

Victor's Spoils – A Lord of the Rings Fanfiction – FINISHED

To the victor go the spoils.

“Death to the Dark Lord!” Admirable in their bravery, armed to the teeth, and allied to see things to the end, the alliance of the Humans, Elves, and Dwarfs, led by the valiant Aragorn with their swords raised to the skies, charged forward on horseback to fight off the savage, animalistic army of creatures that were known as Orcs. In response to this charge, the Orcs unleashed a volley of arrows from their bows, and the overcast sky became as dark as night from their falling presence. The allied forces lifted their shields to the heavens, and the arrows fortunately failed to penetrate them.

“Keep firing! And send forth the frontal forces for a counter charge,” said Vorlag, the Orcish general in charge of defending Mordor from the allied forces. More specifically, he was the Orcish general in command of the Uruk-hai; the strongest soldiers of Sauron’s military, and the one the allied forces now had the misfortune to fight in this battle. His skin was ashen gray, his eyes were as black and cold as his very soul, and his figure was tall and immensely muscular, all clad in sharp, black armor. As per Vorlag’s orders, the Orcish archers continued their rapid firing, while the frontal cavalry charged forth on their horses as well. Once both cavalry forces made their deadly kiss on the battlefield with their swords and spears, blood was spilled, and their agonizing shouts could be heard far and yonder. And then off in the distance, just less than a mile away northward, was the beautiful half-elf, Arwen, sealed away in her stone fortress.

“Oh, Aragorn. Please return to me alive,” Arwen muttered under her breath. She sat upon her chair in her bed chamber in great worry. Her breath was ragged and her heart beat in sync to the drums outside as the battle raged on. Her hair was slightly messy and unkempt, yet maintained a silky brown appearance, her skin was flawless and pale, and her eyes were a hypnotic shade of pale green. Her figure was thin, yet lovely, what with the curves of her thighs perfectly emphasized by the pale blue sleeping robes she wore. And yet, despite her youthful beauty, here she was, sickly and weak with a rather troublesome flu that she’d been battling for the past two days or so. Nevertheless, on the morning before the battle, she’d begged of Aragorn.

“I don’t have a good feeling about this. Last night...I don’t know, but I think it’s possible the halflings...Frodo and Sam...they might’ve...”

She hesitated and shuttered at the grim thought. She tried her best to say the words, and yet she kept choking on them. She stood in her bedroom, facing the window to look outside to the grassy fields below her. Behind her stood Aragorn.

“No. That can’t be possible. I’ve had my doubts about them myself, Arwen. But I’m sure that they’ll make it to Mordor...they *must*,” replied Aragorn.

“In any case, I think it’s best that I join you for the battle. I want to see this to the very -ackph!”

Suddenly, Arwen had a coughing fit as a result of her flu. She then felt her head become light as the world started to spin around her once more. She began to fall until Aragorn had been fortunate enough to catch her and then place her back on her bed. Once doing so, Aragorn grabbed a nearby chair and sat on it. He wore an expression of worry and empathy on his face as he looked to the sickly Arwen. He sighed, placed his left hand on his face, and closed his eyes for a moment. *Oh, how I wish you were here, Gandalf.* Once he finished his thought, he looked her directly in her eyes and said,

“I’m sorry, but we can’t be together in battle. Not in your condition, at least. I’d never be able to live with myself if you...”

He hesitated for a few seconds, choking on his own words as Arwen did moments ago.

“I promise you this, Arwen; I *will* return to you. I promise you this on my very soul. Once this battle is over, I will *never* leave your side again.”

He moved towards her, kissed her forehead, and held her hands. Arwen felt the warmth and intimacy of this simple action, and felt completely assured in him through this. It was through this that she knew that his love for her was pure. And it was for this especial reason that she loved him with equal depth. She then faces him, and they look deeply into each other’s eyes, their hearts fluttering. She moves closer to him, and their lips meet in one long kiss, lasting for what they wished was an eternity. They then finally break.

“For good luck,” she simply says.

Aragorn smiles at her warmly.

“Like I said, I promise you that I’ll do everything in my power to return to you once this is all over.”

He then looks out the window outside, and sees the sun just barely shine through the overcast sky.

“I’ve got to go. In the meantime, farewell.”

“Farewell,” Arwen replies.

Aragorn leaves the bedroom without another word, and Arwen falls asleep peacefully for another hour.

