

Lord of the Gross

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Lord of the Gross

by [Silkystuff](#)

Summary

||CW: FARTING AND SCAT!!!||

Here are some of the Lord of the Rings men ripping ass and messing themselves.
Some one-shots of the characters that I want to write.

Notes

Still trying my best to write more very soon, and my writing is still not the best.
So enjoy my fetish fics :>

I'm probably going to change the title when my brain cells regrow.

Chapter 1: Boromir (Diarrhea)

Chapter Summary

Merry and Pippin made a bet on whether or not Boromir would eat their cakes. Boromir refuses at first, but then gets annoyed by them and eats the cake, causing him to have the runs.

The Fellowship had left Rivendell, their path winding through shadowed forests and misty hills toward the journey ahead. The air was clean, laced with the scent of pine and earth, but the weight of their quest pressed heavily on each member. Gandalf led; Aragorn kept an eye out for the hobbits, and the hobbits, Frodo, Sam, Merry, and Pippin, talked endlessly to lighten the mood. Legolas and Gimli traded barbs, while Boromir, the proud son of Gondor, marched with a strong walk, his horn at his side.

As the sun was setting, Gandalf called for a halt by a babbling stream. "We rest here," he declared. "The night will fall soon, and we must regain our strength."

The group scattered to their tasks: Frodo and Sam tending to some supplies, Legolas scouting the perimeter, and Gimli sharpening his axe. Merry and Pippin rummaged through their packs with mischievous grins. Boromir sat apart, polishing his sword, his mind on the burdens of his homeland.

"Hey, Boromir!" Pippin called out, his voice high and eager as he bounded over, holding a small, wrapped parcel in his hands. Merry followed close behind. "You've got to try this! It's the best thing we brought from the Shire: Longbottom leaf mixed with some special herbs, baked into these little cakes. We call them 'Hobbit's Delight!'"

Boromir did not look up. "No."

You don't even see it yet..." Merry protested.

"I know your voices. That tone means trouble. The answer is no."

"Oh, come on!" Pippin chimed in, plopping down beside him uninvited. "It's not just any food. It's got mushrooms from Farmer Maggot's fields, plump and juicy ones, and a dash of those secret spices that make your insides feel all warm and fuzzy. Merry and I made a bet on whether you'd like it or not. The loser has to carry the other's pack for a day tomorrow!"

Boromir tries to ignore them, but Merry and Pippin are relentless, their voices a mix of whines and teasing. "Oh, please? Just a bite! You'll regret it if you don't think of it as fellowship bonding!" They danced around him, poking at his armor, until Boromir's patience frayed like an old rope.

"Fine!" he barked, snatching the cake to end the torment. "If it will silence you both." He scooped a hearty portion into his mouth, chewing with rough grimaces. The flavor was odd, leafy, and spicy, with a feeling of something bubbling that twisted his gut almost immediately. "There. Satisfied?" Merry and Pippin exchanged triumphant glances. "Told you he'd like it!" Pippin exclaimed, slapping Merry on the back.

"Now that's my pack you carry tomorrow!" As Pippin exclaims to Merry, knowing he won the bet. They scampered away, leaving Boromir to his thoughts.

As the group prepared to resume their journey, Boromir felt a sudden warmth spreading through his stomach. A **GURGLE**. His stomach churned like a stormy sea, sweat beading on his forehead.

The fellowship went up a hill overlooking a misty valley. Boromir could ignore it no longer. His bowels roiled with urgency, a hot, liquid pressure building like a dam about to burst. He clenched his jaw, trying to maintain his balance, but each step sent a jolt through his gut.

Aragorn glanced over. "Boromir? Are you well?"

Boromir nods his head up and down, signaling he is fine.

Another **GURGLE**. This time it came with a sound, a low, wet **GURGLE** even over the crackle of the fire.

Boromir couldn't hold it anymore. He was already moving swiftly, stiffly, dignity clinging to him by a thread, toward the thick stand of holly and bracken at the edge of the dell.

"Boromir?" Merry called after him. "Where are you—"

"Nature calls!" Boromir barked without turning. "Do NOT follow!"

He pushed deeper into the leaves, thorns snagging at his cloak, until he found a secluded spot, a small clearing shielded by a cluster of boulders and overgrown ferns. The ground was soft with fallen leaves, and the air hummed with the distant trickle of a stream. Panting slightly, Boromir unbuckled his belt with trembling hands, his face flushed with embarrassment and discomfort. No warrior of Gondor should be seen like this, he thought grimly, but nature's call was strong.

