The Unpredicted

by TheDarkestFallingStar

Summary

Years have passed since the reclaiming of Erebor and Bilbo's ring forgotten…till now.

Sequel to The Unexpected
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Pairing: Bella/Legolas

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Author Note: Okay, the sequel!

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the twilight series and I really don't own any of Tolkien's amazing work.

Third POV

But something happened then the Ring did not intend... It was picked up by the most unlikely creature imaginable... A Hobbit... Bilbo Baggins of the Shire. For the time will soon come when Hobbits will shape the fortunes of all.

Third POV

Bella waited in the tree tops for the familiar sound of Gandalf. Her horse hidden further in the trees so he wouldn't see and suspect that she was here. After all she was not sure that she could make it in time for Bilbo's Party, having to scout near further east and then south near Rohan to see if the rumours were true.

But she had reached the Shire on time and waited.

It was his singing that she heard first followed by the clack of his cart and the smell of old toby on the wind. It had been many years since she had laid eyes upon her friend and what a better way to greet him than to... well not replay their first meeting long ago.
When he was close she jumped from the tree, landing in a crouch on the ground and once again taking him by surprise.

"...in the name of wonder..." Gandalf exclaimed as his horse reared back at the sudden appearance of a figure.

Bella glanced up then, her hood falling back enough for him to see her face and laughed. "Gin suilon, mellon-iaur!"

"Canadriel, you know better than to sneak up on a wizard!" Gandalf scolded before smiling and stepping down from his cart. "It has been too long my friend, I had thought you were too far east to make it. Is Legolas with you or does he not yet know you're closer to home?"

"I was but I made it here in time, I could not miss this. I felt that I would be needed, Legolas will understand." She explained before whistling for her horse, she gave her old friend a smile as she tied her steed to the back of his wagon; saddle bags still full and packed.

Gandalf shook his head and returned to his seat, giving his friend a hand up as he did. "I'm sure he will be pleased, the others could not make it either but they sent along presents and letters with me. Tell me, were the rumours true?"

"Now is not a time to speak of dark tidings Mithrandir, today is a day of merriment. Tomorrow we will speak of the rumours. We best hurry before we are late." She explained while pulling her hood up to a more comfortable position.

Gandalf hummed his agreement and pushed his horse onwards, it was good to see Canadriel again once more and he knew that her kin were going mad with worry over her continued travels, placing herself in danger but he and Legolas knew that she needed to wander... needed to do something to keep her mind occupied.

Even if she wrote little in between.

"I hear someone coming." She whispered unconcerned, she could tell it was a familiar pattern of hobbit feet running towards them.

"Hmm, I suspect it is Frodo." Gandalf replied, slowing his cart down while keeping his ears out for Bilbo's nephew." He always comes to greet me. "The road goes ever on and on, down from the door where it began, now far ahead the road has gone, and I must follow if I can."

Canadriel smiled and moved from the seat and back into the saddle of her horse in two swift moves, making sure to stay behind to watch. She had yet to meet Frodo, but she knew all about the hobbit who Bilbo had adopted after the death of the little ones parents and if he was anything like Bilbo then being what she is would take the young one off guard.

"You're late." A voice piped up in a mock of irritation.

She watched amused as Gandalf came to a stop and slowly turned to face the young hobbit while she sat back slightly behind the shrubs still yet unseen. He was young, she could tell and had the Baggins nose but he looked nothing like Bilbo.

"A wizard is never late! Frodo Baggins." Gandalf spoke, holding in the laughter that wished to escape. "Nor is he early, he arrives precisely when he means to."

The words were teasing and yet a pang had run through her at the memory of long ago, of Bilbo uttering the same words, of her Dwarrow speaking of them as well. It had been too long since she...
had seen them and it hurt her to think of all she had missed. No, she had seen them ten or was it twenty years passed when Fili had married or Kili and Lorelei?

Were they well?

"...you didn't think we'd miss your Uncle Bilbo's birthday? So how is the old rascal? I hear it is going to be a party of special significance?"

Frodo went to reply before a confused frown replaced the smile. "We?" He asked looking around, his eyes settling on a cloaked figure a few paces back.

"Ah yes, it was going to be a surprise. Frodo, this is Lady Canadriel." Gandalf introduced, earning a snort in reply.

Canadriel dismounted her horse and moved to Frodo's side and lowered her hood, a soft smile on her face. "Don't believe a word he says Frodo, I was unsure that I would make it in time. It's a pleasure to finally meet you; Bilbo has spoken at great lengths of you in his letters."

Frodo blinked in awe, his eyes wide and mouth dropped in surprise. It was an elf that stood before him, with dark oak eyes and... his eyes flashed to the gold that rested on her crown, a circlet of swirls and dragons... beads resting carefully tended on her shoulder. It was then what Gandalf said clicked.

"Lady Canadriel? You mean you are the elf that went with Bilbo, who talked him from his home and on the quest?" He asked excited, he had met a few of the company that his uncle spoke of but he was always curious and eager to meet Canadriel.

Bella scoffed. "I did no such thing; I just gave him... a polite shove out the door is all."

"We best continue on our way, I am sure that by now Bilbo will be looking for you Frodo. You did never answer my question..." Gandalf nudged, while puffing on his pipe. Bella cast him a look before huffing a laugh and swinging back into her saddle, making sure to stay by the cart's side this time.

"You know Bilbo he's got the whole place in an uproar." Frodo explained with a laugh.

"Well that should please him." Gandalf laughed in reply, casting a look over at Canadriel.

They crested the hill and Bella felt her breath hitch in her throat as she took in the splendour of the Shire. It had not changed much in the last sixty years from when she had set her eyes upon in, still as green as she remembered. Still as warm and inviting with the smells of fresh turned earth and cooling pies. But now she could see the children running and laughing, hear the songs of the Hobbits... could feel the peace settle over her.
But she could sense something that seemed to damper the peace, a darkness that should not belong. With a shake of her head she turned her attention back to the hobbit and the wizard, away from such thoughts.

"To tell you the truth, Bilbo has been acting a bit odd lately." He looks at Gandalf concerned. "I mean, more than usual. He's taken to locking himself in his study. He spends hours and hours poring over old maps when he thinks I'm not looking. He's up to something."

Canadriel and Gandalf share a look, one of knowing and one of concern. Frodo cast a look between the two, narrowing his eyes in suspicion as they look away.

"All right then, keep your secrets!" He huffed causing Gandalf to splutter and cast an innocent look down.

"Whatever do you mean my boy?"

Frodo's brows rose. "I know you have something to do with it."

Canadriel smothered her snickers at Gandalf's affronted 'Good gracious me.'

"Before you came along we Bagginses were very well thought of." Frodo continued with a mock put on poshness. We never had any adventures, or did anything unexpected."

"If you're referring to the incident with the dragon, I was barely involved. All I did was invite a company of Dwarrow to his door, it was Lady Canadriel who talked him into coming." Gandalf explained indignantly earning a snort from Canadriel, her eyes twinkling in the shadows of her hood.

"If I remember correctly Mithrandir and I do, it was you who turned up inviting him on an adventure and being turned away in the same moment. You did indeed show up with a company of Dwarrow with the impersonation that Bilbo agreed. Poor Bilbo was in a right state from what I can recall." Bella teased though to Gandalf he could hear the strain in her voice, the shadow of grief at the memory.

"Well..." He trailed off.

Frodo unknowing of the true happenings of that night laughed. "Whatever you did, you've been officially labelled as a 'disturber of the peace.'

For once Gandalf was thankful for the obliviousness of some hobbits. "Oh really?"

His eyes caught the glares of the elder hobbits tending to their gardens as they slowly moved past them, their eyes lingering on him for a second longer before shooting wary looks up at the cloaked figure. Another big folk, with weapons and a bow!
The nervous looks were the ones that Bella caught and she subtly let her bow drop from her back and to her saddle bag with her sword, throwing her cloak hem over it to hide it further. There was not much she could do about the daggers or the quiver on her back… or the Warhammer on the other side.

A gift from Balin and Dwalin when she left after Fili's wedding, it was finely made and made from the broken shaft of Bifur's boar spear.

Squeals of laughter knocked Canadriel back into the now, her lips tilting up in a soft smile as she took in the children that giggled happily behind them, their eyes wide and in awe of the poppers Gandalf had let off. Her hand strayed to her stomach in thought, her and Legolas had yet to create a life, a child of their own but they both agreed now was not the time…

Not with so much danger in the world, the orcs had been increasing in numbers. Reports of legions in the south and east amassing and growing in number, she herself had seen the black gates and the fire that shone behind them, the pirates that gathered even further down in the bays.

No, now was not the time.

"It will be good to see Bilbo again." She spoke, her eyes trained on the ever nearing Bag End. "It has been too long and my memory fails me sometimes."

"He will be glad to see you as well Canadriel, do not despair so. The company have missed you, he has missed you but they understand. Come, we're here." Gandalf explained trying to comfort her, his lips twitching in a smile as he took in the sign on the gate.

NO ADMITTANCE, EXCEPT ON PARTY BUSINESS

Bella huffed a laugh as she dismounted and tied the reigns to Gandalf's cart once more and followed him up the path to the green door, her eyes landing on the faded rune scratched into the green paint. He had kept it.

Gandalf knocked the door with three loud thwacks with the end of his staff and waited, his brows going up in amusement at the muffled voice on the other side.

"No thank you! We don't want any more visitors, well-wishers or distant relations!"

A frown pulled at Bella's brows as she stepped to the side so it would be Gandalf that was seen first, her mind in a state of unease. She knew it had been a long time since she had last heard Bilbo's voice but there was no sign of age, no frail lit to his words. She watched and she waited as the green door opened and the unease turned into confused horror, the hobbit before her and buried in Gandalf's arms had aged some yes, but he did not look his age either.

Now more than ever she could sense the darkness that clung to her friend's skin… could see it shroud him and smother him.
"Come on, come in!" Bilbo gestured with a laugh, brushing off the concern he saw in his old friends face.

Gandalf shook his worries away and stood once more. "But would you not like to greet your other guest? They came all this way to surprise you."

Bilbo paused and frowned, his eyes going from Gandalf's smiling face to the figure off to the side that he gestured to. His heart jumped in his throat as he took in the elven cloak, with familiar stitching that he had not seen for many years now… tears pooled in his eyes, his hand flying to his mouth in shock as the figure lowered their hood to reveal pointed ears, coal black hair and a familiar face.

"Canadriel?" He asked, hand reaching out in disbelief and hope.

Hope that the apparition before him was indeed his elven friend, the very one he had not seen since he had left Erebor on the second time after Fíli's wedding… had not heard from in the past five years as she had once again traveled to a place that would take too long for letters.

Oh he had forgotten how beautiful she was… even more so now that Grief no longer clung to her.

Bella smiled and knelt down, opening her arms for him. "Hello Bilbo, it has been too long mellon-iaur."

The greeting was all it took for Bilbo to snap out of his shock and throw himself into her arms, squeezing her with all his strength. "Oh this is a wonderful surprise, when did you get back? Come in and have some tea, have you seen Frodo?"

"Calm Bilbo. I just arrived in the Shire today, yes I have met Frodo he had come to greet Gandalf and met the both of us." She laughed while removing her cloak once she stepped inside.

Bilbo nodded with a smile, taking the weapons from her and her cloak before resting them neatly on his mother's Glory box before shuffling them into the kitchen. He missed the surprised look upon her face as he began to gather everything for tea and an early afternoon lunch.

The Smial was not what it once was, no longer were the floors in pristine condition, no organisation but a clutter of books and maps… parchments stacked in every hallway and corner that she could see. No, it was not the Smial of the hobbit before the quest but… it saddened her heart so to see Bilbo's home in such disarray. The quest had indeed changed him more than she had thought.

She shared a look with Gandalf as he rested his hat and staff in another corner, following him into the room that was once used to feed a company of Dwarrow many years ago. Her eyes fell to the familiar map mounted and half hidden under a pile of others, her fingers trailing softly as laughter and songs from her memories floated through and over Bilbo's voice.

Thorin's angry voice echoed in the air, Ori's shout of 'straight up their jacksies' and the laughter… Oh… Her fingers trailed the wear and tear of the map so lovingly looked after, completely missing the concerned looks from Gandalf and Bilbo until a banging reached her ears.

"Bilbo! Bilbo Baggins! I know you're in there!"

"I'm not at home!" Bilbo whispered as he pressed himself against the wall and snuck to the window. "It's the Sackville-Bagginses. They're after the house!"

Bella shifted and moved further into the house as her hand carefully went to her side where her sword would usually be and let it drop as Bilbo scurried back into the kitchen and to the hearth.
"They've never forgiven me for living this long. I've got to get away from these confounded relatives hanging on the bell all day…" The hobbit growled, taking Bella by surprise at the anger in there. Her eyes cast down at her friend in concern. "I want to see mountains again, Gandalf – mountains; and then find somewhere where I can rest. In peace and quiet, without a lot of relatives prying around. I might find somewhere where I can finish my book."

"So you plan to go through with it then?" Gandalf asked as he shifted in the small seat, eyes flickering up from Bilbo to Canadriel and back again.

"Plan?" She asked and pulled a stool closer to the table, lifting the lid of the teapot for Bilbo. "Is this what Frodo suspects? Because he does suspect something."

Bilbo waved off Canadriel with a flick of his wrist before turning to put the kettle back over the fire. "Of course he does, he's a Baggins, not some blockheaded Bracegirdle from Hardbottle."

"You will tell him won't you, he's very fond of you." Gandalf murmured, ignoring the glare Bella sent his way at the interruption.

"I know, he'd probably come with me if I asked him to. I think in his heart Frodo's still in love with the Shire, the woods, the fields and the little rivers…" He trailed off with a sigh, his shoulder hunching as he fingered the ring in his pocket. "I am old Gandalf. I know I don't look it, but I'm beginning to feel it in my heart. I feel thin, sort of stretched like butter scraped over too much bread. I need a holiday, a very long holiday. And I don't expect that I shall return. In fact, I mean not to."

Canadriel's eyes closed with the pang of grief before she too slumped forward in exhaustion, her hand twirling the spoon in her tea. "Then I shall accompany you, to wherever you see fit to go Bilbo… Legolas will understand, he could meet us as well in Rivendell or we could go see the Lonely Mountain once more."

"Oh, that makes my worries ease. I would like to trace our steps to Rivendell, maybe see Thorin's Halls in the Blue Mountains. Yes… that would be nice, thank you." He replied with a faraway look. "I do miss them sometimes."

"I miss them too Bilbo, but we will see them again."

