And So, To Bed

by Bead

Summary

Inspired by this luscious fan art by Aegilef. It's just utterly gorgeous, and how could my imagination not take me somewhere.

And I think that somewhere is Laketown, and Thorin suggests that Bilbo go to bed. Very suggestively suggests.
An Unexpected Offer

Thorin strides into the room, and Bilbo jabs himself in the face with his pipe, having missed his mouth.

"Must you persist in this constant noise?" he growls to his nephews, Bofur and the few others who are singing and playing instruments happily. It began as something to cheer Kili up, his arm in a sling, and then evolved into something boisterous, with table dancing. At least no dinner rolls were being used as missiles this time.

Thorin folds his arms over his chest and Bilbo realizes his mouth is hanging open because chest, chest hair...arms...and that lovely trail on his belly...and it dawns upon him that he has begun to find snarling and glaring Thorin really rather ravishingly attractive. He swallows hard.

"Sorry, Uncle, we'll keep it down," Fili promises, listing a little to the side. It had been a rather merry party.

"You'd do better to take to your beds," he mutters, still glowering. "Master Hobbit, I'm surprised you haven't taken advantage of the soft beds and clean sheets upstairs."

Bilbo manages not to startle or whimper when Thorin's eyes turn on him, and he catches, just faintly, a glimmer of humor in his gaze. "I'm surprised you wear your gauntlets to bed," falls out of his mouth before he can catch it. "And a belt?"

Thorin prowls over to his chair, bracing himself on the arms so that he can lean over Bilbo, skimming just above his body in one lithe, lethal movement, surrounding him with soft, dark hair and warm skin, a touch away.

Thorin's face hovers just above Bilbo's, mouth quirked in a faint smile, eyes hooded. "And just why, exactly, are you interested in my bed wear?" He tilts his head slightly, eyes on Bilbo's mouth, as if he were contemplating a kiss. Bilbo bravely tilts his head in reply, his lips inches below Thorin's, waiting, his heart going a mile a minute.

When Thorin's gaze lifts, it's hot, intent and pleased. "Master Bilbo," he hums, his voice low and dark as midnight. "Your pipe is merely smoldering. You should put it out. Warmer fires await you, should you get yourself to bed."

"These beds that are as soft and warm as you say?"

"Soft," and the way Thorin says the word makes Bilbo's eyes want to roll back in his head. "Warm, with the proper care. Whatever your preference, I'm sure you'll find a bed to your liking."

"You are so sure," Bilbo breathes.

Thorin licks his lips, looks down the length of Bilbo's body, and back up to pin Bilbo to the chair with the intensity of his gaze.

"I grow more sure by the moment," he murmurs, a breath away from Bilbo's mouth. And with the same sensual grace, he backs away from the chair, holding Bilbo's gaze. He inclines his head
slightly, that faint smile again curling at the corners of his mouth, eyes blazingly blue, and retreats to his room.

Bilbo watches his departure (as beautiful as his entrance), dazed.

"Oh Mahal, there are some things a nephew is not meant to see," Kili mourns, slumping against his brother. "Ever."

"Bilbo, lad," Bofur says hoarsely. "If you don't follow him after that, you're a right idiot."

"You know," Bilbo says, blinking his way out of his fog. "You're quite right."

He doesn't run, but he follows very quickly. The quality of the beds must be tested, and most of all, he has a rather burning desire to learn exactly what Thorin Oakenshield wears to sleep.

Knowledge, after all, is never wasted.
Bilbo was surprised when Thorin opened the door, the expected smirk missing and Thorin did not drag him into the room to devour him from the mouth down. (Not that he would be disapproving of such a turn of events, not at all.)

Thorin inclined his head graciously. “Bilbo,” he murmured, his voice low. Bilbo had to close his eyes briefly, because honestly, how was one supposed to maintain one’s composure confronted with such a sight, Thorin, so beautifully masculine, eyes crinkled in a true smile, arrayed so sensually, and then, that voice of midnight and thunder.

“The bed I am seeking for the evening is in here, I believe,” he said quietly, not trusting his voice to remain steady if he spoke louder, his heart beating fast again.

Something dimmed in Thorin’s expression. “The evening?”

Bilbo blinked. “Oh. Well. Um,” the blood rushed to his face. “I must have misunder-”

“You seek to rest with me for only the evening?” Thorin said over his fluster. “Will you seek no further rest?”

“Oh. Well. Um…” Bilbo replied faintly. Thorin dipped his head, and looked up at him, expression fond but careful.

“Bilbo,” he said softly.

“J-just to be clear,” Bilbo replied, voice shaking. “You offer for..”

A tiny warm smile and half-hooded eyes. “As long as you need sleep. As long as you ever need sleep, I would have you rest against me.”

He felt as if he’d been dipped in ice, then fire, and a moment later Bilbo was through the door, his hands finally in long dark hair, tugging Thorin’s mouth down to his.

“Later,” he hissed. “I have questions, but…I would gladly sleep next to you for the rest of my li…”

And Thorin’s hands were pushing Bilbo’s jacket off, clever fingers trying to get to his skin, all while Bilbo had the pleasure of Thorin’s sharp, teasing kisses, the silk of his hair in his hands and so much soft skin to touch.

Once Thorin had an equal amount of skin to touch, he ran greedy hands down Bilbo’s arms, and pulled him flush against his body, his mouth finally ready to devour. All Bilbo could do was moan gratefully, and hang on as his own mouth was fully, deliciously plundered.
Thorin’s belt bit into his stomach, and he ran his hands over it (not in any way backing away from Thorin’s kisses) looking for the catch, and was rewarded with a hiss and a choked sigh as his fingers stroked very low on Thorin’s back, in fact right at the upper swell of his (truly magnificent) arse.