Dropping his trousers, he squatted behind a large boulder, gripping it for support. The first wave hit like a battering ram, an explosive gush of watery stool, hot and foul-smelling, splattering against the leaves with a wet, slapping sound. The odor was overpowering, a rancid mix of fermented mushrooms and bile that made his eyes water. He groaned, his muscles straining as another cramp seized him, forcing out more of the vile liquid in noisy spurts. It burned on the way out, his anus burning from the acid in his intestines, and he could feel beads of sweat trickling down his back.

SPLOOORRTCCHH!!

Wave after wave assaulted him, first loose and splashing, then thicker, like mud drowned in rain. His stomach was squeezing violently, expelling gas in loud, rumbling bursts that echoed off the boulders.

Somewhere far off, he heard Pippin's voice, muffled but unmistakable:

"I think he liked it!"

"I told you the seedcake was the secret ingredient," Merry replied smugly.

"I swear," he muttered between clenched teeth, "if I survive this, those two will never make food again."

Gas bubbled forth in loud, rumbling bursts, each one painful, in sprays of liquid. The diarrhea irritates the sensitive skin. Sweat poured down his face, mingling with tears of discomfort as he strained. The diarrhea seemed endless, his body purging every last trace of food. He wiped himself hastily with broad leaves from a nearby bush, wincing at the roughness, but relief finally began to show.

Boromir reached for veiny leaves from a nearby bush, using them to clean himself as best he could, wincing at the rough texture against his muscular butt. He stood shakily, pulling up his trousers, his legs weak as if he'd run from the orcs. Relief washed over him, mingled with humiliation.

Rejoining the Fellowship, he avoided eye contact, his face pale but composed. Merry and Pippin glanced his way, sensing something was wrong, but his glare silenced them. "Not a word," he growled lowly as they passed. From then on, Boromir keeps an eye on all Hobbit offerings with suspicion, with their food a scarring memory between the greater shadows of their quest. Yet in the quiet moments, he couldn't deny a grudging respect for the little folk's culture, though he'd sooner face a horde of orcs than another bite of Hobbit's Delight. The journey continued.

Chapter 2: Legolas (Constipation)

Chapter Summary

Legolas hasn't been eating for days, ever since the Orcs kidnapped Merry and Pippin; however, he has no choice but to push out his waste in the bushes.

The trio had pursued the Uruk-hai for three long days after they had kidnapped Merry and Pippin as the nights passed across the plains of Rohan. The trail was clearly broken branches, heavy boot prints, and the occasional smear of dark blood, but the orcs moved with unnatural speed, and the men of the Fellowship were weary. At last, as the sun bled red across the western sky, Aragorn called a halt beside a small copse of twisted trees near the edge of Fangorn Forest.

"An hour, no more. The trail grows cold if we linger too long," he said, his voice rough with exhaustion.

Gimli dropped his axe with a grunt and began rooting through his pack for the last of the lembas and dried meat. "Aye, and my belly's been gnawing at my spine. Pass the rations, laddie."

Aragorn tossed him a wrapped bundle. Legolas stood a little apart, silver-blond hair stirring in the cool breeze. When Aragorn offered him a portion, the elf raised a slender hand in polite refusal.

"I require little. The forest sustains me enough."

Gimli snorted through a mouthful. "Suit yourself, pointy-ears. More for us."

Night fell swiftly. Aragorn and Gimli finished their meal, rolled over, and were soon snoring. Gimli was as loud as a forge bellows, Aragorn quieter but no less deep in the sleep of the bone-weary. Legolas remained in the tree a while longer, silver eyes scanning the darkness. But something was wrong.

His stomach had been uneasy since the second day of the chase. He had eaten almost nothing, trusting his body to sustain itself on little. Now, deep in his bowels, a heavy, stubborn fullness pressed. Not pain, exactly, but more a thick, bloated weight that refused to move. And beneath it, a growing pressure of gas, warm, brewing like storm clouds.

Legolas slipped silently from the branch and moved away from the camp, feet making no sound on the leaf litter. He needed privacy. Mortals might relieve themselves openly; an elf would rather die than be seen in such a state. He walked until the trees thickened

and the snoring of his companions faded to a distant rumble. There, in a small hollow screened by bushes and the gnarled roots of an old oak, he stopped.