Author Note: Okay… wooo… The start of TU's sequel… this is going to be so hard for me and heart breaking because the original Company won't be heavily in it, mentions or brief snippets. Glóin of course will be in Rivendell… Legolas duh… but the others? hmm we'll see…
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Pairing: Bella/Legolas

Summary: Years have passed since the reclaiming of Erebor and Bilbo's ring forgotten… Till now.

Author Note: Okay, the sequel!

BTW I should mention "Italics" are the elves speaking in their native tongue Sindarin. "Bold Italics" is when they are speaking in Khuzdul. Italics without the "-" is thoughts either thinking to one another or general thought.

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Third POV

Bilbo puffed at his pipe calmly as he looked out over the shire, the lights and tents that had been set shone in the darkness. He could smell the foods and the ales, could hear the laughter as his kin and the rest of Hobbiton sung as they prepared.

"I did not think she would come." Bilbo admitted softly to the wizard. "I had not heard from her in so long, she looks just as I remember her and that bothers me Gandalf."

Gandalf sighed and exhaled the smoke he had just breathed in and nodded. "Their passing was hard on her and every year the grief took hold once more as she watched everyone Aging. I think it was the announcement of Bifur's death and Fili's firstborn that struck her and reminded her of the passing of time."

"It must be lonely and so painful to lose all those you love." He murmured casting a look up to his old friend and seeing the sadness reflected back.

"It is. I hope that the journey she takes with you will help her. Legolas will not admit it but he fears for her, she's not as bright as she used to be and he fears grief will take hold if she were to lose anymore of her kin." Gandalf explained, casting a look through the open door behind him to make sure Canadriel was not there.

Thankfully she was still bathing and getting ready.
Bilbo nodded and blew a perfect smoke ring. "Hopefully my old friend, this will be a night to remember."

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Bella laughed as she clapped along to the music, her eyes watching the hobbits dance and be merry. She let her worries drift to the back of her mind as she focused on the now but oh how she wished her kin could be here, that her husband could be here for she knew they would enjoy it.

"Come Canadriel, you can't just sit here." Gandalf laughed as he danced his way over to her, lighting another fireworks on his way.

It screamed to the sky and exploded into thousands of brilliant colours, lightening the fields with their glow. Oh how long has it been since she saw such beauty?

"No, Gandalf. Go and enjoy, entertain the children with your fireworks and let me bask in this merriment." She explained before cocking her head to the side and smiling. "Or perhaps I will go and join Bilbo in his tale."

Gandalf laughed and watched as Canadriel twirled in and out of the dancing hobbits with a grace
only an elf could have as she made her way towards Bilbo and the children. Her Durin blue dress spun brilliantly, the golds and gemstones catching the light and casting their own in the movement; hypnotising the hobbits she passed. Though sadness and worry still clung to his old friend, she seemed to be enjoying her time amongst the hobbits.

"May I join you Bilbo?" Bella asked with a soft smile, interrupting the story and chuckling as the children gasped at her.

"Are you an elf?" A little hobbit lass asked in awe, her green eyes wide.

Bella nodded and cast her a smile as she sat cross-legged next to her friend. "Indeed I am *Mim'ibin.*" (Little Gem.)

If Bilbo was taken by surprise at hearing Khuzdul slipping from her lips he didn't show it. But oh, it had been many years since he had heard the language of dwarves and it reminded him of good times.

"In fact… I was there on the quest with Bilbo." She whispered, leaning forward closer to the children as if she were telling them a secret. "It was Bilbo who saved us, teaching them how to properly cook us!"

The children gasped in outrage, their eyes turning onto him with horror. He couldn't help but splutter and turn his eyes onto his friend and huffing. "Why I never. I was stalling for time; they were contemplating on if they were going sit on us one by one and squash us into jelly or turn us on a spit."

"Of course, how silly of me to forget. They were arguing on how to cook us but Bilbo delayed them, he spoke to them and got them to argue amongst themselves over it. A hobbit knows how to cook food you know." She whispered, laughing as the children nodded vigorously. "Well they spent so much time arguing that they missed the sun's first light cracked open over the top of the trees…"

The children sat with rapt attention, waiting for what was to come next. Bilbo and Bella exchanged sly glances and though Bilbo remained seated; Bella shot to her feet with a loud jump and then freezing on the spot sending the kids sprawling back in fright and then laughter as they took in her frozen silly face, Bilbo finished the rest of his tale.

"Of course you modified our adventures for the children." She chuckled as she sprawled on the grass once the children left to gather around Gandalf for his smaller poppers. "I do hope you write what truly happened like you were planning."

"I had to. When Drogo and Primula passed… Frodo was so sad and terrified; the only thing that seemed to make him sleep was telling him of my adventure." Bilbo explained, smiling down at the elf at his feet. "He will learn the truth in time, when the book is finished."
"I know it hurt you to leave Thorin, Bilbo." She whispered as she took in the sad features.

Bilbo shook his head and sighed. "It would not have worked out, I was not his One."

"And yet he loves you anyway but I understand. Your place was here amongst the green things of Yavanna with your nephew at your side and all the comforts in Arda. His is with his mountain and his people; you would not have thrived in the darkness like the Dwarrow do." The cheer was no longer in the air around them as they remembered a time not long ago.

It was not known that Bilbo and Thorin had loved one another, she and Legolas had seen that as had Gandalf too probably and Dís. But Bilbo seemed to wilt under the shadows of the mountains in his time there, so they let go of one another and Thorin had let his tears spill in the sanctuary of his room.

She remembered holding him as he cried and prayed to his maker that they could be once their time came.

With a clap Bilbo shot to his feet, shaking the grief and regret from his shoulders and turned to his friend once more. "Let's get a drink shall we?"

"Yes lets." She quickly agreed, thankful for the change of topic and hopped to her feet.

"Bilbo!" A voice called out and Bilbo turned and smiled at the hobbit lass, gesturing for Canadriel to go forth without him while his eyes followed the massive brood of children. "Mrs Bracegirdle, how nice to see you. Welcome welcome. Are all these children yours?"

The woman nods with a smile and Bilbo blinked and blushed. "Good gracious you have been productive!"

Bilbo!

At the sound of the familiar annoyed screech of his cousin yelling his name sent him into a flurry of action, practically colliding into Frodo in his haste to flee pointing behind him. "Sackville-Bagginses! Quickly! Hide!"

Bella stepped out of the shadows and twirled, the cloak she wore easily flinging over the two hobbits and hiding them. Her long sleeves of her dress did the rest as she pulled them flush to her body just in time to see two old hobbits glare over at her after they scanned the tent and left in a huff when they did not find who they were looking for.

"I don't know how you do that." Bilbo replied from beneath the cloths, laughing at his nephews red face. "But thank you Canadriel."

"A secret dear Bilbo, it's been a while since I have come to your aid. I do apologise Frodo for my manhandling, Bilbo is used to it but I needed to be quick." Bella replied to the elder and apologised to the younger. "If you'll excuse me I do believe Gandalf is calling for me."

Frodo frowned at the sudden departure of the elf and turned to face his uncle. "I didn't hear Gandalf."

Bilbo laughed softly as he cast a look out towards the party and back to Frodo. "You're a good lad Frodo… I'm very selfish you know."

Frodo cast his uncle a confused frown, his mouth opening to object only to snap it shut when Bilbo continued. "Yes, I am. Very selfish. I don't know why I took you in after your mother and father died, but it wasn't out of charity. I think it was because, of all my numerous relations, you were the
one Baggins that showed real spirit."

"Bilbo have you been at the Gaffers homebrew?" Frodo asked with a confused frown, he had been acting strange for months now but even more so tonight.

"No. Well yes, b–but that's not the point. The point is, Frodo..." He trailed off suddenly, his words halting in his throat. "You'll be alright."

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In a smaller tent two young hobbits passed the upright lit firework from side to side between each other in panic as they argued whose fault it was and who had to take it, neither one noticing the wick growing shorter and shorter till the blast sent them tumbling to the ground as it screamed to the sky.

The partying hobbits ooh'd and ahh'd as it lit up the sky but Bella's breath hitched and a scream lodged in her throat as the familiar shape of a dragon lit up the sky. She tried to reason that it was a firework, tried to hold the memories at bay but she couldn't.

"Bilbo! Bilbo! Watch out for the dragon!" Frodo warned as he tried to pull his uncle away.

Bilbo shook his head. "Nonsense, there hasn't been… dragon… Moriel!"

Cries of dying Dwarrow and Men reached her ears, the smell of brimstone and burnt flesh overpowered the smell of food and ale as she watched the dragon swoop closer to the ground, her eyes following its path till they locked onto Bilbo's frame.

"BILBO!" She screamed, halting those around her and drawing Gandalf's, Bilbo's and Frodo's attention.

She didn't notice as she pushed through the mass of bodies, knocking many hobbits over and the tables to reach her friend. She would not lose another, not to dragon fire, not again. Light burst out
from her body as she reached them, curling around them both and clenched her eyes shut for the impact of the beast or the familiar lick of flames on her flesh.

But nothing came, no cry, no pain… nothing.

Her breaths came out in sharp bursts, her arms falling as she felt Bilbo's steadying hand upon her back and soothing voice. "It was just a firework Moriel." Bilbo soothed, hoping the familiar name would bring her back. "That's it. Frodo be a good lad and go get her a barrel of Bolger's moonshine."

"Will she be okay? What happened?" Frodo asked once he was able to pull himself free from her grip.

Bilbo nodded. "Moriel has faced dragons my boy, horrible things and sometimes she forgets herself lost in those bad memories. Go on, quickly now."

While Bilbo led Moriel away from the watching crowd, Gandalf stalked over to the two hobbits responsible for setting off the firework he had in his cart. He was of course at first going to light it later when Bilbo told his tales but that plan changed when Moriel had turned up.

He grasped the ears of the two tweens and stared down at them as they cast a look up. "Meriadoc Brandybuck and Peregrin Took! I might have known. You caused great grief by lighting that firework, a great grief and for now you will begin washing up all the dishes until I speak to your mothers or Bilbo himself."

Pippin and Merry cringed and dropped their heads as much as they can before whining in pain as Gandalf dragged them over to the washbasins and sat down to keep an eye on them both, he gave the two tweens a sharp look before turning his eyes to Canadriel and Bilbo.

"Bilbo, go and be merry, worry not for me I am fine now." She explained to the fussing hobbit. "You are Mother Henning and I am worried that Dori has somehow replaced you."

"Be bother and confusticate you Moriel Dwarrowfriend, still after all these years you have a Dwarrow's stubbornness." Bilbo huffed after shoving another drink into her hand and fussing around her.

Bella huffed and shot the younger hobbit an amused look as he watched the scene before him. "Yes and I also have the stubbornness of a Took and the determination of a Baggins. You do recall this right?"

Frodo blinked in surprise at this news and watched as Bilbo seemed to blush as the elf – Lady Canadriel or was it Moriel? – pulled a braid out from behind her ear to show a familiar acorn bead. Bilbo sighed and nodded, a soft fond smile on his face as he gently thumbed the bead he had Balin make for her.
"Okay, I will return to the party." He sighed, admitting defeat. "I shan't be too much longer."

She watched as Frodo and Bilbo merged back into the crowd, greeting and laughing to whatever their kin had said. She knew that whatever Bilbo had planned would cause chaos, a big finale to this night and she couldn't wait to see it. Thankfully her bags had been packed and her horse resaddled waiting at the Green Dragon with the Pony she acquired for Bilbo before making her way here.

_I shall meet you at Bilbo's Mithrandir..._ She thought to her old friend while standing, casting her eyes over the field before sinking back into the shadows just as "SPEECH! SPEECH!" erupted from the party. She moved quickly and silently, pausing at the edge of the field in anticipation and unease as the darkness seemed to loom once more.

Bilbo smiled and shifted on the balls of his feet as he cast a look down at the hobbits before him. "My dear Bagginsees, and Boffins, Tooks and Brandybucks... Grubbs, Chubbs, Hornblowers, Bolgers, Bracegirdles and Proudfoots..." He greeted, wincing with each scream of the families called, rolling his eyes as someone corrected him to Proudfeet.

"Today is my one hundred and eleventh birthday. Yes, and alas...Eleventy–one years is far too short a time to live among such excellent and admirable Hobbits!" He shouted, his eyes casting over the applauding hobbits. He felt so tired all of a sudden, so lost amongst his own people that it took him off guard. He had not felt this way in a long time, being amongst his kin and yet so isolated. "I don't know half of you half as well as I should like; and I like less than half of you as well as you deserve."

The hobbits applause died down, each casting everyone around them a look in confusion while Bilbo, Bella and Gandalf smiled on, though their amusement turned to worry as Bilbo seemed to cast a confused look around while he stammered and struggled to find his next words.

Frodo felt his smile slip as Bilbo took something from his pocket and whispered to himself, a sense of unease building in his throat as his Uncle clased his hands behind his back.

"I regret to announce, this is the end. I am going now. I bid you all a very fond farewell." He announces before casting a look to Frodo, hesitation stilling his tongue before he sighed and steeled himself. "Goodbye."
Gasps could be heard as he disappeared from view. Frodo cast a look around his head swinging from one side to the other to see if Bilbo reappeared but saw nothing. He cast another look towards where he saw Gandalf to be but found empty space and then again to where he and Bilbo left the lady elf only to find her gone as well. He hopped to his feet as he turned to rush towards Bag End only to be waylaid by relatives.

Bilbo laughed to himself as he snuck back up to Bag End, his whole frame shaking with the force of them as he slipped inside his home and pulling the ring from his finger. Oh how it has been a long time since he was able to feel this light, to prank another being.

He flicked the ring and caught it in the air before placing it back into the pocket of his weskit, he had things to pack and an elf to find.

"I suppose you found that terribly clever." Gandalf scolded as Bilbo walked into the sitting room, his face stern.

"Come now, Gandalf! Did you see their faces?" Bilbo scoffed as he pulled out his old bag and placed the candles he grabbed from the front table inside.

"I told you long ago Bilbo Baggins rings of power are not one to idly mess with." Moriel stated firmly as she stepped into the room, her own pack she left here ready on her shoulder while another full of what Bilbo would need in her hand.

Gandalf turned and stared at her in disbelief. "You knew about this?"

"He found it in the mountains… how odd that it seemed to slip my mind so easily…" She trailed off with a frown and shook her head.

"Oh, it was just a bit of fun… but then again you both are always right." Bilbo sighed dejectedly as he moved passed them to gather his pipe from atop the hearth. "You will keep an eye on Frodo for me won't you Gandalf?"

"Two eyes, as often as I can spare."

