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Princess Anna of Lothlorien
By
Jude Liebermann
(Written by request for Anna Smith)

Anna stared up at the sky and watched a cloud pass by. Her knee length blonde hair was spread beneath her like a blanket, and her hands were crossed behind her neck. The grass beneath her body was as soft as a mattress, and she sighed with contentment. When she felt an impatient shove to her hip, Anna looked to her right. Her faithful horse, Elsole, obviously was bored with grazing and wanted to move on. Anna laughed and sat up, petting the Rocky Mountain stud, who shook his flaxen mane with approval.

We have to wait for Paula, you know?..Silly horse, she told him with her mind. Anna chuckled as he glared at her and replied that she was a silly elf. As far as she knew, she was the only one of her kind that could talk to animals.

“That’s silly elf princess to you, buddy!” She said aloud with a chuckle before kissing his nose. Anna looked toward her home of Lothlorien, which could be seen in the distance through the trees. She wondered what was keeping her best friend. True, Elsole was much faster than, Edoblo, Paula’s horse, but they should have caught up by then. Anna’s brow furrowed as she thought about that, pulling herself up to stand beside her horse. She stroked his side, before grabbing hold of his mane and jumping up. He wore no saddle or rein, which was just as much her preference as his. Elsole didn’t really like anyone else riding him and tended to buck if they even tried. He was so used to her riding him barebacked, that he was most displeased when attempts were made to bridle him.

Anna’s hair flew behind her as Elsole raced toward Lorien. She had just broken through the trees, when she spotted Paula on Edoblo, who was a stunning Persian stallion. They pulled up beside each other, and Anna noticed her friend was out of breath.

“What is it, Paula?”

“You’ll never believe who just arrived, Princess Anna.” Paula said with barely contained excitement.

Anna sighed. “How many times have I told you that you need not use that title, Paula?”

Paula rolled her eyes. “Sorry! I’m just so excited. I thought you were just exaggerating at how hot he is!”

Anna gasped, suddenly realizing whom she meant. “Legolas is here?”

Paula nodded with a growing smile. “He came with two others. I’m guessing the dwarf is Gimli, but I don’t know who the other is.”

Anna felt a flutter in her stomach at the prospect of seeing Legolas again. It had been years since he and the fellowship had been in Lorien. Paula hadn’t even been born

yet, since her human friend was only 17 years old. The war of the ring had long been settled, and Anna had been disappointed when Legolas had not immediately returned to visit her. What had he been doing all these years? She thought they had become close during his stay and had been hurt that he had stayed away so long. Truth be told she had begun to think she would never see him again. It wasn't as if she could visit him, since he never seemed to stay in the same place for very long. Last she heard he had been spending time with Aragorn in Gondor. He was most likely the other companion that Paula did not know.

"Is he a dark human? Dirty and...scruffy?" Anna asked with a tight smile.

"Yes, who is he?" Paula asked with interest.

"That would be King Elessar." Without another word Anna got Elsole going again. His great speed had them back home in minutes, with Edoblo quite a ways behind. Anna told Elsole to go back to the stable as she jumped off him and headed up the spiral stairs that would lead her to the main hall. Legolas would certainly be with Celeborn and Galadrial. She fought the impulse to run, not wanting to be out of breath and disheveled when her beloved elf set eyes on her again. She knew she hadn't changed since he had seen her and wondered if the war had changed him. She hoped not, since he had been absolutely perfect the way he had been. She still remembered the first time she had set eyes on him. She had known he was the most beautiful elf there ever was. It had been painful to watch him leave with the fellowship, knowing his journey was a dangerous one. Many Lorien elves had died at Helm's Deep. Many that she had known and cared about, but luckily Legolas had not been one of those lost. She had felt a strong bond with him from their first meeting. It was still just as strong, but she was also slightly bitter at his indifference. Would it have been so hard to visit more often?

Anna froze when she saw him. He was speaking to Celeborn, with Gimli on his right and Aragorn on his left. Gimli noticed her first and smiled brightly.

"There you are, lass!" He called out. Anna's eyes widened as Legolas slowly turned to look at her, his white blonde hair sliding over his shoulder as he moved. He was breathtaking. She watched the corners of his mouth move up to a smile as he recognized her.

"Princess Anna," he breathed.

"Prince Legolas," she responded formally.

Legolas arched his brows at her tone as he approached. "Are you angry with me, young one?"

She feigned an innocent look. "Why would I be angry with you, my lord? And I'm only a few years younger than you are."