Legolas pressed a hand to his flat stomach, cheeks faintly warm with embarrassment. He loosened the laces of his leggings, pushed them down to his knees, and crouched. The night air was cool against his bare skin. For a long moment, nothing happened. The waste inside him had hardened into a dense, unyielding mass. His belly cramped, and a low, wet gurgle rolled through his guts.

Then the gas came.

A long, deep fart was pushed out first, hot, heavy, and foul, the stench of days of elven metabolism gone wrong. It rumbles between his cheeks in a stuttering burst, then swells into a rumbling, bubbling roar that seems to go on forever. The smell was thick and earthy, almost sweet beneath the rot, like overripe mushrooms and wine left too long in the sun. Legolas's pointed ears flushed pink with embarrassment even though no one was near.

Nothing happened at first. The turd within was dense and hard. He bore down, muscles tensing, but only a faint hiss of air escaped. Then, the gas erupted. He pushed harder, his thighs quivering with effort.

Another cramp seized him. He gritted his teeth, breathing hissing between them. The head of the turd was massive, dry, and cracked. It stretched him painfully, a thick, dark log that refused to let go at first. He pushed harder, his thighs trembling. A wet, crackling fart escaped around it, spraying a fine mist of sweat and mucus. Then, with a sudden, sickening lurch, the mass began to move.

It came out of his anus, the wide body of turd, heavy and solid, beneath him in a steaming pile. The relief was great each inch that slid free sent a shiver up his spine. Smaller, softer pieces followed, splattering wetly onto the larger log. The smell grew thicker, almost choking in the still air. Legolas exhaled shakily, sweat beading on his forehead despite the cool night.

One final, wet fart bubbled out, carrying the last soft remnants. He stayed crouched a moment longer, letting his body settle, the ache in his belly slowly easing into blessed emptiness. When he was certain nothing more would come, he used a handful of soft moss to clean himself as best he could, then pulled his leggings back up. He buried the evidence neatly beneath a layer of earth and leaves, and as an elf would, he then straightened, smoothing his tunic. Legolas took a deep, steady breath and turned back toward camp.

Aragorn and Gimli still slept, unaware. The elf resumed his watch in the tree, lighter, calmer, the urgent pressure of the past days finally gone. The hunt would continue at first light. But for now, in the quiet dark, Legolas allowed himself the smallest, most private smile of relief.

Chapter 3: Gríma Wormtongue (Farting & Scat)

Chapter Summary

Gríma doubts Saurman's powers for its failure to bend Théoden's will. However, it backfires literally.

Gríma Wormtongue slunk through the shadowed halls of Isengard, his cloak whispering against the cold stone. The air was thick with the acrid smoke of forges and the distant clamor of Orcs hammering away at Saruman's war machines. His heart pounded with a mix of dread and defiance as he approached the White Wizard's chamber. The failure in Rohan burned in his mind. Théoden, that stubborn old king, had slipped from his grasp. Gandalf the Grey, curse him, had shattered the spell like fragile glass, restoring the king's will and exposing Gríma's treachery. He burst into the room, his pale face twisted in fury. Saruman stood at a high window, gazing out over the churning pits below, his white robes pristine amid the filth.

"Master!" Gríma spat, his voice a venomous whine. "You promised me control! Théoden was to be ours, but your spell—it faltered!"

Saruman's eyes, sharp as shattered glass, fixed upon him. "Faltered? You dare accuse me, Wormtongue? It was your silver words that were meant to bind him, your insidious counsel. Yet you return with excuses, blaming the craft of Orthanc. Disappointing. Utterly disappointing."

Gríma flinched, but his anger flared. "Your magic is weak! If it were stronger—"

"Silence!" Saruman rose, his robes swirling like a whirlwind. He pointed his staff at Gríma, and Saruman raised his staff, murmuring words in an ancient tongue that echoed like thunder in Gríma's bones. A surge of dark magic enveloped the advisor, twisting through his veins like smoke. It burned, then cooled, leaving him gasping on the stone floor. He gasped, collapsing to the floor, clutching at his abdomen. Pain bloomed, sharp and insistent, but it faded almost as quickly as it came.

Saruman turned away, his attention shifting to the maps sprawled across a nearby table. "Begone from my sight. I have orcs to command—armies that do not fail me. Tend to your... discomfort elsewhere."