Bilbo nodded and moved over to the shelving he left his book on. "I've left him everything of course."

"What about this ring of yours? Is that staying too?" Gandalf asked his eyes following his old friend critically.

"Yes… yes… it's in the envelope on the mantelpiece." He waved him off before pausing as he felt Moriel place her hand gently on his arm.
"It's still in your pocket Bilbo." She whispered softly in concern, his hand flying to it in a blink and frowning in confusion. Since when was it in his pocket, he could have sworn he put it in the envelope?

He took the small gold band and caressed it with his fingers, even now it was warm and it still shone as bright as it did when he first found it. It was his. "Odd… Isn’t— isn’t that odd now. Yet after all why not, why shouldn't I keep it?"

Gandalf and Canadriel shared a concerned look, the former taking a step forward towards the old hobbit. "I think you should leave the ring behind Bilbo. Is that so hard?"

Bilbo jerked away from the shine of the ring and towards Gandalf with a slight hiss. "Well no— and — yes… Now it comes to it, I don't feel like parting with it. It's mine, I found it! It came to ME!"

"Bilbo!" Bella's voice cracked across the room, power flaring out from her voice and knocking him from his dark and possessive thoughts. "This is not you."

"No you—you're right… I just saw gold… but it's mine… my precious." He whispered sending alarm down both Gandalf's and Canadriel's spine for two different reasons.

The name he had called the ring struck a chord in Gandalf, he knew the ring had been called that before but could not recall who said it or when… It alarmed him how entrapped Bilbo was to the ring and the power it seemed to hold while Canadriel flashed back to the mountain, to Thorin. Her hand pressed down upon Bilbo's head and let her light flare through him, chasing away the tendrils of darkness in his mind. She will not allow another of her friends succumb to Gold sickness, not again and not to a hobbit. "We must part, before the night grows late or before young Frodo comes looking for you."

Bilbo shook himself and blinked up at her before nodding. "Yes, yes you are quite right."

He shoved the last of his stuff into his bag and swung it over his shoulder, blinking in surprise when Sting was handed to him once more. Bella huffed a laugh and helped him strap it to him once more before hoisting his bag on his shoulders.

"I'll meet you outside." She whispered before grabbing her pack and the one she packed for Bilbo and made haste out the door, giving Gandalf a look over her shoulder as she did so. She would let him deal with it.

Like the night many years before she found herself staring out over the rolling hills of the shire and at the stars in the skies above, tuning out the voices from the smial behind her. Her eyes drifted shut as she pressed her hand to where her heart lie and pushed all the grief to the back of her mind. She won't let it win tonight.

"Are you ready?" Bilbo asked, watching and fiddling with his walking stick.

"Always Bilbo. Time for another adventure."

Author Note: Well as you can see I changed some things, kept some things, blended Unexpected in with this…
The Fellowship of the Ring III

**Title:** The Unpredicted

**Pairing:** Bella/Legolas

**Summary:** Years have passed since the reclaiming of Erebor and Bilbo's ring forgotten… Till now.

**Author Note:** Okay, the sequel!

**BTW I should mention** "**Italics**" are the elves speaking in their native tongue Sindarin. "**Bold Italics**" is when they are speaking in Khuzdul. **Italics without the "-"** is thoughts either thinking to one another or general thought.

**Disclaimer:** I do not own any of the twilight series and I really don't own any of Tolkien's amazing work.

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**Third POV**

When Canadriel and Bilbo had left, Gandalf had turned his attention to the small band upon the ground at his feet. It sat innocently against the hardwood floor but it made his stomach lurch with unease and yet… yet he felt a pull and before he knew what he was doing Gandalf felt his finger brush against the simple band before jerking back in horror as a flash of light burst in his mind.

He let his feet move him towards the sitting room and lit his pipe as he stared down into the hearth and reflected over the evening and all Bilbo has said.

"My precious…"

"Riddles in the dark." He murmurs to himself, puffing at his pipe and deep in thought.

Frodo raced towards Bag End, his worries forgotten for the time being due his night of drinking and calming down the guests. "Bilbo! Bilbo!" He cried merrily while opening Bag End's door.

But his happiness did not last as his toe hit something cool and small, his eyes drawing down to the small band that he knew belonged to Bilbo. With a frown he picked the ring up and cast his eyes towards the figure in the chair to see Gandalf.

"He's gone, hasn't he?" He asked Gandalf with hurt lacing his tone. "He talked for so long about leaving… I didn't think he'd really do it. Gandalf?"

Gandalf tore his eyes away from the hearth and to the gold band once more. "Oh, Bilbo's ring. He's gone to stay with the Elves after his trip with Canadriel. He's left you Bag End...along with all his possessions."

Frodo frowned and watched as Gandalf shuffled the papers before him before dropping the ring into the envelope that Gandalf held out for him. Something was wrong, he could see that, could sense it in the air as he watched the wizard seal the letter with wax.

"The Ring is yours now." He explained, practically shoving the envelope in Frodo's hands while getting up to gather his things. "Put it out of sight."
Frodo took the envelope clumsily while following Gandalf from the room in confusion. "Where are you going?"

"I have some things I have to attend to." He explained while gathering his staff and hat before making his way to the door.

"What things?"

Gandalf paused and turned back to the young hobbit. "Questions… Questions that need answering."

"You've only just arrived!" He shouted chasing after the wizard. "I don't understand."

He pauses at the doorway once more, bending down to place his hand upon Frodo's shoulders. "Neither do I. Keep it Secret. Keep it Safe."

XX

The next few days, weeks and years had Gandalf going from one place or another. He had travelled to Rohan and Rivendell, Lothlórien and now he was finally making his way pass Dale and to the great Library of Erebor. If he could not find what he needed here then he must make haste to Minas Tirith, he just hoped that Frodo kept the ring safe.

"I did not expect to see you wizard." A voice greeted, knocking Gandalf from his thoughts.
"Thorin." He greeted, coming to a stop in the halls before the Library. He took stock of the king under the mountain and was surprised to see that Black hair had finally turned into the brilliant sheen of Mithril, his shorn beard now grown and braided… but he looked worn...

Thorin tipped his head up in greeting, his brow cocking in question. "It came by surprise when I was informed that a wizard made haste towards the library, what is wrong Tharkûn?"

"I'm looking for information to answer a question that has been plaguing me these past few years. I have travelled to Rohan, Rivendell, Lothlórien and so on but here and Minas Tirith are the last places. If what I seek is not here then I must venture to the south." Gandalf explained. "It is of great importance."

"Then you shall be free to roam my library Gandalf, but first…” Thorin trailed off, his brows pulling down in thought.

Gandalf sighed sadly as he guessed at what Thorin was asking. "I saw Canadriel at Bilbo's birthday, I had hoped she would be here or has been here but it seems that she has been waylaid once more. She promised to escort Bilbo on an adventure and perhaps they did indeed travel to the Blue Mountains first."

Thorin felt relief crash into him at the news. "Good, Legolas could not give me any news on her whereabouts and we had become worried. Dwalin will be pleased to hear she is well, it's taken Dís and I to keep him at bay so he would not go and look for her."

"I think she cannot bear to see your age Thorin and be reminded of how little time you've got left. As much as it hurts her to stay away, I think it will hurt her more to see you all wither by time." He tried to console but the dwarf king couldn't help but let his eyes slide shut as sadness crept up on him.

"Legolas explained as much when we saw him last, he has not taken the separation well and we have had him here many nights for comfort we used to give our sister. I know that she does this to spare more grief from Legolas. We all bore witness to his reaction when she fell ill at the news of Bifur's, Bard's, Belnar and Balnar's passing." Thorin sighed before rubbing his eyes with the palm of his hand. "I'll leave you be to do your research Tharkûn, just see us before you leave."

"I will and if you have letters for Moriel, I will deliver them to the Rangers on my way. They will know where she is.” He offered, earning a smile of gratitude in return.

XX
Bella cast a look out over her home, eyes trained to the east where her husband and kin resided. She could feel something shifting in the air, something heavier and darker that would irrevocably change their lives. Her hand raised and rubbed at the aching spot over her heart as she shifted her gaze from the skies to the stone paths of her home.

"Another night I have come to find you here my lady." A smile tugged at her lips as she turned to greet the late night visitor.

"And how many times must I tell you to call me by my name Aragorn or would you prefer I call you Estel once more?" She teased, huffing a laugh as he grimaced and took up a spot beside her. "And I cannot sleep for I feel something in the air, I long for the east and yet I'm tugged here."

Aragorn nodded and pulled out the letters he had stashed in his coat. "I was given these today by one of the Rangers, they were delivered by Mithrandir."

Bella's eyes snapped to the letters in his hand, her heart racing as she saw the familiar runes of her kin and the seals of the King. Her husband's letter sat on the top of the pile, his script still as messily scrawled as ever. She took them with shaking hands, her eyes nearly widening at the weight to them. When was the last time she had written to her brothers? To her beloved?

"I am a horrible sister and wife." She whispered pained, clutching the letters close to her heart. "I have run from my fears and my grief under the guise of protecting them but all I have done is hurt them."

"I know Legolas understands Canadriel, he comes this way often and sometimes with me to train or help. He has watched over your family for you, has told me tales of their days and what has passed. He misses you yes, but he understands, they understand." Aragorn replied strongly, his hands going out to grasp hers; to make her believe him. "Do not waste time; enjoy all that they can give you."

Her eyes shot to his as the sadness seemed to seep through, her eyes drifting to the pendant that was carefully hidden beneath his cloak. "Take your own advice Bâhaê."

Aragorn sighs and shook his head, taking a step back. "My lord Elrond…"
"My brother cannot see past his own selfish grief. Arwen reminds him much of my sister and he… We have lost too much of our family, we have suffered too much grief but it is not his decision to make. If you let this go, you will regret it for the rest of your days. It is you who is undecided for I know my Telellë has made her decision, she just waits on you." She stressed, placing the letters to the side while grasping his face, forcing him to look at her. "Now go rest."

She turned her back upon him and turned her attentions to the letters. Three were missing and it concerned her to see that Balin, Ori and Óin had not written to her.

Gilgalad nín,

When I had received word that Gandalf had seen you it filled my heart with gladness and shook away the fears. Oh how I have missed you Meleth nín, Hú nín, but I know that what you seek and what you are doing is of great importance.

I understand meleth nín, let me tell you that to ease the worries you must surly have. We have time to love and grow together but our Kin do not. I do not tell you this to worry you, but to remind you that I am here, I am watching after them for you.

Thorin relayed what Gandalf had told him, I have even received a letter from Bilbo – though I assume you did not know this – and he has told me of your travels. I worry my love, from what he has told me… you are not as you once was and I fear that the grief still clings to you so.

Le Melin, Moriel of Erebor, keeper of my heart and I shall wait patiently for when I can see you next.

Legolas

She felt the tears pool in her eyes as she read her loves letter, she knew he was not one to write his words down or expressed his love in such a way… there is never enough words to say or write to describe and tell you how much I love you… but he still wrote his love and assurances and she has never loved him more that he has stayed to look out for her kin.

The next letter was Dwalin's.

Namad,

You have driven me to become white with worry!

I'm not one for words, I am not Balin but I have missed you Namad. It has taken Dís and Thorin many nights of unrest to make sure I stay here in the mountain and not go out to hunt for you. If it wasn't for the odd letter or Nori of all people, I'd think you dead…

She had to pause here and rifle through the other letters to pull out Nori's, her brows rising as she pulls out the letter and one of her hair clasps she had thought lost.

Moriel,

I think you dropped this in Ibrizbuzru. I followed you some days to make sure you were safe, only Dwalin knew because he caught me and that One of yours. You are a hard elf to track.

You'll have to teach me... or my daughter. Yes, I have a daughter now, she takes after me in everything it seems. I named her Caná.
Come visit Namad, or I will drag you home by the braids.

Nori.

p.s. you need to keep a closer eye on your surroundings; I stole this from your person.

The startled laugh that escaped her lips seemed to break the spell that seemed to fall over the room and the guilt before had vanished somewhat, pleased to know that Nori was still Nori… Caná… He had named his daughter after her.

With a soft smile she returned the clip to her hair before returning to Dwalin's letter.

… but I know deep down you still live. You're a Durin, a Fundin, a Ri, Ur, In and a Baggins Took. You're too stubborn to die.

But come back home Namad, we miss you.

Dwalin.

Tears had pooled as she finished the letter, Dwalin was not one to beg or plead… he was a warrior with a warrior heart and each letter he had sent was written as such. He described his plans; the security of the mountain and every little thing Fíli and Kíli had gotten up to before marrying.

Yet worry churned in her heart as there was no mention of Balin in his letter. Why was it Dís and Thorin and not Balin himself? A frown pulled at her brows as she scanned the other letters and though many had written of their worries, love and children – husband in Lorelei's case – no one mentioned Ori, Balin or Óin.

With a hurried hand she opened the letter from Thorin.

Moriel Dwarrowfriend,

If someone had told me years ago that I was to have an Elf or three in my family I would have removed their tongues for such slander and yet now I have three and half-elven little ones in the Durin line.

That saying, there is one in particular that has yet to return home and see her family that are worried sick. You've forced me to communicate with that wretched elf in Mirkwood to inquire if his scouts had heard from you, especially since Legolas has spent more time here or in Rivendell with the Rangers than the realm of his father. We are both worried and have agreed to put aside out petty hate for the wellbeing of Legolas.

Bella paused and re-read the paragraph once more to make sure she translated the runes correctly. Her hands flying over every other letter and scanned for news, each letter had a paragraph of Legolas. Helping them, working in battle arena teaching archery, on the fields with the farmers…

The truth is Namad, your One has felt the effect the strain in your bond and it tolls on him. He avoids many of us, blending surprisingly well within my mountain. The only ones who truly see him are the main ones that are left of my company and those he helps but he avoids the children, avoids us when we ask him to spend time with us.

We are worried Moriel.
I am worried.

So I am requesting as your Nadad to return to us.

As your king I am commanding you to return to Erebor immediately and see your kin.

Thorin Oakenshield

King Under the Mountain

"Canadriel."

At the sound of her brother's worried tone, Canadriel stood and hurried to his side. She could see the worry upon his face, the fear in his eyes.

"What is it?" She asked, her hand flying to her dagger as she scanned the hallway behind him.

Elrond laid his hand upon his sister's hand. "I have received word from Gandalf."

"Gandalf?" She asked before pausing, a memory from years ago flashing in her mind. "He found what he was looking for didn't he?"

