Summary

What if Huan was defeated at Tol-in-Gaurhoth and Luthien was captured?
Chapter 1

Huan’s dying shriek echoed in my mind. Sauron had struck him down and then set his sights on me. I put up a good fight, but in the end I was overcome and captured. In my unconsciousness, I had the vague memory of Sauron carrying me to a room in the tower and laying me on a bed. I awoke to find his cat-like eye staring down at me. Startled, I stirred, “Where is Beren!!” Sauron smirked, “I see the lady has awakened. My lord will be greatly pleased to have taken the daughter of Melian as a captive.” “Where is Beren?” I demanded. “Offly bold aren’t you? To make assertions to me.” He sat down on the edge of the bed, “Do you speak of Beren, son of Barahir? He managed to avoid the Orcs I had sent to kill his father, I always regretted that, you know? Letting him slip away. To think, I had him in my very dungeons this whole time.” He laughed. “What are you going to do with him?” “Well kill him a course.” “No.” I plead, “please spare him.” “Oh? And why should I? What do I gain by sparing the son of Barahir?” “Me.” Sauron laughed, “You? Why my sweet nightingale, it seems that you’re ignorant of the situation you’re in. I overpowered you, you’re my captive now. How can you give me what I already have?” “You don’t have my obedience though. If you kill Beren, I will resist you with every fiber of my being. I will fight you and your lord until my dying breath, but if you spare him, I will obey you. I will willing go with you to Angband as you’re captive. I will not try to escape -- I would be yours.” “You wouldn’t be mine Luthien. You would be my master’s thrall. Also why should I care if you resist me? Many resist me, it does not matter. In the end you’re effort will be in vain, your threats mean nothing to me.” “But wouldn’t it be nice to have one of your captives not resist you? Please, all you need to do is spare him.” Sauron pondered her plea before smirking, “Very well daughter of Melian. I will set Beren son of Barahir free into the wilds and you shall come with me to Angband.”

Sauron guided me to the dungeon and my heart broke at the sight of Beren’s haggard state. He sat among the corpses of his fallen comrades, mourning. When he registered that Sauron had come to visit, he began to bark profanities at him. “Murderer!” he called him. Sauron ignored him, “I bear you well tidings son of Barahir!” he exclaimed, “I’ve have brought you a guest.” He pulled me into the light. “Tinuviel? Tinuviel!” He bolted upright, “You unhand her villain!” “No, I don’t think I will.” He wrapped his around my waist from behind, pulling me into his embrace, “You see, Tinuviel and I have struck a deal. I shall set you free and she shall come back to Angband with me willing. Fair bargain no?” “No, Luthien my life isn’t worth it. Fight him!” he sobbed. “I’m sorry Beren.” a tear streamed down my cheek, “Either way he’ll take me. At least this way one of us can be free.” “No. No! He’s a murder, he killed Felagund! He’ll violate you! Don't allow him to take you!” he pleaded. “Finrod?” my voice cracked. “That’s who that elf was? Why my Lord will be very pleased to hear that I slayed the Lord of Nargothrond.” Sauron tightened his grip around me, “I wouldn’t be concerned son of Barahir. Tinuviel will be well tended to at Angband. After all, my master does adore all of his gems.” Orcs arrived then and dragged Beren away. Sauron took me back to the room he had placed me in
before. Standing before me, he unfurled his hand and manifested a handful of flames. Within the flames in his hand he showed me an image of the orcs dragging Beren into the forest away from Tol-in-Gaurhoth and cutting of his bindings. Once he was free, Sauron closed his hand extinguishing the flame.

“Now that I've upheld the terms on my side, it's time for you to uphold your end.”

“Very well.” I solemnly resigned, “When will depart for Angband?”

“Soon,” he lifted up my chin and kissed me. “But I’m in no rush and the night is still young.” I didn't reject him when he kissed me, this was the price I had to pay for Beren's life. This would be my life now.

“My lord, won't Morgoth be angry if you play with his toys?”

“By Mandos no. Melkor doesn’t care, I see no reason not to. Unless you have any objections.”

“I have a choice?” I inquired.

“Of a sort. I may have your obedience now, but that's awfully dull. Obedience alone is boring. I want you to desire me.”

“Awfully greedy now, aren't we Sauron?”

“I wouldn't say so, Tinuviel.”

I couldn't help but find him to be charming, in his own way. Though, underneath this princely facade I could feel malice. I figured I was to bed him one way or another eventually, but if I had a choice I’d prefer not to. Beren may be gone, but I didn’t want to sleep with another unless I had to, it felt wrong. I felt like it would have been a betrayal to Beren.

“I'd prefer not to, I’m still awfully tired.”

“Very well.” He motioned to leave the room.

“Oh and Sauron,” I called to him before he shut the door.

“Yes?”

“Please don’t call me Tinuviel. Only Beren is allowed to call me that.”

“Alright, don’t call me Sauron then.”

“And what may I call you?”

“Mairon.”

He left and locked the door behind him. I sighed a gasp of relief. For a moment I was afraid he was going to force himself on me regardless of what my answer was. My chamber was dimly lit and poorly furnished. This fortress had once belonged to Finrod, but now it looked barely lived in. In the bathroom I found a bronze bathtub encrusted with jewels. A warm bath did seem nice about now. I turned on the faucet and warm water began to pour out. When the bath was full I disrobed and slipped into the water. As I sat idle in my thoughts I began to sob. I would never see Beren again. Even if he was alive and well, the thought of being apart from him stung like a dagger in my heart. Not only did the pain of being apart from Beren sting, I also mourned for the family I would never see again.

After soaking in the bath for a while and scrubbing off my filth, I found myself looking at my disheveled hair in the mirror. I had grown it out and cut it to escape from my father’s tower. I thought about growing it out again, but I couldn’t bear to look at an image of my former self; not after what I had become. At the same time I couldn’t just leave my hair as this butchered mess. I cleaned up the ends with a small knife I had found in a drawer in one of the cabinets. After that I climbed into bed and fell into a deep sleep, wary of the future to come.
I woke up to find Mairon drinking tea and reading at a table across from my bed. I sat up and looked down at the dress I had been wearing since I had left Doriath. It was a bit dirty, but I didn’t have anything else and I didn’t think it wise to sleep in the nude.

“Mairon?” I spoke.

“Yes?”

“Is there a chance that I may have a new dress?”

“You’re in no position to make demands of me Luthien.” he took a sip of his tea and looked up at me, “You swore your obedience to me, don’t you recall?”

“Still, my lord, I’d greatly appreciate it if I could be more present- ”

Before I could finish my sentence cool fire swirled around me. When it dispersed I looked down to find myself in a black velvet dress.

“There, I find this much more efficient. I see you cleaned up your hair, that’s much better than that butchered mess you had before.”

“So when are we going to Angband?”

“Later. I just need to find someone to take command of Tol-in-Gaurhoth while I’m gone. Normally I would’ve left it in the command of Thuringwethil, but that mutt of Aman that was accompanying you killed her, so I have to wait for an orc captain to arrive. In the meantime you require substance, do you not? Come, eat.” he commanded.

I got up and sat down at the table across from him. Bread and fruit manifested in front of me as I sat down. I ate in silence as he read his book. I thought to myself, his soul may have been foul, but at least his face was fair. His skin was smooth and his hair was silky and soft. The only thing that was off putting about his appearance was his eyes. They were yellow and had a sort of feline shape. In general there was something very cat-like about Mairon. I couldn’t help but notice how graceful and light-footed he was when he was guiding me to and from the dungeons; he was graceful like a cat.

“What are you reading?” I asked.

“Poetry.”

“Oh? You don’t quite strike me as the sensitive and romantic type.” I teased.

“There’s power in poetry, just as there is power in song. Inscribe them on to metalwear and it enchants it, makes it stronger.”

“So where do you get a book of evil poetry like that?”

“You write it.”

“You’re a poet?”

“I have many talents.”

“Is Melkor as charming as you are? I don’t imagine he is.”

“Melkor is charming in his own way. I beared little affection for him at first, but he’s grown on me. Why do you ask?”

“I just want to know what he's like, I'm going to be his thrall after all. I've always assumed he's a bit of a brute.”

“You have an oddly sharp tongue for a thrall. Other masters would have cut it off by now.” Mairon said, looking up from his book.

“Oh? Did I offend you my lord?” I teased.

“No, but Melkor has less tolerance for sassy that I. You’d do best to hold your tongue in his presence.”

“Melkor’s a pretty serious guy huh?”

“Melkor has a sense of humor, he just does tolerate bullshit.”

Before I could reply, a knock sounded from the door. Mairon called them in. The door creaked open and a short goblin crept in.

“My lord, the commander has arrived.”
“Tell him I’ll be with him shortly.” he commanded.
The goblin left and Mairon got up and looked down to me.
“I’ll be right back.” He smiled.
I waited as he talked with the orc commander. After about 15 minutes he came back.
“Ready?” He offered me his hand.
“As I’ll ever be.” I briefly hesitated before I grabbed his hand. He firmly gripped my hand and pulled me into his embrace.
“Mairon?” I stuttered.
“Teleporting over wondrous distances is always rough, the closer you are to me the easier it will be for you.”
“Valorous to know you care.”
“I don’t, but I’d prefer to not present damaged goods to my lord. Regardless, you’re half maia so you should be fine.”
Mairon gripped me tighter as he began chanting words in a dark language I couldn’t understand. He began to glow and a vortex of fire whipped up around us. The fire dispersed to reveal a tundra landscape. I turned around to see a grand fortress towering over me. As I stared in awe of it, the strain of the journey seeped in and my legs gave out.
“See?” Mairon knelted down beside me in the snow, “If it makes you feel better, most mortals past out during the journey.”
He reached his hand out over my legs and a gentle white light began to glow.
“You can heal?” I disorientedly blurted.
“Yes? I’m a sorcerer, I can perform a simple healing spell in my sleep. Did you think I was only capable using my magic for chaos and destruction?” he mused.
“Well yes actually.” I slurred in my dizzy state.
He laughed. Eru I hated that. When he laughed in the earnest way he was, he discarded this cold and unapproachable facade. In my disoriented state I found myself in a fog; for a moment, this earnest gesture made me forget how evil he actually was. When he stopped laughing he looked at my face and I sat transfixed in his eyes. At first I found his eyes to be unsettling, but now suddenly there was something about them I couldn’t help but admit to admire. The deep yellow of his eyes was beautiful. While I sat transfixed he leaned over and kiss me. Whether it was by my dazed state, or by my own subconscious lust, I didn't reject him. He was warm, his kiss warmed my body that sat chilled by the frigid air. He helped me up and guided me to fortress without a mention of our kiss.
As we got closer to the fortress the snow faded, leaving a barren volcanic landscape. At the entrance slept a giant werewolf, Mairon stopped for a moment to scratch his head. With a flick of his wrist the gate opened. He escorted me through the fortress. We arrived in the throne room and I saw Melkor sitting in his throne at the far end of the hall. Along the walls of the room, Melkor’s servants observed Mairon’s parading of me. Some hissed and scowled at me, while others shouted lewd comments. Out of nervousness I found myself gripping Mairon’s hand tighter. Once in Melkor’s presence, Mairon bowed and I did the same.
“Mairon, who is this maiden you have brought before me?” Melkor inquired.
“My lord. I present to you the daughter of Melian and Elu Thingol.” Mairon answered.
“Daughter of Melian huh? Girl speak, what is your name?” Melkor commanded.
“Luthien.” I replied.
“Luthien? Such a lovely name. A name befitting of a beauty such as yourself. Mairon why do you bring her to me?” his voice boomed.
“My lord, I present her to you as a thrall. She has bid her obedience to you in exchange for the life of her beloved.”
“And who was her beloved?”
“The son of Barahir.”
“You have spared the son of Barahir? Mairon I gave you orders to dispose of every last remnant of Barahir, why have you disobeyed me?” Melkor spoke in a threatening tone.
“The value of Melian’s daughter seemed much steeper than the head of Barahir’s pathetic son. Her
obedience shall surely prove to be of a wondrous value to you my Lord.” Mairon assured.