And now here he stood, on the battlefield with his sword unsheathed and swinging away at any and all Orcs who dared to attempt to attack him. Over a fortnight of planning and training was spent in order to ensure the success of this battle, and Aragorn certainly had no intention of merely accepting defeat. He was confident that Frodo and his trusty, loyal friend, Sam, would make it through the perils of Mordor and cast that cursed thing that was the One Ring into the fiery, destructive depths of Mount Doom.

“We’re all counting on you, halfling. I hope you make it,” Aragorn muttered under his breath.

As he swung away with his sword, he beheaded one Orc, then commanded his Elven comrade, Legolas.

“Legolas, order the Elves to fire the catapults!”

“But sir, what of the rest of our forces? We may end up taking more losses,” said Legolas as he stabbed two other orcs with his dagger.

“We have to counter those archers and have their fire drawn so that we can advance,” said Aragorn.

“Very well.”

Legolas then sprinted as fast as he could to the catapults, careful not to trip over the many corpses of the Orcs. As Aragorn fought, it was only seconds later when he heard Legolas give the order.

“Fire the catapults!”

Another storm of projectiles fell upon the earth, this time against the Orcs. Luckily, the combination of the boulders and arrows were able to hit most of the advancing enemy armies, given the rather bulky, tank-like stature of the grotesque, beastly Orc.

“Advance!” shouted Aragorn.

The allied forces proceeded forth once more, shields raised and their blades at the ready. As they continued their fighting, the Dwarf named Gimli arrived, clad in heavy armor and armed with his signature axe.

“Twenty-five!” he said to Legolas as he continued to chop down each Orc one by one.

“Thirty-two!” replied Legolas.

“Just you wait, Elf!”

Despite the brutality of their offensive fighting style, the Orcish army was forced to resort to their contingency plan after taking heavy losses.

“Retreat!” commanded Vorlag.

“All soldiers, retreat. This battle is lost.”

However, there was much more going on than a mere retreat, as Aragorn and his forces believed. As Vorlag and his Uruk-hai forces retreated south, they split once they reached a river in front of a colossal cliff on the outskirts of their original position.

“What’s happening?” asked Gimli.

“I don’t know, I’m afraid. Stay ready,” said Aragorn.

The allied forces ended their charge, split, and proceeded more slowly. However, seemingly out of nowhere came forth the Dark Lord himself, and a squad of archers at the top of the cliff. And this time, he had finally achieved it. He had finally acquired what he had lost all those centuries ago. On the ring finger of his left hand was the golden One Ring. The ring to rule them all, and in the darkness, bind them.

“Surrender now!”

Sauron’s voice boomed and echoed throughout the battlefield below him.

“Surrender now, and I may spare you! Surrender now, and there shall be no more bloodshed. Resist so foolishly, and you will face a battle that you cannot win. Choose wisely!”

The allied forces halted in their advance the second they heard his voice. Aragorn spun around to face him. As he listened, he found himself frozen – paralyzed with fear at the fact that he was in the presence of possibly the most powerful dark sorcerer in Middle Earth’s history. And then it hit him with the speed and impact of a heavily armed cavalry, and his heart suddenly stopped at its tracks the moment he reached his grim realization. *Impossible. T-This can’t be. The halflings...Frodo...Sam...Oh no...*

“H-How did you get that?!”

said Aragorn, his voice shaky with crippling fear. Beads of sweat ran down his forehead, and his mouth became as dry as a desert.

“How did I acquire this? This thing that I have searched for far and yonder for centuries?” said Sauron.

“I shall tell you then. Your ring bearer and his little friend are no more. Alas, it seems their feet weren’t so swift and silent once they arrived in my lands. Luck, it seems, has its limits after all.”

Sauron laughed a deep, cold laugh; a laugh that shook everyone to their very soul and crept down their backs like a serpent. And with his greatest fears confirmed, Aragorn felt himself become nauseous. He could taste and feel the sourness of his stomach acids build up to the base of his throat, making him barely able to speak now. It was over. All that the Fellowship had fought so hard to achieve. All that they had laid their lives down for – failed. And it was a failure on a scale that was incomprehensible. A failure of epic proportions. A failure that can’t be recovered from. All was lost.

Without any other options, Aragorn spoke to his men.

“My brothers – Elves, Dwarfs...my fellow people of Gondor and Arnor! Even though the ring bearer and his trusty companion – Misters Frodo Baggins and Samwise Gamgee – have fallen, *we* will not fall in vain! This shall be our last stand! And it will be a glorious one! One that shall mark us as heroes never to be forgotten to the flow of time! We may well fall pitifully, but our fall will be recorded as the greatest one of all! To you, Sauron, may you suffer greatly at our hands! Charge!”