"No, but he suspects he is close. He has returned to the Shire for some time." Elrond explained softly. "But I see dark tidings on the horizon. Something dark comes, so I suggest if you are to leave for Greenwood and Erebor… be careful, take Elladan and Elrohir with you or Aragorn. Do not let your presence be known to many Can nín."

"I'll take Aragorn, I'll go as a ranger. Thorin has summoned me." She explained softly, "I'll take the three."

Elrond tilted his head in curiosity, his brow rising. "And what are you going to do with my Sons."

"I'm going to see Thorin and Legolas; I'll need Elladan and Elrohir to distract the others." She explained simply as she and Elrond made their way to her chambers.

XX

Bella let her eyes wander over the changes of her Dwarven home from the safety of her cloak. Aragorn had planted himself firmly at her side, he too having his cloak up so it wouldn't be suspicious while Elladan and Elrohir lead them… following an unknown Dwarrow.

"Are you alright? I know this is hard on you." Aragorn whispered.

"All is well, do you still remember the plan?" She asked as she eyed where they were, they were past the Gallery of Kings and near the throne room.

The plan was for the twins to cause mischief while she slipped away, she had to find Thorin and deliver her findings to him and to see him. Her heart hurt that she could not see the rest of the company but time was limited on her hands and she could not be delayed.

She took comfort in the fact that she had seen Balnar's and Belnar's children, soldiers just like their fathers. It was they who greeted them at the gate.

"I'm sorry to say that it will be Prince Fíli you speak to today my lords. King Thorin is in a meeting with Prince Legolas and the Head of the Guard." The unknown Dwarrow explained.
Elladan dipped his head. "That is acceptable Master Dwarf. We had a list from our father on who could receive the correspondence and the Prince is one of them."

Bella watched as they continued to walk before Elrohir caught his bow upon a passing wagon, tipping it and stumbling as the contents spilled over the floor. Everyone who was around began to help clean up the mess while Elrohir apologised profusely to the vendor, with a smile towards Aragorn she stepped back and disappeared the best she could in the growing crowd.

The halls were the same as she made her way to Thorin's study, her heart beating heavily in her chest as she felt the pull of her Husband.

"The attacks are growing in number, my father is holding off the best he can at the bottom edges of our kingdom but they grow in number." Legolas informed.

"Aye Thorin, we too have noticed this and Nori's been hearin' whispers from the travellers." Dwalin rumbled, his voice aged from the last she heard of it.

She paused at the door, her eyes scanning the hall for any sign of guard before stepping inside, her hands flying up as a Bow, Axe and Daggers were pointed at her. "Now that's no way to greet family."

Legolas dropped his bow in an instant as the familiar lit of his wife rung through the room, his body moving automatically as he pulled her into his arms, one hand cupping her cheek while another pulled the hood from her face.

"Hello my love." She greeted softly, melting in his arms as he pulled her in for a kiss.

"Moriel?" Dwalin gasped out once they broke the kiss. "Namad!"

Laughter burst from Bella's throat as Dwalin and Nori basically threw themselves into her arms. "Hello Naddad."

Thorin cleared his throat, a soft smile upon his weathered face. "It has been a long time Namad, what brings you home so mysteriously?"

"You summoned me as my King, I cannot refuse." She explained while leaning back into her husband's arms. "I also cannot stay for long I'm afraid."

"What's happened?" Legolas asked, his body tensing.

"As you know I've been... travelling and Nori has told you of where I've been. I came to warn you about the events in the south. The Pirates have been gathering, Gondor is battling orcs along the planes between them and Mordor... Gandalf came here not long ago, he sent a missive to Elrond and I've come to ask you my King... if my brother sends a missive for the aid of Erebor..." She trailed off, watching as her Dwarrow's raise their brows.

"Moriel you know that we are by your side, we owe you much. If Lord Elrond asks for an envoy then we will come, you need not ask us." Thorin replied, moving to stand before his sister. "But let us not worry about this now, I take it we have some time before this happens?"

"Yes, Gandalf returned to the Shire to see Bilbo's nephew Frodo."

Nodding Thorin smiled and turned towards Nori. "Go gather food for us, make sure no one sees you. Our sister doesn't wish for anyone outside us that she is here and we'll respect that."
"Will do," Nori replied, pausing when Moriel caught his arm.

"You may want to take Dwalin with you. I brought Strider, Elladan and Elrohir, they caused a scene so I could leave and find Thorin. I would hope that you and he reach them before they are dragged to Fili." She explained shooting her brothers a look as they groaned.

"Already causing mischief meleth nín?" Legolas asked amused, glad to see the smile upon her face. It had been many moons since he had seen it.

Laughing Moriel nodded. "Always caun nín."

XX

Gandalf pushed his horse forward towards Minas Tirith, pulling back on the reins to stop and jerked as it reared up at the sudden command before settling. Unease and dread pooled in his stomach as he cast a look towards the Ash Mountains and beyond into Mordor, the sky thick with ash and darkness with the roar of the active volcano beyond.

He had found information on what he needed to find in Erebor that led him to the great library here in Minas Tirith. It was not the information exactly just a reference, a hint of where and what he needed to look for.

He took time of course from Erebor's gates to the edges of Mirkwood to see if the prince was there and escorting the letters from the Company to the first rangers keep he passed on the way to the Shire. He promised Bilbo he would keep an eye on Frodo when he had the chance and so he stopped there for a month to rest before making his way to Gondor.

What he saw did not bode well…

… what he found made his heart drop.

The year 3434 of the Second Age. Here follows the account of Isildur, the High King of Gondor, and the finding of the Ring of Power. It has come to me, the One Ring, and it shall be an heirloom of my Kingdom. All those who follow in my bloodline shall be bound to its fate for I shall risk no hurt to the Ring. It is precious to me. Though I buy it with a great pain. The markings upon the band begin to fade… the writing, which at first was as clear as red flame, has all but disappeared.' Gandalf paused in his readings, his mind flashing back to the ring. "A secret now that only fire can tell."

Fire…

His eyes flashed to the inscription at the bottom, taking in the words with a sense of numbness.

One ring to rule them all, one ring to find them, One ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them.

"Frodo…"
Author Note: *evil cackles*

*Namad – Sister*
*Naddad – Brothers (plural of Nadad – Brother)*

*caun nín – My Prince*
*Meleth nín – My Love*
*Gilgalad nín – My Starlight*
*Hû nín – my Spirit*
*Le Melin – I love you*
Title: The Unpredicted

Pairing: Bella/Legolas

Summary: Years have passed since the reclaiming of Erebor and Bilbo's ring forgotten… till now.

Author Note: Okay, the sequel!

BTW I should mention "Italic" are the elves speaking in their native tongue Sindarin. "Bold
Italic" is when they are speaking in Khuzdul. Italics without the "-" is thoughts either
thinking to one another or general thought.

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amazing work.

Third POV

Screeches could be heard of the clang and roars of the Orcs as they rebuilt the great dark tower of
Barad-dûr. Darkness spewed across the red streaked sky, spreading fear across the mortal men who
could see.

"BAGGINS!" a voice screeched, echoing down the vast halls. "SHIRE!"

GO!

Nine riders, nine wraiths heard their masters command and the gates to Minas Morgu burst open
from the power. Each taking a different direction once they passed the black gate, they would not fail
their master.

Fear rests in Gandalf's heart as he pushes himself faster towards The Shire; he needed to reach
Hobbiton before anyone else. After fleeing from the citadel with the heavy burden of what he had
found, he began to search for the creature that Bilbo had described, the very one that was the bearer
of the ring before his old friends.

But it was too late, the creature was gone… had been taken into the hands of the enemy.
Frodo wasn't safe… the Shire wasn't safe…

He sent a raven onwards to find Canadriel; she will have to be ready… She would be the only one to protect Frodo from the wring wraiths in time.

XX

Far beyond, in a hidden valley where the flowers bloom under the guide of Yavanna's children a young hobbit, with four mugs of ale in his hand, laughed happily at his cousins completely unaware the danger he was in.

_Hey ho, to the bottle I go!_  
To heal my heart and drown my woe.  
Rain may fall and wind may blow.  
But there still be…  
many miles to go!

_Sweet is the sound of the pouring rain, and the stream that falls from hill to plain._  
_Better than rain or rippling brook._

Pippin swallows the last of his ale and holds the mug up high as Frodo danced around them. "There's a mug of beer inside this Took!

Laughter sprung from every hobbit in the Green Dragon. Frodo shoots his cousin a wide grin as he makes his way to where Sam and his Father were waiting with Sandyman the Miller, Ted his son and Old Noakes.

"There's been some strange folk crossing the Shire. Dwarves, others of a less than savoury nature." Old Noakes stated as he puffed at his pipe. Old Gaffer, once known as Hamfast held back his scowl.

"War's brewing." Hamfast explained, watching as his son cast Rosie a long full look. "The mountains are fair teeming with goblins."

"Children's stories that's all that is. You're beginning to sound like that old Bilbo Baggins! Cracked he was!" Sandyman the Miller explained, sneering ever so slightly towards Frodo.

Hamfast narrowed his eyes as he turned to look at his eldest friend's nephew, giving the boy an encouraging smile. "Young Master Frodo here, he's cracking!"

"And proud of it!" Frodo beamed, sliding the mug of ale across to the old Gaffer. "Cheers Gaffer!"

"Well it's none of our concern what goes on beyond our borders." Ted Sandyman stated, turning his eyes from the Old Gaffer to Frodo Baggins with a sneer. "Keep your nose out of trouble and no trouble will come to you."

While Frodo forced a smile and raised his mug in agreeance he couldn't help but feel angry, he knew all the stories about Bilbo, how people spoke of his uncle behind closed doors or when they thought he not to be listening. They died down but picked up again once Bilbo left the shire on another adventure with an Elf.

It was the Sandyman and the Sackville-Baggins that spread the worst of the rumours, the others catching on. He remembers when they tried to once again claim Bilbo to be unsavoury and disreputable when Bilbo took him in, tried to take Bilbo's home. Only a few stood up for his uncle, the Gamgees one of them, the Tooks of course as well.
"All is well Sam." Frodo explained once they reached his gate, missing half of what was asked of him. "Good Night."

Sam waved and continued on home while Frodo made his way up to the door of Bag End, his eyes lingering on the rune in the corner a fond smile tugging at his lips.

*The nerve of that wizard, leaving a mark on my freshly painted door...* Bilbo's voice muttered.

Frodo remembers asking why he never just sanded it away, nor will he ever forget the utter look of sadness on his uncles face.

*It is a reminder my dear boy, of times that have passed and shall never be. It is also a marker for old friends, if they were to come and visit... to let them know I'm still here.*

Shaking his head of the memory Frodo pushed the door open, pausing as the hairs on the back of his neck prickled. A sense of unease lurched in his stomach as he began to make his way deeper in Bag End, eyeing the window he knew was closed when he left for the Green Dragon.

Slowly he crept through the hallways, the way Bilbo taught him to growing up, looking for any sign danger. He should run, fetch the bounders but he was a Baggins and raised by a Baggins-Took! He will not run from danger so easily.

"Ah!" He screamed as a hand whirled him around, his heart lodging in his throat.

Gandalf lurched forward, grabbing Frodo's arm urgently. "Is it secret? Is it safe?"

"Gandalf!" Frodo gasped, stumbling back in relief. But the relief soon turned into concern as he saw how unkempt and dirty the wizard was. Even with the moon as the only light Frodo can see the way Gandalf clutched his staff, dark eyes roaming over every shadow in Bag End and to the open door.

"Do you still have it? The ring? Where is it?" Gandalf asked again, louder and more urgent.

Frodo nods and moves towards the sitting room, dropping to his knees as he begins to dig in Bilbo's old chest till the very bottom where the old envelope and ring sat. He smiled and held it up for Gandalf to see who snatched it and threw it into the hearth in one swift move.

"What are you doing?" Frodo asked bewildered but Gandalf ignored the question as he watched the fire consume the envelope and revealed the ring.

Grasping the tongs at his side Gandalf carefully lifted the ring out of the embers and turned to Frodo. "Hold out your hand, Frodo...it is quite cool."

With a little hesitance Frodo held out his hand, brows rising in surprise at the weight of it. Gandalf
was indeed correct, it was cool to the touch and yet warm, a thrum seemed to pulse through it as he twirled the gold band between his fingers.

"What can you see? Can you see anything?" Gandalf demanded, sighing in relief when Frodo replied with nothing.

"Wait," the ring in Frodo's hand began to glow, soft elvish markings began to appear. "There are markings its some form of Elvish. I can't read it."

Horror and fear churned in Gandalf's stomach, his worst fears coming true. "There are a few who can. The language is that of Mordor, which I will not utter here."

Frodo jerked his head up in surprise, tearing his eyes away from the ring. "Mordor?"

"In the common tongue it says: One ring to rule them all, one ring to find them, one ring to bring them all, and in the darkness bind them." The words even in common sent a shiver down Frodo's spine.

Gandalf watched as Frodo bustled into the kitchen, setting the ring down on the table before making tea. It brought lightness back to his heart at the simple gesture, even now hobbits still surprised him, but the good mood did not last as he sat heavily down on the stool that he occupied many years before while lighting his pipe.

"This… This is the one ring forged by the dark lord, Sauron, in the fires of Mt Doom...taken by Isildur from the very hand of Sauron himself." He explained, looking up from the simple band to Frodo who began to pour the tea in stunned silence.

"And Bilbo found it… in Gollum's Cave." Frodo stated, remembering the tale from long ago.

"Yes, for sixty years the Ring lay quiet in Bilbo's keeping prolonging his life. Delaying old age," Slowly grey eyes peered up into blue. "But no longer Frodo. Evil is stirring in Mordor. The Ring has awoken. Its heard its master's call."

Frodo shook his head in disbelief. "No, he was destroyed. Sauron was destroyed."
Shaking his head sadly Gandalf cast the ring a look once more, whispers filling the air. "No, Frodo. The spirit of Sauron has endured. His life force is bound to the ring and the ring survived. Sauron has returned. His Orcs have multiplied...his fortress of Barad-dûr is rebuilt in and of Mordor. Sauron needs only this ring to cover all the lands in the second darkness. He is seeking it, seeking it, all his thought is bent on it. For the ring yearns, above all else, to return to the hand of its master: they are one, the ring and the dark lord. Frodo, he must never find out."

Fear struck Frodo who plucked the ring from the table in his haste to make his way to the living room once more. "We put it away, we keep it hidden! We never speak of it again." He hurried out, eyes looking for a place to hide it. "No one know it's here, do they?"

At the silence Frodo paused, turning slowly to look at the wizard who shifted uncomfortably. "Do they, Gandalf?"