Gríma staggered out, confusion warring with relief. A curse? It had felt like nothing more than a fleeting agony, a scare tactic to intimidate him further. Saruman was ever the master of illusions, after all. He retreated to his quarters in the lower levels of the tower, a dank room filled with the stench of oil and rust from the machinery churning

nearby. The orcs' shouts echoed from the pits below as Saruman's voice boomed commands, rallying his foul legions for the wars to come. At first, Gríma dismissed the incident, curling up on his pallet, shaking his head, and sneering.

"A scare tactic," he muttered to himself, straightening his cloak. "The old fool thinks to frighten me with parlor tricks. I'll not be frightened so easily."

A loud, prolonged fart erupted from him, echoing off the stone walls with a wet, resonant blast. He clenched his butt, but it was useless.

BLORRRPPPPP!!

The stench hit him immediately, sulfurous, like rotten vegetables mixed with decaying meat. His eyes watered as he waved a hand in front of his face. He stood, pacing, but the relief was short lived. Another wave hit, stronger this time. Gríma doubled over, his hands pressing against his bloating belly. Gríma's eyes widened in shock, his cheeks flushing with humiliation. "No... this can't be..." He tried to hold it back, but another followed, louder and wetter, vibrating through his body like a thunderclap.

BLBLLBBLBRTTT!!

The gas kept coming, relentless, each expulsion more forceful than the last. He doubled over, gripping the edge of a table, his breath coming in ragged gasps as fart after fart ripped from him, the sounds echoing off the stone walls like mocking laughter.

pff... pff... pffffffRRRRRTTT!!

Gríma's mind raced, a twisted thrill mingling with his horror. The spell... it was no mere illusion. His body betrayed him, the pressure shifting lower, transforming from mere gas to a desperate, urgent need. His bowels churned, the desperation building to a fever pitch. He clenched his fists, sweat beading on his forehead, but it was futile. The poop demanded release, a hot, insistent mass pressing against his control.

"No," he hissed through clenched teeth. "I will not do it... I am no animal..."

But the next wave cared nothing for his pride. It rolled through him in slow, unavoidable pulses, each one forcing more gas upward and outward. He stumbled backward until his shoulders hit the cold wall. Staggering to a corner of the room, hidden from the door, Gríma fumbled with his robes, his hands trembling. Another barrage of farts punctuated his efforts, each one longer and more shameful, the air growing hazy with the fetid haze. Half-crawling, half-staggering, he made for the shadowed alcove behind a tall bookshelf, the only place in the chamber that might shield him from the door should some Orc or Dunlending servant pass by. His robes caught on the corner of a chair; he tore them free with a frantic yank. Another barrage of farts erupted as he moved—wet, crackling.

PPSSSSRRRTTTTBRAAPPP!!!

The air around him thickened into a visible, brownish haze that stung his eyes. At last, he reached the corner. He collapsed against the wall, legs splayed awkwardly, and clawed at the laces of his pants with shaking fingers. They refused to cooperate. Panic rose in his chest. He was going to soil himself like a child, right here on the floor of Orthanc, if he didn't—HE CAN'T HOLD IT ANYMORE!

Finally, he squatted, unable to hold back any longer. The relief was perfect, a rush of warmth as he poops, the act drawn out and messy, waves of pleasure-pain coursing through him. He moaned softly, caught in the spell's cruel embrace. He yanked the fabric aside just in time. The first thick log slid out slowly, hot and heavy, stretching him wide before dropping with a soft, wet thud onto the stone. Relief and mortification crashed over him. Another followed immediately, a softer, almost liquid, splattering messily against the first.

He couldn't stop; his body had been given permission, and now it emptied itself with greedy, shameless abandon. Gríma's head fell back against the wall, his mouth hung open in a silent, trembling cry. The sounds were obscene: wet squelches, low gurgles, and the occasional sharp fart that punctuated the steady flow. Eventually, the worst of the spell's immediate effects faded out, leaving only mild cramps and the occasional wet, bubbly fart that made him flinch even now. Gríma remained crouched in his corner, breathing shallowly through his mouth, staring at the obscene pile between his feet, knowing he has an big mess to clean up.

Chapter 4: Merry & Pippin (Farting+ Scat + Soiling)

Chapter Summary

Merry and Pippin fight over an outhouse after the big victory in Isengard.