And the allied forces charged forth, not caring about the success or failure of their offense; merely the act of leaving Sauron with the parting gift of his own spilled blood before finally meeting the bitter end that was their deaths. Sauron, however, sniggered under his breath.

“Fools! So be it. Archers! Fire again!”

The Orcish archers on the top of the cliff, as well as the ones led by Vorlag, fired another volley of arrows upon the allied forces. One by one, Elf, Dwarf, horse, and Human alike, fell to the ground like a ragdoll tossed to the floor by a child during playtime as the ground below them became stained with scarlet. Eventually, only Aragorn, Legolas, and Gimli remained.

“You have my utmost respects,” said Sauron to those final three standing before him.

“You’ve earned my respects, my mercy, and your last chance to concede. Kneel before me, and you will not only be spared, but you will become generals in my army as a reward.”

“Never!” shouted Gimli in defiance to the Dark Lord. He gripped his axe tightly, and kept himself ready for his last fight.

“Never shall we bow down to such a despicable bastard as yourself!”

“What say the Elf? Will he concede and find glory under my rule, or end up in the same fate as his other pathetic allies?”

In response, Legolas drew his bow as quickly as he could and fired one of his last arrows straight towards Sauron’s neck, grazing the left side of it. Blood seeped out of the wound, and the pain from the arrow came in a sharp flash. Livid beyond anything else, Sauron screamed,

“Foolish to the very end! Very well. Fire!”

“’twas an honor, and a privilege, to have served alongside you,” said Legolas to Gimli.

“Likewise, Elf,” said Gimli.

And so Aragorn, Legolas and Gimli made their final charge, bows and shields at the ready. The arrows rained down upon them, but they continued running towards the Uruk-hai forces in front of them, giving not a care in the world about some of the arrows that pierced their shoulders. Aragorn then arrived at the Uruk-hai forces first, wielding his sword for the last time, parrying it to defend himself from oncoming attacks and slashing away at the limbs and necks of his enemies. Gimli did the same with his axe, as did Legolas when he drew his dagger. They came to terms with the certainty of their defeat, yet held on to dear life the possibility that they may at least find the chance to escape somehow, if it ever presented itself.

However, it was all for naught, as the Uruk-hai eventually overwhelmed them, stabbing all three of them with their blades. Both Legolas and Gimli were immediately killed while Aragorn stayed alive long enough for his final words and thoughts. Through the pain of the sword that was right through his chest, and his mouthful of blood, Aragorn managed to say,

“One day, you...shall fall. One day.”

We shall meet each other once again, Arwen, but not in this lifetime. I’m so sorry. I hope we meet again. The pain then began to subside, and everything began to fade into nothingness, until he finally succumbed to his death. The Orcs cheered and celebrated their victory, until Vorlag raised his hand to silence his fellow soldiers.

“Not yet. Pockets of resistance remain. My Lord, what shall be the fate of these foolishly stubborn groups?”

Sauron paused for a moment. Deeply, he wished for all pockets of resistance to be captured and tortured by him personally for resisting his rightful rule, yet he understood the herculean nature of this. After all, as he came to understand, the races of Man, Elf, Dwarf, and Hobbit were much more capable than he'd initially believed when he lost the ring all that time ago. For this reason, he said simply,

“Do what you will. Eliminate all resistance groups in one fell swoop. Show no mercy. We are closer to victory than we've ever been before. Do not fail me, or there will be dire consequences.”

“As you wish, my lord. Soldiers, march. We head north.”

Arwen winced and cringed as she heard the sounds of blades and arrows pierce the flesh of Orcs, Elves, Dwarfs, and Humans alike. Finally, after deciding that she had waited long enough for Aragorn's return, she gets up from her seat, strips herself from her sleepwear and puts on her dark, navy blue robe and glove pair she wore whenever she had to go outside, retrieves her sword from under her bed, and goes to the front door for the battle that awaited her, sword at the ready.

“No! Don't, milady. Elrond and Aragorn ordered us to keep you here and see to it that you're protected at all costs,”

said one human guard who stood at the front door.

“There's no point in hiding! I'm tired of running, and I'm tired of hiding! I need to go out there and fight alongside Aragorn!”

“No, wait!”

