from his human mother - also rose to his feet, bared his teeth and growled. "Ghobe', Hom Ha'DIbaH. y'nt yalagochukof."

Worf's eyes widened and his nostrils flared. He was, of course, not expecting Maedhros to sit there and take a challenge to his honor. But everyone knew of the misdeeds of the House of Finwë, and Worf was surprised the Federation was even entertaining Maedhros's request for aid.

"The House of Olwë drew their weapons on us first," Maedhros said. "We asked them for ships in our fight against Morgoth and they declined and insulted us. When my father insulted them in return, they attacked us. Nobody sings *that* part of the song, except my brother. Nobody has asked us for our side of the tale, like cowards. Cowards and fools."

"I am not a fool," Worf said defensively. And yet, he felt a twinge of guilt - perhaps this Maedhros was right. Perhaps there had been misleading propaganda. After all, it was Maedhros asking the Federation to help, and not Morgoth.

"This is what my House is fighting for," Maedhros said, handing over a PADD. "My father, Fëanor, was an inventor. A scientist. His creation, the Silmarils, were not mere pretty jewels. They were an aesthetically pleasing set of reactors."

Worf turned on the PADD and saw the jewels light up like three suns, energy collected in a "crown" of Dyson Spheres. It took his breath away, a frisson through his body. He'd heard rumors about this, but to see it with his own eyes...

"One Silmaril can power our entire solar system, without having to draw from our solar system's star or use any other resources. All three of them can power an entire galaxy," Maedhros explained. "My father had been ordered to hide them per further testing. *Morgoth* broke into our home, killed my grandfather, and took the Silmarils. Do you know how incredibly dangerous to all of us, this power is in the wrong hands?" Maedhros raised his right stump. "I lost *my* hand trying to take them back, I was captured and tortured. My husband *died* fighting our enemies, long may he fight on in Sto-vo-kor. And yet you, Worf son of Mogh, would stand here and say *I am without honor, petaQ?*"

Worf swallowed hard. He had a whole new respect for this man.

This very attractive man.

"My apologies," Worf said, sitting down.

Suddenly Maedhros was in his face, pulling him back to his feet by his collar. "*Your apologies?* You think mere words, prating of a fool, are sufficient after you insulted my honor? No, *petaQ!* I will not be insulted by a coward! Fight me, the Klingon way!"

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It had been years since Jadzia's death - years since Worf had last lain with anyone, not since his brief, desperate fling with Ezri. One of Worf's favorite activities to do with a partner was spar. It was exhilarating. That had been part of the allure of Jadzia - she could hold her own against him. Only Deanna had been not much of a fighter, a more gentle personality, and he had not made her, though he had longed for the heat of battle giving way to the heat of passion, and it contributed to their eventual drift.

Even with his skin hunger, and the lust he tended to feel when meeting a worthy rival, Worf was not prepared for the way his cock hardened as he and Maedhros circled each other around the holosuite, swinging with their bat'leths. Maedhros had lost his dominant hand and part of his dominant arm, and in true Klingon fashion he had learned to be even deadlier with his left arm. Worf had not fought like this in years, having to move fast, blade clashing blade. Though he tried to regularly exercise and keep fit, he could still hear himself breathing harder. Of course, he knew some of that wasn't from exertion, but arousal.

Arousal made all the stronger as he watched Maedhros's grey eyes look down at the obvious hard bulge in his leather breeches... and then Maedhros's own cock stiffened in response. He could smell the musk of Maedhros's pheromones and he wanted in a way he had not wanted in a very, very long time.

Furious with himself for his lust, Worf threw down his bat'leth, grabbed Maedhros's away, and fell on him, rolling to the ground. Wrong though he may have been when he insulted Maedhros's honor, Worf wasn't just going to let Maedhros win the fight so easily, and he was stronger with his bare hands. Maedhros's stump smacked and punched Worf, and when Maedhros kned him in the gut, Worf howled with pain and Maedhros took advantage to press his stump to Worf's neck, almost choking him.

"Now, *petaQ*, tell me why I should not kill you for insulting my honor," Maedhros snarled.

Worf could feel Maedhros's hard cock pressed against his own. "Because you can take it out on my arse."

Maedhros laughed, and then he kissed Worf with a deep growl that sent a shiver down Worf's spine, cock pulsing, balls tightening.

They feverishly undressed, and this time Worf kissed him, and bit Maedhros's lip hard enough to draw blood. Maedhros responded by biting Worf's neck, also drawing blood. Worf arched to him, and Maedhros kissed and bit his way down Worf's body - Worf would have bruises until he went to sickbay for dermal regeneration. That was if he even wanted that, and Worf rather did not.

Maedhros roughly turned Worf over, and Worf got on all fours, face down, ass up. He felt himself going slick with anticipation, hole twitching. Maedhros bit Worf on the ass cheek too, then kissed it more tenderly, before his tongue licked around the rim of Worf's opening in lazy circles. "*Your slick smells intoxicating, petaQ.*"

"Shut up and fuck me."

Maedhros laughed, growled again, and bit the other ass cheek. Then his tongue dipped inside, lashing wildly. Worf almost came from that talented tongue rubbing inside him, driving him out of his mind with sensation. Worf responded with a growl of his own, and at last Maedhros relented and knelt behind him.

It was the hardest Worf had ever been fucked, and the biggest cock he had ever been fucked with - not even Riker's cock measured up to the length and thickness. The ridges teased him deliciously and Worf rocked his hips, matching Maedhros's rhythm, panting for it like an animal in heat, Maedhros's deep grunts of pleasure accompanied by the smack of their hips. Worf couldn't get enough, begging for more, the pleasure building and building until they were both right there, moaning...

Worf climaxed hard, letting out a fierce roar as his hole contracted and his cock spurted, a wave of relief surging through him, chased by euphoria. Maedhros's hot seed erupted inside him, Maedhros swearing as he shook violently and collapsed on top of him.

Worf found himself linking fingers with Maedhros's left hand, as if to say *I will stand and fight for you* with his body instead of words.

"Apology accepted," Maedhros said, taking an affectionate nip at the back of Worf's neck. "On one condition."

"Yes?"

"Let's do that again."

Worf laughed, delighted.

## End Notes

Klingon translations:

*petaQ* - contemptible person

*Ghobe', Hom Ha'DIbaH. y'nt yalagochukof* - Go fuck yourself, you runt dog.

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Photoshop art of half-Klingon Maedhros by my friend SemperViridis, posted with permission:



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