

Ancient Dreams

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Title: Ancient Dreams ½

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Rating: Soft NC-17

Fandom: Xena/HtLJ AU x Seaquest DSV

Pairing: A/J sorta, in dreams, you just have to see.

Disclaimer: Not mine, they belong to those nice people at Renaissance Pictures, if they sue me... well my only possessions are a collection of rejection letters and a collection of college loan repayment bills, good luck! i.e. I make no money, so it don't count.

Summary: Disturbing dreams reveal themselves to have meaning.

Authors Note: This story is a crossover between Seaquest DSV (not 2032) and the first three chapters of Athea's War God 1 series "Blame it on the Mistletoe", "Solstice Dance", and "Belonging". An awesome story if you haven't read it, but I don't believe it is necessary to read it to understand this story. Her characterizations are being used without her permission, but I promise to be nice to them.

Tim O'Neil was alone in his cabin again, questioning himself. //What do these dreams mean? With all the psychology that I've studied I should be able to understand what they represent.// The dreams had begun innocently enough, vague and comical. He had actually enjoyed the dreams at first and it hadn't occurred to him that they were anything besides normal dreams until they came every night, all night.

Over the past month the dreams had become more detailed and contained more and more sensory information. He wasn't a participant in the dreams, but then again he was. What happened in the dreams was happening to him, but he didn't have any control over his actions. He could see, hear, taste, smell, and feel but all the actions were governed by someone else.

In all the dreams, until last night, he was an innocent bumbling fool. That didn't really disturb him that much since, for all his vast learning, he really was less than graceful or self assured. In last night's dream something had happened.

The dream took place in ancient Greece. In last night's dream he had been worried about going to a Solstice Dance. He had been offered help by the goddess of love, Aphrodite. That wasn't the disturbing part, his dreams were full of gods and demigods. What gave him the uneasy feeling was the feelings he was having toward Arry, the instructor that Aphrodite provided.

After being awake all day long, the image of Arry was still alive in his mind. The beautiful eyes, glorious full lips, and the well muscled, hard masculine body. As part of his instruction, Arry had danced with him, been patient with him, helped him select the proper clothing. Then, while he built up his courage to enter the dance, Arry gave him the final lesson. A kiss. No, not just a kiss. An earth shattering, mind boggling, knee buckling, I can die happy now, kiss.

Tim was sitting on the edge of his bunk, trying with all his might to understand how this could be. He had never had any sort of attraction to men. He had certainly never kissed a man. But the experience had seemed so real, the memory of it was burned into his mind and had filled every waking moment of his day.

Reluctantly Tim laid his head down on his pillow, torn between wishing for a dreamless sleep and wishing for a continuation of the previous nights dream.



Tim awoke with a start, covered in sweat. He was still laying on top of his blanket and he could feel that he had had a little accident. //I haven't had a wet dream since I was a kid.// While cleaning up, he replayed the dream in his mind.

Another kiss outside the Solstice Dance, telling Arry that he kissed like a God, and Arry responding

that he was a God, Ares the God of War. Then they were somewhere else, somewhere private, sitting on a rug, holding each other. He and Ares were feeding each other and drinking wine, the most delicious wine that he had ever tasted.

The sense of closeness, even now that he was awake, felt so real. The gentle kindness and tender deep kisses held such reality that Tim could even taste the wine/Ares flavored kisses now. Ares had undressed him with a tenderness that neither he nor his dreamself had ever known. Using only gentle tracing touches and his wondrous raspy tongue, Ares had brought him to orgasm.

Standing in his bathroom alone, he looked at himself in the mirror and saw that he was naked. He was slowly dragging his fingertips across his flushed skin, recreating the touches that Ares had lavished upon him in his dream. Although the logical part of his brain was screaming that this was crazy, his hand continued tracing the patterns of fire on his thighs, working ever closer to his straining erection. And, as in his dream, when the touch finally reached his weeping cock... he erupted. But unlike his dream, this time when he spasmed in relief, he gasped a single word. "Ares."