“Is there a trick to this?” Bilbo huffed between kisses.

“I find it is best to seek a willing partner,” Thorin rumbled, and bit lightly down Bilbo’s neck. “And the one I have my arms now, the last I will ever seek….,” he growled possessively as he kissed back up Bilbo’s throat and claimed the lobe of his ear, which he bit gently.

Fighting his eyes rolling back in his head, Bilbo whimpered, his hips stuttering forward helplessly. “Hobbit ears, very sensitive,” he moaned.

“It seems pleasurably so.” Thorin’s voice had a thread of humor in it as he mouthed and sucked and bit up the rim of his ear and down, and spread one hand, low, on Bilbo’s back to rub against him slowly.

“Hnngh,” Bilbo replied, shivering, his knees going weak. It would have been perfect if not for that belt. Thorin,” he whimpered, tapping weakly on Thorin’s shoulder. “Your belt…I was seeking the trick to the clasp. It’s hitting me in a rather uncomfortable place.”

“Your pardon,” he murmured, stepping back slightly to undo it, a clever, hidden clasp at the front. Bilbo’s hands rose to Thorin’s gauntlets, and as he worked to undo the knots lacing them on his muscled (gorgeous) forearms, Thorin regarded him with hooded eyes, blazing blue.

“You are so handsome, beloved,” he said softly, reaching out to stroke from Bilbo’s shoulder down his arm, and then back up to cup his cheek, as one hand came free.

“Exotically smooth save for,” he brushed a finger as far down as he could (which was thankfully not far) the trail of hair that started just below Bilbo’s belly button, more of it exposed now that his braces were off and his pants had slipped down a bit. “I wish to see you bare, to touch you, love you from head to foot, before we rest.”

Bilbo sucked in a sharp breath, and his hands trembled on the gauntlet laces. “Beloved,” he whispered, closing his eyes. “I like the sound of that.”

“Beloved,” Thorin said again, stroking up Bilbo’s chest to cup a warm hand around his neck and kiss his forehead, then his mouth softly. “In our tongue it is ghivashel, treasure of treasures, and âzyungâl is lover.

“Isn’t your language terribly secret?”

“Yes,” said Thorin simply. “But you are to be mine, and I would hold no secrets from you.”

“Thorin” Bilbo whispered, deeply moved. “Ghivashel.”

Thorin swept him up in a deep kiss, his breath hitching in his chest. “To hear that in your voice,” he said, his voice tender and deep. “To hear you say that with such conviction, my Bilbo.”

“Yours,” Bilbo murmured against his mouth, and Thorin took a deep breath and gently pushed him away, hands on his shoulders.

“Please,” he said humbly. “May I love you?”

“Sweet Yavanna, you’re going to take me out at the knees if you keep talking like that,” Bilbo said,
swaying. He put his hands to the buttons on his trousers and Thorin gracefully knelt and gently pushed his hands aside. Keeping his eyes on Bilbo’s he skillfully undid each button, carefully easing them over Bilbo’s cock, ready for him, and pushing his hands inside, warm against Bilbo’s hips, slid them and Bilbo’s smallclothes to the floor.

Bilbo’s breath was ragged, his heart rabbiting in his chest. Thorin lowered his gaze, his hands stroking back up Bilbo’s legs to rest comfortably on his hips, looked on Bilbo’s cock, and licked his lips. Bilbo could already feel Thorin’s breath, warm, against his skin, so cried out softly and had to look at the ceiling, trying to master his arousal.

“Thorin, dearest one, if you lean forward one more inch, a half-inch, I am going to fall to the floor, and possibly reach my peak. Perhaps both at once.” he swayed again, trembling.

“It is no matter, âzyungâl, for you to take your pleasure now,” Thorin said in his deepest voice, but thankfully stayed put. Bilbo pressed his hand over his heart, trying to master his breathing. “I fully intend to give you more tha…”

“Oh, no no no, don’t say it, don’t say it,” Bilbo said, trapping the hand that was beginning to wander toward his cock with his. He whimpered and clenched his other fist and beat it against his thigh.

Thorin immediately loosened Bilbo’s fingers by worming his own inside, and threaded their hands together.

“Thorin,” Bilbo quavered, still looking at the ceiling. “I’d like to last for at least five minutes longer.”

“As you wish, ghivashel,” Thorin murmured, leaning forward to kiss their joined hands, his hair gently swinging forward to brush Bilbo’s cock. Bilbo took a deep, shivering breath.

“It’s as if any part of you,” he said, reaching out to stroke the long, wavy locks over Thorin’s shoulders and away from him. “Sends trails of fire across my skin.”

“Hmmm,” Thorin said, darting forward to lick a quick stripe up Bilbo’s cock, which was standing proud and nearly flat against Bilbo’s belly.

“Oh, that is cheating, that is certainly cheating,” Bilbo said, his breath coming out half laugh, half desperate whimper. He tugged on Thorin’s hair and got a soft grunt of pleasure in response. “Oh, really?” he said, delighted. “That is a very good thing to know.”

“Which I am sure you’ll use to your advantage.” Thorin said as he rose, his eyes gleaming with humor and desire.

“Oh, believe it.”

The skin beside Thorin’s eyes crinkled in a smile. and cupped Bilbo’s cheek. “Will you come to bed, Bilbo?”