"There is one other who knew that Bilbo had the Ring. I looked everywhere for the creature Gollum, but the enemy found him first." The Grey Wizard admitted sadly. "I don't know how long they tortured him...but amidst the endless screams and inane babble, they discerned two words... shire and Baggins."

"Shire? Baggins! But that will lead them here Gandalf!" Frodo gasped out horrified, jerking forward with his hand up. "Take it. Here, take it Gandalf! You must take it!"

Gandalf moved back with every step Frodo gave, shaking his head. "You must not offer me this ring!"

Frustrated Frodo snapped. "But I am giving it to you!"

"DON'T tempt me, Frodo. I dare not take it, not even to keep it safe." Gandalf finished softly as Frodo stepped away in fear. "Understand, Frodo...I would use this Ring from a desire to do
good...but through me, it would wield a power too great and terrible to imagine."

"But it cannot stay in the Shire." Frodo cried out.

"No, no it cannot."

Frodo’s hand closes around the ring as realisation at what he must do comes to mind. "I have to leave."

Hurried hands and feet storm from one room to another, bring forth clothing and travelling gear that Bilbo had acquired for him long ago. A bedroll, a strong sturdy knapsack with enough pockets to hide things or store food, a flint for fire… Gandalf passes Frodo a shirt, watching, planning for things he must do and people he must see.

"You must leave, and leave quickly. Get out of the Shire." Gandalf explains, watching as Frodo packed away some food to take with him.

Nodding Frodo skittered around Gandalf and gathered his walking stick and travelling cloak.

"Where? Where shall I go?"

"Make for the village of Bree." Gandalf explained. "I will be waiting for you at the Inn of the Prancing Pony."

Frodo paused and looked up at the Wizard. "And the ring will be safe there?"

"I don't know, Frodo. I don't have any answers. I must see the Head of my Order. He is both wise and powerful. Trust me, Frodo. He'll know what to go." Gandalf explained as they moved to the dining hall. The wizard helped Frodo place on his cloak and bag. "You will have to leave the Baggins name behind; it is not safe for you outside the Shire."

"I understand…" A sound of rustling catches their attention, cutting Frodo off mid-sentence.

"Get down!"

The shrubbery at the open window rustled once more as Gandalf moved closer, in a swift strike of his staff Gandalf hit whoever was listening, throwing it behind him as he pulled the hobbit from the depths of the greenery and pushed him onto the table in anger. "Confound it all! Samwise Gamgee, have you been eavesdropping?"
Samwise shook his head vigorously in fear at the looming wizard. "I ain't been dropping no eaves, sir! Honest. I was just cutting the grass under the window there, if you follow me..."

"It's a bit late for trimming the hedges, don't you think?" The disbelief was clear as day in Gandalf's disapproving tone.

"I heard raised voices!" Sam confessed, unable to lie in the face of an angry wizard.

A rough growl escaped Gandalf's lips. "What did you hear, speak!"

"Nothing important...that is, I heard a good deal about a ring...and a Dark Lord. And something about the end of the world, but...Please, Mr. Gandalf, sir, don't hurt me! Don't turn me into anything... unnatural!" Sam squeaked.

"No?" Gandalf hummed, cocking his head to the side as plans began to form. "Perhaps not. I've thought of a better use for you. Go home Samwise Gamgee and gather a pack, you'll be accompanying Frodo."

XX

It was the rising of a new dawn by the time Gandalf, Frodo and Samwise left, making their way across the freshly turned earth and towards Bree. Mist shrouded them from early risers, hopefully hiding which way they went if someone did spot them.

It was by the time of Second Breakfast where Gandalf slowed down, the trees giving them better cover. "Be careful, both of you. The Enemy has many spies in his service, many ways of hearing...birds, beasts..." pulling Frodo to the side, Gandalf raised his brows. "Is it safe?"

Frodo nodded, pressing his hand to the pocket at his breast.

"Never put it on, for then the agents of the Dark Lord will be drawn to its power..." He trailed off, eyeing the trees once more. "Always remember, Frodo, the ring is trying to get back to its master...it wants to be found."

With that Gandalf turned to mount his horse before pausing once more, turning back to the skittish hobbit and his friend. "Remember Frodo, rings of power are not one to idly mess with."

The two hobbits watched as Gandalf mounted his horse and began to ride away. Frodo jittery and panicked as twigs snap and birds caw, the warnings Gandalf spoke lodged firmly in his mind.

"We best hurry; it'll take us a few days to reach Bree." Sam whispered, placing a comforting hand upon Frodo's shoulder.

With a nod Frodo began to walk once more, remembering the direction from when Bilbo took him when he was still a fauntling. It was a long time ago now since they went on a walking Holiday to Bree, or anywhere near it and it was only a couple of times till Frodo could remember the routes by heart.

Just in case my boy, you can never be too ready...

By the end of the day Sam stops, taking in the familiar surroundings. "This is it."
Turning Frodo raised his brows. "This is what?"

Swallowing Sam cast another look around at the field and back the way they came. "If I take one more step it'll be the farthest away from home I've ever been."

"Come on, Sam." Frodo gestured, patting his shoulder. "Remember what Bilbo used to say...it's a dangerous business, Frodo, going out your door...you step onto the road, and if you don't keep your feet, there's not knowing where you might be swept off to."

XX

It was the end of the day by the time Frodo and Sam stopped to make camp.

"You rest now Mister Frodo, I'll cook us up some dinner." Sam stated, smiling at his friend as Frodo climbed the tree and rested upon one of the branches for a smoke.

Out here, still on the edges of the Shire, Frodo could be at peace. Even with the looming danger he couldn't help but relax to the sounds around him. The whisper of wind through the tree leaves, the crackle and sizzle of the fire and food upon the frying pan.

It was beautiful.
"Sam!" Frodo calls in awe, taking the pipe from his mouth as he sat up to listen. A wide smile pulls at Frodo's lips as the singing grows louder, familiar in a way that sounded right. "Wood elves!"

Sam quickly put the pan to the side safe from lighting its own fire and kicked the pile of dirt onto the fire to put out the flames before following Frodo up the hill and through the trees towards the singing. Each duck behind a fallen log and peer over to watch the elves walk past.

"They're going to the harbour beyond the white towers To the Grey Havens." Frodo explained softly, watching the elves walk on, a soft glow of light illuminating them.

"They're leaving?" Sam asked in an awed whisper, he had never seen such beauty in his whole life besides Rosie.

Frodo nodded. "Never to return."

Sadness welled up in Sam's chest at that, the song once beautiful turning into a haunted tune. "I don't know why... It makes me sad."

"Let's go back Sam, we'll eat before sleeping. We have to be up at first light tomorrow." Frodo gestured, turning away from the scene before them and slowly made his way back to camp.

Frodo started the fire once more while Sam gathered the food, offering the pan out for Frodo to take some. Neither had the desire to speak, unable to break the heaviness that rested upon them at seeing
the elves departure.

"Everywhere I lie there's a dirty great root sticking into my back." Samwise explained, shifting around on his bedroll as they lied down to sleep.

Frodo hummed, "Just shut your eyes and imagine you're back in your own bed, with a soft matress and a lovely feather pillow."

Casting a look at Frodo, Sam nodded. He shifted once more as he pulled the blanket up to his chest and closed his eyes before sighing sharply. "It's not working Mister Frodo. Oh! I'm never going to be able to sleep out here."

A smile tugged at Frodo's lips. "Me neither Sam."

XX

Gandalf's scream ripples across the darkness, flares of white and grey flashing brilliantly and angrily with the tangy scent of blood. Bella shoots up from her bed with a gasp, hair flying forwards with the swiftness of her rise.

"Canadriel? Are you alright?" Aragorn asked worriedly by the fire, his eyes scanning the darkness for any sign of danger.

"I… I don't know." She whispered, pressing the palm of her hand against her temple. "I saw Gandalf… something has happened or will happen."

"We are only a day's ride from Bree; his missive said that he would meet us there with the Hobbit." Aragorn tried to soothe, rising from his seated position on lookout and passing the waterskin to his Lady.

"Thank you," she grasped the skin and took a deep drink of the cool water before passing it back. "I don't know Aragorn, you know we elves do not sleep in the wilderness… we do not dream."

"A warning perhaps?" He asked. "Do you wish to make haste to Bree now?"

Bella shook her head at that. "No it matters not if we leave now or on the morn, Gandalf will arrive when he pleases. No, I will tell him when I see him next. Get some rest Aragorn, I'll take the rest of the shift."

Aragorn nodded, unwilling to argue for he knew that Elves slept very little, he also knew that there was no arguing with Lady Canadriel, the adopted sister of the Dwarrow. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

Author Note: Mahal bless this is going to be a long fucking story, four chapters and I am NO WHERE near the ending of FOTR… Unlike TU I was done with the first movie in Ten Chapters… Well hope everyone is in for the long haul.
The Fellowship of the Ring V

Title: The Unpredicted

Pairing: Bella/Legolas

Summary: Years have passed since the reclaiming of Erebor and Bilbo's ring forgotten… till now.

Author Note: Okay, the sequel!

BTW I should mention "Italics" are the elves speaking in their native tongue Sindarin. "Bold Italics" is when they are speaking in Khuzdul. Italics without the "-" is thoughts either thinking to one another or general thought.

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the twilight series and I really don't own any of Tolkien's amazing work.

Third POV

When the sun rose the next morning and breakfast had been had, Frodo and Samwise continued their journey with a little unease. There was something heavy in the air, something that could not be explained or seen but could still be felt.

Sam paused for a moment in amongst the tall stalks of corn to stare up at the sky with a frown before pushing onwards. His heart thudded harshly in his chest as he saw that Frodo was not before him or behind him.

"Mister Frodo?" Samwise calls as he takes off at a quick pace, Frodo's name falling from his lips with more desperation after each call. "Frodo! Frodo!"

Frodo turned and hurried back the way he came in concern, coming to a stop several paces away from Samwise. "Sam?"

"I thought I'd lost you." The relief was evident in Sam's voice.

Frowning Frodo cocked his head to the side. "What are you talking about?"

"It's just something Gandalf said. Don't you lose him Samwise Gamgee and I don't mean to." Samwise explained as he continued his walk; no amusement to be seen at the poor imitation of Gandalf. It was a serious matter after all.

"Sam! We're still in The Shire." Frodo started amused. "What could possibly happen?"
In a blink of an eye something hard collided with both Sam and Frodo sending them to the ground. All Frodo could see was a mass pile of browns mixed in with greens until a familiar face peered down at him.

"Frodo? Merry! It's Frodo Baggins!" Pippin cheered over to his cousin who was getting to his feet.

A wide smile graced Merry's face. "Hello, Frodo!"

"Get off him!" Sam yelled once he got to his feet, pulling off Pippin with ease while helping Frodo to his feet. "Frodo, are you alright?"

Frodo stared at the greens that Merry and Pippin were gathering with haste, his eyes wide and slightly scandalized. He could hear Bilbo's laughter in the back of his head, *Tooks and Brandybucks*, as they continued to place and shove all the vegetables into Sam's arms.

"You've been into Farmer Maggot's crop!" Sam stated outraged before jerking as the familiar bark of a dog pierced through the air followed by Farmer Maggot's gruff voice.

"Hoi! You get back here! Wait till I get this through you! Get out of my fields! You'll know the devil if I catch up with you!"

Merry grabs Frodo by the lapels and hauls him into the thick cornfields once more leaving Sam standing gobsmacked and frightened on the path. The frozen state lasted for a beat more before Sam dropped the load in his arms and took off after the two and Mister Frodo. He followed the shouting of Merry and Pippin, shaking his head as they listed off everything that they had 'borrowed' from the irate farmer.

Harsh thuds of bodies meeting dirt echoed as all four hobbits tumbled down the slope, thankfully
missing all the trees and rocks on the way down till they landed harshly on the dirt road. Frodo wheezed as he landed on his back, knocking the wind from him as Sam spat out the grass from his mouth as he landed on Pippin.

"Oh! I think I've broken something." Merry groaned as he reached under and pulled out the broken Carrot in sadness.

"Trust a Brandybuck and a Took!" Samwise hissed as he pulled himself up.

Frodo got to his feet and staggered away from the other three, their words drowning out as the unease from the early this morning doubled the longer he stood on the road.

"I think we should get off the road." He advises the others absentmindedly as they continued to harvest the mushrooms. He turned his head back down the lane, blinking as a swirling wind screeches towards them, darkening the path and setting a sense of panic in Frodo.

"Get off the road! Quick!" He orders frantically, drawing the attentions of the others.

All four jumped down from the road and pushed themselves against the harsh dirt under the safety of the tree roots, their whispered argues stilling as the ominous sound of horse clacks sound.
Frodo inhales sharply and turns his head enough to peer through the roots, his eyes widening as he saw the horse hooves, nails sticking out from the hoof. All four press themselves further into the dirt as the harsh sound of metal hit earth, their eyes widening as bugs began to flee from their resting places as the rider peers out into the trees before them.

Dirt smudged fingers fumbled through pockets till they met gold; the overwhelming sense to place the ring on was all Frodo could feel as everything faded into a dull roar. He needed to place the ring on; it was taunting and whispering, he knew that if he did it would give him all he desired… Sam peered over and jerked the hand that held the ring away, knocking Frodo from the spell it seemed to hold him under.

Merry quickly flings his bag to the side and all four wince at the high pitch screech of the rider as they made haste down and away from where they were. They ran until they could not see the horse and rider, only stopping as Merry slipped and fell to the earth once more.

"What was that?" He demanded, his eyes locked onto his cousin's back.

The question was unheard by Frodo as he stared down at the ring terrified.

XX

Night had fallen and the four hobbits twisted and turned, ducking behind and through trees to escape the riders that hunted them; that hunted one. It was hard on them, their legs burning even though they were half wet and muddy from the ground.

Sam stops with a gasp. "Anything?"

"Nothing," Frodo replies as he peers around a tree.

Merry pushes past Pippin, his voice echoing the question that his cousin asked. He was young but he was also half Took and a Brandybuck, he knew that something else was going on and if anyone knew it would be his cousin. "The Black rider was looking for something—or someone—Frodo?"

"Get down!" Sam hissed as he ducked behind a bush, his eyes peering at the dark rider at the fork in the path.

All four waited with bated breath as the rider turned and departs down the lane. Relief crashed into Frodo for a split second before resolution and determination take over, he turned to his cousin who waited patiently with worry for the answer.

"I have to leave the Shire. Sam and I must get to Bree." He explained, watching as a frown pulled
down at his cousins' brow.

