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AN: Hey guys so this is my first LoTR story so be nice. And its dedicated to my best friend for her birthday as well. She was the one that introduced me to LoTR and made me love it! That's why this is for her, a little belated present because i couldn't type earlier! Read on guys and leave me some comments! Thanks! :)

Never Drink With an Elf

Theirs was a challenge, a battle of sorts. Legolas and Aragorn, the two competitors sat at the table, surrounded by the group of halflings, elves and somewhere in the back was Gandalf. 10 pints of beer placed before each of them. The winner would be the one who could finish all 10 pints of beer without getting drunk. Subsequently, the loser would be the one that became drunk first and right now, Aragorn was on the losing end as he reached for the tenth pint of beer. He could barely reach for the pint without Gimli's help as the dwarf placed the pint in his hand.

"Another!" Aragorn growled as he slammed down the empty pint, his tenth already. The beer all gone. His head was rather fuzzy now and he had a hard time keeping his eyes open and sitting up right. Opposite him, Legolas was smirking at him, his blue eyes sparkling as though taunting him to take more. The man was really pushing himself, the elf thought. He wouldn't be able to handle another pint, let alone another drop. He'd just be knocked out cold. But his arrogance didn't let him get beaten by an elf, Legolas had to say he admired him.

"Alright Aragorn, come on, enough drinking for you," Legolas said as he set down his pint, crossing to the other side of the table to help Aragorn up from his seat, "we should get you to bed," Legolas murmured as he draped Aragorn over him, supporting the unsteady drunken man.

"Don't...want..." Aragorn slurred as he leaned heavily on the elf to support him, his legs unstable. His nostrils were filled with the scent of Legolas' the elf's lithe body pressing close to him made him like this situation that they were in just a little.

"You don't look too good," Gimli commented as Aragorn passed him, his hand stretched out for a beer, "a bed and some rest will be good for you."

"I can drink!" Aragorn growled, still defiant but Legolas had propelled him out of the doors of the elven long hall where they'd sat, pushing through the crowd that continued with the celebrations.

Legolas chuckled at the man's determined attitude, "Drink anymore and you'd end up lying on the floors of the elven long hall drunk beyond recognition."

"I could beat you," Aragorn whispered as he leaned in close to the elf, his lips brushing against Legolas' ears, sending the elf blushing.

Legolas led Aragorn down the hall, keeping his arm around Aragorn's waist, to hold him up. He was beginning to wonder if maybe alcohol did have an effect on elves as well because right now, he was feeling hot and bothered and each time Aragorn stumbled, his weight would press deliciously against the elf's body and Legolas would struggle to keep his mind from straying to thoughts of fornication.

Leading Aragorn up the stairs wasn't any good either, the stairway was so narrow and poorly lit by the elven lights, it was setting an atmosphere that would be perfect for Legolas' train of thoughts. That was when he felt Aragorn's arm, move to settle around his waist, fingers splayed out on his hip, his thumb stroking against his hipbone, suggestively, seductively.

"Aragorn..." the elf whispered as he tried to make the man stop that very distracting action, but it was as if Aragorn hadn't heard him or he was too stubborn he didn't let go.

Aragorn leaned heavily on the elf, Legolas smelled wonderful. It must be the alcohol getting to his brain. But then again...he could still chose what to do. He knew right from wrong still. But desire overpowered him and he yearned. Yearned for what he knew was out of his reach. As Legolas kicked the door open and led him into the bedroom, closing the door behind him, Aragorn leaned in close again, his lips brushing against Legolas' cheek, soft smooth skin beneath his lips.

"Almost there Aragorn," he heard Legolas say, his voice sounded breathless and quite different than what it usually was like.

Silently Aragon smirked, he knew exactly what he wanted. It was easy. He let his legs trip him up, sending him and the elf sprawling down into the bed, he kept his arm

around the elf's waist, letting his body pin the elf down in bed as he lay there, his head against Legolas' shoulder, lips close to the other's neck.

"Aragorn..." he heard Legolas' breathy voice calling his name.

Legolas lay there pinned beneath the man, his weight pressing flush against him. The elf shifted just a little, then gasped as he felt a prodding hardness against his hip. His cheeks heated at the thought. Aragorn, aroused...because of him. No. It couldn't be. He felt lips against his neck, kissing him gently, sucking on his skin and leaving marks there almost possessively. A moan escaped his lips, "A-Aragorn!" he cried his hands moving to push against the man's chest. It wasn't in desperation that he did that action it was more in fear that he might end up doing something to Aragorn that the man didn't like.

"Tell me you dislike that Legolas?" Aragorn asked gazing into the elf's eyes, blown black with lust. The elf didn't reply to that, he merely looked away, exposing the pale skin of his neck again, almost as though it were a silent invitation. Aragorn leaned in, drawing his lips along the column of Legolas' neck, before he nipped the elf's ear, causing the elf beneath him to yelp and his hips to thrust up into him. Aragorn smirked as his hand shifted down between their bodies, going to cup the bulge that was forming in the front of Legolas' pants, affirmation that the elf was as aroused by this as he was.

"You're drunk Aragorn," Legolas whispered, but he wasn't fighting back, instead his hips were moving, a minuscule movement, rocking up into the man's hand, seeking that pressure and friction on his growing erection. When Aragorn's lips covered his in a kiss, all resolve in him broke and Legolas kissed him back. His lips opening to Aragorn's tongue, the slippery muscle slipping into his mouth, drawing hard against his own tongue. Aragorn's hand worked quickly on his pants, slipping them off of him.