“Oh, of course,” he said, turning to nuzzle Thorin’s palm. “But first we should get you out of those pants and I should wash my feet. He moved forward to put his hands on Thorin’s waist, leaning to nuzzle gently against his breastbone, just over his heart, and kiss his way down to the drawstring that kept his thin linen pants up. Thorin’s hand rose to stroke his hair gently.

He echoed Thorin’s motions as he untied the pants, fixing his eyes on Thorin’s as he opened them and put his hands inside, over his hips, to push them down. Thorin’s expression was more tender than lustful, and Bilbo’s heart swelled with joy to see it.

“How did I not know how you felt?” he asked quietly, petting the sides of Thorin’s legs as he knelt
there. “You looked on me kindly, but…”

Thorin’s eyes sparked with mirth. “I was careful,” he confessed. “And we are private in our affections…”

“Like that seduction in full view of…”

“Except for certain circumstances…” Thorin spoke over him, stroking his hair in apology. “You have been in my heart for quite some time. I waited to be sure if you looked on me with favor. And as we became more than travelling companions….”

“Yes,” Bilbo said, his voice husky. “I thought I’d been discreet.”

“I was watching for any sign, ghivashel. Will you come to bed?”

“Certainly, love.” Bilbo leaned forward, letting his hands trail up Thorin’s legs, and pressed a long, slow kiss to the base of Thorin’s cock.

Thorin stiffened, and moaned softly. “What was it you said about cheating?” he asked in a strained voice as Bilbo nuzzled and licked up the length of his cock. “Bilbo, please…”

“Mmm?” He licked up the crease that joined Thorin’s leg to his body, and mouthed over his hipbone.

“Bilbo, please. I have dreamed of…”

He relented to find out what that might be, rising and trailing his hands up Thorin’s sides to thread them loosely around his waist. “Dreamed of what?”

“Of joining with you. Sharing my body with you. To cover you, be with you in love. It is a form of marriage to us…”

Bilbo, nearly lightheaded with Thorin’s words and deep feelings, he laughed huskily, “Thorin Oakenshield: never does things by halves.” He reached for him, and Thorin bent to kiss Bilbo tenderly.

Then we should begin,” Bilbo said when the kiss ended. “Because I would like that very much.

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Chapter End Notes

Just a wee little chapter to let you know I was thinking of you, darlings.

I am working on four things concurrently at the moment, including this, so don't expect the next chapter immediately. I'll be done when it's done. Rest assured I'm thinking of it, oh yes I am.
Chapter Summary

And so, to bed with them.

Chapter Notes

Oh my GOD.

My writing professor in college said, "During the course of your writing life, you will be three writers; a sprinter, a plodder and a bleeder."

I am normally a sprinter. My characters run in a little movie in my head, and when they've got it right, I can sit down and write. I could see them, and saw where they wanted to go, but for the first time in I don't know when, I couldn't quite describe it. It was like typing with my teeth.

I cannot thank my friend tygermama enough for holding my hand, telling me I'm not crazy and answering me thoughtfully when I panic and ask, "WHY DOES BILBO LOVE THORIN ANYWAY? WHY?"

And to darthstich, who peeked in and said, "OMG SCORCHING," when I'd looked at it for so long the words weren't really words anymore.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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“You are so tender with me,” Bilbo whispered, barely able to get the words out. Thorin was kneeling, washing Bilbo’s feet before they both got into the bed. The gesture had left Bilbo utterly disarmed - this powerful dwarf tending to him like this - and he had been unable to speak for quite some time. All he could do was stroke Thorin’s hair when it was in reach, and was rewarded by a small, pleased smile.

Head still bent to his work, Thorin put the wet cloth aside to pick up a dry one. A warm hand cupped each ankle, in turn, holding him as if he were precious, as he dried Bilbo’s feet. “I promised you a soft bed,” he said simply, and dropping a kiss on his knee, slid his hand up Bilbo’s calf and remained there, smiling at him, so beautiful.

Bilbo made an effort to clear the thickness from his throat to say, “I won’t break, Thorin, truly.”

Thorin quirked an eyebrow at him. “I had not thought you would, but until I am used to your strength, and you mine, I will have a care, beloved.”

“Because you promised me a bed soft and comfortable,” Bilbo teased gently, and gasped in the next moment when Thorin stood in one lithe movement to hover over him as he had downstairs, braced...
on his arms, body angled over Bilbo’s, surrounding him with warm skin, a curtain of long, clove-scented hair, and a great deal of promise.

“That, and I am selfish, for I wish such a bed for myself,” he murmured, nuzzling the air above Bilbo’s mouth, keeping just out of reach, and doing the same with his body, hovering a breath away from touch. Bilbo gasped and arched upward, for Thorin had seemingly discovered the way to caress with simply the drift of his hair and the heat of his body, and it was far, far more affecting that Bilbo would have imagined. He was unable to prevent a small, longing sound escaping him, longing to be touched and to touch, for his hands were trapped at his sides.

“Not that I think you soft, not anymore, just a different kind of strength than I had been accustomed to,” he continued, brushing his nose against Bilbo’s cheek. He was far more intoxicating than the ale Bilbo had enjoyed downstairs, weaving a spell of want and warmth around them, all golden skin and purring voice.

“All the more valued for being unexpected, unlooked for,” he whispered in Bilbo’s ear, not quite settling against Bilbo’s hips, but teasing them both with barely-there touches.

“And this is selfish?”

“For me.” Thorin nudged Bilbo’s head aside to press kisses down his throat. “I have always been for my people, but I find, with you, I want something, someone for myself. Someone strong, passionate, someone who does not see a king, first.”