Melkor sat in silence for a moment, then spoke, “Girl, be it true? Do you gage your loyalty to me?”

I bowed, “Yes my lord, I swear to adhere to your every command, so long as my beloved is
untouched by the umbrella of you’re influence.”

“Very well. Mairon, escort my thrall to my chambers.” he ordered.

“Yes my lord.” Mairon spoke bowing his head.

He took my hand and began to guide me. Melkor’s chambers were located in a high tower
overlooking the expanse of fire and tundra that spread out below. The chamber itself was spacious
and exquisitely decorated. It was a room befitting a king. Mairon sat down in a chair beside a table
by the window. I stood awkwardly in the center of the room for a moment before sitting on the edge
of the bed across the room.

“Why do you sit so far away Luthien? I don’t bite.” Mairon teased.

“Don’t you have a fortress to return to Mairon?”

“Not for awhile, I’m going to be here for a couple days. What? Do you not enjoy my company?”

“No, I find don’t your company completely unpleasant. You are a decent conversationalist.”

“That’s a surprise, I would assume you hated me. You aren’t attracted to your captor are you now?”

“I’d be lying if I said I didn’t think you were a little attractive, but you’re evil. I could never love
someone who was evil…. regardless of that, I’ll never love anyone as much as I love Beren.”

Mairon rose from his seat and began to walk towards me,

“And what makes that son of Barahir better than I?” he teased.

“He’s kind, and gentle…” I began to tear up.

“Shhh” he knelt down before me and wiped a tear from my cheek.

“I can help you forget the pain, I can fill the void left in his stead. I can make you feel better.”

I gently grabbed his wrist to pull his hand off of my face.

“No, I can’t betray him like that.” I insisted.

“What does it matter to him? You’re never going to see him again anyway.”

“It matters to me.”

“Then why didn’t you reject me when I kissed you in the snow?”

“I was caught off guard.” I stammered.

“No, you liked it, didn’t you?”

“You took advantage of me while I was still in a daze.” I protested.

“Regardless,” he grabbed my wrists, pinning me against the bed, “you can’t ignore how responsive
your body is to my touch Luthien.”

I struggled under him, “Let go of me!” I demanded.

He laughed, “What would happen if I ordered you to sleep with me?”

More tears streamed down my face, “…I would comply.”

“Yes, you would. If you didn’t I would hunt down Beren and kill him.” he smiled.

“But, you’re not going to do that are you? You made it clear last night that you don’t want my
obedience, you want my participation.”

“You’re a smart girl Luthien.”

“I refuse to participate.” I affirmed.

“Oh? I offer you pleasure, ecstasy.”

His two fingers slip up between my folds. I kicked to break free as he began to gently pump me. My
resistance began to melt away as pulses of pleasure rippled through me. I laid back, savoring the
feeling. I caught myself moaning and quickly covered my mouth. He chuckled as I blushed.

“It can be yours, Luthien. All you need to say is yes.”

I hated this. My body now ached with need, but I had no intention of giving in.

“No. I can’t do it.”

Mairon’s smirk faded. He got up, wiping his fingers on his robes.

“Very well, I’ll leave you then.”

“Mairon?” I sat up pushing my dress back down over my legs.

“I did say that I wanted you to want me, didn’t I Luthien? I have my work cut out for me, but sure
enough a day will come when you will. You’ll find that I can be very patient.”
I fell asleep after Mairon left. After a couple of hours Melkor arrived and woke me up. Melkor offered me a glass of wine and a seat by his fireplace which I accepted.

“Bid me your story.” he ordered.

“My lord, you are the master of fate, are you not? Shouldn’t you already know my story.”

“Perhaps, but I would wish to hear you tell it.”

I started from the day I had first met Beren. I told him how we would spend time together in the woods until Daeron had revealed us to my father. I told of how my father told Beren that my bride price was a silmaril. Melkor laughed at that. “A fool’s errand” he called it.

“Beren did accept this quest, but was imprisoned by Mairon on the way to Angband. Meanwhile, my father imprison me in a tower so I wouldn't chase after him. I escaped only to be captured by two Noldor princes, Celegorm and Curu-something if I recall right. Celegorm was a pompous narcissist, kept insisting that I was to wed him.”

Melkor laughed, “All kin of Feanor are foul company, but those two are particularly inhospitable.”

“I had the same sentiment. So I escaped with Celegorm’s dog and we went to Tol-in-Gaurhoth to save Beren.”

“You mean that mutt of Orome?”

“Yes, he defeated all of Mairon’s minions, but ultimately succumbed to Mairon. I was captured then.”

“Mairon is an admirable opponent. It was foolish of you to think you could defeat him. You have brought your captivity upon yourself--you should do well to remember that.”

“...Yes, I shall my lord.” I hesitated.

He leaned over to kiss me, “You swore your obedience did you not? prove it.”

Once again, I remembered that this was the price for Beren’s life. I didn't refuse him, I feared that even now they could hunt Beren down. I also feared for my own sake. What would he do if I refused?

He's not as gorgeous as Mairon I thought as he pulled off my dress. Still, Melkor was handsome in his own right. Under the scars and years of wear, there was a semblance of an attractive face. It could be worst I mused to myself, he could be a hideous beast.

He pick me up and I wrapped my legs around his waist. He carried me over to the marble table by the window and sat me down on the edge, impatiently he spread my legs apart. Without warning he plunged into me. I gasped, trying to adjust to his length, but he wasn’t so considerate. He hastily began thrusting with great ferocity. It hurt a bit, but I held my breath to bear it. However, it wasn’t long before the pain turn into some semblance of pleasure. I braced myself on the table as he continued to slam into me. My other hand grasped onto his shoulder and my legs wrapped around his waist. When he came he withheld his thrusts and lived out his high before pulling out. I didn’t come, but it didn’t bother me. I had satisfied my lord’s desire, and with that Beren was safe for now. That alone was all the satisfaction I needed. Melkor manifested black robes on and left. When the door shut I fell back on the table panting. I walked over and collapsed on the bed. I was exhausted. I rolled over and stared at the ceiling for awhile, processing the day. Before I knew it, I had dozed off again.
I awoke once again to find Mairon by my bedside. He woke me and told me he was to give me a tour of the fortress today.

“If this is to be your home now, then you must know your way around.”

“What is there to see? A couple dungeons, a torture chamber? No, I’d much rather stay here.” I roll back over and shut my eyes.

He grabbed my wrist, pulling me out of bed. “Come on, you’ll be surprised.”

I scrambled to cover my bare body, but he seemed unfazed.

“Alright.” I sighed.

Mairon manifested a new dress for me as he helped me up. It was a dark crimson dress with black trim.

“Shall we be off?” He chimed. I grabbed his extended hand and we took off.

The structure of the fortress was gigantic and disorganized. There was no order to where any of the halls led. The decor was fairly gothic and gloomy. The walls, the floors, the ceilings; almost everything was black with occasional accents of red. Most of the fortress has no access to any natural light; it was lit by dim torch light. You wouldn’t have even known it was daytime judging by how dark it was. After a half an hour or so of walking we arrived at a pair of two large metal doors.

“So is this the torture chamber?” I sassed.

“No, I actually think you might like this room.” The doors opened with a swish of Mairon’s hand.

What was revealed was, “a library?” I inquired.

“Yes, this is Melkor’s collection of books. Within this library there are books upon books full of dark spells and curses.”

“Oh, so it’s an evil library..”

“For the most part yes. Even if you wanted to read them, most of the books in here are written in black speech, but there are some per say ‘normal books’ in here written in Sindarin and Quenya. If you ever get bored you can come down here and browse if you like.”

“Well I was never much of a reader, but thanks I suppose…”

“Don’t get too excited, there’s another place I want to show you.”

He took my hand and guided me down a series of halls and spiral staircases. Finally we arrived at another set of even larger doors.

“Close your eyes.” he ordered.

Reluctantly I complied. He took my hand and guided me forward. After about twenty feet or so he stopped and let go of my hand, “Alright, now open them.”

I opened my eyes to find myself amongst piles and stacks of countless treasures.

“The treasure trove of Angband, impressive isn’t it? Within here are housed countless treasures stolen from your kin and other peoples.”

I ran my hand over a precious silks and precious gems of the Noldor. I picked up a mirror, it was elegantly crafted; the type of thing you would find in Doriath. I began to sob as I clench the mirror. It was at that moment that it struck me how homesick I really was. I had missed Beren, but I also missed home. I missed my mother. I missed my father. I missed Doriath.

“You can have that if you like.” Mairon offered.

“Yes, I would like that.” I replied, wiping my tear.

“There aren’t many treasures of Doriath in here thanks to your mother's magic, but you can have the few that there are.”

“Thank you, Mairon.”

“I figured you would like that,” He smiled, drawing my hair out of my face and behind my ears.

“There, much better.”