The ruins of Isengard still smoked under the moonlight, but the mood was anything but grim. Torches flared along the shattered walls, Ents rumbled as they patrolled the flooded valley, and the Free Peoples had turned the broken courtyard into the rowdiest victory feast. Barrels of ale, mead, and the strange sparkling Ent draught rolled endlessly from the storerooms. Tables groaned under the weight of roast boar, wheels of sharp cheese, piles of buttered mushrooms, honeyed cakes, and sausages. The laughter got louder.

Aragorn raised his cup at the head table, his voice warm with rare mirth. “To the hobbits who helped topple a wizard’s tower! Gimli slammed his tankard down so hard foam flew. “Aye! And to the Ents for finishing the job! I’ve never seen orcs drown so prettily!” Legolas wrinkled his perfect nose, though even he was smiling. From the far end of the longest table, two small voices rose in perfect, gleeful unison.

“SECOND BREAKFAST!” Pippin shouted, mouth already crammed with sausage.

“ELEVENSES!” Merry howled, waving a chicken leg back in front.

“AND LUNCHEON!” they chorused, collapsing into giggles as they stuffed their faces.

Gandalf, pipe in hand, chuckled from his seat. “Pace yourselves, young fools.”

“Pah!” Pippin waved a greasy hand. “We’re heroes, Gandalf! Heroes get extra helpings!”

Merry nodded so hard his curls bounced. “Exactly! Pass the gravy boat, Pippin. And another tankard of that fizzy Ent stuff!”

They ate like they’d never eaten before. Merry shoveled in potatoes dripping with butter and herbs until his cheeks bulged. Pippin discovered he could fit an entire boiled egg in his mouth at once and did so repeatedly, making exploding noises that had nearby Rohirrim roaring with laughter. They drank tankard after tankard of foaming ale, sweet mead, and the strange, bubbly Ent draught that made their insides feel like tree roots were gently stirring them. The first warning came half an hour later. It started low in Merry’s belly, a deep, wet glorp that vibrated through his chair. He shifted, trying to play it cool.

“Er... pardon me,” he muttered, but it was too late.

SSSSPPPLLORRTT!!

A long, bassy fart rolled out of him like a muffled, thick, and rotten, cheesy-smelling sausage grease. The riders at the next table actually leaned away, coughing.

Pippin burst out laughing so hard he nearly choked on a mushroom. “Merry! That one could knock an orc off his warg!”

Merry grinned through the strain, rubbing his swollen belly. “Better out than in, Pip.”

Pippin’s eyes sparkled with mischief. He leaned back, lifted one cheek, and let loose.

PPPPPPPPFFFFFFFFFFRRRRRTTTTTT!!

A wet, splattery blast erupted, so juicy it made the bench creak.

“Pip!” Merry wheezed, waving a hand in front of his face. Pippin howled with laughter, tears streaming. “Worth it! I feel ten pounds lighter already!”

But the laughter didn’t last. The pressure kept building. Their bellies, now tight as squeezing, **gurgled** and churned. Hot cramps twisted through them like living things. Sweat prickled on their foreheads despite the cool night air. Merry clutched the edge of the table. “Pip... I think the Ent-draught is too much for me. I need the privy. Right now.”

Pippin’s face went pale, then bright red. “Same here!”

They slid off the bench and bolted, short legs churning across the muddy courtyard. The only standing outhouse was an old, crooked wooden shack that the orcs had clearly used for their own business. It was at the far edge near a pile of rubble. The door hung drunkenly on one hinge, but it was the only place to stay.

They both got there at the same time and crashed into each other like two barrels. “Me first!” Merry yelled, pushing Pippin hard with both hands.

“No way!” Pippin shoved back, standing on his feet. “I’ve got more in me than you!” Another monstrous fart ripped out of Merry—loud, wet, and so foul it made Pippin’s eyes water instantly.

BBBLLLLLOOOORRRRTT!!

“See?” Merry gasped, face screwed up in effort. Pippin answered with his own desperate blast, this one so splattery it left a warm spot on the seat of his pants.

SSSSPPPLRRRRRTTTTTT!!

“I’m begging you, Merry!” he wailed, hopping from foot to foot, one hand clamped desperately over his backside. “I can feel it coming out already!” Merry’s eyes were wild. “Tough luck, Pip! Heroes first!” He pushed Pippin hard with his shoulder, yanked the broken door open, and jumped inside.

“Mine!” he yelled, slamming the door and pushing the rusty bolt home.

“MERIADOC BRANDYBUCK, YOU TRAITOR!” Pippin screamed, hammering both fists on the wood. “Open up!”