Many ideas flashed across Merry's mind as he realized how much trouble that Frodo was in, he scanned the area quickly when he realized where they were. "Right. Buckleberry Ferry—follow me!"

XX

The rain poured heavily outside, rumbles of thunder and lightning cracked faintly over the din of the tavern as Moriel tapped and tapped her fingers along the cracked and worn table that Aragorn and she occupied.

Gandalf should have already been here, he should have met up with them the moment they acquired accommodation but he has yet to be seen. Perhaps he did indeed go to meet Frodo first but something dark settled in her stomach at that thought.

"You need to relax my lady," Aragorn whispered from beneath his hood, smoke curling out from his parted lips.

"I have asked you many times not to call me that, Estel." She teased back before pausing as the door to the tavern opened and in pooled four hobbits. She could not see more beyond that as the crowd blocked her view but she waited. "Something doesn't feel right."

Aragorn went to reply before he snapped his mouth shut, his eyes locking on the four hobbits that made their way to the only table free catered to their size. The familiar face of the hobbit they were looking for was squished in between the other three. "I do believe you are right, the one we are here for has arrived and no Gandalf to be seen."

Bella hissed slightly as she turned her head to the small shard of a mirror she placed near Aragorn to see what he saw. Indeed young Frodo was here but he was not alone either, with him were three other hobbits that were not part of the plan but at least it wouldn't slow them down too much beyond gathering more food.

Whispered words could be heard faintly over the usual cheer of the drunks. The name Baggins being thrown about by men, hunters, and mercenaries that she and Aragorn had to keep their eye on. Thankfully as Bella cast a look around she could see the few Dwarrow inside steered clear of the hobbits and gave a couple of men a threatening glare. They must be kin from the Blue Mountains or travelers from Erebor, she knew that Thorin decreed that all Hobbits must be respected and protected as they were the children of Mahal's wife and friends.

Sam swallowed as his eyes landed on the shadowed figure in the corner once more. "That fellow's done nothing but stare at you since we've arrived."
At the nervousness, Frodo turned to see the stranger, his heart leaping as he saw gleaming eyes from beneath the travel stained cow. His hand shoots out and catches the innkeeper by the sleeve. "Excuse me, that man in the corner, who is he?"

"He's one of them Rangers; they're dangerous folk they are, wandering the wilds. What his right name is, I never heard, but round here he's known as Strider." Butterbur explains with a hint of warning in his tone, his eyes flickering to the Ranger and back before making his way to the table he needed to deliver the food too.

"There is darkness clinging to him. The ring is stronger." Canadriel whispers before turning her head sharply out the window once more and to the sky. "Dark creatures... darkness hunts him... we cannot wait for Gandalf anymore, we must take him to Rivendell ourselves."

"Baggins? Sure, I know a Baggins—he's over there." A voice piped up over the loud din of the inn, catching the attention of many.

Aragorn watched, his pipe lowering as Frodo raced from his seat, his hand clenching the bowl tightly when the young hobbit fell. He saw Canadriel stiffen and gasp the moment Frodo disappeared from view, her hands flying up to her temples in pain.

"GET HIM!" She cried out as flashes of dark riders and fire burned behind her eyes.

The world Frodo fell into was cold and it sucked the air from his lungs. Darkness blurred around him as he turned to scurry away, his eyes widening as a great fiery eye burst forth, highlighting the shapes of the people that were around him.

There is no life here in the void...only cold...only death...

The voice sends a shudder of fear down Frodo's spine as he scurried backwards away from the looming eye. He rolls under a table, desperately pulling the ring from his finger before gasping as he felt someone yank him out from under the table by his collar. The world spun as he tried to gather his bearings and when he found himself still once more, Frodo was staring at the masked figure of the Ranger.
"You draw far too much attention to yourself, Mister Underhill," Aragorn whispered before shoving the hobbit up the stairs and into the first room he knew was to be a hobbit's room.

"What do you want?" Frodo demands as he watches the Ranger glance around the room, the firelight highlighting his face.

"A little more caution from you," Aragorn replies darkly. "That is no trinket you carry."

Gandalf's warning echoed in Frodo's head. "I carry nothing."

"Indeed?" Aragorn hummed while he began to put out the candles by the window. "I can usually avoid being seen if I wish, but to disappear entirely... that is a rare gift."

Frodo watched as the man turned around and dropped his hood revealing damp hair that hung just past his chin and whispered against his shoulders, a short cut beard, and piercing eyes. "Who are you?"

While Aragorn gathered Frodo, Moriel raised to her feet and strode over to where the men that were inquiring for a Baggins rested, their whispers and plans growing louder the closer she got. Her hand grasped the dagger at her side tightly and waited till one of the men went to stand, she moved swiftly and thrust it downwards pinning his sleeve to the bar top.

"I would advise against you doing that." She uttered flatly, her eyes gazing over the men gathered with distaste. She could see their surprise and slight fear as they stared at her masked form.

"And what is a woman like ye gonna do about it? There are more of us than you, perhaps we can…” A drunken fool hissed, pausing when he found the sharp side of an axe at his throat.
All eyes turned to the dwarf in surprise. "I would not finish them words ye Barazkharh. She's not alone and ye outnumbered."

With that, all the Dwarrow that was in the establishment stood up, their weapons in hand and angry scowls upon their faces. The men swallowed hard but the one with the axe at his throat smirked, a drunken gleam in his eyes.

"I did not think dwarves would come to an aid of an elf." He chuckled out, hoping that if they knew the woman's race the dwarves would back down. Their hate for the elves was well known and he had seen and heard many insults traded by the traveling caravans.

The sharp bark of laughter that escaped the woman's lips wiped the smirk from his face, his eyes widening as the woman removed her hood and pulled free a section of hair. Anyone who knew about dwarves was the beads and what some sigils meant and it was hard to mistake the sigil of the royal seal of Durin.

"I am not just an elf filth. I am the sister of Thorin Oakenshield King Under the Mountain. That hobbit you are planning to take is under my protection and all who claim me kin. So I suggest you… leave before the Dwarrow lynch you all." She warned and in a blink of an eye the men were scattering from their seats and inn.

"I thank you for the aid even if it was not needed." She stated, turning her head down to face the Dwarrow. "Moriel Dwarrowfriend at your service."

"Pátrin son of Rathsar at your service Moriel Dwarrowfriend. My One is Salní daughter of Bombur. I would have been shamed to not aid you, my One would skin me alive after her father and your kin." Pátrin explained with a grin. "It was luck that made us stop here on our way home to Erebor."

A grin graced Bella's face at the news of Bombur's eldest. "Then I am pleased to meet you Pátrin. I would love to talk more but I am here on business. Give Salní my love and to the others as well. Mukhuh targzu nê ta'bari bashk, Pátrin son of Rathsar."

"Mahal tadnani astû, sanzigil tamkhihi astû, Moriel Dwarrowfriend!" Pátrin replied as Moriel hurried towards the stairs once more.

She took the stairs two at a time and closed in on the Hobbits who were at the stairs, her feet staggering as the darkness she could feel in the air grew close. "We can no longer wait, they're coming."

At the new voice, the hobbits turned around, three widening in awe as they took in the elf while Frodo relaxed completely. "Lady Canadriel, are you here to help us?"

Bella raised her brows at this before turning her attention to Aragorn. "Did you not tell him? Of course, you didn't. Yes, Frodo, Strider and I are here to help you. Gather your things quickly; you'll be staying in our room for the night as it is not safe here."

XX

The rain had stopped and soon the streets of Bree were sleeping.

"They draw near," Bella whispered from her spot by the window, casting a look up to Aragorn who stood by her side, each with weapons drawn.
Samwise, Merry, and Pippin rested peacefully while Frodo sat at the edge of the bed worried and stared into the fire. He had many questions, questions that Lady Canadriel could answer but only Bilbo could truly supply. If this ring was so dangerous why did Bilbo keep it? Why was it his responsibility now?

_Do not fret Frodo…_ Canadriel's voice whispers in his mind, jolting him. His eyes snap to her frame and saw that she still looked out into the night. _Bilbo did not know the dangers of the ring… did not know the true evil and it is I who should have known but it shrouded itself from me…_

Aragorn and Canadriel both jerked as a loud crack filled the air followed by the screeches of the riders. Both knew what they were as soon as they came into view and broke into the main part of the Prancing Pony. Frodo moves to their side as the screeches turn from ones of victory to rage, cracks, and shatters of furniture echoing.

"What are they?" Frodo asks in a whisper, glancing over to the bed where his friends sat now wide awake.

"They were once men." Canadriel starts, her voice flat and mind distant.

Aragorn nodded grimly. "Great Kings of men. Then Sauron the deceiver gave to them Nine Rings of Power. Blinded by their greed they took them without question, one by one falling into darkness and now they are slaves to his will… They are the Nazgul, Ringwraiths, neither living or dead. At all times they feel the presence of the ring...drawn to the power of the One...they will never stop hunting you."

"I suggest you rest now Frodo, we leave at the first ray of light." Bella supplied tearing her eyes away from the window to the others. "No harm will come to you this night."

_____________________________________________________

**Author Note: Gah… GAAAAAH**

**Barazkharh – Untrustworthy Person Often Involved In Trouble Whose Company Should Be Avoided**

**Mukhuh targzu nê ta'bari bashk - May your beard never grow thin. (blessing farewell sort of)**

**Mahal tadnani astû, sanzigil tamkhihi astû - May Mahal's hammer shield you (Safe travels)**
The Fellowship of the Ring VI

Title: The Unpredicted

Pairing: Bella/Legolas

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Third POV

True to her word they set out at first light, reaching the outskirts of Bree that led into the wilds just as the sun peaked over the tree tops. Both Aragorn and Bella had let their horses roam free knowing they would return to the Ranger camp in time. That left them all walking with only a pony that was dubbed as Bill to carry their supplies.

"Where are you leading us?" Frodo asked as he took note of the pathless path they seemed to be taking.

"Into the wild." Aragorn replied while giving his friend a glance, "Would you like to scout a head or should I?"

Bella frowned and shrugged, passing off her battle axe to Aragorn and disappeared into the trees just as silently as she walked. Sam frowned from his spot behind the others as he watched the two, the frown deepening in concern as the elf vanished into the trees.

"How do we know if we can trust them?" Sam asked softly.

Merry nodded. "How do we know they even know Gandalf?"

Frodo paused slightly and turned to the others in amazement. "Did you not listen to Bilbo's stories? The elf lady is the same Lady who talked Bilbo from his home, who is friends with Beorn and adopted by the Company. That is Lady Canadriel. She was at Bilbo's party, if Bilbo can trust her so can we."

Exclaims of amazement left the three hobbits mouths as they began to recap all they knew about the elf maid in Bilbo's stories to the one they had leading them. Aragorn couldn't help but smile as he too
listened to the tales, his eyes scanning the trees for the familiar hint of deep green of the cloak his friend wore.

He had heard the tales from the travelling Dwarrow, from Legolas when he had come to ride with the Rangers and he could not get enough of them. Though he knew the true stories, the sickness and the misery, the Arkenstone and the battle afterwards. In time the hobbits would learn the truth behind the tales, the grief Canadriel suffered through the quest and the grief she still carries now.

It was mid-morning when the company reached the beginning of the Midgewater Marshes. The hobbits were tired and starving, and began to unload their bags to begin second breakfast while Aragorn moved towards the familiar figure of Canadriel who waited crouched on the slight incline staring off into the distance.

"They go south; we shall have a day at the least till they turn back." She states without turning around. "We can make it to Weathertop by tomorrow night."

"Good, that will leave us closer to Lord Elrond's borders; we only need to make it to the edge." He replies casting a look over his shoulder. "Gentlemen, we do not stop until nightfall."

The hobbits paused and snapped their heads up to stare at Strider in confused horror. Not stop till nightfall? But that would mean they would skip meals.

"But what about breakfast?" Pippin asked and it took all of Bella's control not to laugh out loud.

*Hobbits... they do not change.* She thought to herself as her hand dug deep into her bag for the apples that she carried just for the occasion. She remembered the importance of a hobbits meals and she remembered still all of Bilbo's complaints the first few days grumbled under breath. She also may have neglected to tell Aragorn of the hobbit's habits and need to feed when he asked why she acquired so much food before leaving.

She would have to start rationing and weening them down to three meals a day in a manner that wasn't dangerous unlike her time with Bilbo.

Aragorn cast a look to his lady in confusion before turning back to the hobbits. "You've already had it."

"We've had one yes. What about second breakfast?" Pippin inquired, blinking as Strider frowned and began to walk once more.
Merry gathered his things along with Sam and Frodo before turning to his cousin. "Don't think he knows about second breakfast Pippin."

"What about elevenses? Luncheon, Afternoon Tea, Dinner? Supper! He knows about them, doesn't he?" Pippin asked with panic welling up with each inquiry to his cousin, his stomach rumbling as they walked forward. No second breakfast? No extra meals?

Merry went to answer when an apple flies over the shrubbery; he plucked it from the air and passed it to his cousin. Pippin was young, still in his tweens and as he was in his thirties it was his duty to make sure that his cousin got food while they could.

More apples sailed through the sky with such precision that Frodo and Sam had to laugh as they too got an apple to eat. It was not much but it would be enough to curb their hunger till lunch at least, they hoped they could eat at lunch or have something more filling.

"We are entering the Marshes, I suggest you watch your step, the waters will be deep to you but you will be able to stand in them with no fear of drowning." Bella called over her shoulder as she re-strapped her weapons to her back and hoisted the bag on her shoulder. "We have a few miles more of sand so do not worry yet."

"You know something." Aragorn stated as they marched onwards.

"I know many things, things that have been, will be and yet to be." Bella replied with a smirk that could not be seen by her nieces chosen due to her hood.

Aragorn sighed and turned his gaze skyward. He knew better than to ask an elf a question especially when the answer from his Lady was always the same to that line of wording. "I should know better by now than to ask or state such things."

"Yes you do as you asked it often enough growing up, it still amuses me greatly that you still do it." Bella chuckled. "But yes, I do know something and no I will not tell you, it is more fun this way."

Sam frowned as he pulled along Bill, his ears prickling at the unknown language. He had heard it of course over his life when Bilbo was teaching Frodo and he gardened with his father but he had never heard it as much as he does now, as smoothing spoken and proper.

"Do you know what they're saying Mister Frodo?" He asked Frodo, catching Merry and Pippin's attention as well, their steps slowing till they were in line with Frodo and Sam.

"Aye, they speak to each other like that and it makes me wonder." Merry supplied, unbeknownst that their entire conversation could be heard by the two cloaked guides before them.