Tim cleaned up the mess, puzzling over what he had come to. Fantasizing over a dream lover who only ever existed in mythology.



The day had been an empty hell. His shift just wouldn't end. Captain Pritchard had been hovering over him all day and Lt. Henderson had come out and asked him what was wrong with him today. How could he possibly explain to her that he was falling in love with someone that never existed?

Tim dismissed the thought and realized that he was getting ready for bed. He hadn't even eaten, just walked directly from his post on the bridge to his cabin. That was irrational, compulsive, and didn't matter because there was no question that he was going directly to sleep. After this empty day of mere existence, he only craved to be in Ares' arms.



Tim's eyes opened, he reached behind him expecting to feel the body of his lover spooned against his back, holding him in his powerful arms. Tim lay there for a while, just basking in the glow. Last night Ares had lain back and allowed him, his dreamself anyway, to do as he will. He explored every part of Ares' body and brought him pleasure. He had taken Ares into his mouth and had his throat filled with Ares' godseed. After that he and Ares went to the bed and slept in a tight embrace.

Tim considered for a moment. This was the most peaceful sleep that he could remember having since coming aboard the Seaquest, or ever for that matter. Looking at the clock, he could see that he had slept twelve hours, much more than usual. But he still had plenty of time before he had to report for duty.

A hunger pang reminded him of his missed dinner so he got up, dressed, and went to the mess hall for a much welcomed breakfast.



Tim threw himself back into his daily routine. After his shift ended, he went to the mess hall and had his dinner. Ortiz tried to make conversation, but Tim couldn't focus on it and had to excuse himself in the middle of what, at least Ortiz believed, was an interesting story.

Today Lucas had given him a strange look. It took him a few minutes to discover that it was because of the smile on his face. He had been thinking of Ares and couldn't help that it shown. If this kept up, there was going to be talk. Did he care?

When O'Neil arrived at his cabin, he was filled with anticipation. He hurriedly prepared for bed and found it difficult to get to sleep. All he wanted was to become Joxer. //Joxer?// That's the name of his dreamself, the name of the man that Ares loves. While he was pondering his new secret name, sleep finally claimed him. Much to his delight.



Day after day, Tim trudged through. When left to himself he would retreat into the happenings of the previous night or just the comfort of Ares' warm embrace. When forced to interact with the others, Tim would be cold and distant. He had never

noticed before that these people were so boring. A few times he had made the conscious effort to behave as he did before Ares' arrival in his dreams. All he discovered was boredom, how could he have ever enjoyed the company of these people?

Tim was unsure about tonight. Even though in dream time only one week had passed in his/Joxer's relationship with Ares, in Tim's reality it had been nearly another month. Each night holding another few hours of passionate lovemaking. Ares had introduced him to so many pleasures in that time, not the least of which is the secret pleasure spot deep within him that he never knew he had.

Last night had ended with a difference. Ares had left to a meeting of the gods on Olympus. For the first time in a month, he was going to be sleeping alone. This was outside Tim's control, he was just living the events with Joxer, not guiding them. Up to now, that had been a great thing. This was likely to be a long empty night.

Tim readied for bed without the enthusiasm he had become accustomed to in the past month. He closed his eyes already feeling the aching need to be with his lover.



Tim awoke with a scream, his hand clutching his heart. Blood flowed freely and the smell of burning flesh stank in his nose and mouth. The pain was blinding as his vision closed into a tunnel

and then he was gone.



Tim slowly opened his eyes. His hands were still clutching his chest. The blood dried on his hands. He got up and went to the bathroom to verify what he already knew from his dream. He peeled the blood stained T-shirt from his chest to reveal the horrible brand. The letter A within a circle.

Tim took care of the practical matters first, he cleaned the wound and treated it with medication. The searing pain continued while he considered if he should go to visit Dr. Westfailand. If he took his problem to medical, he might have to answer some questions that he didn't want asked. After attending to the wound as best he could, he went to clean the bloody mess on the bed. While cleaning O'Neil thought back to the reason for the brand. Joxer had wanted to show Ares the depth of his love. It was a symbol of belonging and devotion to prove to Ares that what they had was lasting and real. After considering the pain and the reasoning behind it Tim decided that, for the love of Ares, he might have done the same thing.

