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"2509: Celebrian, traveling to Lorien, is waylaid in the Redhorn Pass..." - Return of the King, Tale of Years, Third Age

The raucous shouts of hundreds of Orcs echoed through the rough-hewn cavern as the guards hauled Celebrian across the floor towards the throne. At the foot of the dais she tripped on shreds of green cloth that were the remnants of her dress. Cursing, one of the Uruks grabbed a handful of her silver tresses, dragged her up the steps, and dropped her painfully to the ground.

"Well, what have we here," growled a voice above her. Celebrian tried to muster up the strength to speak, but before she could do so one of the guards spoke up.

"We snared this elf-bitch traveling through our pass, o truly tremendous one," he replied. "There were ten others with her, but we did for 'em, the filth."

"Hmmmm...good work, Bagdush. So, slut, what do you have to say for yourself? Speak up!" The guard twisted Celebrian's arm behind her and used the leverage to force her up onto her knees. Her vision filled with the sight of a large, muscular Orc staring down at her from the throne, a jagged iron crown on his head.

"I am Celebrian, wife of Elrond of Rivendell," she replied, trying to sound imperious and confident, "and he will deal harshly with you if I am harmed."

"Har! Har! Harharhar!" The goblin king raised his gruff voice for the hearing of his assembled court. "You hear that, boys? Aren't we scared? Aren't we quakin' in our boots?" The Orcs roared with laughter. "Well, since we don't want to get in trouble with...Lord Elrond," he said with mock reverence, "I suppose we'd better be nice to his dear lady." He glanced over at one of the guards and nodded meaningfully; the guard scurried off. "Yep, we'd better treat her real affectionate-like."

The goblin king reached around his waist and loosened the furs wrapped around him. Then he fished out his cock. Celebrian's eyes widened in terror and disgust as she viewed the thing; it easily measured a foot long, thick as a spear, its brownish-green skin dotted here and there with hairy warts. The king hefted it proudly, leering down at his captive. "I'll bet yer husband aint' got one this big. Bet you're dyin' for a taste of it." It took Celebrian a moment to realize what he was referring to. She shook her head, trying to back away.

"No, please, not that!" She had never dabbled in what was commonly called "the Elvish Art," and the prospect of taking an Orc's penis into her mouth horrified her.

The goblin king laughed again. "Eh? Too bad, I've heard lots o' stories 'bout how talented you elf girls are." The guard who had left a minute or so ago returned, bearing a flask gingerly. He handed it to the king, who rolled it idly in his free hand. Letting go of his penis he unstopped it and gestured to the guards. "Bring her forward!"

Celebrian struggled as the guards pushed her into a kneeling position at the very foot of the throne. He nodded, and one of the guards pried her mouth open. Then she felt the flask forced past her teeth, and a burning, sour liquid poured into her mouth. The flask was removed, and the guards pinched her nose and held her mouth shut to force her to swallow. When she did they dropped her to the floor again. She felt a sensation like fire coursing through her limbs. Her mouth was dry, but she felt dampness growing between her legs. Trembling, she pushed herself up with her hands. "What have you done to me?" she gasped, looking up at the Orc.

"The shamans call it 'dragon piss', 'cause it puts bitches into heat," replied the king, grinning. "Makes 'em real fun to be with, makes 'em do all sorts of things they wouldn't do before." Against her will Celebrian's eyes were drawn to the Orc's cock, and she stifled an urge to lick her lips.

"No, please, make it stop!" she pleaded. "Don't make me...don't..."

The Orc guffawed. "Hey, I'm not doin' anything. You can do whatever you want to." Fighting herself and losing, she moved her head towards the Orc's lap, saliva drooling out of her open mouth. Tears ran hot down her cheeks as she thought of Elrond and how she was about to pleasure an Orc in a way that she had never done for her husband. She tried to close her eyes, but they remained stubbornly open as her tongue flicked out to lick the tip of the Orc's penis. The rank Orc smell filled her nostrils as she pressed her lips against the glans and began to work the huge, scabby thing into her mouth.

Above her the goblin-king groaned, obviously enjoying her attentions. Celebrian felt his claws dig into her scalp as he grabbed her head and started to force it downwards. The glans drove into her mouth, and the Orc pressed her head down further, burying her nose in his smelly pubic hair and ramming his cock down her throat. She reached down between his legs and cradled his balls in her delicate hand while inside her mouth her tongue washed all around the shaft of his penis. She began to bob her head, her lips pressed tightly around the Orc cock sliding between them. Her sucking grew more insistent as the penis moved in and out of her mouth. The Orc's fingers tangled in her hair; from the ragged sounds of his breath Celebrian realized that he was nearing climax; the tears streamed from her eyes as she considered the loathsome prospect of the brutish goblin ejaculating into her mouth. She tried even harder to pull away, but to no avail. She continued sucking, sucking, sucking...