Frodo widened his eyes before frowning. "I know some words but I was never fluent like Bilbo, I
know that they are teasing but I do not know the full extent of their conversation. It is rude to listen after all."

"You are correct in stating that we are teasing young Frodo. I have known Strider from when he was but a mere boy, he was raised in my brothers home along with my nephews and niece." Bella threw over her shoulder with a laugh. "Perhaps in time if you so desire I can teach you more Sindarin, perhaps some Quenya if you like as well."

"Will you teach us as well?" Samwise asked hopeful, he always wanted to learn new things and learn the elven tongue though he wouldn't be able to do it justice.

"Of course Master Gamgee, I shall teach you some when we stop for the night and we are safe." She replied back.

The day passed on with minor issues; the hobbits complaining about lunch but were happy when they were given a chunk of bread and cheese to eat with promise of more filling food for dinner. No more words were passed between Strider and Bella, their eyes scanning the flat plains and the large shrubbery for any kind of danger, sometimes varying off from the group to do a circuit.

By late afternoon the sky turned dark with clouds and they had reached the marshes. Midges flying around them hungrily, the hobbits struggled to march through the near waist deep puddles, gaping every time Bella moved back to help them, her feet barely sinking into the damp mossy sand as she tried to pass over the water.

"What are they eating when they can't get hobbit?" Merry asked as he swatted the midges flying around his face.

It was not long after that they found a large enough dry area for them to camp, the hobbits sighing in relief as they put their feet on mainly dry land. They waited though for Strider and Canadriel to give word that this is where they would rest for the night.

Giving a huff of laughter Bella chucked a bunch of dry wood in the sand, letting fire flicker up with a twist of her wrist. "We'll rest here for the night."

"I'll go and see if there is anything to hunt, there's an outcropping of trees nearby that usually has game." Aragorn informed as he strung his bow and uncapped his quiver.

"Be safe, do not take long." Bella replied as she began to unsaddle Bill and place all they needed nearby.

The hobbits dropped their own bags, claiming a spot around the small fire and got out all they would need for food. Sam decided to make stew as he had the ingredients to do so, with or without meat he knew how to make a fine stew that was filling. Bella hummed and took her own spot, letting her
hood fall back from her face.

The fire bathed her in a golden glow, making the beads in her hair shine bright like stars in an inky sky.

"Dwarrow decorate their hair with beads and braids, each one means a different thing. The place and style along with the bead tells a story to all. Lady Canadriel or Moriel as the Dwarrow refer her as is claimed by the company as a sister if you ever get the chance to meet her Frodo my dear boy you'd be able to see the braids she wears as proof of this."

Bilbo's voice from long ago echoed in Frodo's head as he caught sight of the beads in question over the fire. "Bilbo said you are claimed kin of the Dwarves from the Company, he said that you wore beads is that true?"

"It is Dwarrow, they do not refer to themselves as dwarves as it is the wrong saying but yes," Bella replied sitting straighter and pulling the mass of braids over her shoulder to show them, two of them interwoven with white and grey. "I was claimed by the Fundin's first, Balin and Dwalin as I was there to heal them and grow close them in the battle of Azanulbizar. I had accepted their beads in Rivendell on the quest to Erebor."

"You're that elf?" Pippin asked amazed. "I know Frodo said that you were the elf from Bilbo's stories but I didn't believe it at first."

Moriel let out a laugh, "yes I am that elf and I worry what Bilbo told you of me."

"That you were a powerful witch elf and a great healer, that you were strong and stubborn like a Baggins but wild and mischievous as a Took," Merry replied as he took a bite out of a carrot, wincing as Samwise smacked his hand for taking the food.

A fond smile graced Moriel's lips at that. "I have the spirit of a hobbit, the heart of a Dwarrow and the elegance of an elf."

"She also has the elusive answers much like a wizard." Aragorn piped up as he appeared within the fire lights reach, a buck over his shoulders. Sam perked up as did the others as they saw the bounty of the ranger, waiting patiently as Strider began to gut and skin the meat, cutting pieces off for Sam to place in the stew.

The rest of the dinner was had in near silence with stories passed from person to person quietly but Aragorn could see that Canadriel was only half focused on what was around her. He could see the familiar signs of a vision and the slight tightening around her eyes at what she was seeing.

"Is something the matter?" He asked once the hobbits had their fill and began to ready for bed.

Shaking her head Canadriel turned her head towards the Shire and then south where she felt something dark on the horizon. "Something is wrong; I cannot see what it was beyond flashes of white, fire and the feel of darkness and pain. Tharkûn should have been with them in Bree, him not arriving like that is never a good sign."

"I too am concerned but Mithrandir does as he pleases if he is not in Rivendell by the time we meet we shall seek word with Lord Elrond," Aragorn replied, his eyes gazing in the same direction as his friend, his Lady. "I'll take first watch."

Canadriel nodded and took her spot next to the dying tree and letting her mind drift and ears attuned to the surrounding marshes. She would rest but she did not feel safe enough to sleep in the open, not without her family to surround her.
A deep ache thrummed through her at the thought, it had been too long since she had slept in a pile with her brothers, had spent curled up in her husband's arms under stone.

"Tinuviel elvanui,

Elleth alfirin ethelhael

O hon ring finnil fuinui

A renc gelebrin thiliol."

The words were sung softly from a thoughtful Aragorn, his mind lingering on Arwen.

It was what woke Frodo, the song sad and one he knew from the short list of Sindarin Bilbo had been teaching him. He managed to understand enough to know that it was a woman he sung of and it pulled at his heart to hear the grief hidden in those words.

"Who is she? This woman you sing of?" He asked while sitting up.

Aragorn jerked in surprise, his body twisting sharply to the hobbit that spoke in surprise before turning away once more, his mind flashing to Arwen once more. "Tis the Lady of Luthien. The Elf Maiden who gave her love to Beren ... a mortal."

"What happened to her?" The question was soft and unsure and the reply to that even more so but Aragorn could not find it in him to ignore it as the tale of the fair Luthien and Beren was replicated in his love for Arwen and her love for him.

"She died." He replied before facing Frodo once more. "Get some sleep Frodo."

XX

In the south, in the heart of Isengard, the sound of trees could be heard screaming as dark foul creatures began to tear them from their home, killing their kin and tainting the land with their filth.

It was this scene that Gandalf woke, blood dripping in his eyes as the taste of it exploded in his mouth. His body ached as he pushed himself up from the floor, tilting his head back as rain began to pour.

Horror filled him as the sight before him cleared, orcs by the thousands dug and cracked the earth, the trees planted by the ents many still sleeping but those that resided in Isengard were awake and he could hear them groan and scream in pain.

Madness had struck Saruman, how could he betray them all like this? How could he betray those he was sworn to protect?

Sadness welled up in him as he huddled closer to one of the pillars on top of Orthanc, watching on in grief. It was then that Gandalf hoped that Frodo was safe with Aragorn and by some chance Canadriel. They would get him to Rivendell.

XX

Back in the Marshes, it was the rain that woke the hobbits and Aragorn up, the ranger sighing in annoyance while the hobbits frantically began to pack away their rolls and cooking supplies as Canadriel chuckled at the sight.
"We might as well begin our trek, we'll stop when needed but we will need to push ourselves further than yesterday." She explained once all their belongings were gathered. "The wraiths are closing in too quick for my liking."

The journey was long and tiring; they stopped many times to rest or fill their waterskins with water before continuing on. Bella tried to help pass the time when she wasn't a head scouting, telling the younglings stories or describing some of the places she had been to in great detail.

She also made sure they snacked on the way and had Sam help foraging in the little forest areas they passed if he saw anything that was edible and could be used as a snack or to go with dinner. Bella and Aragorn knew it was a rough journey for them, but Bella also knew that they would grow used to the constant walking, the lack of food and all things in between.

A sigh escaped her lips as the ruins came into view.

"This was once the great Watchtower of Amon Sul. We shall rest here tonight." Aragorn explained as he peered at the ruins, there was a perfect spot half way up that was perfect for them to rest.

The hobbits were relieved and grateful when they finally came to a stop, their bags falling off their shoulders and thumping to the ground followed by them all as every muscle and bone in their body began to ache. Their eyes shoot up as Strider came forward and dropped a satchel before them and pulled back the cloth to reveal four swords.

"Here are for you. Keep them close. We're going to have a look around. Stay here and don't light a fire." He ordered as they gathered up a blade with wide awe filled eyes and began to inspect them. Canadriel and Aragorn both shared a look before taking different directions, she taking the high road while Aragorn took the lower path around.

They both hoped that those swords would not be needed on this night.

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**Author Note: tada!**

The Fellowship of the Ring VII

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Third POV

A whisper, multiple whispers is what pulled Frodo from his blissful dreamless sleep. Confusion swept through him as he tried to shake off the sleep haze that was trying to pull him back under. He took stock of what was around him, remembering words that Bilbo told him long ago when he woke up in Bag End as a child after the death of his parents.

*Feel what is beneath you, what is around you and listen to the sounds… it will help.*

Frodo could feel the fine dirt under his fingers, crumbling leaves and as he breathed in he could smell the familiar scent of cooking food and feel the small fire at his back.

"My tomato's burst!"

"Can I have some bacon?"

"Ok. Want a tomato, Sam?"

His eyes shot open once more, his body lurching upwards as he whipped around to face the others in disbelief and terror. Sam, Merry, and Pippin huddled over a small fire laughing as they picked at their food.

"What are you doing?" He asked horrified, drawing the others attention.

Merry grinned as he pointed to the food at his feet. "Tomatoes, sausages, and nice crispy bacon."
Frodo scrambled to his feet, missing what Sam had said to him as his heart was the only thing he could hear as it leapt into his throat. He ignored the others as he began to shout and stamp out the fire, his eyes wild as he scanned the area around them in panic.

Pippin's voice washed over them all, Merry's dying in his throat as the screech pierced the night air the second the fire was put out. All four hobbits cast a look down and across the fog covered ground to see the dark shadows of the creatures that were hunting them, the heavy blanket of fog curling up and around them making them seem more ominous.

"Go," Frodo whispered as he drew his sword. "GO!"

All four ran and climbed as fast as they could till they were at the very top of the tower ruins, back to back and swords drawn. Their eyes scanned the darkness for what they knew was coming because of their foolishness. Suddenly, Frodo stopped, his gaze drawn to a spot between two pillars before him. The dark foul creature stepped from the darkness into the light and drew its sword while four more joined it.

All five creatures advanced towards them, their swords pointed level with their heads and each step they took forward all four hobbits took two steps back. Where were Strider and Canadriel?

Sam who was shaking with fear jerked forward and swung his sword. "Back, you Devils!"

Merry and Pippin shared a look and stepped in front of Frodo with a gulp as Sam was knocked back by one of the creatures, yelps escaping their own lips as the icy hands flung them away from their cousin with force. Fear jolted through Frodo, his sword clattering to the ground as he scrambled backwards. A dark whisper fills his ears as the ring in his pocket grew heavy, jolting him.

The ring turns him invisible, of course!

With clumsy hands caused by terror, Frodo pulls the ring from his pocket and shoves it on his finger with a gasp, just as the creature before him raises his sword to strike out. He sees the wispy, ghostly
shapes of the creatures, their skeletal faces wearing crowns upon their heads and Frodo doesn’t know what was more terrifying, the black robes or this.

The Witch King reaches out for the Ring, which is glowing. Frodo’s hand is drawn to the hand of the Witch King, at the last moment he pulls it away from the wraith hand before him and cries out as the creature stabs at him and fire burned its way through his body.

A large cry filled the night as a bright blinding light flung back the Nazgûl with screeches. Bella snapped her teeth at the creatures as they advanced forward once more, her sword slashing out as they charged forward once more. She could see the hobbits rally towards Frodo while Aragorn made sure that the Nazgûl that she could not fight stayed away.

Fire flashed in the corner of her eyes and Bella jerked back as the Nazgûl screamed before fleeing. They both shared an amused chuckle before it was shattered by the cry of pain from behind them.

"Strider! Canadriel! Help him!" Sam yelled frantically.

Aragorn rushed to their side immediately, his hand grasping the blade at Frodo’s side. His stomach dropped as he cast a look up at his friend before hissing as the blade burnt up and turned to ash in his hand. "He's been stabbed by a Morgul blade. This is beyond my skill to heal."

Bella understood what Aragorn was telling her, he himself could not heal the wounds and though she was old and was well versed in elvish healing she was not as good as her brother. All she could do was hold off the effect for as long as she could so they could get Frodo to Rivendell and to her brother.

In a blink of an eye, she had Frodo in her arms, her sword passed onto Aragorn as she rushed down
the winding path of Weathertop and down into the forests towards the quickest route to her home.

Aragorn lit a spare torch and held it high as he led the hobbits through the darkened woods after Canadriel who was several yards ahead of them. The screeches of the Nazgûl rent the air causing them all to quicken their pace. "Hurry!"

"It's six days from Rivendell! He'll never make it!" Sam cried out in a pant, his ears twitching as he could hear Frodo moaning and whispered words in elvish.

XX

The loud clangs and clatter of marching and working orcs below had settled a deep sadness and fear in Gandalf, he had been left alone for now as Saruman continued with his betrayal of what they stood for.

The grounds that was once full of fertile land and lush trees in their slumber was now a barren war torn earth with cracks gouged deep into the earth. War was coming, an army was being born and though he had faced worse in his long life he wasn't sure that this would be too much for all those that were free.

A flutter catches his interest with the soft cool breeze and with a quick jerk, his hand closes gently around the moth, his heart rejoicing as he whispered his pleas to the messenger. Radagast, though not here, was able to keep providing aid. "Gwaihir go! Gwaihir!"

He watched the small messenger flutter away, his eyes slipping closed as he settled down to wait. Help will come.

XX

Voices and memories flooded Bella's mind as she came to a stop in a familiar clearing, one she had been in long ago with thirteen Dwarrow and a hobbit, but this time she was not cast aside in a sack as three trolls argued over how they were going to cook all of them but now they stood as a sentry, frozen in the same pose as the sun made them.

...they're in-infested with parasites...

... We don't have parasites!

Let me help you, Lady Bella...

Master Fili...

...Óin, Lady Bella might need some aid!...

I AM NEAR NAKED! Do not touch it! TURN AROUND!

...FILI!...
When the others arrived at the clearing Canadriel had stopped in, the hobbits were gasping and heaving before staring up at the three stone figures now covered in moss and ivy due to age. They knew what this place was, the story from Master Bilbo bout the Three Trolls was a popular story and well loved.