He chuckled beneath his breath, "a few hundred years." He looked over his shoulder at his friends. "Aragorn has business with my father at Mirkwood, but I thought it would be nice to stop here on our way." He turned back to face her. "Would you rather we be on our way?"

Anna licked her dry lips, torn between wanting to throw her arms around him and shaking him for his stupidity. She sucked in her breath and forced a smile.

"Of course, you and your friends are welcome here. It has been a long time since last we met."

Legolas sighed. "Yes, my lady, and I am truly sorry. I have meant to return sooner. I *have* missed you."

Her heart soared to hear that, but she kept her expression neutral. “As have I, Legolas. How long will your stay be?”

Gimli, who pulled her down for a hug, interrupted them. “How have you been, lass?”

She returned the embrace with a laugh. “Fine, and you, Gimli?”

“Oh, just dandy, except for when the elf tries to outrun me. I sometimes think he doesn’t like traveling with me.”

“Do not be ridiculous, Gimli,” Legolas responded, giving Anna a sheepish look. It was then that Paula ran up to them, completely out of breath.

“Oh good, I didn’t miss much. Dang, Anna, why didn’t you wait for me?”

Anna blushed as she stared at her friend. “My apologies, Paula. I wanted not to keep our guests waiting.” She turned back to Legolas. “My lord, this is my best friend, Paula. She was found abandoned in the woods as an infant and has been raised here in Lorien. Sometimes I feel almost like a mother to her, since I helped in her upbringing.”

Paula snorted at that and Anna shushed her. “This strapping gent here is Gimli.” The dwarf blushed at the introduction and nodded his head in greeting. Anna smiled and looked toward Aragorn, who had finally torn himself away from Celeborn and was approaching. “And this is King Elessar...also known as Aragorn.”

The king of Gondor took Paula’s hand within his and kissed it. “Please to meet you, my lady.”

Paula blushed to the roots of her hair and Anna doubted she would wash her hand for a week. “And you, my king,” she responded, giving an awkward curtsy. Anna covered her mouth to hide the smile, as she turned to meet Legolas’ gaze.

“You *will* take me out for archery lessons this time?” She asked with a hopeful smile, wanting desperately to spend some time alone with him.

Legolas opened his mouth to speak, when Paula grasped Anna’s arm.

“Ooh, me too. I’ve always wanted to learn.”

Legolas looked from one person to the next, before settling on Anna’s fair face. “It will be a nice outing for us all.”

Anna sighed as she braided Paula’s hair. Her friend sat on the bed in front of her in Anna’s chamber. The girl turned to look over her shoulder.

“That’s the tenth time you’ve sighed since I came in here. What’s wrong, Anna?”

Her fingers stilled in her friend’s hair before they dropped away, her hands landing in her lap. “Oh, nothing. I was hoping to spend time with just Legolas. Now, everyone will be there.”

Paula smiled as she turned to face her. “Not everyone. There will only be the five of us. If you’d like, I can distract Gimli and the King, so you and Legolas can be alone.”

“That would be nice,” Anna replied with a dreamy smile, before it melted away. “Should I not be mad at him, though, for staying away so long?”

Paula reached forward and scooped up a handful of the long hair surrounding Anna on the bed. She playfully began braiding the end of it, while Anna watched distractedly.

“He certainly has a good reason, Anna. Hear him out before becoming mad at him. Besides, he’s too gorgeous to be mad at.”

Anna focused on Paula’s face. “And here I thought you had a crush on Aragorn.”

Paula blushed and looked away. “He’s too old for me...besides, isn’t he married?”

Anna smiled with a shrug. “I suppose he is, but Gimli isn’t.”

Paula’s eyes widened like saucers as she spun back to glare at her elf mentor.

“Gimli!? He’s definitely too old for me, not to mention too short.”

Anna laughed and gave her friend a hug. “I was just teasing. Come on. Shall we see if everyone is ready to begin our adventure?”

Anna wanted to congratulate herself on such a splendid idea, as she held the bow in one hand and nocked the arrow with the other. Legolas’ strong arms were wrapped around her from behind as he guided her movements. She had to fight the urge to lean back against his strength as his warmth radiated through her. He smelled so good, that she was nearly intoxicated by his closeness.

“You are the same as I remember you, Anna,” he whispered against her ear.