Inside the dark outhouse, Merry didn't waste a second. He dropped his pants, squatted over the foul hole, and let nature take its revenge. “Ohhhhhh...” he groaned in pure, filthy bliss as a massive, soft stool exploded out of him, thick, steaming, and endless. Wet plops and splatters echoed in the tiny space. He sighed happily, eyes half-lidded.

Outside, Pippin was in full panic. He was running around in a circle, knees knocking, and face turning red. “Merry, please!” A massive fart comes out of him, wet and splattery, staining the seat of his breeches brown before he could even clench. And then the first warm, mushy shart happened. Pippin whined, his eyes wide with fear.

A hot, heavy wave of soft poop flooded his trousers in one humiliating gush. It squelched loudly, soaking through his breeches, sliding thick and warm down the backs of his legs, filling his boots with gooey sludge. The smell is so overwhelmingly foul that even Pippin gagged. Another uncontrollable push sent more soft plops sliding out, pattering onto the ground between his feet and forming a warm, steaming pile that slowly spread.

He stood there frozen, legs trembling, tears of embarrassment pricking his eyes. Inside, Merry let out one final satisfied grunt, tore off a strip of old orc banner for wiping, and called cheerfully through the door, “Better luck next time, Pip!” “Maybe next feast you'll run faster!”

Pippin could only whimper. Another soft, wet squelch escaped as the last of the accident finished oozing down his legs. He could feel the warm mush squishing between his toes with every tiny shift. Pippin hung his head, face burning hotter than the torches. “I hate you, Merry...”

The door of the outhouse creaked open. Merry stepped out, adjusting his belt, looking utterly smug and three pounds lighter. He took one look at the brown-stained, defeated figure of his best friend and burst out laughing so hard he had to lean against the outhouse.

“Aww, Pip! You mess yourself!” He clapped Pippin on the back. “Come on, let's get you cleaned up.”

Chapter 5: Sam (Soiling)

Chapter Summary

Gollum tainted the pot with nasty ingredients he got, making Sam have severe food poisoning.

The passages of the Dead Marshes wore Frodo and Sam's weary feet as they trudged onward, guided by the slinking form of Gollum. Days had blurred into a monotonous haze of climbing, hiding, and evading the ever-watchful eyes of Sauron's minions. The air was thick with the stench of mud and wet, and the hobbits' supplies were dwindling. Gollum, with his pale skin and bulging eyes, led them through narrow passes, muttering to himself in that raspy, dual-voiced way that sent chills down Sam's spine.

"We must keeps going, precious," Gollum hissed, his long fingers twitching as he glanced back at the two hobbits. "The fat one slows us down. Yes, he does. But Master is kind to poor Smeagol."

Frodo nodded weakly, his gaunt face shadowed by the weight of the Ring hanging from his neck. Sam wiped the sweat off his forehead and moved the heavy pack on his back. "Mr. Frodo, I still don't trust that slimy thing any more than I can throw it." And with these rations runnin' low, we'll be eatin' rocks soon."

He rummaged in his pack, pulling out a small pot, some dried herbs, and the scraps of lembas bread they'd managed to save. "Here, let's stop for a bit. I'll whip up somethin' to keep our strength up. Won't take but a minute."

Gollum's eyes sparkled with mischief as Sam worked on starting a small, smokeless fire in a sheltered crevice, being careful not to draw attention to himself. He crouched down as if he were looking ahead, but his eyes kept going back to the hobbits. Frodo sat nearby, lost in thought, staring at the horizon. Sam hummed a quiet song from the Shire while he mixed lembas with water and herbs to make a simple stew. He turned his back for a moment to get more wood.

That's when Gollum got an idea. Silent as a shadow, he slithered forward, his bony fingers dipping into the pot. With a wicked grin, he scooped up a handful of foul-smelling muck from the ground, rotted leaves mixed with his handful of slimy black mushrooms he'd plucked from the swamp earlier, pale gills dripping with something that smelled like rot and dead fish. He crushed the ingredients between his palms, mashed the foul paste into the bubbling food, and stirred it into the mixture. "Nasty hobbitises," he whispered to himself. "They takes our precious. Now they gets a taste of Smeagol's revenge. Yes, precious, make the fat one squirm."

He slipped away again just as Sam returned, oblivious, and stirred the pot one last time before portioning it out into two crude bowls carved from wood. "There we are, Mr. Frodo. Nothin' fancy, but it'll fill the hole in our bellies."