The goblin-king threw back his head and growled, and his penis jerked in her mouth as his seed squirted out of it. It was thick and warm, with a bitter, salty taste; Celebrian felt it wash over her tongue and fill her mouth before she swallowed, gulping down the vile stuff. More Orc-semen flooded in. She tried to spit it out, but instead she drank it down like it was miruvor.

Suddenly, she felt her head pushed back from the still-spasming cock. It hovered in front of her for just a moment, staring like a one-eyed serpent. Then it jerked again and cum splattered against her face, striking her in the chin. More semen, white with tinges of yellow and green, sprayed her cheeks and lips. Slowly the flow abated, until it was just a lazy dribble of sperm trickling onto the stone tiles. Still unable to control herself, she extended her tongue to catch the falling drops. She took the softening penis her mouth and cleaned off the last of the semen, meanwhile fearing that she would never be rid of the taste of the stuff. She leaned over and spat out some of it. Realizing that somehow she now had control of herself she spat again and again, wiping the slimy cum from her face with the back of her hand.

The king laughed again, and his assembled followers did likewise. "Can't quite make up her mind, can she?"

Celebrian looked up at him, trembling and sobbing. "What are you going to do to me?"

"I'll let you find out for yourself," he answered. The goblin-king turned towards one of the more fearsome Orcs near his throne. "Uzgash! Bring the wargs!"

A sharp pang of fear shot through Celebrian at the mention of the evil wargs, wolves of great size, intelligence, and malice. No doubt the orcs intended to watch her torn apart by the savage beasts. But a small part of her felt relief that it would soon be over; after what she had just been through,

death seemed an almost pleasant prospect. She did not resist when the guards pulled her towards the center of the cave. She felt the cold metal of a shackle clamped around her ankle. She moved her leg; looking down, she saw that she was chained to an iron spike driven into the rock. Then the guards withdrew, looking fearfully at something behind her. She turned, slowly, following their gaze.

There were at least four dozen wargs, each the size of a pony, stalking towards her out of the mouth of one of the tunnels. The beasts walked with a slow, easy grace, glancing from time to time at the orcs, but mostly eying her hungrily. At the head of the pack, leading them, walked one larger than the rest, a grey-furred wolf with an aura of majestic evil. Celebrian heard the sound of something being set down behind her, but kept her eyes on the advancing wargs. The wolf-chieftain stopped just in front of her, examining her with glinting amber eyes. He licked his chops, and it seemed almost that he was grinning. Then his body tensed as he prepared to spring. She breathed a whispered prayer to Elbereth that he would be quick.

The wolf leapt up soundlessly; Celebrian gave way before it and tripped on something, falling backwards before the beast. But instead hitting the stone floor she landed on wooden boards. The wolf's forepaws pressed down on her shoulders while its hindpaws rested on the ground between her feet; the snout was inches from her face, the white razor-sharp teeth gleaming as it looked down at her. Was it toying with her? And why had the orcs placed what felt like a table? For the wolves' "feast"? The wolf turned his head to one side and barked and snarled to one of his underlings in what almost sounded like language; he repeated his orders in to several other wolves. Celebrian felt them tugging at her dress, tearing the cloth off from several directions. She glanced to her left and saw one wolf shredding the sleeve off of her arm; on her right another was doing the same. Down between her legs she saw...

Her gaze locked on the huge red penis protruding from the warg-chief's grey-furred sheath. Suddenly realizing what was about to happen, she struggled to get up, but the wolf bore his weight down on her and bared his fangs, snarling viciously less than an inch from her face. She did not dare move as he grabbed the front of her dress in his jaws and tore it away, exposing her firm breasts. Tauntingly he licked and nuzzled at them, his wet pink tongue lapping at her nipples and cleavage. She squirmed, feeling the wolf's hot breath on her neck before he lapped at her chin, then began licking her face. She started to move her head aside but stopped when the wolf snarled again. It moved back down to her breasts, slurping loudly as he washed his tongue all over her tits. Celebrian squirmed again, in fear, and in shame, because despite her terror and disgust she could feel her nipples stiffening from the wolf's savage foreplay.

She felt the last of her dress torn away from her lower body, and also the wolf fur brushing against the inside of her thighs. She felt the tip of the wolf's penis pressed against the entrance to her sex, and she knew there was nothing she could do to stop him. The wolf looked down at her, staring straight into her eyes as he drove his enormous cock into her with a single powerful thrust. Celebrian gasped in spite of herself.