She turned her head and stared up into his crystal blue eyes. “So are you.” She stared at his mouth and licked her lips. A scream tore through the forest, and Legolas jumped back, pulling his own bow free in one fluid motion. His eyes scanned the surroundings as Anna realized that Paula had been the one who screamed. Her friend had done as she had promised and gotten Gimli and Aragorn to follow her into the woods. If she had fallen prey to something, Anna would never forgive herself.

“Paula?” She screamed and held her breath. Legolas reached for one of his knives and tossed it to Anna, who barely caught it before he raced off.

“Legolas, over here!” Aragorn shouted from the direction Legolas headed. Anna gave chase behind him.

They broke free of the trees into a clearing. Legolas didn’t pause as he nocked one arrow after another, but Anna froze upon seeing all the ugly orcs attacking her friend and the others. She watched Aragorn kill an orc about to grab Paula. He then turned to her friend.

“Run! Get help from Lorien!” When it looked like she was frozen, he yelled again. “Go now!” He shoved her in that direction, and she ran, screaming for her horse. Anna barely had time to think before an orc jumped at her. She stabbed it with the knife Legolas had given her. Still having the arrow and bow, she nocked the arrow and tried to aim it at another orc. She hadn’t learned enough from Legolas yet and the arrow missed by several yards. Luckily, another orc was standing there, and her arrow struck him in the leg. He went down yelling before Gimli beheaded him with his ax. Anna smiled at her achievement before a white-hot pain went down her back. She turned to see an orc holding a bloody sword and realized that it’s her blood. Without thought, Anna attacked him, but he grabbed a handful of her hair and began to drag her away.

“Legolas!” She screamed at the top of her lungs. She was then struck in the head with the hilt of the orc’s weapon. Trying not to lose consciousness, she tried to loosen his claws from her hair. In the next moment she could hear the arrow pass above her head and the orc fell dead behind her. She fell to her back, which caused her to scream in pain and roll to her side. Legolas reached her side as the others fought the last remaining orcs.

Anna fought crying as the pain coursed through her body. Legolas ripped her dress away from the wound in her back. Aragorn finally joined them, followed by Gimli.

“We got the last of them. Is Princess Anna alright?” Aragorn asked with concern.

Anna closed her eyes, not wanting to see the worry in her beloved’s eyes. She was an elf and had always healed faster than others, but the pain was dreadful. Had the orc sliced her in two? Had it been a fatal blow?

“Gimli, I need my pack from Arod!” Legolas said calmly. “What do you think, Aragorn? My elvish herbs will help, unless you know of something better.”

Aragorn knelt beside Legolas as Gimli ran back with the pack. He handed it to Legolas who rifled through it for a moment, pulling out a few things. He and Aragorn worked over her for quite some time, and Anna finally passed out from the pain.

When she awoke, she was wrapped in a blanket in front of a fire, with a great warmth behind her as well. There was broth beside her, but her stomach rumbled at the thought of food. She closed her eyes and swallowed the bile threatening to rise in her throat. Paula squeezed her hand, for the first time making Anna aware that she was even by her side.

“Did you get help?” She whispered weakly, noticing Elsole was on the ground behind her, his being the warmth she had felt. Her horse had always been protective of her, and she was sorry she had worried him. She smiled at him, quietly telling him that she was fine. He shook his mane at her but didn’t move away from his spot, even though he must certainly be uncomfortable.

Paula shook her head with tears in her eyes. “When I heard you scream, I couldn’t leave you. By the time I got back, it was all over...How do you feel?”

Anna rubbed her temple. “Everything hurts.” She tried to sit up and groaned. Paula supported her and helped her sit up, handing her the broth.

“Try to eat something.”

Anna made a face, shaking her head. “No, I couldn’t.”

Legolas was seated on the other side of the fire, watching the two females, but he only had eyes for Anna. After losing so many elves during the war, it had nearly been his undoing to watch her almost die. He hadn’t even realized how important she was to him until she lay so pale beside him. She had lost so much blood, that neither he nor Aragorn thought she would pull through. She was certainly tough, which brought a smile to his face.

“Me thinks you like the lass.” Gimli said quietly beside him.

Legolas didn’t react for the longest time and then only with a brief nod. “She has spirit.”

“Aye that...and a thing for you, I also think.”

Legolas ignored the comment, finally looking at Paula. The human had noticed how he was staring, and she nudged Anna.

Anna groaned as Paula nudged her. “Look up,” her friend whispered

Her gaze moved across the fire and locked on Legolas, who returned the stare. She swallowed hard, before looking away with a blush. “He is merely concerned. Will I have a ghastly scar?”