“Well….no, that’s fair. I thought you were a bloody arrogant git at first. Handsome…but…”

Thorin cut him off with a soft, nipping, chuckling kiss, and finally, finally, settled into the cradle of Bilbo’s hips, braced with his forearms on either side of Bilbo’s head, to kiss and nuzzle and slide deliciously together for a few long, lush moments.

Bilbo wiggled his hands free to pet through Thorin’s hair, really sink his hands into the whole dark mass and tug carefully, then a bit harder. Thorin made a low-throated purr of approval and Bilbo couldn’t help but smile against his mouth.

Thorin pulled away slightly in a series of playful darts and kisses, pressed their foreheads together, and spoke into the shadowed place between them. “I have not have had the chance, often, to indulge, âzyungâl, not as I would like, and never offered myself as I have to you. And with a lover who values kindness and pleasure and savoring delicious things, may I be selfish?”

“Selfish? How so, ghivashel?” Bilbo whispered. Thorin’s breath caught at the love-name, and he pressed an ardent, soft kiss against Bilbo’s mouth. He lingered there, nuzzling Bilbo’s nose and mouth and cheek with easy, teasing touches.

“I must be kingly out in the world, Bilbo, firm as bedrock,” he whispered. “May we not, in this small haven, on this first night joined, be tender with one another? ‘I would gain your heart by offering my own, not a simple, forceful fuck. Might we savor this path together slowly, until the fire in our blood bids us run?’”

“You will fill my heart so full it will break wide open, Thorin Oakenshield,” Bilbo gasped against his mouth, struggling for composure, and Thorin eased a breath away to let him find it. “I swear it, you make me weak in the knees lying down.” He could see, in the space between them curtained by Thorin’s hair, the white flash of his smile.

Bilbo tilted his chin up for a kiss, and after Thorin obliged, unable to keep the smile off his face, he
said, "You ought to know by now a hobbit will never run when he can have a nice, leisurely ramble, though having you in my arms does tend to make my heart race."

"I hear hobbits can move quickly and quietly when they have a mind."

"Several of the things you’ve been doing with your tongue quickly preclude me having a mind, and I feel sure that I’ll forget entirely how to be quiet."

"Mmmmm,” Thorin rumbled, deep enough for Bilbo to feel the vibrations of it in his chest. He sighed luxuriously and buried his head in the crook of Bilbo’s neck to kiss upwards until he had an earlobe to pull through his teeth. Bilbo made a completely undignified noise, arched up and wrapped his legs around Thorin’s waist.

Thorin groaned when Bilbo’s ankles crossed snug against the small of his back, and moved to stroke Bilbo’s thigh, to pull him closer, for a few languid thrusts.

He leaned in for a slow, melting kiss, which was cut short when he made a small sound of discomfort.

“Hmm?” Bilbo asked, taking advantage of the break in Thorin’s concentration to do a bit of exploring of Thorin’s neck and ear, which, while perhaps not as sensitive as his own, certainly quite promising. “Everything all right?”

Thorin’s hand kneaded Bilbo’s thigh and he tilted his neck offer more room….and made another sound of discomfort. “Wonderful, except for the parts where I am half hanging off the bed.”

“Can’t have that,” Bilbo replied warmly, and they moved to shift up the bed, Bilbo making a small sound of regret when Thorin’s weight left him. The moment he was settled properly, he was scooped into strong arms, once again thoroughly, warmly, surrounded, and in the next breath, caught up in a searching kiss.

Thorin had him breathless and shaking in short order, kiss after slow, devastating kiss offered, large warm hands caressing him and Thorin’s midnight voice murmuring approval in his ears.

“I feel sure,” he murmured as Thorin lavished attention on Bilbo’s throat until he went nearly boneless. “That I should be reciprocating more.”

“Ah, but that would distract me,” Thorin shifted Bilbo to mouth up the rim of his ear with slow deliberation. Bilbo whimpered and twisted in Thorin’s arms.

Thorin obliged his unstated need by sliding one firm thigh between Bilbo’s.

“Distract?” Bilbo panted.

“From my purpose,” Thorin purred, and delicately sucked on the point of Bilbo’s ear.

“Offering me.” It was becoming more and more difficult to speak. “Your heart?”

Thorin pulled back to give Bilbo a slightly wolfish grin. “Giving you as much pleasure as my skill and our stamina allow,” he vowed, rolled Bilbo onto his back and began kissing and caressing his way down Bilbo’s body. “I offer my body,” he murmured. “My heart, with each touch.”

“Oh, sweet Yavanna,” Bilbo gasped, threading his hand into long, dark hair as Thorin lavished attention on his chest, stroking and nibbling at his nipples. “Get back up here and kiss me, after saying something like that.” Bilbo arched, whimpering, into Thorin’s mouth after he began alternately suckling and nibbling, and it was so delicious it almost distracted him from his own goal.
He gave Thorin’s hair a firm tug, and Thorin rubbed his head against Bilbo’s hand like a great cat, asking for more.

“Please, Thorin, your mouth for a moment,” Bilbo gasped. “Please.”

“Your wish, âzyungâl,” Thorin murmured, and when Bilbo framed his face with his hands and looked into Thorin’s eyes, they were so blue, blazing with joy.

“It has been some years since I indulged, but I know there have been no kisses as lush as yours,” Bilbo said, his voice unsteady. “No kisses that filled my heart with such light and hope.” His breath caught in his throat the next moment when Thorin’s eyes shone brighter.