Tim knew that there was no way that he could perform his duties on the bridge that day and yet there was no way to get out of it without risking the intervention of Dr Westfailand. He considered a hundred different scenarios, none of which provided him a day off duty without any questions asked. In a flash of brilliance, the obvious answer

came to him.

Tim took a few minutes to make himself presentable, and practiced talking without trembling. When he was convinced that he could pull off a VERY short performance, he went to see Ortiz.

Ortiz owed him a few favors and happened to be off duty today. Although it was not common to make changes in the duty roster, he had done it on more than one occasion for Ortiz. Thankfully Ortiz's cabin was nearly next door, so Tim wouldn't have to try and dodge his crewmates. All his concentration was engaged in keeping his "normal" facade.

Taking a deep shaky breath, he pressed the buzzer on Miguel Ortiz's door. Hoping that he was in, and would hurry the hell up. Finally Ortiz opened the door.

Ortiz had obviously been sleeping and wasn't in the most polite mood. Tim didn't have the slightest clue what time it was so it was good that Miguel chose to begin their conversation with a time check.

"Tim, it's 3:30 in the morning, what are you doing here?" Ortiz said with more than a little irritation in his voice.

"I need you to take my shift in the morning..." he trailed off and noticed that he was starting to sweat

again.

"You don't look too good, Timmy. You wanna come in?" Ortiz asked with concern showing in his voice as much as his face.

Tim could feel the sweat starting to enter his fresh wound and fought the urge to clutch at it. Exerting that self control only increased the sweat flow and compounded the problem.

Tim forced himself to say, "No, thanks, can you take the shift?" but the trembling had returned to his voice and he would soon have to deal with the salty sweat increasing his pain.

Miguel put his arm around Tim's shoulder and lead him into the cabin. Tim was in no condition to resist his friend's helpful gesture.

"Do you want me to call medical?" Miguel asked. It was now obvious that he was worried.

"NO! ...no Miguel, I would really rather not have to explain this to medical." Tim said, knowing that he now faced the questions that he'd been dreading.

"Will you tell me what's going on? Maybe I can help." Miguel's tone was sounding increasingly worried.

Tim had to think fast, try to find a way out of this. But there was none, and if there was anyone on the

Sequest that he COULD tell, it was Miguel. He decided that he could tell the highlights, be vague about certain things, and maybe he could get through this with his friendship intact.

"It started about two months ago..." Tim began, and the story spilled out of him in vivid detail. He was caught up in the telling, and the story seemed to take on a life of its own.

Miguel sat enthralled, through the entire telling of the story he didn't move, or interrupt.

At the end of the story, the part where Joxer was branded, Tim lifted his shirt to show his own brand. Tim looked at Miguel, realizing that there was nothing more to be said.

Miguel didn't react to the sight of the burned flesh for a few moments, he just sat wide-eyed and finished processing the details of the story.

"Miguel?" Tim said, not quite knowing what kind of reaction to expect.

The distant look in Miguel's eyes finally cleared and he focused on Tim saying, "Thanks for trusting me Tim..." his voice trailed away and a single tear fell from his eye.

Of all the possible reactions that Tim had considered, this wasn't one of them. "Do you think I'm nuts?" Tim hesitantly asked, afraid of the

answer, but needing to know.

"Yeah, but it has nothing to do with this." Miguel said with a serious look that soon gave way to a teasing smile.

After the initial shock of the answer Tim had to laugh. A good hard honest laugh.

"Timmy, I have to go to work now. Go get some sleep and let's talk when I get back." Miguel said as he motioned to his bed.

After the tension was released by Tim's laughing fit, he noticed that he truly needed to get some sleep. Without a second thought, he went to Miguel's bed and went to sleep.



'Tim.' an unfamiliar voice said.

'What...? Who...?' Tim asked into the darkness that surrounded him.