Frodo looked at the steaming concoction, his stomach twisting not from hunger but from the growing burden of the Ring. "I'm not hungry, Sam. You eat it. Save your strength."

Sam frowned, concern etching his round face. "You sure, Mr. Frodo? You've hardly touched a thing in days. Can't have you fadin' away on me."

"I'll be fine," Frodo insisted, waving it off.

With a shrug, Sam dug in, spooning the stew into his mouth. At first, it tasted off very bitter, with an odd, slimy texture but he chalked it up to the poor ingredients. "Bit tangy, ain't it? Must be them wild herbs." He finished the bowl quickly, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Gollum watched from afar, his lips curling into a sly smile.

They pressed on as the sun dipped low, casting long shadows over the wet landscape. Gollum urged them forward relentlessly. "No time for rests, master! Orcs is near, yes they is."

But not long after, Sam's face paled, and a low rumble echoed from his gut. He clutched his stomach, wincing. "Oh, blimey... Mr. Frodo, somethin' ain't right. That stew's not sittin' right with me."

Frodo glanced back, worry creasing his brow. "What do you mean? Are you ill?"

Sam grimaced, sweat beading on his forehead as another cramp hit him. "It must've been bad herbs or somethin'. I... I need to find a spot."

Gollum turned, his eyes wide with feigned innocence. "What wrongs with the fat hobbit? We can't stop now! The path is dangerous. Move, move!"

"Shut your gob!" Sam snapped, his voice strained as he scanned the terrain for any semblance of privacy a bush, anything. But the land was unforgiving, flat and exposed except for sharp wet outcrops. His desperation grew, the pressure building like a dam about to burst. "Mr. Frodo, I can't hold it..."

Frodo hurried to his side, supporting Sam's arm. "Hang on, Sam. There's a cluster of bushes over ther--"

But Gollum blocked their path, hopping anxiously. "No, no! We goes this way, precious. No time for hobbitses' nasties. Smeagol knows best!"

"Out of the way, you wretched thing!" Sam growled through gritted teeth, shoving past Gollum. He stumbled toward the bushes. The pressure was cramping, a heavy, liquid weight that threatened to burst with every heartbeat. His legs trembled. Another cramp doubled him over. He staggered behind tall bushes, fumbling at his belt with shaking fingers, but it was too late. A sharp, uncontrollable spasm hit him, and with a mortified

groan, he felt the warm, humiliating rush. His pants soiled immediately, the mess spreading uncomfortably as he froze in place, face burning red.

Sam gasped, mortified, as the mess spread soft and sticky between his buttocks. Another wave followed immediately, noisier and wetter, the fabric of his trousers darkening rapidly down the backs of his thighs. He stood frozen, knees locked, feeling the warm weight shift and sag inside his pants with every tiny movement. A final, uncontrollable spurt trickled down the inside of one leg. "Mr. Frodo, I... I couldn't... it's everywhere." Sam muttered, tears of embarrassment stinging his eyes.

Frodo's eyes widened in sympathy, quickly averting his gaze to give his friend some dignity. "It's alright, Sam. These things happen on the road. We'll clean you up as best we can."

Gollum cackled softly, covering his mouth with a hand. "Filthy hobbitses! See? Too slow, too weak. But Master is strong. Yes, he is. Come, we leaves the smelly one behind?"

"Smeagol!" Frodo barked, his voice sharper than usual. He helped Sam to the bushes, where they improvised with what little water they had and spare cloth from their packs. Sam, humiliated but grateful, changed into his spare pants, burying the soiled ones under a pile of dirt.

As they go back on track, Sam's steps are wobbly. "Won't happen again, Mr. Frodo. I'll watch that creature like a hawk from now on."

Gollum slunk ahead, whispering to himself. "They suspects nothing, precious. But Smeagol will have his fun again. Yes, he will."

Chapter 6: Aragorn (Farting)

Chapter Summary

Éowyn being a bad cook fed her infamous stew to Aragorn after the battle of Helm's Deep. Too bad for Aragorn it gets worse for him.

People laughed and sang in the Great Hall of Meduseld all night long. There were flickering torches, and the people who survived Helm's Deep celebrated their impossible win. Legolas and Gimli were in one corner playing their favorite drinking game, in which they had to drink a tankard for every orc they said they had killed. The Elf's cheeks were a soft red, and the Dwarf's beard was already wet.