I look up to met his eyes intently looking back at me. Something felt off. No, something was definitely wrong. Suddenly I felt uncomfortable accepting the mirror.
”Why are you being so nice to me?” I asked with caution.
“What do you mean?”
“You’re evil. Why aren’t torturing me or trying to rape me or something.”
”Do you want me to rape you?” he teased.
“No, certainly not. I just don’t understand.”
”Why do you assume I only have malevolent intentions?”
”Because you just do! I saw the the way you killed him, the way you killed Huan. You were savage. And these objects, the original owners of these objects are all dead aren’t they? You and your master have been terrorizing my people for centuries!”
He paused for a moment, “...I won’t deny your accusations. I am cruel and merciless, so is my master. But why is it so hard to believe that I’m not capable of a kind gesture? Why is it hard to believe that I just might actually have a capacity for compassion or empathy?”
”Nothing is straightforward with you; there’s always an alter interior motive.”
”Luthien you’ve only know me for two days, you don’t know me.”
”I know enough.” I couldn’t do this anymore, I placed the mirror on the floor and began to march towards the door.
”Luthien wait.” he called to me.
”Stay away from me!” I yelled back.
”Luthien I order you to stop!” he commanded. I froze in my tracks, groaning. I turn around and sauntered back over to him. “What?”
”It seem you have forgotten your place Luthien, perhaps I should remind you. You are not a guest here, you are a thrall. You should do well to remember that.” he stared down at me, “And a thrall respects their masters.”
”Pardon, my lord.” I averted my eyes.
”Thralls should be obedient and gracious to their masters. A thrall doesn’t speak or act out against their masters. When given a gift, a thrall should graciously accept it.” he placed the mirror in my hand.
”...Thank you my lord.” I hesitated.
”Your welcome. Now come, there’s a couple other place I’d like to show you.”
He led my down a number of corridors, showing me where the kitchen and the dining rooms were.
“All of your meals shall be brought to you, but if you are ever hungry you may come down here.”
We then descended further down. He showed me the forges and the corridors where the wolves and fire drakes were bred. He warned me to not venture down here alone.
”Melkor’s servent have been advised to not harm you, but down here your safety cannot be assured.”
”I understand.”
Ever since we had left the treasure room we had remained silent, exchanging not a causal word nor conversation. We traveled in silence, only speaking formalities. Finally as he guided me back up he spoke again. He stopped in the center of a hall, facing forward and ever slightly turning his head he spoke.
“I could have killed him. I could have killed him and locked you in a dungeon. I could have tortured and raped you, but I didn’t. I saw no reason to.”
”Mairon what are you going on about?”
”Just listen. Before you had asked why I have been kind to you; this is my answer. You are part maia Luthien, and for that owed some respect, at the very least more respect than what you would be given if you were just an elf. Along with that you are a valuable prisoner, even if you hadn’t made your deal you would be treated better than the common scum that inhabits the mines and dungeons; therefore we are hospitable to you.”
”Is that all?”
”Don’t interrupt!” He turned to face me, “I am hospitable, but do not test me and do not presume to know me. Understand?”
”Now, I was worried you were going to say something heartfelt and sappy there for a moment, but then you really backed out with that add-on at the end didn't you.” I teased.
A smile formed at the edge of his mouth, “Shut up.”
Mairon returned me to Melkor's quarters and left. I expected Melkor to return, but he never did so I was left alone in the room. Time passed tediously as I was left to contend with myself. I thought about going to sleep but that seemed lame. Browsing the selves I looked at some of the books in his personal collection; everything was written in black speech so I quickly grew bored with that. I sat down and looked out at the landscape below. I hate to admit it, but there was a certain beauty to the glow of this volcanic hellscape at night… not as pretty as Doriath… but still….

I guess I shouldn’t be complaining. Boredom isn’t the worst thing someone has had to contend with at Angband. I’m sure the elves in the mines would kill to be where I am.

Finally, after much pondering I surrendered and went to sleep.

In the morning I found life as a thrall to be just as dull as it was the night before. As I rose out of bed I notice that breakfast had been left on the table with a note next to it.

'Veryoom, both I and Melkor will be busy today. Feel free to wander the castle if you get bored.' -

Mairon

With nothing to do I conjured up some courage and set off for the library on my own. A few orcs scowled at me as I passed them, but otherwise I was able to get there pretty seamlessly. I browsed for awhile before finally finding a book that wasn’t written in black speech. It was an annal of history written in Quenya; not the most interest read. It wasn’t long before I grew bored of that book, but as I closed it to put it back I notice that there were some odd notes written in the back. I opened it up again to find that it was a key for translating black speech to Quenya. Well, if I’m going to live here I should be able to understand black speech at the very least I thought. I sat reading and memorizing the notes for a couple of hours before a familiar voice called out to me. “Interesting read?”

Startled, I looked up to find Mairon standing over my shoulder.“It’s interesting I suppose.”

Mairon examined the page and frowned. Suddenly the book disappeared in a puff of flames, “I’m sorry Luthien, that’s forbidden.”

“Learning black speech?”

“There’s no way in Mandos I’d let you learn black speech, not with all the advanced spell books in here written in black speech. No, that would be far too dangerous.”

“But wouldn’t it be better if I could speak your language? Besides, all the dreary reads seem to be the ones not written in black speech. I am awfully bored Mairon.”

Smirking, he place his hands on my shoulders, bending down, making his face level with mine.

“Maybe I can help you with that?” he whispered.

“No, I still would prefer not to sleep with you.”

He chuckled, “Well, I had something else in mind, but I appreciate the input.”

“What do you have in mind?”

“Come with me.” He grabbed my hand and we took off.

After dragging me down many halls and whipping me around many corners we finally arrived at a room I had yet to visit.

“Mairon where are we?”

“My chambers.”

“Ah, so you did hear me when I said I do not want to have sex with you, right?”

“I heard you.”

“So then why are we here?”

“You’re mother is a very powerful sorceress, and from what I saw at Tol-in-Gaurhoth you also have a great aptitude for magic. I wanted to teach you some spells. Nothing extreme, just something simple, something harmless.”

“Couldn’t we have done this in the library?”

“I don’t want to damage the books and I like this place, it’s nice. Much more private than the library.”
“...yes...that’s great....”
“I’m glad you think so. Now tell me, do you know any healing spells?”
“Yeah.”
“Good, I’m going to teach you a stronger one.” he extended his hand and spoke a word in black speech. His hand began to glow as it had before when we were in the snow.
“I thought you didn’t want me to learn black speech?”
“I don’t want you to be fluent in it. However there is no harm in you learning a word or two,” he smiled, “now, why don’t you try the spell?”
I nodded. I extended my hand, repeated the word he said before, and my hand began to glow as his hand did.
“Impressive, but expected. Many find this spell difficult to perform, but I would expect nothing less from the daughter of Melian.”
“How is this spell stronger than the one I already know?”
“What would take hours or days to heal with the spell you know takes only minutes to heal with this spell; it’s a much stronger and fast working spell. Though, if venom or poison gets into the bloodstream it takes a lot of energy to use. Also it cannot remove the remaining burning feel left by a balrog’s whip.”
“Well thank you, I guess.”
“I didn’t teach you much, but I think that’s good for now. I can teach you more tomorrow if you want?”
“I would like that.”
For the next couple days Mairon continued to teach me more spells. Nothing major, mostly utilitarian spells; a spell to see in the dark, a spell summon something in your vicinity to your hand, a spell to summon clothing on myself. You know, stuff like that. Nothing combative.
Then one day he told me he was going to teach me how to summon fire.
“That seems a little dangerous, I thought you didn’t trust me?” I teased.
“This fortress in surrounded by volcanoes and I and anyone that really matters here is a fire elemental, this is the least risky I could ever teach you.”
He extended his hand, spoke the word, and a flame manifested in his palm. I followed suit; the flame that formed in my hand was blue.
“Beautiful isn’t it?” he commented.
“Why is mine blue?”
“For particular powerful sorcerers the flame they summon may sometime take on the hue of the wielders spirit. The fact that your flame has color is just a reflection of you true potential.”
“Oh, so then why doesn’t your flame have a color?”
He smiled and the flame in his hand began to change. The flame flickered from black to green to purple to crimson and so on.
“I learn long ago how to change the color of my flame; though, over time I have gained a certain fondness for the classic orange glow.”
I stared mesmerized at his flame as it flickered. When I looked up I found him intently gazing at me.
He sheepishly looked away when I met his eyes.
“I suppose you’ll be happy to have me out of hair?” Mairon spoke.
“You’re leaving?”
“I need to return to my command at Tol-in-Gaurhoth. What? You’re not going to miss me are you?”
“No, I’d say good riddance to you.” I teased.
“I won’t be gone forever, I’ll be back quite soon actually.”
“I won’t be waiting for you.”
“I wouldn’t expect any less.”
I hate to admit this, but I actually did miss him. My day we're awfully boring without him. I still wasn’t quite that comfortable with traversing the fortress alone, so I stayed in the room most days. I'd lie around, brush my hair, practice the spells Mairon had taught me, get fucked by Melkor, … and that was about it. Weeks of this was mind numbing, almost completely intolerable.

One day I had remembered the treasure room Mairon had shown me before. I hated that place; it was a room full of objects stolen from the dead. Just the thought of that place disgusted me; yet I yearned to return. I yearned for home, and those artifacts of my kin were the only trace of home I would ever have here.

I wander for an hour before stumbling upon the treasure room again. I strained to open the door just a crack to slid in. I spent hours examining the object contained within; some items held no personal significance to me, while other meant a lot. They were a faint taste of home, the closest I would ever get to returning to Doriath.

Among the treasures I lost track of time and was startled when a voice called out to me.

“It seems you enjoy this place more than I thought you would.”

I turned to find a certain strawberry blonde maia staring down at me.

“Did you missed me.” Mairon smiled.

“No,” I blurted, “Though, I was awfully bored.”

“Have you been practicing the spells I taught you?”

“Yeah. They weren’t very difficult to master.”

“Good.” he smiled, “Hey do you want to have a cup of tea with me?”

“Sure, I’d like that.”

It had been weeks since I had been in Mairon’s chambers. We sat beside each other at a table by the fireplace. Mairon manifested a pot of tea and two porcelain tea cups; he poured a cup for me and then for himself.

“So how was Melkor?” he asked.

“About the same as he was before, grumpy, domineering.”

“I expected as much.”

“Have you talked with him yet?”

“I check-in with him when I arrived.”

In the pause of our conversation I had remembered something. There was something I had wonder about Mairon for a while, ever since he had left. It didn’t seem that significant, but I was still curious.

“Hey, Mairon I have a question?”
“Ask away.”

“What was the original color of your flame?”

“You wish to know the true color of my spirit?”

“Yes.”

“My true flame is beautiful, but I like to conceal it. No one can exploit you if they don’t truly know who you are. So, I’m sorry Luthien, I can’t disclose the true color of my flame to you. Not yet at least.”

“Oh? Is that the reason you taught me the spell? So you could exploit me?” I teased, raising my brow.

“Perhaps,” he smirked, “or maybe I wanted you to be able to protect yourself.”

“How endearing. Say, what does my blue flame say about me?”

He chuckled, “I’m not about to reveal cards Luthien.”

“Come now, there must be something you can tell me?”

“Well, I can say that a blue flame is much more rare than you would expect. It says that you are extraordinarily clever, you’re gifted at magic, and your spirit is as fair as your visage.”

“That’s awfully vague. Did my flame really tell you that? Or did you just make it up on the spot.”

“Whether I did or not doesn’t negate the fact that it’s true.” He affirmed. His gaze was warm and sincere; it pierced my core. I looked away from him and noticed my tea was gone. I motion to grab the teapot, but my hand slipped and it shattered on the table.

“Oh! I’m sorry I’ll clean it up!” I frantically began to pick up the pieces when he gently placed his hand on mine.

“Its alright, you don’t have to do that.”

“But I broke it?” I puzzled.

“Shh, watch.” He waved his hand over the shards and the pot reconstructed itself.