“Ghivashel,” he replied, his voice rough. “That is exactly what you have brought to me. Hope. In the unlikeliest of circumstances, you find a way.”

Thorin leaned down for a gentle kiss. “We are taught the rights and duties of marriage, and as we grow older, advice on how to please a spouse,” he whispered, nuzzling his nose against Bilbo’s.

“We are taught, when we come to love, to hold in our hearts that which we hold most dear about them, so that each touch, each kiss is filled with appreciation and joy. I had little hope for many years, least of all, hope for a love of my own. "Light…” his voice broke slightly. “Lightness of spirit and hope, this is part of who you are to me. You show another way when I would falter, Bilbo, when my own past failures and my family’s loom over me like the mountain does, even now. I cannot tell you how much I treasure that.”


Thorin’s answering smile was sweet.

“Come here,” Bilbo murmured, guiding him in. He thought of the things he loved best about Thorin, those he’d admired from afar or discovered as they became closer companions, his fierce stubbornness in wanting the best for his people, his courage, his dry, sly, barely there humor. And his discovery tonight; he had known Thorin possessed a great heart under his sorrow and dark moods, but he had not expected this open, achingly generous lover.

Bilbo did his best to let his joy in Thorin guide his kisses, the way he touched Thorin’s skin, and the thrust of his hands into that thick mane to tug and pull and pet. The difference was remarkable, at least to Bilbo. No longer simply resting within the sensual spell Thorin wove around them, he was adding his own layers of comfort and growing love, and it was a heady thing, caught so together in wonder.

All at once, Thorin gasped his name, a shudder going through him, and melted in Bilbo’s embrace, which caused such a swell of mingled tenderness and desire Bilbo could barely contain it, to have Thorin so pliant and trusting in his arms. He groaned and redoubled his efforts to kiss his convictions into Thorin’s mouth, and the kiss soon became devouring and desperate.

“Bilbo. I feel your heart,” Thorin whispered, voice shaking. “I feel it reaching for mine.” His hands swept over Bilbo as if to make sure he was there, he was real.

“Yes, I do, I am, Thorin, I…” he cried out as Thorin took him in hand and caressed him in one long, luxurious pull. Thorin took his mouth anew in a wild kiss, mouth and hand bringing Bilbo into trembling, panting need.

“Bilbo,” Thorin replied, voice hushed, moving to kiss his cheek. “Bilbo.”
“Mmm?” He dragged his attention away from the lovely things Thorin was doing with his hand and made an effort to focus.

“You wander ever further into my heart. I did not expect. I had hoped...”

It took Bilbo a moment to find his voice. “Yes. Well, you did ask.”

“That I did.”

“And you are more than welcome. In mine.”

Bilbo got a sunrise of a smile for that. “I know.” He leaned in for wine-sweet kisses, earnest enough to cause a joyful tremble in Bilbo’s heart. The hand on his cock moved slowly, slowly, and slightly too light, and Bilbo shifted restlessly against the bed. Thorin pulled away in a series of softly biting kisses, and smiled for him again, this time sly and fond.

“I’m going to taste you now, unless you have any other words words to fill my heart?” he brushed his lips over Bilbo’s, a hair’s breadth away from a kiss, his soft voice dipping deep. “Any other kisses to shake me to my very soul?” His voice and mouth teased, but his eyes did not, when he met Bilbo’s gaze.

“No,” Bilbo drawled unsteadily, cupping his cheek and quirking a smile at him. “No, no no, dearest, please, do go on, don’t mind me.”

Thorin gave him a fond, half-exasperated look. “Mind you? Mind you, oh, beloved, I mind you very much,” Thorin growled softly, giving Bilbo’s cock long, luxurious tugs as he spoke. “I mind the way your hair shines with red and gold in the firelight. I mind the line of your throat when you throw your head back to laugh....”

Bilbo couldn’t help but arch, hips stuttering forward, his head going back on the pillow without thought. “Thorin,” he gasped, and gasped anew when Thorin pressed his mouth to his throat, just under his ear.

“I very much mind, ghivashel, this place on your neck, where I have longed to press my mouth. “ He began to kiss his way down Bilbo’s body. “I mind your skin, which I have longed to touch, knowing it would be like silk under my hands.”

When he reached Bilbo’s belly, he petted and kissed the line of hair from his navel downwards, and slid between Bilbo’s legs, lying flat on the bed, ignoring Bilbo’s cock for the moment to take his hips in hand and nuzzle into the crease of his leg, breathing deep. He turned his head into Bilbo’s thigh to massage and kiss and nip gently, as Bilbo fisted his hands in the sheets and keened, ready to beg, and then Thorin’s tongue, so soft, stroking, stroking, and then his mouth closing gently over his bollocks, and all Bilbo’s words dwindled to whimpering moans.

“I mind,” Thorin said, voice rough as he lipped and kissed, mouth wet, up Bilbo’s cock. “That I have not heard your love-cries until tonight. And I mind most of all, “ he murmured as he eased Bilbo’s foreskin back and circled his thumb over that spot, just under the head, where foreskin met cock, and Bilbo arched nearly off the bed, beyond speech now, letting his cries beg for him.

“What I mind most of all is, fool that I am, I waited so long to ask for you.” He stroked Bilbo and then rubbed again that patch of skin, causing sparks to flash behind Bilbo’s eyes. “And now, I have great need of you, Bilbo,” he said roughly and for a moment, rested his head against his wrist, breathing hard, mastering his own passion. “Great need,” he whispered.