"Seventy-four!" Gimli roared, slamming his empty mug down.

"Seventy-five," Legolas replied.

Across the hall, Éowyn saw Aragorn, where he stood speaking quietly with Gandalf. She carried a steaming bowl in both hands, her face shy but proud. Éowyn approached him quietly with a wooden bowl. The stew inside was thick, grey-brown, and smelly. She had cooked it herself after the battle: leftover roots, questionable mushrooms from the Deeping Wall, and a generous handful of wild herbs she was certain were safe.

"My lord," she said, offering it. "I made it myself, as thanks... for everything."

Aragorn looked at her bowl and then at her face, which was full of hope. The meat was gray. The broth looked strange and green. There was one lump on top that looked like a dead toad. But Éowyn's eyes were full of hope, and everyone in the hall was watching. He smiled and bowed as he took the bowl.

"You honor me, Lady Éowyn."

He ate it all, spoonful after spoonful, praising each bite.

"Rich," he lied.

Éowyn glowed. She touched his arm once, then slipped away into the crowd, heart fluttering.

Aragorn waited until she was gone, then quietly put the empty bowl down and left. He slipped outside into the cold night air and headed for the stables. The feast was over an hour later. Most of the Rohirrim had either gone to bed or fallen asleep where they were.

The horses were calm, and most of the Rohirrim were still inside drinking. He found an empty stall at the far end, leaned against a post, and let out a long, tired breath.

It started low in his gut, a deep, rolling ~**GURGLE**.~ Aragorn's eyes widened. He pressed a hand to his belly. Then it came.

BRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPPPP!!!

A long, wet, bubbling blast that echoed off the wooden walls and made the nearest horse snort and stamp. The smell hit him as thick, rotten, like boiled cabbage left in a grave for three days. Aragorn's face twisted in horror.

“Never... again... will I lie about stew.”

Another one followed immediately, louder, higher-pitched, ending in a wet splutter.

SPPPPPLLLLFFTTTT!!

He doubled over, clutching his stomach. The stew was fighting back with a vengeance. His bowels felt like a cauldron at full boil. Sweat broke out on his forehead despite the chill.

BRRRRRRRRRTTTT!!!

Aragorn staggered to the back wall, legs trembling. A loud fart tore out of him, so powerful it vibrated his boots against the stone. It went on and on, a deep, rattling, bubbling roar that seemed to come from the very roots of the Misty Mountains. The sound filled the stable, bounced back, and filled it again. The smell was now a living thing, thick and eggy, with notes of spoiled meat and sulfur.

He tried to walk to the door for fresh air and immediately regretted it. Every step squeezed out another wet, squelching fart. His stomach cramped, then released a very loud, wet fart that made the nearby horses shift uneasily and snort in protest. One of them actually backed away from its stall, eyes rolling.

Prrrt... prrrt... PFFFFFFRRRRRT SPPLUURT

His face burned with shame even though no one was there to see. Another wave hit. He dropped to his knees in the straw, hands planted on the ground, his ass pointed at the door.

BLBLBLBLBRRRTT!!!

Aragorn rested his forehead against the cool wood of the stall and let out a broken, defeated laugh that turned into another long, bubbling fart. He stayed there for a while, alone in the dark, with only the wet gas from his bowels and the distant, nervous snorting of the Rohirrim steeds as sounds.

Aragorn's voice was tired from groaning, his legs weak, and the entire building smelled like the aftermath of a troll feast. Finally, he collapsed onto a hay bale, defeated. His

stomach still churned. From somewhere behind him came a soft, feminine voice.

“My lord... are you quite well?”

It was Éowyn.

Aragorn froze mid-fart, forcing a nasty belch that tasted exactly like the stew. He turned slowly, face pale. Éowyn stood a few paces away, cloak drawn tight, concern written across her face.

“I... heard strange noises,” she said. “Was that you?”

“No-” Aragorn opened his mouth. Another fart answered for him long, low, and mournful.

Éowyn’s eyes widened. Then, slowly, she began to smile. “Ah,” she said, the smile turning into a grin. “The mushrooms were... perhaps a little strong.”

Aragorn could only nod, very embarrassed by the relieving his gas in front of Lady Éowyn.

Éowyn stepped closer, utterly unfazed by the smells in the stables. “Shall I fetch you some milk from the kitchens, my lord?” she asked sweetly.

“I will be fine.” He said, he was not sure he would survive Éowyn’s stew or milk...

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