“See? It’s fine.” He smiled, “Though it appears you cut your finger, let me heal it for you.”

“Mairon it’s just a small nick, I can heal it myself.”

“Alright then.”

I placed my finger on the cut, saying the word in my mind my hand glowed and the cut faded.

“Ah, so you learned how to cast spells with your mind.”

“Yeah, though I am still new at it” I paused, meeting his eyes again. Without warning he leaned forward to kiss me. His lips lightly brushed over mine before he pulled away, getting up and taking a step back.

“I’m sorry. I know you don’t like it”
“...It's alright.”

“Really?” he smirked.

The longer I stayed at Angband, the more I found my resolve and pride disintegrate. I realized now that I had been using Beren as a shield against my desires. He was an excuse I held in my heart. A mantra I told myself. I couldn’t sleep with another willing because it was a betrayal to him; that’s what I told myself. But I can’t help what I feel---I can’t help my desire for Mairon. Yes, in truth I had only recently realized my lust for Mairon, but it was only now that I had admitted it to myself. Just now when his lips brushed against mine, I was not repelled; I crave more. I needed more. Yet still, I didn’t want to betray Beren. So I came to a compromise. I loved Beren more anything; he owns my heart, nothing and no one will ever change that. And isn’t it what’s on the inside, in one’s heart, that’s the most sacred and sanctified part of one's love? What is carnal lust then? What significance does it actually have in regards to the significance of who owns your heart. Would jumping into bed with Mairon truly be a betrayal to Beren if my heart was undeniably his? Is it wrong to have the needs of the flesh answered? I rationed no. I choose to accept Mairon’s affection.

I got up and motioned closer to him, slipping off my dress. I placed my hand on his chest and pushed him down onto a pile of furs and silks on his bed. I climbed onto his lap and kissed him, slipping my tongue into his mouth. When I pulled away for breath we locked eyes, exchanging a silent confirmation. He smirked and kissed me again.

He began to strip while I slipped my hand into his pants, stroking his growing erection. Once he slipped his clothes off, he flipped me over and climbed on top of me. Slowly, gently, he ran his hand along my thigh, up to my clitoris pushing down hard. I moaned as he continued to massage my clit in a circular motion. I felt heat build in my flushed cheeks as he nipped and sucked on my earlobe. By my ear he whispered,

“I told you you would give in eventually didn’t I?”

“Don’t gloat.” I scolded, “Maybe I didn’t give in, what if I were to get up and leave now?”

“You wouldn’t.”

“Would I?” I smirked.

“Then I would say you are almost as evil as I am.” he dipped down to kissed me again. And again...and again. He kissed my neck, he kissed my breast. Down along my front he paved a path of kisses until he found himself at my folds again. Slowly, delicately, he ran his tongue along the entrance, inciting a moan from me.

After a moment of our body play, he spread my legs apart and slowly eased his way in. He gently began to thrust, slowly picking up pace. Waves of warm pleasure pulsed through me with every thrust. Exasperated I moaned and murmured his name. Mairon. Mairon. Eventually I began to slur his name, murmuring maira instead.

Despite in ecstasy, it still wasn’t enough. I need something more. I need to feel like I had agency. When I was with Melkor, I always felt powerless. I despised that feeling of weakness. Mairon wanted me to participate, so I would participate. I wrapped my hands around his back, yanking him down to my chest, spinning him around so that I was on top. He flashed me a bewildered smirk as I began thrusting. My pace quickly became erratic and ravenous, desperate to hit that sweet spot. A final pulse of fevered heat came as we climaxed; I relished in the feeling of his seed filling me. I stopped, panting for breath as I absorbed my high. I pulled off his member and fell beside him. We laid still for a moment, locking eyes.
“So? How was that?” he inquired.

“Well, it satisfied my needs.”

He smirked, “Is that a challenge?”

“It can if you want it to be,“

“Alright, then I’ll consider it a challenge.”
In the coming days I began to see a new side of Mairon. Mairon liked to play with my emotions; he took great pleasure in making me a mess of a wanting girl. He delighted in the times when he knew I desperately wanted what seemed only he could provide. Melkor on the other hand was rough. He delighted in domination. He was selfish and self-serving. I didn’t enjoy fucking him at first, but I came to find some enjoyment with him. Mairon was right, more often than not Melkor regarded me as an object for his own amusement (however I’m quite sure Mairon also regarded me as such, even if he didn’t overtly admit it). Though, I had found that Melkor and I had begun to grow closer. I came to find some sense of enjoyment amidst his company. He was brash, and crude, but he was funny. He had a genuine sense of humor. Occasionally after he would sleep with me, he would stay and lie beside me in bed. He would tell me stories. Stories of when he was a young Ainur. Stories of the early days when he had first built Utumno. Stories of his war with the Valar and his imprisonment in Mandos. It was when he told me these stories that I realized something about him; he acted brash and condescending, but he was quite sensitive on the inside. He did well to hide this side, but it was there; I'm sure the only other person who knew this was Mairon, and maybe perhaps his brother Manwe. I came to feel more at ease in his presence. I didn't love him by any means, but I did feel a veil of familiarity towards him; I even came to feel comfortable cracking a joke around him here or there. Where as before he would most likely have smited me, he now would smile or even laugh.

My days had begun to take on a recurring routine. Each night Melkor returned to his chambers and I'd sleep with him. Eventually I came to learn about his hoard, other elves he had imprisoned and had degraded to pleasure slaves. Because of my stature and beauty I was kept separate from them; I was a prized thrall so to speak. Due to this I was given the privilege of free reign of the fortress (with some restrictions of course, as Mairon had elaborated on before) and I was housed in his chambers. His hoard were kept somewhere deep in the fortress. I had tried to search for them, but I had no such luck. I had wished to at least talk with them. Oh how I desired to speak with my own kin sometime again. But then I thought about what they had most likely had been degraded to and what status they may have been in. I could do nothing for them and -I feel bad admitting this but - I wished not to look upon my tormented kin. I could not bear to look them in the eyes and tell them I could not save them. So I ceased my efforts to search for them, and I tried to the best of my efforts to bury them out of my mind. In my deepest and darkest thoughts, I thanked Eru I was not them.

During the day Mairon would often visit me; sometimes with lecherous intentions, sometimes not. Sometimes he just came to talk. There was a part of me that relish those times more to be honest. He continued with his lessons, slowly teaching me more complex spells. But in time he came to be more restrained in his lectures. I could tell he was hitting a wall in regard to what he felt comfortable teaching me. He didn’t completely trust me and he feared I might use what he taught against him. In time his lessons became less constructive, often rather hastily degrading to sex. But I didn’t mind. I was not offended by his distrust, for it was not misplaced.

Occasionally I would wander around the fortress. Orcs, Balrogs, and other foul servants of Melkor
patrolling his halls often sneered at me as I passed. Amongst all these creatures, vampires were the most hostile to me. They ignored me when Mairon or Melkor accompanied me, but when I was alone they harassed me. They spat foul insults, calling me a whore and a murderer of their kin. They beared their claws against me. One day a clique of them cornered me. One slapped me across the face as her lackies wheezed hissing laughter. Her claws created gashes on my cheek that stung and oozed red blood. Before I had a chance to fight back, a voice boomed out from the dark hall.

“I do not recall Melkor giving you permission to play with his thrall.”

The vampires froze, disgruntled expressions formed on their faces.

“What does Melkor care if we abuse his plaything, Gothmog?” she called back.

I had seen Gothmog once before on the walls, but he was coated in fire then. Now he appeared less intimidating. He was a tall, muscular Maia with grey skin. He had long white hair and horns that curled around his head. His irises were red encased in black sclera. He had a stern, unamused expression.

“He cares not if harm befalls her,” he spoke, “but he detests insubordination. Only those of high rank may play with her. You take what is not yours.”

None of them replied, rather they sulked off with sour faces. Gothmog looked down at me, “Come.” He order. He led me to a large chamber (it must have been his quarters). I worried for a moment that he would order me to bed- he was of high rank, it was within his right. But he didn't, rather he gave me a dampened cloth to clean my wound.

“Thank you.” I said to him.

“I did not do it for you.” He replied.

“Still, I appreciate it.”

“Melkor requested me to find you, he would not be pleased if I were to bring you in this damaged state.”

“Why?”

“I don't know, nor do I care.” he declared.

“Oh, I see.” I didn't ask anymore questions after that. I tried to use the healing spell Mairon had taught me, but treating the venom in her claws was beyond my skill set. Once I cleaned off the blood, he gave me a bottle filled with a golden liquid. I apprehensively took a sip and my wound healed. He then guided me up to Melkor’s chambers. When I entered I found Mairon kissing Melkor. He pulled away when I entered, flashing a smile.

“Nice of you to join us, Luthien.” Melkor announced, “That'll be all Gothmog thank you.”

“Unless you want to join us.” Mairon snickered.

“No, I have little interest in such things. If this is all you need my Lord I'll take my leave.”

“You summoned me my Lord?” I hesitantly inquired as Gothmog left.

“Yes, Mairon shall depart for Tol-in-Gaurhoth tomorrow, so we shall be spending the evening together.” Melkor proclaimed.
Mairon came forward, taking my hand and guiding me to the fur rug in front of the fireplace. As he slipped off my dress I understood their intentions. I knelt down on the rug and he knelt down behind me. Without warning I felt two fingers slide up my rectum. I gasped and Mairon gave a light chuckle. His fingers moved around in me, gently prepping me. When he pulled them out he whisper by my ear, “This may hurt a little, so brace yourself.” Suddenly I felt his lubricated cock slowly inch into me. He was right, it hurt, but it was bearable. Though, he didn't begin to thrust. He held his position, allowing me to become accustomed to the presence of this incursion. In the meantime his hand came around between my legs, pumping me as he lay kisses along my neck and shoulder. Melkor stood before me in stoic observation with a glass of wine. He swirled the glass, taking rationed sips as Mairon took me to the edge. He held contact with my eyes as I moaned and panted. Despite his composure I could tell he was becoming aroused. When he deemed that I had reached a level of adequate wanting, he placed his glass on the table and disrobed. Melkor came down on me, slipping his phallus into my folds. The swiftness of his maneuver caught me without breath. Melkor and Marion's legs interlocked around me, like an intricate puzzle. Mairon tightly wrapped his arms around my waist, gently caressing my breast. Melkor kissed me, interlocking his tongue with mine. As he did so, Mairon licked my nape. They both began to gently thrust, steadily picking up tempo. It was overwhelming, I could feel myself being quickly undone by ecstasy. I gripped on to Melkor’s shoulders, he smiled when my nails began to dig into his skin. The growing heat in me finally overflowed and I let out a gasp as I came. Both of them finished shortly after. They both pulled out and I collapsed on the rug near spent. Mairon chuckled, “Don’t get too comfortable Luthien, we’re not done with you yet.”

Regaining lost breath I sat up and smiled, “Yes, my lords.” I panted.
Chapter 8

In the morning I felt the fatigue of the night before. I thought about rolling over and going back to sleep, but I conjured up the strength to wish Mairon well before he left for Tol-in-Gaurhoth. Then I collapsed back into bed and surrendered to sleep.