Arwen persisted and kicked the door open. Bravely, she faced before her her very doom. Vorlag's forces sniggered at her attempt to defend herself and the fortress. As Vorlag's forces advanced toward her fortress, archers on the top of the roof proceeded to fire way with their bows as best as they could, killing a few of the advancing Orcs. Arwen looked behind her, and then towards the Orcs, rather confused.

“Fly! Fly milady! It's too dangerous! Get out of here!”

said the archery commander.

“But –”

“It's alright, milady. We'll hold them off.”

“I'll come back to you with reinforcements. I promise.”

And Arwen sprinted away as fast as she could, going back inside the fortress, and then out of the back door into the forest.

“Keep firing -argh! Ahh!” the archery commander then took an arrow through his torso, proceeding to fall over the crenellations on the roof.

“Sir! No!”

said one of the archers, and they kept firing, both to protect Arwen as best as they could and take revenge for the death of their commander. The arrows came in faster and faster, but to no avail, as Vorlag’s forces began to pour into the fortress.

“Pour the hot oil!” said one archer. “And get to the entrance. We mustn’t let this fortress fall.”

Immediately, many of the Orcs suffered severe burns on their skin from the hot, black substance that was being poured on them from above. Their skin began to peel off in various places, and their agonizing shrieks filled the fortress. And yet, alas, even this was not enough; the Orcs who did enter the fortress, before the hot oil could be poured, finally reached the roof and proceeded to slaughter the human archers one by one. As bravely as they fought, it was ultimately all for naught. Eventually, all of the archers were killed, and the Orcs celebrated their triumph.

“Wait!” commanded Vorlag, as he raised his hand to silence his men.

“Our work is not finished yet. We must find and capture that woman.”

Meanwhile, Arwen kept running, running, running, and running. Her heart beat to such a speed that an ache began to develop in her chest. And yet, she just kept running. She then began to lose track of her surroundings, which caused her trip over a branch on the ground. As she tried to get up as quickly as she could, an arrow narrowly missed her, only just hitting the ground between her fingers. She pulled the arrow out of the ground, and then kept running, until she reached a steep ledge with no trees or leaf piles to cushion her fall below it. She then drew her sword and prepared for her last stand. Only just five seconds later, Vorlag’s army arrived, with Vorlag front and center.

“My, my, what have we got here? You’re a mighty fine woman. Please, tell us your name?”

“Stand back,” spat Arwen. “Stand back, and I may just spare you. If you dare even make a step forward, I’ll cut off every one of your limbs.”

Vorlag laughed, as did the rest of his army. It was loud, and completely filled the forest, drowning out the chirping sounds of the birds and such.

“You? You think you can resist us, when we so greatly outnumber you? You? When we have archers that can hit the eye of an eagle from a mile away? You? When we have men armed with axes who can behead a man as cleanly and swiftly as the sharpest blade in the world?”

“I fear no man, skilled or unskilled, cowardly or brave. I will fight to the last breath.”

The Uruk-hai sniggered again, and then Vorlag gave her an offer.

“It’s up to you to decide your own fate, milady. But you do have two choices; you can lay down your blade and surrender to us. Should you do so, you will become the Dark Lord’s mistress, properly providing your most intimate services to your master. Or, you can die here, and meet the same fate as your pitiful general. What was his name? Ah, yes, Aragorn. Choose wisely.”

Arwen grit her teeth as tears began to leak out of the corner of her eyes. *Aragorn...no! You said you’d return.* Suddenly, feelings of vengeance began to course through her body, her heart beat faster as her muscles began to tense up. Without even thinking, she rushed towards the Uruk-hai soldiers, specifically towards Vorlag. However, just as she was going to strike the Orcish general, he parried the attack with his own blade, and then pulled out a dagger to take a cut at her wrist that was holding her sword.

Start of Rape Scene/Ending:

“Argh!” She winced and screamed from the pain of the crudely made blade. Once she attempted to pull her sword away from Vorlag, he caught her arm, pulled her sword out of her hands, and then tossed it off of the ledge. Vorlag then pulled her face towards his, and then breathily said,

“You know, since your beauty is just so breath-taking, let me take my time to admire it before you’re gone for good.”

As she was manhandled and breathily spoken to by Vorlag, she could smell the absolute foulness of his breath. It made her nauseous, and so much so that she spat in his face in rage and disgust. Vorlag wiped his face with his right hand.

