

# Aragorn Is In A Little Bit Of A Pickle

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*Of Aragorn, His Bare Nakid Legs, Smelling of Legolas and Lap Dancing Boromir...*

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# 1 - Uh-oh

Aragorn Is In A Little Bit Of A Pickle

**Or, Of Aragorn, His Bare Nakid Legs, Smelling of Legolas and Lap Dancing Boromir...**

*Or, Why One Should ALWAYS Proof-read before posting onto the Internet to stop it looking like Aragorn thinking Boromir's voice sounds `gorgy' instead of `groggy'*

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Stupid elves and their stupid, *stupid* traditions. As if it wasn't punishment enough that I woke up to a pile of perfectly groomed hair and the taste of man-perfume in my mouth. What was the word he used for it? Ah, yes. Cologne. Fancy word to cover up the fact he's a lad wearing a perfume that smells like flowers, if you ask me.

So I suppose it all started when I first met that stupid, stupid, **stupid** elf.

"Pleased to meet you, Dúnedain." He said. "Hope we may meet again" he said.

Okay, I can admit he was kind of handsome. Maybe beautiful in that typical brown-eyes, blonde haired-I-Like-To-Trick-Good-Of-Aragorn-Into-Stuff-He-Will-Regret kind of way, if you like the look of a woman on a man. Other than that, I saw nothing in him except another prince. I already had Elrohir and Elladan, who did enough prancing and prancing as it was, I didn't need another. So that was the first beginning.

The real start to my problems was when we reached Lothlorien. I was dealing with never having the prospect of seeing Arwen again. I thought my friend, my teacher, was dead, and to top it of, Boromir permanently whining around me. All the time. Over and over and over and over again. I'm telling you - that man had persistence.

I was feeling lonely and hurt. I would of reached out to anybody I saw bathing that day, be they man, woman, heh, even Gimli. And that's saying something - have you felt his beard? Euw. Prickly.

So why did it have to be Legolas?

He was bathing, and I was lonely, and he asked me to join him, in a perfectly friendly way. Not many elves expect to be jumped by a Ranger as they wash, you see. That is, not to say he couldn't stop me. Oh no, I've seen Legolas throw a punch that could knock out a *horse*.

To take a long story and to make it shorter - we were bathing, and we ended up doing something that

was Perfectly Natural When a Man Likes an Elf. Four times.

I must of fallen asleep after that, because I blinked and then I opened my eyes I was lying on my `bed' (A sheet of silk lying gracefully over the root of a tree, thank you Grandma) with Legolas's happy little face beaming at me.

“Erg... a.....fore.....” I mumbled, and turned away from him, trying to find a position where bark wasn't trying to be one with my spine.

“It was a good night.” Legolas said eventually, his voice dripping with joy.

I strained my eyes open again, vision all blurry. Then I remembered.

“Oh....”

My blood, spit and previous meal, in a bid to get away from me and my plight, tried to flee my body through my mouth. I think my kidneys were in the mess on the floor, too, by the end of it. Lucky them.

Legolas was a bit puzzled by this reaction. In all of his long life, filled with killing, fighting, hurting, he had never seen someone throw up before. He stared at the mess in front of me, and I could almost hear his thoughts. *What is that... goo? Is it his kidneys? Is this how humans give birth? Is that our child? No... could it be a gift? A strange human gift? Why is he heaving like that? Is he going to do it again?*

I cleaned myself of as quickly as I could manage with the aid of my water flask and a spare set of clothes. All the while ignoring Legolas's devoted glances at me. No. If I couldn't see it, it wasn't there... couldn't see....wasn't there... it became a mantra for me as I pulled a shirt over my head.

“Aragorn?”

“Can't see isn't-”

“What?”

“I mean! - yes?”

A sly grin slid across his mouth. “You do know that we're-”

I jumped up as if I had heard a loud noise suddenly and when I tried to speak it was high and squeaky and like it was when I was going through what Elrond told me was my `cocoon' phase when I was turning into a man and got all hairy. “WHAT WAS THAT!” I practically screamed and pointed in a random direction. “OH NO! THE RING BARER!” I ran wildly, my legs all over the place, not even sure if I was going in the same direction as I had pointed.

“Aragorn.” Legolas yelled after me. I turned with something of a crazy look in my eyes.

“You forgot your sword. And daggers. And trousers.” Legolas said rather dryly, as he threw a bundle at me while I ran and ducked behind a tree a little way of. Of course, silly Aragorn, he can't even remember

where he last put Boromir.

“Do you *have* to sit on me?” He asked same groggy morning voice as I had before Legolas had to go and make me remember what I did. I wondered if he had the same problems as I did

“But you are such a noble seat and-” I looked around, “I need to put some trousers on.” I whispered desperately, trying not to attract anymore attention. Our beds were close together, and it would only take someone walking to a water fountain, or Celeborn or Galadriel checking up on us, to see me looking flustered and smelling of Legolas, my naked legs around Boromir as I struggled to put on trousers and breeches. And it wasn't something I wanted to explain. Anyway, Boromir's face drained of colour.

“Are you telling me that you are sitting on me with no trousers on? WHY?” I had a small glee at seeing Boromir trying not to look down, or at my face, but as I sitting on his lap at this point he didn't have much else, and settle on my left ear lobe. “Please tell me you have underwear on.” He begged.

I laughed and ruffled his hair. “I do now.”

After another short struggle I was fully clothed, and was able to crouch next to Our Favourite Gondorian.

“Boromir, do you know much about elves, and marriage?” I asked, feeling the overwhelming erg to confess.

“Well until yesterday I thought that Elvin women ate the flesh of the men they bedded.” He said, looking at me suspiciously.

“Oh. *Oooh*. So that's why you were looking at me when I told you about Arwen. I thought you were jealous, you know.” I wanted to wanted to laugh, I wanted to cry, I wanted to kill Legolas, if Arwen ever found out about all of this, she would kill us both.

“I am now that I know she isn't going to devour you.” I murmured. Boromir always had this irritating way of saying things under his breath that he shouldn't have said or asked, but they were always *perfectly* audible. At first we had responded to these, but after days and days of this we had taken to ignoring them.

“Thank you for the seat.” I whispered, and then sprinted of, in search of someone who could help me.

## 2 - Aragorn Explains a Few Things

It is fair to say that elves, when it comes to 'those naughty deeds' are fairly liberal. I suppose it just comes about that a immortal race isn't exactly raging in that department to prevent a little thing called 'over-population'

So it becomes like a ceremony, or a ritual, mate for life and all that. Which of course is fine, especially when you see all the crowded, people-packed houses that happen when silly humans and their over-active hormones start running about the place.

What I'm getting at, is that the act of... well, you know... as a marriage ceremony amongst elves is all fine and dandy until someone (like me) comes along, drunk on their own angst, sorrow and self-pity and sleeps with the first trollop that comes along (like Legolas). Then things get a little more tricky.

Which I hope explains a little bit as to why up until 5 minutes ago I was running around Lothlorien, my trousers on backwards, trying to wipe clean my memories of the night before, hiding from Legolas or anyone else who would ask awkward questions like 'Why is Big Scary Ranger Aragorn looking like a flushing, blushing bride and jumping at any sudden movement. And why is blondy over there looking so smug?'

Of course, I probably could explain all that by putting it down to coincidence. I think that, however, I would have a hard time explaining why I was sat in a tree trunk with two eye holes drilled out.