"I haven't seen it." Paula stood and walked around the fire. "Legolas, Anna wants to know how bad her scar will be. Maybe you should tell her."

Anna closed her eyes and wanted to pull the blanket over her head. She felt him sit beside her and pull the blanket away.

"How do you feel, my lady?" Legolas asked her gently.

She was shocked to feel tears forming in her eyes, so she turned her face away from him. "Like I should be dead," Anna responded stiffly, trying to keep her voice steady. She felt his gentle touch on her back as he looked at her wound.

"I see no infection, which is good. As soon as you can be moved, we should get you back to Lorien."

Knowing he would certainly leave once she was back at the palace, Anna dreaded that. She wanted to spend more time with him and wondered at the fates for having sent those dreaded orcs. She wanted to spend her time having fun with her elf, not being confined to a sick bed. "Why did you stay away so long, Legolas?" She asked softly.

He sighed and wrapped the blanket about her. It was the only thing she wore, since her dress had been removed after he had to rip it earlier.

"I had a promise to keep to Gimli." He finally responded. She expected more but he didn't provide anything else.

"And you keep your promises?" She asked as she turned to face him, her eyes sparkling from unshed tears. Legolas nodded. "Then promise me that you will not leave Lorien until I am healed."

He paused for a moment, looking briefly at Aragorn and Gimli, before turning back to her with a smile. "With pleasure, my lady." He said, lifting a hand to gently touch her cheek.

Anna nodded before leaning against him, what little strength she had deserting her. He wrapped an arm around her, and she fell asleep against his chest.

The next day she felt better, but she didn't let Legolas know. He wanted to get her back to Lorien, but she wasn't quite ready to give up their time together. Not wanting her family to worry, Legolas sent Paula with Aragorn to pass on the news of what happened. Anna took full advantage of the time she had and asked Legolas many questions. They talked about everything from their families to her ability to talk to animals. He was very intrigued by the notion and listened with rapt attention. Since both Arod and Elsole were still at their camp, he wanted a demonstration. So Anna told Elsole to walk in a circle around Arod. Legolas watched in astonishment as the stud did as asked, while Gimli chortled with glee. Legolas was also amazed how the horse seemed to know that Anna was ill and never left her side.

That night Legolas applied more healing herbs to her back and his hand skimmed low, almost to her buttocks. Anna turned with a small gasp, their gazes locking on each other.

"Sorry am I that I was unable to prevent this from happening to you, Anna." He told her quietly, the guilt clear in his tone.

Her eyes widened slightly and she lifted a hand to gently cover his mouth with the tips of her fingers. "Do not say such things. You saved me!" She wanted to add that she loved how he said her name and preferred it to my lady, but her voice left her. She so badly wanted to close the distance between them, to finally find out if his lips were as

soft as they looked. She did inch a little closer and the blanket slid down, revealing the curve of her breasts. Legolas sucked in his breath as he stared at them. Anna followed his gaze and almost reluctantly pulled the blanket back up.

“I will have to loan you some of my clothes.” He noted. “You certainly cannot return to Lorien wrapped only in a blanket.”

Anna smiled at the thought of wearing his leggings and tunic, but she actually liked only having the blanket. Made her want to wrap them both in it to get warm. She blushed at her own wicked thought.

“Are you getting flushed?” Legolas asked with concern, lightly touching her forehead, looking into her eyes.

She shook her head, no longer trying to fight the temptation. She caught his lips with her own, opening her mouth to his, her tongue slowly tracing his upper and then lower lip. At first it seemed that Legolas would respond in kind, but then he gripped her arms and pulled away.

“Anna, you need to regain your strength.”

Embarrassed by his rejection, she turned away from him. “Yes, of course...goodnight!” She then curled up next to Elsole and buried her head beneath her blanket.

Legolas sighed behind her. “Goodnight, my lady.”

The next day Anna walked to a nearby river to wash. Elsole naturally went with her and stayed onshore as she slowly entered the water. Due to her exceptional healing abilities, her wound was nearly mended. She didn't even want to know if it would scar but could only hope it wouldn't. Still being mad at Legolas she hadn't bothered to let him know where she was. Gimli had still been asleep when she had walked out of camp, and Legolas had surely been hunting for their breakfast. Let him wonder where she was, she thought in a huff.