And in the next breath, Thorin’s mouth was on him, slick and so perfect, one hand tight on his hip,
the other splayed possessively across Bilbo’s body. He moved fast and hot, giving no quarter, then abruptly slowed down to swirl his tongue down Bilbo’s length, soften his mouth and caress him with the soft wet silk pouch of his cheek. Bilbo could do no more than pant and keen and cry out, straining to move against Thorin’s solid, restraining hold and all the more determined when he was caught fast.

Thorin growled, approving, urging him on, and took Bilbo in deeply, moving fast and slick, swallowing around him, and Bilbo had the presence of mind to tap Thorin’s hand sharply, warning him. Thorin growled again, tightening his hold on Bilbo, and the deep, resonant hum of it, and Thorin swallowing once again around him, a longing groan following, sent Bilbo over the edge, light white and sparkling in his eyes, his voice broken and shouting out his pleasure.

He stroked over Thorin’s hand on his stomach clumsily as he was ardently licked clean. Thorin threaded their fingers together and rested his great shaggy head on Bilbo’s thigh, breathing hard for a brief moment, before wrenching himself upright to kneel on the bed, his eyes shut tight. As Bilbo watched, still hazy, Thorin pinched the base of his cock hard, and whispered what sounded like a list, hissing through his teeth.

Bilbo stroked Thorin’s thigh with his calf. “Dearest?”

“Do not touch me quite yet, ghivashel. Please. It is more difficult to wait to be with…. .” he swallowed hard. “More difficult than I expected.”

“Shhh,” Bilbo whispered from his boneless sprawl. “Think of trolls.”

Thorin scowled, and then his mouth quirked, then he snorted, ducked his head and laughed silently, his shoulders shaking, before catching a breath and making a sound of pained mirth. He fell forward, bracing himself on his hands above Bilbo, his face bright with laughter.

“You are horrible.”

“I am effective.”

Thorin tilted his head in agreement, mirth still sparkling in his eyes, and leaned in for a kiss. Halfway through, he began chuckling into Bilbo’s mouth, and Bilbo couldn’t help but laugh in reply, and soon they were snickering in one another’s arms.

“Horrible,” Thorin groaned. “And now we will have the memory of trolls tied into this night.”

“Nope, not sorry,” Bilbo grinned, pulling him down for a kiss. “Because I have you here, in my arms, laughing.”

“Ghivashel.” His breath roughened as they continued kissing, and his hands shook as he touched Bilbo.

“Bilbo, I…” Thorin reached underneath the pillow and brought out a small jar.

“Yes,” Bilbo said against his mouth, reluctant to stop kissing. “Yes, please.”

“You, know, I told you, I think,” Thorin panted between kisses. “After. We will be…”


“Yours,” Thorin echoed, and rested his forehead against Bilbo’s temple. “Did I say, I had not hoped to love?” he confessed. “Not for many years.”
Bilbo turned his head to offer a smile. “You did, my love. I had, too. Tucked up with books and maps and respectable armchair adventures. Now here I am.”

“Here you are, with me.” Thorin murmured, his gaze soft with joy, bent to kiss him, smoothed one hand down his body and began to stroke between his thighs, massaging the long muscles of his legs, then upwards, gently, to caress his bollocks. Bilbo shifted against the bed, relaxed but yearning, and then Thorin’s fingers ghosted over his entrance, feather-light, and Bilbo shivered. Thorin’s strokes grew firmer, but no less delightful.

"Have you loved this way, Bilbo?" Thorin asked, his voice dipping deep.

"Years and years ago, yes. Thorn. Please."

Thorin swallowed hard and pressed his forehead against Bilbo’s temple. “Slowly then,” he murmured, kissing Bilbo’s hair as he drew away to open the small jar. When he returned, his fingers were slick with oil as he stroked Bilbo carefully, carefully, and then backed off again to feather light touches that made Bilbo tremble.

“You are a horrible tease.”

“Mmm, but you seem to like it,” Thorin murmured, and slipped his finger just inside. They both sighed, and Thorin nudged at Bilbo’s cheek, and Bilbo turned his face up for a kiss.

Thorin caught all of Bilbo’s sighs with kisses as he worked his first finger inside. He was as lavish with this part of lovemaking as with all others, and Bilbo was left whimpering against his mouth.

“How should we do this, my love?” Thorin murmured.

“You seem. To be. Doing just fine.”

Thorin chuckled and nipped his nose gently.

He sent up a cheeky grin. “I’d prefer to see your face,” Bilbo confessed.

“And I yours,” he said with a sweet smile, and brushed against that spot inside that made Bilbo see sparks, and remained there a moment, brushing that spot in no discernable pattern while Bilbo writhed in his arms, trying...to...

“Oh, you horrible…”

“Horrible?” Thorin relented and stroked that little spot until Bilbo was keening, trying to get more of Thorin inside him, more of that lovely touch. Thorin pulled away to scoop up more oil and came back with two fingers, and Bilbo arched into them on a long, wanting cry.

“Thorin, please.” He pushed back, hard, onto Thorin’s fingers.

“Easy, ghivashel, easy. There is no rush.” Thorin’s voice shook slightly. His breath was hot against Bilbo’s ear.

“Oh, you are completely horri-oh yes, please, that….do that…”

Thorin chuckled.

“Oh and now you’re laughing,” Bilbo gasped. “I see. How it is. In this marriage. All talk. And teasing.”
“I assure you, that is not the case,” Thorin said, low, and gave a few powerful thrusts with his fingers, enough force to move Bilbo slightly up the bed. Heat flashed through Bilbo, heat and light and so much want…

“Oh that, please that,” Bilbo groaned, ablaze, his hips snapping. “Thorin.”