Legolas lifted his legs to help the man, for what reason he knew not. But he wanted this if it was any indication in the way he held Aragorn close to him, fingers buried in the man's hair, angling his head as their kiss deepened. Legolas reveled in the heady feeling of breathlessness now as Aragorn's lips left his the man taking deep breaths as his hand trailed up and down his thighs. Teasing. Never fully giving in.

The elf's legs quivered. Why didn't Aragorn touch him there? Where the heat was the most unbearable, where he was so hard? His breathing had picked up now and his eyes were trained on Aragorn, the man leaned in close to him, their foreheads pressing as they stared into each other's eyes, not a word was said. Then a sweet pressure

closed around his length and Legolas closed his eyes in relief, a soft sigh escaping his lips now.

Aragorn smirked, Legolas was beautiful, more beautiful than anyone he had ever seen. He flicked his thumb across the elf's wet head now a growl in his throat, "You're already wet for me Legolas," he whispered in the elf's ear, his tongue flicking out to lick the shell of the elf's ear. A whimper escaping the elf's lips, his hips thrusting up, wanting to keep the friction there. Aragorn obliged, stroking Legolas' length now as the elf's head fell back, throat exposed, beautiful golden hair falling back, cascading down on the covers of the bed, a golden halo.

"I want to feel you against me," Legolas found himself saying. It was as if he was the one that was drunk now. He heard Aragorn chuckle now and the elf opened his eyes to watch as Aragorn slipped off the bed, standing just at the edge and began to undress. Legolas mirrored his actions, slowly drawing off his layers of shirts and tossing them to the side now as he kneeled up, moving to intercept Aragorn. He kissed the man, his stubble bristling against his skin. Their bodies pressed flush against each other as Legolas hands tangled in Aragorn's hair, pulling him closer.

Aragorn knew this wasn't part of the drunkenness that alcohol provided. It was of his own doing. His need for this act between them that caused him to do exactly what he was doing and he liked it a lot. Aragorn lowered Legolas back down onto the bed, his lips never once leaving the elf's it was as if their kissing had become their means of breathing and, he couldn't get enough of it. Legolas' body was slim and smooth and Aragorn treated him with care.

Callused fingers rubbed gently against his nipples and Legolas squirmed uncomfortably, feeling himself grow harder at that small touch. His head fell back now, his lips parted as a low moan escaped his lips. Aragorn's lips sucked at the hardened nubs of the elf's nipples, who knew the other could be that sensitive there? He smirked at that now as his hand closed around Legolas' length and began to stroke him. The elf already slick from their little foreplay. He was so sensitive, so needy.

"Aragorn!" he cried as he felt a foreign feeling between his legs, it was as though he was being filled up, and whatever it was, was stroking him inside and his legs fell apart as he accommodated Aragorn's fingers inside him. Legolas felt his consciousness slipping as Aragorn's fingers thrust into him, making him moan as he cried for more.

Fierce blue eyes stared at him now and Aragorn, his alcoholic haze cleared now, shifted so that he was positioned right at Legolas' entrance. "You need to relax when I do this

okay?" he whispered in the elf's ear now as he broke through the tight wet barrier of warm heat that was Legolas' ass. Aragorn had to remind himself that Legolas was still an ass virgin and he had to enter him slowly, carefully.

Beneath him, Legolas lay prone, his eyes closed now as he felt himself being filled. He reminded himself to relax to calm his nerves and slowly inch by inch, Aragorn penetrated him, sitting fully sheathed inside him. They lay there for a moment or two, Aragorn amazed at the elf's body and Legolas thinking likewise.

Soon, there was nothing but the creaking sound of the bed as Aragorn quickened his pace, his hips thrusting into Legolas and the soft panting that escaped from the both of them, lost in this act of sexual pleasure. Aragorn felt as the elf's legs wrapped around him, pressing him closer making him thrust deeper into him, pleasuring him as his length brushed against the elf's prostate bringing him closer and closer to the edge with each stroke.

"A-Aragorn...I'm..." Legolas whispered, his lips near the man's ear, he held fast to him, his eyes shut tight now as his vision became a bright white. Warmth shot up between them and inside of him and Legolas was quivering as Aragorn kissed him softly on the lips, his hips thrusting gently as he rode out the last of his orgasm. Aragorn had never experienced such love, such need and as he wrapped himself and Legolas up in the sheets of the bed, he knew he had found the one.

Silence fell in the room now as the two lay there, Legolas' back to Aragorn's chest. It was a comforting silence, a silence shared by contented lovers.

"Are you still drunk?" Legolas asked as he turned in bed so that he could see Aragorn.

The man smirked, "I told you I was never drunk from the start. I could take another pint and still beat you," Aragorn replied.

"You're just so stubborn aren't you?" Legolas murmured, propping himself up on an arm.

"But you like that," Aragorn said, his fingers reaching for Legolas' soft silken hair as he pulled the elf down for another kiss.

"Can't say I don't," Legolas muttered smirking as they pulled away, "but one thing you should know Aragorn is that elves don't get drunk," he teased trailing his finger down

south, as Aragorn watched him, ready for more, "that's why you should never drink with an elf."