A small fire sparked in front of Tim. He could see in the firelight that he was in a large stone building. Beginning to feel a little afraid, he asked, "Who are you?"

A small elderly woman dressed in red stepped from the flames of the fire. With a tender smile on her face she said, "I'm Joxer's Aunt Hestia, and yours too."

The only question Tim could think to ask was, "Did you do this to me?"

"Yes," she answered, "I thought it would help you if you understood Joxer."

Hestia made a gesture to invite Tim to sit with her on some large pillows before the fire. Once seated she looked him in the eyes and said, "You saw Joxer's life as it was before Ares, did it remind you of anyone?"

Tim shyly nodded his head, silence continued until he once again met Hestia's gaze.

"I wanted to be sure that you understood how love can be, and that it CAN happen to someone like you." she said in a comforting tone. "Joxer hid himself behind jokes and bumbling, in much the same way you hide behind intelligence and shyness. You can find love."

"With Miguel?" Tim asked before he could even think about it.

Hestia gave a hearty, good natured laugh and said, "Maybe so, Tim. Those decisions are between you and him. I just couldn't let you continue living this way without your knowing what's possible."

Having adjusted to the strangeness of the situation and feeling a little more bold, Tim asked, "Why

me?"

Hestia got a contemplative look in her eye then answered, "Over the centuries, I've taken a special interest in Joxer's decedents. However in your case, I put forth a little extra effort."

"Joxer's decedents? But Joxer was gay wasn't he?" Tim asked with a puzzled look.

After another hearty laugh Hestia told him, "You know, dear-heart, you don't just put it in a box and throw it up on a shelf when you fall in love with a man. Yes, you are a decendent of Joxer."

"Are the dreams over now?" Tim asked.

"Yes love, I'm going to owe Morpheus for the next millenia as it is. Time is short. Your friend will be back soon and you have some thinking to do."

"Just one more question." Tim added desperately.

"Hmm?" Hestia responded with a quizical look.

"Why did it have to hurt so much? I mean, why the brand?" Tim just needed to know.

"Because that's what happened to Joxer, and you needed to know that it was real. I'm sorry you had to hurt dear-heart. Would you answer a question for me now?"

"Of course." Tim knew whatever it was would require soul searching.

"Would you have understood and believed the dreams the same way without the brand?" she asked with a thoughtful expression.

"No, I would have thought that I was going nuts." he answered, then continued, "And I guess that I wouldn't have understood just what Joxer went through to prove his love."

"You do understand." she said with a wistful smile.

She reached out to him, put her hand on his shoulder, pulled his ear close to her and screamed, "WAKE UP!"



Tim snapped awake. He looked over at the clock and noticed that Aunt Hestia was right, Miguel would be here soon.

The memories of Ares were still vivid in his mind, but now they didn't have the emotional intensity they had this morning. He could still feel all the love within himself, but now he knew that Ares and Joxer belonged to each other. Now that he knew that he could feel love for himself, he didn't need the dream anymore. He was ready to face reality.

Miguel came quietly into the room, trying not to disturb Tim's sleep. Tim lifted his head from the

pillow and said, "Don't worry man, I'm awake." Miguel turned on the overhead light and crossed the room to sit on the corner of the bed. The look of concern was evident on his face. Tim had to let Miguel in on the end of his story. He told Miguel about Aunt Hestia and the reason for the dreams.

Miguel sat in silence for a few moments after Tim finished telling his story, considering his words. Finally he said in his most serious voice, "What are you feeling now?" Tim decided to consider the question as seriously as it was asked. How was he feeling? Finally, the only answer he could give was a shopping list of the feelings that were flooding through him. "Relief, loss, loneliness, unsure about what I'm supposed to do with this new knowledge..." he trailed off, still considering the flood.

Ortiz sat quietly for a few more moments before asking, "How is your chest feeling?"

Tim looked up with a stunned expression and said, "It doesn't hurt at all!" And lifted his shirt to expose the brand.

The brand was completely healed, and looked as if it were months old. Miguel reached up hesitantly and gently ran his fingers across the newly healed scar as his eyes met Tim's...

The End