Mairon wasn't gone for very long this time, and when he returned the fortress went into high alert. Orc armies were recalled from the wilds. All throughout the fortress Melkor’s servants were buzzing about. It was almost as if they were preparing for war. Amidst this chaos Mairon and Melkor neglected to visit me. In their absence I continued to ponder until my concern drove me to seek out confirmation of my assumptions. I went down to the armory to find Gothmog sharpening his ax.

“Why do we prepare for war?” I asked.

“Because your father seeks to free you.” He replied.

“My father’s coming?”

“Yes. On the horizon his and allied armies march ever closer.”

My heart dropped into my stomach. No. No no no! They can’t come here, they don’t stand a chance.

“Where is Melkor?” I demanded.

“In the council room.”

I pushed past Gothmog, but he grabbed my shoulder.

“I don’t think he’ll appreciate you interrupting him now.” he warned.

“I don’t care.” I pushed his hand aside. I ran down to the council room and found Melkor arranging troops into formation on a large map beside two orc generals.

“It’s rude to enter without knocking, Luthien.” he glanced up.

“Did you aggravate my father? Or does he march out of his own volition.” I called out.

“I saw it fit to informed him of your thralldom. Surely a father should be informed about his daughter’s whereabouts. That truth alone was enough to provoke him to action.”

“You knew he would do this, didn’t you? You lured him into a trap!” I gritted my teeth.

“Well I can’t say that it’s a prospect that didn’t cross my mind. Despite that, I cannot force him to march. I cannot force his allies to march either. They march out of their own volition. Your father seeks to free you, but others have their own ambitions. Regardless of your thralldom, they would have marched up to my doorstep eventually.”

At a lost of words, I glared him. Amidst my held tongue he nudged a goblin to escort me back to his chambers. For the next couple days I avoided venturing around the fortress. Finally, one day I wandered over to the window to see the banners of Elven armies advancing on the distant horizon.

Father...

It had finally come, the dreaded day of reckoning.
No. Were they insane? Surely they would all die. In my captivity I had become well acquainted with the power Melkor wielded. The raw, immense power which he has built up deep in the earth away from surveying eyes. The thought of the beasts which he bred deep in the bowels of the fortress in places I was forbidden to enter made me shiver. Occasionally tremors ran through the fortress, I didn’t want to think about what creature could possibly be capable of such power. My kin stood no chance in taking Angband.

Melkor manifested beside me then.

“Are you not happy? Your kin comes to save you?” he commented.

“They're all fools.” I replied.

he laughed, “Yes, fools.”

“They stand no chance against your armies, my Lord.”

“Yes, and when the dust settles and the last arrow is set lose all they will have left of this day will be their unnumbered tears.”

No. I couldn’t allow this to continue. I needed to do something. Anything.

“My Lord, I would wish to ask a favor.” I began.

“Speak thus.”

“I would request that you may allow me to go down to the front lines before the battle starts to speak with my father. I wish to persuade him to leave.”

“You wish to send your saviors away?”

“If it is possible, yes. What he seeks is futile. It is foolish for Elven blood to be shed for such an impossible endeavor.”

“What shall you say? I don’t think your father shall be easily swayed.”

“I will tell him that I wish to stay. I will tell him that what he seeks is done in vain.”

He laughed, “Very well, if all else it will amuse me to observe your attempt.”

Melkor sent messages out to the front lines to request audience with king Thingol. Once the messenger returned with confirmation, Melkor took me to the top of a a tower where a fire drake was chained. He helped me up onto the beast, climbing up behind me. We took off, flying over his armies before descending down onto the battlefield. As the fire drake landed in front of my father's armies they took a defensive position, holding up shields and bows ready to shoot. When they saw me they put down their weapons. Melkor help me off onto the ground.

“Luthien!” my father cried out from behind me. He unmouted from his horse and motioned closer. As I turned to face him, Melkor put a hand on my shoulder. My father's face reddened in anger, “Unhand my daughter villain!” he demanded.

“Last time I checked she was an adult, you don’t own her.” Melkor said.

“Nor is she your.”

“That so?” he smirked, “Why Luthien, would you say that’s true?” he looked down to me.
“No.” I replied.

My father balled his fists, “She lies to protect herself.”

“No, father I do not lie. I became a thrall willingly.” I said.

“That isn’t possible.” He said shaking his head.

“Yes, it’s true.” I hesitated. “And I don’t regret it. Melkor has been a very kind master. There’s no need for you to rescue me. I have no desire to return.”

“Luthien, you don’t mean that.” he grimaced. His face made this task all the more difficult. I remembered then my father’s capacity for stubbornness. I realized I would have to crush him with cruel lies. What I would say would hurt him, but I told myself that I must be cruel to save him, to save all my kin who had marched here. I looked up, displaying the cruelest smile I could muster. “But I do mean it,” I boasted, “You locked me away, as if you owned me. You never considered what I wanted, you only cared about what you wanted. You were selfish.”

“I was trying to protect you—”

“No, you held me captive!” I spoke with sincere passion, “You hated Beren and was determined to drive a wedge between us. You didn’t even care about what I wanted!”

“Luthien, that man was never worthy of you. He’s not even here to fight for you. Must you continue to promote this frivolous spite.”

Beren wasn’t here? I gasp a internal sigh of relief. He was safe, wherever he was. Though it did seem odd that he wasn’t here. I don’t know how to feel about this information...but I don’t have the luxury to dwell on it now.

“You don’t own me.” I said, “After you locked me in that tower I had no desire to ever see you again. Disgusted by your betrayal, I escaped. Then in the wilds I was captured by two Noldor princes. I considered marrying Celegorm, but he was weak and pathetic, so I fled Nargothrond and found myself in the wilds again. It was then that I met Mairon. It was a blessing, he offered me a better alternative. The alternative I had been searching for.” I spoke, this time with more confidence.

“What about Beren?” my father said, “After the effort you put into defending that man, you couldn’t have just abandoned him? You’re obviously still bitter.”

I grit my teeth, “Beren was a passing phase, a trifle. It disgusts me to admit it, but you were right. Men are weak, fallible. I didn’t actually love him. Though, my union with him was not a complete waste, he helped me realize that I was worthy of so much more. He helped me see that you were holding me back. And it is for this reason that I bear resentment.” I lied. I stepped back and leaned against Melkor’s chest. Reading my intentions, he wrapped his arms around me. I extended my hand back and placed it on his upper arm, sensually rubbing his bicep. “I’ve found my union with Lord Melkor to be much more rewarding,” I smirked, extinguishing the flame in my grip.

My father’s face contorted into disgust. “I will not stand for such insolence. That monster has tormented our people for eons. Your words are piss on their graves.”

“But it’s true. And it’s on that note that I have come to speak with you. I thought it would be courteous to tell you to leave. You will gain nothing from this endeavor. My master is far more powerful than you could ever imagine.”
My father didn’t respond. His brow twiched in annoyance and he sighed. He turned around and mounted his horse. “I don’t know what he said to you, or what he has against you, but know my daughter that there is nothing you could say to make me turn my armies around.” he said, glaring at Melkor.

“You fool,” Melkor called out, “Your daughter has offered you an opportunity to escape with your lives and you insist on pursuing this endeavor in vain.” he mocked.

“I will not bargain with my daughter’s captor.” he scowled.

Melkor laughed, “Captives do not participate in matters of the flesh the way she has.”

I could see my father's face turning red from anger, “Do you claim my daughter to be a whore?”

“A very receptive one in fact. Prized, kept separate from the others in my hoard.” Melkor smirked.

I cringed.

“Luthien why do you not deny these insults?” my father demanded.

I glanced up at Melkor and then to my father, at a loss of what to say. My silence was confirmation enough. “Luthien?” my father frowned, then his eyes grew wide. “No…no…you couldn’t have?” He grit his teeth, “Even if what you say is true, know that I refuse to allow my daughter to remain your thrall! As long as I am breathing, one way or another, I will drag her home!” he trotted away down the line.

“Prepare for battle!” he announced to his troops.

No. “Father wait!” I reached out. Melkor tightened his embrace against my protest.

“It’s no use Luthien, he is decided.” he said. I looked out at the armies of Doriath. On the front line Mablung and Beleg glanced at me, along with other soldiers. I grimaced. “Very well, take me back.” I solemnly replied.

Melkor helped me back onto the fire drake and upon returning I collapsed on his bed and began sobbing. “Why did you provoke him!” I retorted.

“I saw no reason not to, your efforts of persuasion had failed by that point.”

“Nevertheless you needn't have taunted him like that!”

“I do not need your permission to speak. I respected your request and remained silent while you bargained, but once it became clear that your efforts were in vain I saw no reason to further play along with your charade.”

I glared at him.

“What is that insolent look?” he motioned closer. He pulled me into his embrace, grabbing the hair at my nape and pulling my head back. He kissed me. In my resentment I could not find the will to reciprocate. He pulled back with a look of annoyance.

“Forgive me my lord.” I said, swallowing my pride.

“You are forgiven,” his grip tightened and he kissed me again, this time more gentle. When he pulled away, he lowered his arms and I wandered over to the table by the window. I glancing out to take a peek at the ensuing carnage below. I turned away with a grimace. The more I thought about my
father’s stubbornness, the more resentful I became. I took a swig of the wine from the bottle on the table; I couldn’t bear to endure the coming hours sober. After a couple large sips I began to feel a bit fuzzy, but still in control of my capacities. Melkor had remained where I left him, observing me glutton myself on wine.

“Don’t hog it.” he teased as he walked over. He grabbed the bottle out of my hand and took a swig. I hopped up and sat on the edge of the table, examining him. His biceps, the curve of his jawline, the form of his body; features that I had been drawn to before struck me more than they usually did in this buzzed state. He noticed my admiration and sauntered over to kiss me. I accepted him, pulling myself into his embrace.

“Don’t you have an army to lead?” I asked when he pulled away.

“Mairon is fully capable in that task, and as you said before, your kin stands no chance. There is no need for me to participate.”

So you’re a coward then? That’s what I wanted to say. You claim to be all powerful, yet you fear to lead your armies against foes whom you boost superiority over. I wanted to go off on him. Yet I didn’t. I was terrified of what he might do if I were to speak my mind. I looked up, examining the scars on his face. Each told a story of a different trauma. It’s a paradox, in spite of the very real superior power he wielded, he feared my kin. Disgusting I thought, I pitied him. Worst of all, I lusted for him. In that moment I wanted him. What the fuck is that? Sentiment and lust? Luthien, you couldn’t possibly have feelings for your captor? No. It was the wine. Yes, surely it was the wine.

I positioned my mouth by his ear. “I would like to make another request, my Lord.” I whispered with wine-stained breath.

“Awfully demanding today, aren’t we?” he teased.

“I want you to screw me.” I murmured.

He pulled away with a look of bemusement, but then began to laugh, “You needn’t ask.”