So big! It felt so... so... No! she told herself. It's horrible! I'm being raped by an animal, a wolf... evil! I must fight it, must... She gasped again as the wolf began pumping his cock in and out of her cunt, and she struggled not to acknowledge the pleasure it was giving her. She tried to ignore the exquisite pain of the wolf's penis stretching her with each thrust, the tickling of the fur rubbing the inside of her legs, the sticky wetness spreading around her sex, the rough wet tongue licking at her rigid nipples. She could feel her climax building inside her, and each time the wolf's cock slid in and out of her sopping pussy it pushed her closer. Her mind recoiled from the idea of being brought to orgasm by an animal-worse, a servant of darkness-but her body did not care.

She tried to block it out by thinking of her husband-surely he must be on his way to rescue her! But

then all she could think of was what would Elrond think when he saw her lying there being taken by a wolf. And the fact that the wolf had a larger penis. She squinted her eyes and moaned as the enormous lupine cock plunged into her again, intensely aware of every inch. Yes, at least twice as big. She could no longer deny the pleasure it was giving her; with each stroke her sex burned like fire. But it was not just the sheer size of the penis that aroused Celebrian, nor the steady, powerful, unrelenting thrusts with which the warg-chieftain rammed the organ into her. The feelings of fear and helplessness had merged into a weird sensual thrill, and she gasped passionately as the grey-furred beast ravaged her like sexual prey, the wolf using her body to satisfy its lust with the same ferocity that it might devour a deer to satisfy its hunger.

But still, she fought against showing it. She struggled to remain still and silent while the tension of her body wound tighter and tighter. She would not give her orcish captors the benefit of seeing a lady of the Noldor beg an animal to fuck her harder. She would not provide them the sight of the wife of Elrond Halfelven screaming in orgasmic bliss, impaled on a wolf's cock. Cock! So big... so deep... so... good... no, mustn't!... must stop! so good! must fight it!... so.... big... so...

"Ohhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!" Celebrian wrapped her legs around the wolf's hindquarters as she threw back her head and screamed with pleasure. "Ohh! Oh! Oh! Yes! Oh! Yes!" She ground her crotch against the warg's, trying to drive the beast's penis deeper into her spasming sex. "YES! Oh! oh! oh! oooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh!..."

Soft murmurings continued to escape her throat as her climax wound down and she lay there, rolling with the force of the wolf's thrusts. As she savored those thrusts she became aware that they were quickening in pace. She also heard a low growl rising in the wolf's throat. The growling grew louder, and the louder it got the faster and harder the penis drove in and out of Celebrian's drenched sex, each time eliciting an appreciative gasp, until the growl became a fangs-bared snarl, the thrusts became rapid, savage hammer-blows, and Celebrian's voice rose in a delirious lust-crazed wail punctuated by the shriller cries of her climaxes. Finally Celebrian felt the cock slide all the way into her and hold there. A second later she felt it pulse, followed by the sensation of hot warmth filling her, wolf-semen streaming against the walls of her pussy in forceful spurts. Celebrian's scream announced her orgasm as she arched her body against her grey-furred captor. Above her the warg raised its head and howled. The whole pack took up their chief's call as he reveled in his victory, asserting his dominance over her with a flood of semen.

The wolf slipped his cock out quickly and slid off of her. Mustering some of her returning strength, Celebrian sat up and watched as the warg-chief walked through his pack. The other wolves crowded around him, pushing aside the others with snarls and barks. Whenever the chief glanced towards one or the other it fawned on him, as if seeking a favor of some kind. Celebrian watched, curious. Suddenly the wolf-chief stopped and looked at one of the larger members of the pack, then uttered a sharp half-bark, half-growl. The other wolf rubbed appreciatively against the chief and howled, then turned. The rest of the pack made way as the recipient of the leader's favor trotted, head and tail held high, towards Celebrian. Her eyes went wide when she saw the erect penis dangling beneath him and grasped the implications.

"Elbereth, be merciful," she whispered. "There are almost *fifty* of them!" She slid down off of the wooden platform where the warg-chief had raped her; his semen trickled out of her pussy and dripped down her legs. Watching the approach of her new bestial paramour, she sank submissively to a hands and knees posture. She pushed her ass into the air in invitation, waiting anxiously. She felt the wolf climb up onto her. She tensed, legs spread slightly, eagerly awaiting the first brutal thrust. The wolf did not disappoint her. Soon Celebrian's body rocked under the savagely-fucking beast, her breasts quivering with every stroke.

As the first orgasm began to erupt within her, she thought of her expected rescuers, and she whispered another prayer to Elbereth: "Please, don't let them find me too soon!"

THE END