“Soon,” Thorin promised, and took his mouth for a long heady moment, as he scooped up more oil. “I hate to leave you, Bilbo, but I should…”

“I know, I know. Hurry.”

“Never.” Again, his voice was laughing, his eyes were not. Bilbo had a sudden rush of tenderness for him, so much care, so much control. It was humbling.

“Horrible. Horrible. More,” he whispered, and Thorin laughed against his mouth. He slid down the bed after one last kiss, keeping a grounding hand on Bilbo as he settled between his knees. When he had everything (Bilbo, the oil and a small cloth) to his liking, he cast hot eyes up the length of Bilbo’s body.

“Ready, ghivashel? All is still well?”

Bilbo had intended to tease, truly he had, but the look in Thorin’s eye, equal parts desire and love and something, a hint of...Bilbo suddenly recalled Thorin’s words, that he’d given up hope of having love...and that he had mentioned it twice...his heart tangled up his glib tongue and he was hard pressed to do anything but weave his fingers with Thorin’s, and pull their joined hands up to kiss. “Well, and more than well, beloved.”

“Bilbo,” he said softly, and Bilbo could hear the love his voice, and it caught, just under his heart, warmth and light and belonging.

Things were hazy for a long while as Thorin worked those two fingers inside him, relaxing Bilbo until he thought he might be ready for a third, and then he slowed down to a torturously slow, steady roll. Bilbo sighed, pushing slowly against Thorin’s fingers, shivering every so often, feeling cared for and tender and so….

“You fill my heart so full it will burst wide open, Thorin Oakenshield.”

Thorin’s eyes gleamed. “So you said. “ He smoothed his hand up Bilbo’s thigh, reaching for his hand, and tangled their fingers together again as he continued stroking.

“I’m...I’d forgotten how strange but wonderful it feels.”

Thorin brought Bilbo’s hand up to kiss. “I hope...” He closed his eyes tightly, and he swallowed hard. “Seeing how it moves you,” he said, an aching, almost sad softness in his voice. “I...I have...I would...”

“‘May we not be tender with one another?’” Bilbo asked gently.


“You forget how fond hobbits are of delicious things. And you, my dearest....”

“Bilbo,” Thorin whispered, shaking his head, kissed Bilbo’s hand one last time, released him and began to slick himself with oil. “Always finding a way when I falter.”
“We find our way together. Come here, please.”

Thorin knelt on the bed and pulled Bilbo almost into his lap before entering him. It was painful, at first, as it always was, but that soon dissolved away, watching the tenderness and tension in Thorin’s face as he waited for Bilbo to adjust.

His hands shook slightly as they petted over Bilbo’s belly, his thighs, and that little tremor of desire and eager possession...to see Thorin so....Bilbo sighed and arched his back. Such warm hands, large and rough but so....he took Bilbo’s cock in hand to stroke back proud, oil-slick hand so good...Bilbo fought letting his eyes roll back in his head.

“Come here.”

Thorin came to him, braced on his elbows, moving inside him gently, clearly searching out the perfect angle, and Bilbo smoothed his hands across Thorin’s cheeks into his hair and tugged, urging him down for a kiss, which Bilbo delivered with slow, biting precision. And then he tightened around Thorin, who hissed and shuddered, choking off a moan. He tilted his head back and shot Bilbo a look.

“Horrible. Pert.” he gritted through his teeth.

“Effective. And. Not breakable.”

“Hmmm. You seem,” he said, moving lightly once again. “To want more.” Thorin affected great puzzlement, marred somewhat by his shaking voice.

Bilbo planted his feet on the bed and arched in answer. Thorin’s eyes shone, bright with challenge. And so began a slow, protracted battle of who could control the speed of their joining, fraught with much muttered cursing, laughter, and biting kisses, until Thorin suddenly hit that place in Bilbo just right and Bilbo’s head went back on a long, grateful moan. Thorin’s mouth was pressed to his pulse a moment after, and he began to thrust in earnest.

“Oh by all the Valar, finally.” Bilbo groaned.

Thorin laughed darkly and snapped his hips. “Horrible. Impertinent. Darling hobbit,” he snarled and pushed Bilbo halfway up the bed.

Bilbo shuddered all over. “That, my love, that.”

“Yes?”

“Yes, please.”

“Now you’re polite.”

Bilbo put both hands in Thorin’s hair and tugged him down for another pointed moment, pouring every bit of wonder and desire and love he had into each kiss, each touch, each sigh, asking, welcoming and Thorin groaned, heart-deep, in Bilbo’s arms. He pressed his forehead against Bilbo’s for a moment, then looked deeply into his eyes, found the perfect angle again and gave Bilbo...everything.

He became lost in sensation, in warm skin, the silk of Thorin’s hair and the rougher silk of his beard, the scent of cloves and Thorin’s warm musk, his soft, deep sounds of effort and murmurs of approval... the feel of them so closely joined, the slick sweet slide of it, the weight and right of Thorin inside him, above him, the blaze of his eyes in the firelight, so openly admiring, and such love.
in his gaze….it was so….he had said, he *had* said Thorin would fill his heart near to bursting and it was true, so true…oh, and he might never want them to part…

Thorin leaned down for a kiss and to tuck his cheek against Bilbo’s. “I did not know…I had not thought…” Bilbo could hear him swallow hard. “I did not think. You could be further in my heart. Bilbo.” He reached between them as Bilbo’s breath was catching, as his eyes were burning, washed with tenderness.

“But here you are,” he panted, his voice aching, “In the center of my life. And have said you will stay.”