He grabbed onto the front of my dress and ripped it down the middle.

“I was going to away.” he smirked. I hopped off the table and took his hand, guiding him to the bed. I fell back, scooting further onto the bed and spreading my legs open. He discarded his clothes, climbing on top of me. I glanced up to meet his amused gaze, “Tell me nightingale, why are you suddenly so eager for my touch?” he said as he glazed the back of his hand over my cheek.

“Do I need an excuse to desire my Lord?” I diverted my gaze.

“No. Though it does amuse me to see you now after you were so timid to admit your true nature to your father. If only he could see you now.”

“I do not feel shame for what I do with you and Mairon. I was timid earlier, for I feared to provoke him... I guess that doesn’t matter now though.”

“No, it doesn’t. Regardless of what you could’ve said, the outcome would’ve been the same.”

He slide a finger up my vagina, “You aren’t very wet right now.” he commented.

“That hasn’t stopped you before.”

“Yes, but perhaps I’m in a accommodating mood today.”
“Accommodating?”

He smirked, “For a price.”

“A price?” I rose a brow.

“Beg for it.”

I sighed, “Really?”

“Yes.”

“Give me a reason to beg.”

“Bargaining are we?”

“Well?”

He climbed down, meeting his face with my groin. He began to suck on my clit. Delicately his tongue worked to heighten my need, swirling and sucking. I fell back unto the furs on his bed, absorbing this euphoria.

Then he stopped.

He looked up, licking his lips to meet my incredulous glare.

“Beg.” he demanded.

“More.” I murmured.

“What was that?”

“More!”

He smirked and ducked down, inciting greater heat in me- devilering me to a greater state of ecstasy. More, more! I continued to beg. Upon voiced climax my toes curled. I gripped the sheets as he climbed forward, sliding his cock into me. The bed creaked as he began to rock forward. On and on we continued with this repertoire, changing positions and exchanging favors; burning time as the carnage below moaned on. Time warped- Melkor and I existed in our own world, isolated in a vacuum.

It was Mairon who brought me back to reality- he pulled me back into the nightmare I wished to not dwell on. He manifested before us and informed Melkor that the battle was over. His forces were expectantly triumphant.

Melkor left to attend to some business, leaving me with Mairon.

“I suppose that I should inform you that your father survived...” he said looking down at me. I nodded. I got out of bed and wandered over to the window with a blanket wrapped around my nude form. Mairon followed. I braced myself for whatever horrific sight laid displayed before the panes of glass. Across the basalt flats laid bodies in all sorts of shapes. Some dismembered, some intact. It broke my heart. I turned to him with teary eyes and he met me with open arms. I collapsed into his embrace and began to sob.

“I’m sorry” he said.
I didn’t reply. He walked me over to the bed and sat down beside me. I laid my head on his lap and he gently stroked my hair, silently comforting me as I continued to sob.
Chapter 9

A couple weeks after the battle I woke up in the night- it had become a common occurrence. I had had a hard time sleeping ever since that day, I was haunted by the horror of it all, and my own guilt. I felt responsible. I was the pretense for them to come here. I was the pretense for them to march to their deaths...

Stop, I thought. I can’t think that way. Sometimes I have to remind myself that I can’t think like that. I would have been taken prisoner regardless of my consented thralldom.

It wasn’t my fault, yet the guilt continued to eat at me.

I got up and went for a walk around the fortress. I was hungry and thought I’d sneak down to the kitchen for a snack, then I saw him. Orcs marched down the main hall guiding an Elf by a chain connected to a collar around his neck. He looked abused and disheveled, but I recognized him-- Daeron.

I hid away out of sight and once they passed I scurried back to Melkor's chambers. I hide under the covers, pretending that I never saw him. As far as I knew Daeron was already dead, there was nothing I could do for him now.

Later that night Melkor woke me and ordered me to follow him. When I realized he was taking me down to the dungeons a great dread came over me. I had never been to that section of the fortress. I no desire to ever come here.

It was filthy. Blood and grime was smeared on the floor and walls. A putrid smell permeated the air, the smell of decay and excrement. Screams and moans of agony echoed out of each door we passed. Finally we arrived at a door at the end of a hall. Melkor opened it to reveal a Daeron. He had been chained to the wall and stripped of his clothes. Displayed across his body was fresh bleeding scars and bruises. I grimaced as I looked upon him.

“Luthien, it appears you have a suitor.” Melkor announced.

I didn’t answer.

“Should you not applaud his devotion? He’s searched for you ever since you disappeared,” he placed his hand on my shoulder. “My servants were kind enough to escort him here right to you.”

I pause a moment, “Why do you bring me here, my Lord?” I ask, looking up at him.

“I offer you a gift. The gift of retribution.” he grinned. He offered me a sheathed dagger, “He’s the one who disclosed your coupling with that man to your father, is he not? You might have been with Beren now if he had never interfered. I offer you retribution for the injustice you suffered. Plunge this dagger into his heart and be redeemed.”

“No my lord, I couldn’t possibly do that!” I stammered.

“Do you not desire retribution?” He inquired.

“No.”

“So you do not like my gift?”
“No my Lord, you gift is well received.” I replied.

“Then why do you hesitate?”

“...I...I could never take another life.”

He chuckled, “Tell me Luthien, was all of what you told your father lies?”

“I mostly stated falsities.” I said.

“So, what was the truths you told.” he asked.

“...I resent his selfishness, and stubbornness.” I started.

“Yes, that’s a good start. What else?”

“....I have grown more powerful through my union with you and Mairon.”

He chuckled, “That is to expected. Union with an Ainur is known to make any Elf more powerful, more beautiful. Your father off all people should recognized the truth in that….though, I think you’re forgetting one? A very important truth.”

“And that would be?”

“That you wish to stay. You have no desire to leave, isn’t that right?” he grinned.

I didn’t respond.

“Well Luthien, isn’t that right?” he urged.

I gulped, “There is paradox in your statement my Lord. You assume that I would resent Daeron for being the catalyst that led to my captivity, yet you also insisted that I enjoy my captivity. Both cannot be true.”

He laughed, “Yes, how foolish of me to assume you resented him.”

“Yes ...I cannot both resent and love my captivity. And surely my status here is much preferred over my previous circumstances.”

He nodded, “So if not for retribution, then let this be a lesson. Mairon has taken it upon himself to make you his student, and now so shall I. You say you wish to stay here? Prove your worth. Prove you are more than just a common thrall. Put aside frivolous sentiments, if you ever desire to be more than a thrall then you must learn to take a life.”

He offered me the dagger again, I didn’t take it. I remained frozen in indecision. He sighed.

“If you desire to be nothing more that a thrall, perhaps I should treat you like one. It is a bit odd how much freedom you are given considering your status. It's seems that I spoil you, perhaps I should lock you away like the others in my hoard.”

“No!” I panicked.

He smirked, “And maybe I should send Mairon to kill Beren.”

“Please master.” I pleaded.
“The conditions of your deal is dependent on your obedience,” he continued, “but I never needed it. Given time I could have obtained your obedience on my own.”

“No master, please don’t”

He laughed, “Why are you so distressed Nightingale? All that I have proposed may be averted. Kill this Elf and Beren shall live, your life will continue as it has.”

“Please I…”

He offered me the dagger again for the third time, with a shaky hand I hesitantly took it.

I looked up to Daeron. Where there was dread and despair before, there was a now urgency. An urgency was displayed in his eyes. “Don’t listen to him,” he coughed, blood drizzled down the sides of his mouth as he strained to speak, “Don’t trust their threats, Beren is dead.”

Time stopped then. My body grew tensed. Sound became muffled as a retreated into my self. My heart was in my throat and I couldn't breath. The cruelty of Daeron's suggestion struck me.

“Such insolence. He lies Luthien, he lies to save his life.” Melkor said.

“I have no reason to lie, my life is forfeit.” Daeron pleaded.

“Luthien, do not listen to his lies. Kill him!” Melkor ordered.

“I came across his corpse while I was in the wilderness searching for you.” Daeron strained, “Don’t let Morgoth use a lie to control you!”

“What do you mean?” I grimaced.

“Silence!” Melkor demanded.

“They deceive yo-” Melkor summoned Grond and smashed in his face. He towered over Daeron, glaring, watching the blood pour down over his body. For a dangerous moment I stood frozen, grasping the dagger. He turned to me then, blood dripping down his face. “Leave.” he ordered.

I scurried out with the dagger still clasped in my hand. I wiped tears from my eyes as I ran back to his chambers. When I arrived I leaned against the inside of the door and took a deep breath. I sat down on the floor by the fireplace and unsheathed the knife. Reflected in the blade I saw traces of blood on my face.

Oh Daeron, you fool. Why did you have to say that? What do you mean that Beren is dead? Beren can't be dead. If he's dead, then I'd need to act on it. I'd have to fight. That's what I said, right? I’d fight until my dying breath. That’s what I told Mairon when he threatened to kill Beren...

No. Daeron lied. Beren can't possibly be dead.

“My apologises for what happened earlier.” Melkor spoke from behind me.

I wiped my face and sat up, “You needn’t apologies my Lord, it was I who disobeyed you.”

“I will excuse it for today. It was presumptuous of me to assume that you were ready to take such a large step. I won’t ask you to kill again, at least anytime soon.”
“Thank you, master.”

He came around and sat in his chair by the fire. “What that Elf said troubles you, doesn’t it?” he asked.

I shrugged.

“It needn’t concern you. Everything he said was a lie.”

“...It doesn’t bother me. I know he lied.” I replied.

“Good. Just forget about what he said, it doesn’t matter.”
Chapter 10

Months went by and I didn’t mention what Daeron had said that day in the dungeon. I pretended that life went on as it always had… yet it didn’t, not for me at least. A suspicion was born in me. I never really trusted Melkor, but I felt as if I could trust Mairon, I mean at least to a certain extent. Even that was foolish. I was a fool to believe I could ever trust either one of them. And now I needed to know the truth. I didn’t bother asking Melkor or Mairon, they would have just shrugged off the topic and say Daeron lied. If I wanted to discover the truth, I had to do it on my own.

I went down to the library and began to cautiously rummage through spell books on the shelves. By no means was I fluent in black speech, but after a week or so of searching I was able to fumble through and find the spell of sight. I held out my flame and spoke ‘Ukhow Alnej Beren, show me Beren.’

The flame flashed and an image of a rotting skeleton came into focus. Bugs scuttled in and out of it’s eye sockets. Nearly all meat had been eaten from it's bones, leaving the remains of dried blood which stained the bones brown.

I extinguished the flame in my fist and collapse to my knees. I didn’t cry. I was too angry to cry, too angry to mourn. I resented Melkor, but more deeply did I resent Mairon. He deceived me. This whole time, Mairon has lied to my face. I was disgusted, at him, but also myself. I was stupid enough to trust him… and now I felt conflicted, I was at an impasse. Daeron reminded me of a truth that I had forgotten, Mairon, no, Sauron is evil…. and I played right into his hands. He pretends to care, he pretends to be your friend, your companion, maybe even a lover. But he doesn't care, he only seeks to use you.