She left the blanket draped over Elsole as she entered the river naked. She tied her long hair in a topknot to keep it from getting wet, as she sunk to her neck in the cool water. It felt so good that she closed her eyes with a sigh. She barely had any time to enjoy it before Legolas jumped from a nearby tree, arrow at ready.

“Blast it, Anna, I thought the orcs had come back for you.” He yelled from the riverbank.

She stared at him, trying to remain calm. It hadn't occurred to her that her decision to bathe on her own was rash, but he was right. There might be more orcs out there. She fought the temptation to look around for them, but kept her gaze locked on Legolas. She slowly walked toward him, trying to be flippant.

“I am not a child, Legolas, and I did not wander too far.”

He opened his mouth to respond, but his gaze dropped from her face. As she remembered she was naked, she almost covered her breasts but didn't. Fearing his rejection again, she gnawed on her lower lip.

“No, but you are weak and would be ripe for the plucking.” He finally responded, his gaze inching lower as more of her body came into view.

She nodded with a small smile. “Yes, I am ripe for the plucking, Legolas, but only by you...and I am not so weak anymore.” Her own bluntness should have surprised her, but she wanted him. She had ever since the first day she had met him. If he was

going to walk out of her life again for a few more decades, she wanted a little more to remember him by. Maybe he would take something more memorable with him as well.

Anna licked her lips as she remembered how his lips had felt, and wanted to feel his tongue inside her mouth. She wanted to feel it other places as well and blushed at the very thought of it.

Legolas stood his ground as she approached him, his eyes devouring her, burning her where they lingered. When her fingers touched his chest, he dropped the bow and arrow and wrapped his arms around her. “Oh, Valar!” He muttered before claiming her lips, his tongue slipping into her mouth, where she met it with her own.

His quiver and tunic went first and his shirt quickly followed. Anna returned his kisses with all the pent up passion that had been locked away for so many years. She unleashed it, clutching herself to him. Legolas released her hair and sifted his fingers through her thick strands.

“You are so beautiful,” he breathed between kisses. “Are you sure I am not hurting you?”

She shook her head, reaching for his leggings. “No, you could never hurt me. I want you, Legolas. I always have.” Her small hand slipped into his leggings, and she smiled as she felt how much he wanted her.

“I have as well,” he muttered, groaning at her touch. He dropped to his knees, bringing her down with him. Anna had wanted to know the touch of his skin for so long, she was nearly overwhelmed by him. She grew hot where their flesh touched, especially the hand that gently stroked him. Legolas sat back on his heels, pulling Anna so that she straddled him. She sighed as she felt him begin to enter her. Wanting to watch his expressions as they became one, she pulled back slightly, placing one hand on his shoulder and the other in his silky hair. She knew he would feel good, but they were also a perfect fit. As they moved together, time stood still. There was only the two of them. Even the sounds of the birds and wind fell away, as they stared into each other’s eyes and experienced bliss again and again.

She had no idea how much time passed before Elsole nudged her. She looked up at her horse with a smile and sent him a silent thank you for not intruding upon their passion. She had sensed his concern, but he had kept his distance. Anna turned back to notice Legolas watching her. She stared into his expressive eyes and wanted him again.

“*You are the beautiful one, melamin.*” She whispered, stroking his cheek. Legolas shook his head and tightened his arms around her. She could feel his arousal as their lips met again. The blanket covered them, which was fortunate as Gimli intruded upon their private moment.

“Sorry, Legolas, but there is a summons from Lorien. They want their princess back.” The embarrassed dwarf said gruffly as he looked away from them.

Legolas and Anna pulled apart quickly, unable to hide their disappointment at being interrupted.

Over a week had passed and Anna could still be caught with a dreamy smile. She was braiding Paula’s hair, when her friend finally commented on it.

“What is up with you, Anna?”

“Huh?” She responded with a guilty blush. Gimli had kept his mouth shut about what had happened between Anna and Legolas. They had dressed quickly and had joined

the rest of the Lorien elves that had been sent to retrieve her. Paula had hugged Anna when she arrived, thankful she was healed. Legolas, Aragorn and Gimli had left the next day, Aragorn being impatient to be on their way. Legolas had pulled Anna aside for a private moment, promising not to stay away as long the next time. He had kissed her goodbye and she had hugged him, telling him that she would eagerly await his next visit. No promises were made between them, but she knew that he would be a part of her life forever.

She focused on her friend and smiled at her. "Nothing is up with me, Paula. I am just happy." Happy to be alive and in love, she finished silently. After all, that's what life was all about.