“I will. I will stay. Always.”

“And have me as yours.”

“Yes.”

“And you will be mine.”

“Yes.”

Thorin gasped, shivering,face filled with so much joy. He sped up his strokes and snapped his hips, hard, against Bilbo’s and it was *perfect*.

“My love,” Bilbo breathed, hands, voice, body shaking. “Oh my love.”

“Come. Rise for me, my light, rise with me.”

“Thorin,” Bilbo said, or hoped he did, rising over his peak in a long, sparkling wave, and Thorin joined him a second after, a long, low cry bursting from his lips. Bilbo held tight as they shook together, breathing ragged. Thorin moved to withdraw, and Bilbo made a little growl of negation and hung on. Thorin huffed affectionately, and buried his head back in Bilbo’s shoulder with a pleased sigh.

“Husband,” Bilbo whispered. Thorin, already quite relaxed, seemed to melt just a bit more into Bilbo’s embrace.

“Âyśîthi,” he murmured. Something seemed to loosen, lighten, in Thorin as he named Bilbo thus, and he whispered it several times, kissing his way up Bilbo’s neck to his mouth, and then, naming him one last time, caught his mouth for a sweet, possessive kiss, which became two, and three.

Bilbo wrapped his arms more comfortably around Thorin’s neck and gave over to the joyful plunder, sighing happily. Thorin chuckled into his mouth and snuggled him closer, adding a few soft nips as he ended the kiss.

“We should not sleep like this, ãyśîthi,” Thorin said. “As delicious as you feel.”

“Delicious. You sound like a hobbit.”

“I have enough wit and taste to know delicacy when it is offered,” Thorin said with such seductive intent that Bilbo’s cock tried valiantly to answer.

“Oh, love, I am not faulting your taste at all, just enjoying the possibility of training your palate….”

“Ever only the one I wish to taste,” Thorin growled, flexing his hips slowly. Bilbo threw his head back and groaned, complaining, his hands moving to Thorin’s hair. "Ever only the one I wish to
offer myself."

He arched lazily. "Would that I could, husband, but at the moment..."

“I know. I know.” Thorin’s hands flexed and fisted against Bilbo’s skin. He drew back and nuzzled his nose against Bilbo’s. “I too, am spent. But not yet sated. Not with you in my bed, in my arms. I look forward to our next feasting.”

“As do I. But...what I do look forward to at the moment, is that rest you offered.”

Thorin hummed and kissed Bilbo tenderly as he withdrew, and his expression was equally tender when he pulled far enough away that his hair wasn’t blocking the light. He set about cleaning the both of them up with a small smile.

“So kind,” Bilbo mumbled, heading quickly toward sleep. He reached for Thorin as he eased back into bed.

“We are taught to tend carefully who and what we treasure,” Thorin murmured as he gathered Bilbo against his chest, turned his face into Bilbo’s hair and sighed, content.

“Ghivashel,” Bilbo whispered, not quite able to believe it...no, he believed, the proof was in his arms, but there was a degree, still, of giddiness and surprise and Bilbo was shaken, truly, that the borders of his heart, so carefully tended for a proper hobbit bachelor life, had expanded so to encompass....

“Beloved.” Thorin answered, his hand coming to rest on Bilbo’s hair. “You are thinking very loudly.” He paused a moment. “Is...are you...”

“I am yours,” Bilbo said, speaking over Thorin. “That is what I was thinking. And how changed my life is, especially in these last few hours. Quite welcome.” He snuggled pointedly against Thorin’s side. “Quite comfortable.”

Thorin was quiet a long moment, his hand so gentle on Bilbo’s hair as he stroked it, tender in a way that made Bilbo’s throat tight.

“And I am yours,” he said, voice low and soft, and then paused again for a time, clearly gathering his thoughts.

“My darling husband,” Bilbo kissed Thorin’s chest, then turned so he could kiss Thorin’s forehead, eyelids and mouth. “Rest. You have offered so many loving words and deeds tonight...I hear you, my love. I have heard your heart. Come, rest by me.” When he drew away, Thorin’s smile was deep and sweet and heartbreakingly shy.

“Rest by you,” he murmured, reaching for Bilbo to curl him close. “I like the sound of that.”

“Oh, you think only you’re the one who can offer comfort? The only one who can offer and soft and comfortable bed?”

“Is that so?” Thorin rumbled, maneuvering them so that he was curled around Bilbo. “How will I fit?” He gently poked and prodded at Bilbo, both of them snickering a bit, until they were comfortably entwined.

“Oh, we fit **quite** well, and you know it,” Bilbo replied softly, intending humor, but he met Thorin’s eyes, and it came out entirely different than intended.
Thorin inhaled deeply, long and slow, then sighed, and touched Bilbo’s cheek.

“Beautifully.”

Bilbo took a shaky breath. “Oh don’t you start. We are sleeping, beloved.”

“Do I dream?”

Bilbo nuzzled Thorin’s nose and mouth. “Not yet.”

Thorin’s eyes, drooping and sleepy, were smiling as he ran gentle hands over Bilbo. His caresses slowed as sleep took him, and Bilbo’s last sight as he sank into his own dreams was his smile. His last thought was of love, comfort, and the joy of a new-changed life.

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Chapter End Notes

This fic stretched me in some new ways - my first full-on penetrative m/m sex (oh the research I did) - and more!vulnerable! Thorin. It was good. It was difficult, and there was a great deal of moaning and flouncing on Tumblr, and to my friends who encouraged and petted and said "there, there," thank you.

Hope you enjoy!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!