So what now? Do I confront him? And if I do then what? I’m in no position to challenge him. Nothing good would come out of that.

So do I feign ignorance? Do I go on pretending he and his master didn’t breach the terms of our deal? Can I continue to fuck the murders of my beloved?

No.

Looking deep into myself I couldn’t stomach that prospect. For better or worse, I needed to confront Sauron.

I sat in Sauron’s chambers, waiting for him. When he enter he greeted me warmly, and I did the same. He embraced and kissed me. For a moment his warmth caused me to forget my purpose, numbing my reason.

“You’re hair has grown out Nightingale.” he commented as he curled his finger around one of my locks.

“I had missed having long hair, I thought that it was about time that I'd let it grow out.”

“It suits you.” he smiled, “So what brings you here?”

“Nothing in particular, just came to chat. We haven’t really had a good conversation in months.”

“I'd like that. Do you want some tea?” he asked.
"Sure." I sat down at the table as he placed the kettle on the fire.

“I know I’ve been really busy lately,” he said as he sat down across from me, "Melkor has been very adamant about finding Gondolin lately.”

“Hasn’t he always been adamant about destroying Gondolin?” I replied.

“Yeah, but he’s become more zealous lately, he’s been sending out a lot more scouts.”

“He’ll never find it you know, I mean at least not on his own.” I said.

“Melkor knows this, that's why he seeks to take a captive who may give him an in.”

“...I see.”

He frowned, “I’m sorry I brought this up. I know it’ a sensitive topic for you.”

“It’s alright.”

“If it makes you feel better, know that we have no plans of taking Nargothrond any time soon, the city is far too well fortified.”

“That’s good, or er, unfortunate?” I tweaked me head to the side.

He laughed, “You can be honest Luthien, it's only natural that you’d prefer your kin to not be slaughtered.”

“Alright. Though it seems a bit odd that you’d tell all of this to me. Isn’t this all classified information?” I asked.

“It’s not like you’re going to tell anyone. Any attempt at escaping would be futile. In any other circumstance I would be more tight lipped.”

“Right.”

He glanced over to the kettle and scratched the back of his head, “Also I guess I enjoy talking with you,” he started, "Sometime it can be difficult to find a worthy conversation partner. I really appreciate that I have you to talk to. When I’m with you I sort of just blurt out things without thinking.” he flashed a sheepish smiled.

“And I enjoy talking to you.” I replied.

We paused for a moment, staring at each other from across the table. An earnest warmth radiated off of him. I wasn’t hard to see how I could forgotten my animosity for him. No trace of the malice that painted him before was displayed. But rest assured. He is evil, and I mustn’t forget it..<br>

“Hey, Mairon.” I spoke.

“Yeah?”

“I was wondering if we could resume my lessons in earnest?” I asked.

“I don’t know Luthien, you know why I’m hesitant.” he said.

“You don’t trust me.”
“Yes, unfortunately. But I would like to. It just doesn’t seem like the right time yet.”

“I understand.” I said, "....May I confess something?" I added.

“Sure.”

“About a week ago I was excited about my studies … so I went down to the library and skimmed some spell books.”

“Luthien, you know that’s against the rule.” he frowned.

“I know, but I couldn’t read much.”

“Why are you telling me this? You don’t want me to punish you, do you?” he smirked.

"I felt guilt about lying to you. I know what I did was wrong and I thought it would be best if I confessed." I stuttered.

"Well then, if that’s it then thank you for telling me, in the future I would suggest that you obey our rules.”

“Yes, I'll be sure to do that.” I gulped.

The kettle sputtered then. As he got up to tend with it I continued to speak, “Though, while I couldn’t read much, with the little black speech I know I was able to find the spell for sight..”

“That’s a bit of an intermediate spell” he poured the water into the teapot on the table.

“I know, I thought I’d try it out. I tried to see Beren.”

He froze as he placed the kettle on the stone floor by the fireplace, “And what did you see?” he slowly rose.

“I just saw a skeleton, a rotting skeleton.” I replied.

He turned around and flashed a reassuring smiled, “You probably said the spell wrong, it’s an honest mistake.” he sauntered closer.

“...I suppose so.” I said.

He didn’t reply as his smile faded. I stood up and glared at him. For a tense moment we held fixed in each other’s sights. Before I could say another word he was on top of me. He pinned me to ground between his thighs.

“Such a clever girl. What tipped you off? Was it that Elf?” he smirked, grasping his hand around my neck, “I told Melkor it was idiotic to take you down there and it appears I was right.”

“You killed him, didn’t you?” my voice cracked.

“Perhaps.” he smirked.

“You promised you would spare him!” I cried.

“Did you really think I had any intention of letting him live?” He scoffed.

“We had a deal. He was to be spared!”
“You are truly naive to think my word means anything.” He laughed, “I had no intention of allowing him to live, but when you offered me your obedience I thought about how amusing it would be if I were to make you believe I spared him when I didn't. I was curious to see what you would do. How far would you go to protect someone who was already dead.” he push his hand down on my neck.

“Bastard!” I coughed, gasping for breath, straining to pull his hand of my neck.

“Is that really a surprise?” he laughed, “After I showed you the orcs releasing him I tracked him down. When I found him I stabbed him. Do you want to know what I told him? As he was drowning on his own blood I bent down and whispered into his ear,

‘She submitted to me, believing she was protecting you. In time she will forget you as I become all she knows. A day will come when she will beg me to fuck her.’

You should have seen his face. The look of disgust muddled with agony! He didn’t even have the strength to bark back—” I slapped him.

I couldn’t bear to hear it anymore. He stared at me dumbfounded.

“Get off me.” I demanded.

“What was that?”

“Get of me, Sauron.” I glared at him.

“That’s odd Tinuviel. To think you have the authority to make demands to me?” He held me down and began to kiss the crook in my neck. At the same time he slipped his hand up my dress and began to massage my clitoris. I let out an involuntary moan. I caught myself and began to struggle to break free.

“No, Sauron. Not now.” Tears trickled down the sides of my face.

He laughed, “I own you Luthien. I don’t need an oath of your obedience to control you. Fight all you want, it’s futile.”

I gritted my teeth. I wasn’t going to take this without a fight. I kneed his groin. It caught him off guard and he loosened his grip long enough for me to squirm free. He collected himself and followed after me. He grabbed my wrist and in a panic I ripped a knife from the wall and slashed across his throat. He doubled back unto the floor, grabbing at the wound. Blood sickeningly gushed out down his body.

Oh Eru I thought, he’s going to kill me. I dropped the knife and took off. This was it, I had to escape.

It had happened so fast that the guards hadn’t even been informed as what I had done to Sauron. The one or two orcs I ran passed ignored me. I was close to the exit now. Once I contended with the guard I would be free.

Then I was encircled in flames. I froze, cautiously turning to find Gothmog staring down at me.

“No.” I began to sob.

“Sorry, Luthien. It isn’t personal.” he said.

“No Gothmog, please. He’ll kill me.” I pleaded.

“As is within his right.”
He grabbed me and slung me over his shoulder; I protested, kicking and screaming.

I knew for sure he was going to kill me.
Chapter 11

Gothmog carried me to the throne room. At the far end Morgoth sat upon his throne, Sauron sat on the stone steps beside him. He wore bandages around his neck. He didn’t say anything to me, he only scowled. Morgoth stood up then, descending the steps. He stopped before me, glowering down upon me.

“You’ve been a very naughty girl, Nightingale.” he said.

I glared at him.

“Beg for forgiveness and you may be spared.” he continued.

I looked over to Sauron, he silently glared back at me.

“No.” I mustered.

“What?” Morgoth said in a threatening tone.

“I will not apologized to a murderer.”

“And I will not tolerate disobedience, you will be punished.”

“So be it.”

His eyes were filled with calm anger. “Gothmog, strip her of her garments! Give her 15 lashes with your flame whip!”

Gothmog complied. To my resistance he striped off my dress and began to whip my back. It was excruciating. Each strike cut my skin and seared in shut at once. Once it was over, I fell to my knees and began to sob. The pain was so excruciating that I thought that I was going to pass out.

“Shall you beg for forgiveness now?” Morgoth menaced.

“No.” I spat blood at his feet.

“You insolent little wench!” He had manifested Grond and held it high above his head ready to strike.

“Easy Melkor.” Sauron rose and walked closer, “She need not beg yet. In time she will see the error of her ways. In the meantime she cannot atone for her sins if she is dead.”

“Then what do you advise, Lieutenant?”

A smirk formed on his lips, “She should be forced to think on her actions. Lock her in a tower for a millennium if you must.”

Morgoth smiled.“What a splendid idea.” he chuckled to himself “So be it. Gothmog! Escort the maiden to her prison.” he ordered.

“Actually, I would like to escort her if you’d allow it.” Sauron intercepted.

Morgoth shrugged, “Suit yourself.”
Morgoth and Gothmog left, leaving me alone with Sauron. A cold chill ran down my spine as he bent down to scoop me up into his arms. I gasped in pain as he made contact with my wounds.

“Does it hurt Nightingale? I’ve heard how painful a Balrog’s whip can be. We can heal you, we can take away your pain, all you need do is submit as you did before.” he said as he walked forward.

“Eat excrement Sauron.” I spat.

He laughed, “The pain will not fade. You’re scars may fade, but only we may take the pain away.”

“I already told you, I will submit if Beren lives, otherwise I will fight you to my last breath.”

“That’s foolish. He was a man, he would have die regardless of what you didn’t. His life is a blink in comparison to yours. What would you have done if he had lived and you could be together? Would you have just stopped living when he died as all men are doomed to?”

I had thought about it before, but it wasn’t a pressing concern. I figured that I would make the most out of the little time I had with Beren. Now that he was dead, I had no idea what I was thinking. I couldn’t live without Beren. In that moment I had wished Morgoth had struck me down.

“You’re life doesn’t have to end because he’s dead,” Sauron continued, ”You’re half Maia Luthien, you’re worthy of so much more. Don’t you want more?”

“No, I just want Beren. Knowing he was alive and happy somewhere would have been enough” I sobbed. We arrived at the tower, it was a small, dimly lit, sparsely furnished, cold room. He laid me down on the bed.

“Why did you love Beren ever so Nightingale?” he asked as he sat down beside me.

“He was good.”

“You’ve told me that before. You want to know what I think? I think you love him because he represented freedom. You longed for freedom from your father's influence, and then you met this creature whom you knew your father held disdain for. You told yourself you loved him for all the commonly dull reasons; he’s kind, he’s gentle, he’s good. But really you loved being with him because it made you feel powerful, made you feel in control. As if your actions, thoughts, and feelings were your own, because they couldn’t possibly have been your father’s.”

Dumbfounded I stared at him before gathering my wits, “How dare you insinuate to know me. I’ll have you know I love my father.”

“I don’t doubt that, but it must have been tiring being so tightly under his thumb. Why else did you seek to escape into the woods?”