“Feisty, are we? That’s all right, you’re still quite the prize for me, milady. To the victor go the spoils. Men, grab her by her shoulders!”

Several Orcs behind Arwen proceeded to lift Arwen by her shoulders, while Vorlag continued holding her by her legs. As he held her legs, he proceeded to rip off a large portion of the bottom half of her robes, leaving her panties as the only thing protecting her pristine womb against the vile hands of Vorlag. Of course, the panties were completely useless, as Vorlag then ripped the panties off of her waist, exposing the most intimate part of her body. Vorlag sniggered at his prize while his men celebrated and cheered gleefully and nastily, exposing their yellowed teeth and fangs.

“To the victor go the spoils,” Vorlag repeated, as he proceeded to undo his pants and unsheath his more personal sword, which, of course, was his massive phallus. Once unsheathing it, his carnal desire for Arwen grew, he felt his heart beat faster and faster, and he licked his lips as though a delicious feast were before him. Overcome with lust, he swiftly and forcefully thrust himself into Arwen’s pale, slightly hairy slit, causing her to shout various curses and agonizing screams, which filled the forest along with the continued cheering of the Orcish army.

“Argh! Please! Stop it!” Arwen begged.

“Not until you concede,” spat Vorlag.

As he thrust in and out of her, he found himself in pure ecstasy. The sensations he received from being inside her were pure bliss, more intoxicating than any ale or pipe-weed Middle Earth had to offer. Her walls perfectly hugged the width of his phallus; it was neither too tight, nor too loose. In spite of the lack of lubrication, Vorlag’s arousal remained, as Arwen’s agonizing screeches fueled his sadistic desires. Eventually, he found himself close, twitching in extreme pleasure as he slowly reached climax. And then only a second later, he finally released his seed into Arwen, as those white ropes of his semen kept coming and coming into her.

Meanwhile, Arwen felt completely violated. She’d hoped to save herself for her wedding with Aragorn, but with him gone, all was truly lost. Her desire for vengeance became replaced with fear and despair as she felt her muscles become stiff and tense. So filled with fear she became that she felt as though she could not move at all. All she could do at that point was wait for the end, and pray for its swift arrival. Alas, her end would never arrive swiftly, if at all, as she hoped, as once Vorlag finished his duties inside of her, he beckoned three other Orcs to join the fray. One entered her mouth, one entered her anus, and the last one inserted itself into her crevice, which began to leak of Vorlag’s seed. Again, all Arwen could feel was pain, fear, and despair. She choked and gagged from the salty, putrid taste of the Orc in her mouth, while she

winned in complete pain from the other two who were in her other two orifices. The pain was sharp and never-ending, as if she were slowly being split apart. And then, once more, all three of the Orcs twitched gleefully inside of her until they unleashed their own torrents of their seed into her and onto her face and torso. By this point, all she could smell was sweat and the pungent scent of Orcish reproduction fluids.

Once those three had their fill, another three came forth, and so on, until Arwen eventually found herself mind-broken. Her thoughts were reduced into nothing more than sensation as she too orgasmed from the whole affair, albeit unwillingly. Her womb twitched painfully until it too unleashed its own torrents of fluid all over the grotesque phallus of the last Orc who continued orgasming inside of her. Once he pulled himself out, all that came out of Arwen's most precious place was the fluid of the whole Uruk-hai force. At the same time, her mouth was open, and drool leaked at the corners.

And then, finally, while her eyes were rolled back from the painful sensations of the vicious rape she had the utmost misfortune to experience, Arwen spoke through her mouthful of Orcish fluids.

"I...I surrender. I am yours...I am the Dark Lord's...I concede..."

Her hearing was dimmed as the pain slowly began to fade away. She yearned that this was death she was experiencing, but alas, she could never be more wrong. She then fell into unconsciousness, and that was all.

Several hours later, she woke up. Her mouth was dry, and its taste was unpleasant to the point where she desperately wished to vomit, but simply couldn't. As she opened her eyes, she could feel them ache as she instantly saw brightness through the window above her. Once she acclimated, she looked through it, and saw the One Ring in the Dark Lord's hands. She then looked up and saw him in his black, spiked armor and billowing cape. More fear and despair filled her, yet all she could do was stand there, completely hopeless. Meanwhile, Sauron saw her glimpse at the corner of one of his eyes, and then looked directly into them.

"To the victor go the spoils," Sauron said. After all, he indeed was the victor. He had finally found the One Ring. He had won.