“Because I love Beren and wished to see him. It’s not that complex, Sauron.”

He smiled, “What about before you met Beren?”

I sighed, “You know what? You’re right. I hated how much my father restricted my freedom, but that doesn’t negated my love for him or Beren,” I retorted, “and it doesn’t mean I prefer to be here.”

His smile faded, “I was never under the disillusion you wanted to being here.”

“But it’s what you want, right? You want me to champion Morgoth’s cause right?! You want me to relish and love this place the way I love Doriath? You want me to join you and cast aside all
allegiance to my kin! I refuse.” I scoffed.

He sighed, “Melkor could grant you innumerable freedoms if you so desire, all you need do is take it.”

“I don’t want anything Morgoth has to offer me.”

He glared down at me, rubbing the bandaged wound at his throat, “So be it, rot in here for millennia for all I care!”

He left, pausing at the door way before slamming it shut. I glared at the door, glancing away as I curled up into ball for warmth on the mattress. I wondered, how long was my long to be solitude to last?
I must have been imprisoned for what felt like centuries, it was maddening. All my days and nights were the same. And Mairon wasn’t lying when he said that the pain of Gothmog’s lashings would never fade. The scars healed, but they always burned as much as the moment they Gothmog had struck.

At first I thought this punishment was minor. I was grateful they hadn’t locked me in a dungeon to be tortured, violated, and starved. Now I see why I was locked in this tower instead. They wanted me to suffer, but they didn’t want my beauty to be marred. After being here for an unknowable amount of time I think I might have preferred the dungeon, at least then I may have had the option of death. And with death I would be free. In Mandos, yes, but then in time I would be able to return to the world. I may also be able to see Beren in Mandos.

But they would never allow this. No, I wasn’t allowed to die.

For a couple days I tried to refuse my food, but then orcs held me down and forced the food down my throat. If I refused water they did the same. For awhile I refused hygiene too, but you can imagine what happened then. Autonomy had been striped from me and now my body too was no longer mine.


Then a day came when I could no longer could takes this. The resolves to escape burned in me. Sitting on the windowsill I sang a song my mother had taught me. I had been afraid to sing before. There is magic in song and I had feared the potential of punishment for using this magic. Sauron had so easily subdued me before. I found it pointless to use this magic.

I could not defeat them, but I could subdue them for a time. I was going to do it. Morgoth was prideful and a bit full of himself. This was the weakness I needed to exploit. I would lure Morgoth out, and when his guard was down I would strike.

The next morning when the orc came to bring my breakfast I stood up and timidly asked,

“May I speak with Lord Melkor?”

The orc scowled, “He's busy.”

“Please, I see the error of my ways. I wish to see him. Let me beg for forgiveness.” I urged.

The orc eyed me suspiciously, left. Shortly after an orc captain arrived.

“Seen the errors of your way have yee?” she scoffed. I nodded.

She came around and roughly shoved at my back to urge me forward, “Well? come on then!” she ordered. I scowled. She escorted me to the throne room. Along the sides of the hall Morgoth’s servants stood in audience snickering at me, it was reminiscent of the day I had first arrived. At the
far end Melkor eyed me with a certain smugness.

“Have you learned your lesson?” he said, sitting high in his throne.

“Yes, my Lord.”

“And shall you be hospitable now?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

He smirked, there was a certain malicious glint in his eye,

“Come closer nightingale, I can’t hear you.”

I complied, ascending the stairs. As a stood before his throne he grabbed my face with one hand.

“And how am I to believe you?” he said, clenching tighter.

“I want you.” I gasped. He let go and I collapsed to my knees, coughing. I looked up to him with longing. I reach up to his face, delicately grazing my fingers over his jawline, “I swear my undying allegiance to you, my Lord. In time may your faith in me be renewed.” I said.

“Is that so?” he smirked.

“Yes. I now know how much I need you. You don’t know how much I’ve ached for you.”

He smiled, “Rest assure your suffering is over. As long as you yield your will, life may resume as it always had.”

“But I want you now! Any moment longer would be torture.” I begged.

“In the throne room among an audience?” he laughed, “Your long isolation has made you bold nightingale. Alas, if that is what you want then who am I to object.”

I smiled, getting down unto my knees and unbuttoning his pants. I took the length of his cock unto my mouth. I started slow, gently sucking and swirling my tongue around the tip. He grabbed my hair and yanked my head forward, jamming his cock down my throat. Almost choking, I managed to regain composure and began to work up and down his length. His servant snickered, calling me a whore and a myriad of other crude slanders under their breaths. I ignored them. I hated them, and I hated him. I hate him. I would tolerate this no longer. No, this would be the last time. Soon. Soon I would be gone from this place. Never again shall I be imprisoned in these halls. My thoughts were interrupted as he came. I breathed through my nose as I allowed his seed to flow down my throat. I slid off and took a deep breath.

“That’s a good girl.” He smirked, gently stroking my hair.

“Anything for my Lord.” I said numbly.

He silently observed me as I caught my breath and wiped the cum from my mouth.

“Has your lust been sated?” he asked.

“For now.” I looked up to him, ”Though, perhaps I could perform for you now?” I perk up.

“Perform?” he said increduously.
“May I sing for you? I’ve never really sung for you before have I?”

“No, I don’t recall so?”

I smiled and stood up “Then let this signify a new beginning.”

He displayed an incredulous, but curious look. Yet he and his servants held still in observation.

I began to sing. As I sung I danced, twirling my skirt. Conjuring all my power, pushing through the searing pain that coated my back, I sung a song of sleep. Morgoth beheld mesmerized, enthralled and aroused by my dance. As he yawned I sung harder, exerting a desperate effort to cast this spell. One by one his servant began to fall asleep until finally he nodded off, collapsing from this throne unto his face.

I was free. Though, as I was about to flee I saw the crown that had fallen off of Morgoth’s head. Beren had died because of this death quest my father had sent him on. I had to redeem his death somehow. I had to make his death mean something. I grabbed a knife and picked out a Silmaril from his crown and ran. As I ran down the corridors I continued to sing my song of sleep, incapacitating every foul servant. Finally I burst out of the front door, pass a sleeping Carcharoth, and ran. I was out of the fortress now, the hardest part was done.

I ran far, past the volcanic wastelands and into the tundra. It was hard to run in his frozen wasteland. I kept tripping as my feet dunk into the snow. I managed to put some distance between me and Angband before I saw him--Beren. Across from from me in the snow stood Beren. I stood stunned as he smiled at me. I cautiously approached him, wondering if my years of isolation had made me lose grip of my capacities. When I came face to face with him I couldn’t help but embrace him. Even if this was a mirage of some sorts, I would fully indulge it. He held me tightly and I told him how I missed him so. I kissed him, he was warm...a type of warmth I had become all too familiar with.

“Sauron!” I exclaimed as I squirmed to break from his embrace.

“You’re quite perceptive Tinuviel, I’ve always admire that about you.” He reverted back into his normal form.

I began to sob. I failed. He would drag me back to Angband where they would unleash an innumerable number of tortures on me.

“How did you find me?” I asked.

“You mean why wasn’t I affected by your spell? I was in Tol-in-Gaurhoth when I received word that you had finally sought Melkor’s forgiveness. When I arrived at Thangorodrim I was surprised to see your work. I figured you hadn’t gone far, so I went to find you. It was quite impressive how you escaped, you even managed to snatch a Silmaril.” he smiled

“But it is for not. Please, kill me Sauron...I can’t go back there.” I sobbed.

“Easy there,” he wiped a tear from my cheek, “I came to offer you a bargain.”

“I don’t want anything you have to offer me.”

“At least hear me out.” He let go of me and I stood frozen before him, clasping the Silmaril.

“I will let you go free in exchange for the Silmaril, or you can go back to Angband and return the Silmaril to Melkor of your own free will.”
“Why would I ever want to return to Angband?! I snapped.

“Because it’s the better alternative to what awaits you in the outside world. Haven’t you ever seen how escapees of Morgoth are treated?”

“...Yes.”

“They’re treated with suspicion, fear. My master has done well to make it so that runaways are not trusted.”

“My mother and father would never reject me, he’ll welcome me back with open arms!”

“Since you’ve been gone, Gondolin and Nargothrond have fallen. Doriath remains but they live on edge, fearful of the day that my master may take them. You’re parents may accept you, but how do you think the others will welcome you? Pretty suspicious I’d say. You can’t help but wonder if Morgoth sent her to give him an in. I’ve heard that she’s become his whore in her long years of captivity.”

Horror engulfed my face, he was right. Even if he was lying, I couldn’t risk it. I can’t go back to Doriath. I couldn’t help but wonder if Morgoth had done something to me. Did he allow me escape so that I could become his in to Doriath? Mandos! For all I know Sauron could only be allowing me to go for the same reason. What if his offer of freedom came with a catch? I couldn’t possibly put my family into that kind of risk.

So if I couldn’t go back to Doriath, then what? Where would I go?

...Anywhere I suppose. Anywhere is better than here. I don’t know where I’d go, but I’m resolved escape Angband and I refuse to let this complication stop me. I held out the Silmaril, “Here, take it.” I said bitterly, “let this be my toll.”

“Really? With Melkor your power could grow exponentially.”

“At what cost? Am I to assault my own kin? No, I’ll take my chances in the wilderness.”

Sauron motioned to grabbed the Silmaril, but I shut my hand close, "Wait. How am I to trust you will let me go once I give you the jewel?"

He smiled, "You don't know. You have to trust me, and you know how foolish that is. Though, if it makes you feel better I could just as easily take it from you if I so desired."

"Very well," I held out the jewel again, "I guess this is farewell then?"

"Oh I don't know Luthien, you couldn't possibly know the full extent of my machinations. Perhaps we will meet again, but for now let this be farewell."

I grimaced then as the pain on my back flared up. He smiled, "See? I wasn't lying when I said only we may alleviate the burn of a balrog's whip. Do you truly wish to live with that pain forever?"

"Yes. I can tolerate it if it means I never have to come back here." I said.

He sighed. "Very well then." he silently mumbled under his breath and the pain was dissipated, "let this be a parting gift."

I stared at him suspiciously, "What's the catch?"

"No catch. What? Do you truly think that lowly of me?"
I had flashbacks then of the time when we had first arrived. He had cured me of my malady then too. Did you think I was only capable using my magic for chaos and destruction? That's what he said back then. He teased me, he gave off a playful air of friendliness. I know now he had an alter interior motive then. Though, there was a certain sincerity to some of his kindness. I realized then how much of an enigma Sauron is. I had branded him a cruel conman for a time. There is much truth in this, but I don't feel as if that full summarizes him either. To what extent was Sauron kind? To what extent was he cruel? Perhaps I would never know.

He reached out and grabbed the jewel with his sleeve, “Congratulations Luthien, you're free.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for tolerating my erratic and inconstant update scheduled, and thank you for reading my work. I may go on further in the future, but currently I have other works I wish to pour my attention into. So for now this is the end of this work.

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