Though they were occupied by the figures, Aragorn was moving closer to his friend as Frodo moaned in discomfort. Her eyes were glazed over and her face was set in sadness…

"Canadriel?" Aragorn asked in concern, laying his hand upon her shoulder.

Jolting, Bella loosened her hold before gently laying Frodo on the ground as her eyes scanned the darkened field. No longer was it cast with a warm light, sacks no longer riddled the ground as Dwarrow laughed and moaned as they gathered their things. "We need Athelas for the wound."

Sam catching the movement hurried to Bilbo's side; look up as Mister Frodo's eyes scanned the night and the stone faces. "Look Frodo. It's Mister Bilbo's trolls."

Frodo gasps for breath as his eyes begin to cloud over; Samwise felt his heart jolt as his hand touched his forehead to feel ice. "He's going cold!"

Words were said between the others and Strider but Canadriel had fallen to her knees at the top of Frodo's crown, her hands glowing softly as she began to chant, falling into her magic to guide Frodo back. She could trust Aragorn to keep her safe and to find the plant she needed.

The screeches rent the air once more, closer. "Sam! Do you know the Athelas plant? Kingsfoil?"

"Athelas? Kingsfoil." Sam asked in confusion, why does he need that? "Kingsfoil, aye, it's a weed!"
Taking Sam by his shoulder Aragorn explained. "It may help to slow the poison. Hurry!"

Both he and Sam ventured through the forest, leaving Merry and Pippin to stand guard over Frodo and the elf. Their eyes scanned the darkness and flinched with every crack and crunch that could be heard in the darkness around them.

Light was all that Frodo could see, blinding and pure. Flecks of silver and gold glittered in the white like diamonds and stars, it was a comfort to him, warm and yet sad. A whisper in his ear, pulling him back from the darkness as it called to him.

_Lasto beth nin. Tolo dan na galad… Lasto beth nin. Tolo dan na galad…_

Over and over it chanted until another light caught his eye, brighter than the one that called to him but it was not as comforting. It was not as sad and it did not glitter with flecks of gold and silver. It moved closer to where he lay and began to fade, revealing a figure in the centre… a maiden upon a great steed.

("_Frodo Im Arwen. Telin le thaed. Lasto beth nin. Tolo dan na galad…” (I am Arwen. I have come to help you. Hear my voice. Come back to the light.)_ The newcomer chanted, her voice smoother than the one that kept him grounded now as she dismounts and walks towards him kneeling at his side.

Sam and Pippin watch on with worry as Merry frowns confused. "Who is she?"

"She's an elf," Sam explained, his eyes flicking between the two as Strider kneels at their side.

Arwen flinched as she saw her Aunt, her shoulders slumped forward and unaware as she kept Frodo from the shadow world. "He's fading." She whispered to her love as she pulled back the tunic to reveal the wound.

A gasp of pain escaped Frodo's lips as Aragorn pressed the chewed up Athelas into the wound.

"He's not going to last. We must get him to my father; Canadriel cannot hold him here like this, not when she is needed." Arwen explained hurriedly, grasping her Aunt's shoulder as her love plucked Frodo from under her hands causing her to fall forward. "I've been looking for you for two days. There are five wraiths behind you, where the other four are I do not know."

Canadriel blinked as the world came back into view, exhaustion creeping up on her. She waved her niece away, hiding the surprise at her sudden appearance and grimaced at the ache in her legs, her wounds pulling from their stiffness.

"_Dartho guin perian. Rych le ad tolthathon._" Aragorn stated as he hoisted Frodo into the saddle, pleading with Arwen to stay here.
"Hon mabathon. Rochon ellint im." Arwen argued and even though he knew that she was indeed the faster rider, the road was too dangerous.

"What are they saying?" Pippin asked as the soft lulling syllables reached their ears.

"They are arguing over who is to go ahead with Bilbo, the road is dangerous and so Strider is worried by my niece is a skilled fighter and she has a valid point," Canadriel stated, the last part louder than needed, attracting Aragorn's attention. His shoulders sagged and he nodded if his Lady and friend said that it was Arwen who had to go then he will agree.

He helped her on the horse, her hand stilling her as she went to leave. "Ride hard. Don't look back."

Be safe... was his unsaid worries.

"Noro lim, Asfaloth, noro lim!" Arwen urged her horse forward, to ride as fast as she could.

"The river will protect you Arwen!" Canadriel yelled into the night. "Use it!"

XX

Arwen pushed Asfaloth as hard as she was able through the fields and open plains. Through the woodlands that bordered her home, she was close.

A flash of black in the trees catches her eye and with a quick look she could see the black rider amongst them, her hands grasping the reins of her horse with fear and urgency as the rider moves to her side, the others joining it and closing her in. She dodges in and out of the trees, hissing when a branch slices across her cheek as she glanced back to see where the riders were. In open ground, eight wraiths now follow her. Frodo looks sideways at the wraiths as one reaches out his hand to him.

"Noro lim Asfaloth!" (Ride faster Asfaloth!) She urged her horse, digging her heels into Asfaloth's side.

The river came into view and relief flooded into her, it was the border of her home, the border of where her father's magic and the magic of her people reached. Arwen rides across to the other side and into safety, whilst the nine wraiths stand on the opposite shore facing her, their horses rearing in frustration, the wraiths screeching.
"Give up the halfling She-elf." The guttural growl of the black rider echoed across the gap.

Drawing her sword she remembered the words that echoed the night as she left Aragorn and her aunt. "If you want him. Come and claim him!"

All nine wraiths draw their swords at the challenge and push their horses forward into the water. "Nin o Chithaeglir, lasto beth daer, rimmo nin Bruinen, dan in Ulair!" She chants her eyes slipping close as she emerged herself into the power of the river, calling it to aid. "Nin o Chithaeglir, lasto beth daer, Rimmo nin Bruinen, dan in Ulair!"

The water bubbles and gurgles as a loud roar echoed down from them, followed by a great wave. The wraiths horses neigh with fear and they begin to turn and flee, only to be swept away from the mighty force of the river's wrath.

A gasp escaped Frodo and in a blink Arwen had him lying on the ground, she could feel the hold that her aunt had placed on him fading with the strain of the distance between them. Tears spring into her eyes as she hugs him to her chest and begs for her father to hurry, whispering words into Frodo's ear, begging him to stay.

Frodo could hear the voices, but the light had once more taken over his vision. Another voice joined the others, louder and stronger than the one that held him from a distance and the one that joined
them in the field. He was being asked to come back to them, to stay in the light.

XX

"Where am I?" The words were rasped as he blearily called out into the blinding light once more.

"You are in the House of Elrond." A familiar voice explained as the light begins to fade. "And it is ten o'clock in the morning on October the 24th, if you want to know."

He knew his eyes were still closed as a frown pulled at his brows; the voice was familiar and amused. An image of a grey hat and mischievous eyes with a flare of fireworks flashed across his mind, causing Frodo to snap his eyes open and look to the side. "Gandalf!"

Gandalf sat beside the bed, a slight frown upon his brow as he puffed at his pipe. "Yes, I am here and you're lucky to be here too. A few more hours and you would have been beyond our aid, but you have some strength in you my dear hobbit."

Frodo sits up and clutches his left shoulder as it twinged in pain. "What happened Gandalf, why did you not meet us?"

"Oh, I'm sorry Frodo," Gandalf sighed looking into the distance. "I was delayed."

Saruman had tried once more to force him into joining Sauron. Telling him to embrace the power of the ring, or embrace his destruction. But Gandalf would not, could not be swayed by his words and brute force. He would not show his fear to who used to be his friend and thankfully Gwahir had arrived to save him.

It took near a day for him to reach Rivendell and then the night to explain to Elrond what he had seen and that Saruman had fallen from the light and created an army. He had managed to explain it all when Elrond sensed the power shift, his daughter calling for aid and he had waited for his return when Frodo was brought to the healers…

"Gandalf? What is it?" Frodo asked concerned.

Shaking his head of the memory he turned his eyes to Frodo once more. "Nothing Frodo."

"FRODO!" Samwise yelled as he turned the corner into the room and saw Frodo awake, he rushed to his side and hugged him gently with a wide grin. "Bless you; you're awake."

"Sam." Frodo greeted with a smile and a laugh.

"Sam has hardly left your side." Gandalf chuckled with a smile.

Samwise sat on the bed the grin still on his face as he looked between the two. "We were that worried about you, weren't we Mister Gandalf?"

"By the skills of Lord Elrond," Gandalf started, turning his head as Elrond entered the room. "You're beginning to mend."

Frodo watched as a regal elf stepped to Gandalf's side, his dark hair pulled back into slight braids and a soft smile of welcome on his face. "Welcome to Rivendell Frodo Baggins."

Author Note: God damn… this chapter is a mess of things haha…
Title: The Unpredicted

Pairing: Bella/Legolas

Summary: Years have passed since the reclaiming of Erebor and Bilbo's ring forgotten... till now.

Author Note: Okay, the sequel!

BTW I should mention "," italics" are the elves speaking in their native tongue Sindarin. "Bold italics" is when they are speaking in Khuzdul. Italics without the "-" is thoughts either thinking to one another or general thought.

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the twilight series and I really don't own any of Tolkien's amazing work.

Third POV

Bella hummed softly as she sharpened her blades, her back resting on the tree trunk as Bilbo sat comfortably on the stone bench writing away at his book once more, his legs swinging merrily. She knew what story he wrote and she couldn't wait to see it when it was finished.

"I can feel your eyes on me you know." Bilbo pointed out, his hand calmly swiping across the page leaving brilliant curls. "And don't think you can fool me, my old friend, you've been sharpening that blade for the last half an hour."

A chuckle escaped her lips as she placed the well sharp blade in its holster. "And try not to fool me, burglar, as you've been putting extra detail into that one sketch for days now."

Green eyes peered up from under dark lashes and snow white brows. A pang had gone through her when she had arrived back into Rivendell with the news of Frodo's health to a rapidly aging Bilbo. No longer did he look as if he had aged only ten years from the quest but his salt and peppered hair was now snow white and his face weathered...

"Shouldn't you be off to see your husband?" Bilbo asked simply before returning to his book, starting a new page in spite.

Canadriel chuckled as she picked up another blade, her ears twitching as she could hear the hobbits rejoicing and making their way to where she and Bilbo sat. "Why when he ventures to me? Frodo will awaken soon, Elrond is an excellent healer and I did what I could."

"You've been saying that for two days now," Bilbo replied still not looking up. "Just as bad as Gandalf."

"Well then perhaps the young hobbit I see is not Frodo." She supplied offhandedly, hiding her smirk when Bilbo's head snapped around at that and at Frodo's sudden joyful shout of his name.

She gathered her things as Frodo and Bilbo embraced fondly, she knew many years had passed since they last saw one another. "Come hobbits, perhaps we can sneak some food from the kitchens once again. Let us leave Frodo and Bilbo to their reunion."
As predicted the three hobbits perked up at the mention of food, Merry and Pippin racing off in the direction of the kitchens, shoving and taunting each other in a way that it reminded her strongly of Fíli and Kíli, in fact, she has nearly called them as such on two occasions, earning a smirk from Bilbo.

Sam turned his head slightly as the slight huff of laughter from the elf next to him. Even now he was still awed by her beauty; it was unlike the others that he had seen. While her kin were ethereal and calm as the shire on a beautiful day, Lady Canadriel had reminded him of the river, though calming with its soothing motions and sound it could and has swept people away and drowned them. Calm and yet dangerous, after all, he has seen the weapons she carries on her at all times, had seen the ones that hung in her chambers when he was told to fetch her for dinner.

"Something you wish to say, Samwise?" Bella asked amused as she glanced down at the staring hobbit.

"No m'Lady, nothing." He stammered out with ruddy cheeks.

A fond laugh escaped her lips as she ruffled his hair. "You better go see what those two troublemakers are up to before they eat all the food and cause the poor kitchen hands trouble."

Sam blinked before nodding and took off in a run towards the kitchens leaving Bella behind to make her way up to the spot where Gandalf and her brother waited. Her good mood turned sour as she remembered the state Gandalf was in when she arrived and the reason why he had not met them in Bree.

"…emy is moving. Sauron's forces are massing in the east. His eye is fixed on Rivendell. And Saruman, you tell me, has betrayed us. Our list of allies grows thin." Her brothers' voice reached her, his tone stressed.

"His treachery runs deeper than you know. By foul craft, Saruman has crossed Orc with Goblin Men...he is breeding an army in the caverns of Isengard. An army that can move in Sunlight and cover great distance at speed. Saruman is coming for the Ring." Gandalf stressed the horror hidden within his words but easily detected.

"This is indeed troubling news." She hummed softly as she made her way to their side, her hand resting on her brothers' shoulder as she felt the sadness within him as Gandalf nods. "This evil cannot be concealed by the power of the Elves...We do not have the strength to fight both Mordor and Isengard, even with the rings."

Gandalf sighed as he turned to walk away, missing the look between Elrond and Bella.

"Gandalf, the ring cannot stay here," Elrond informed, watching as his friend tensed and seemed to age before his very eyes.

Even though the news was dire, the mood somber Canadriel couldn't help but smile widely as she felt her husband grow near, after bidding her brother a silent farewell she turned and began to make her way towards where she knew Legolas will be arriving from.

Sadness and exhaustion welled within Gandalf as he cast his eyes out upon Rivendell, watching as a lone rider enters the stone archway with surprise.

"This peril belongs to all in Middle Earth they must decide now how to end. The time of the elves is over. My people are leaving these shores. Who will you look to when we've gone? The Dwarrow? They hide in their mountains seeking riches; they care nothing for the troubles of others." Elrond
stated as he made his way to Gandalf's side.

Turning towards the Elven Lord, Gandalf replied. "It is in men we must place our hope."

"Men!" He exclaimed while turning to walk back into the library. "Men are weak the race of men is failing. The blood of Numenor is all but spent, its pride and dignity all but forgotten. It is because of men the Ring survives. I was there Gandalf I was there three thousand years ago when Isildur took the Ring. I was there the day the strength of men failed. I led Isildur into the heart of Mount Doom…"

Flashes of that day poured into Elrond's mind, the greed and the weakness… the ring wearing away the strength of a great leader. He, himself should have cast the ring back into the mountain. Perhaps then all the pain that came from it would not have happened. "It should have ended that day but evil was allowed to endure… Isildur kept the Ring. The line of Kings is broken. There's no strength left in the world of men. They're scattered, divided, leaderless…"

"There is one who could unite them. One who could reclaim the throne of Gondor." Gandalf points out.

"He turned from that path a long time ago. He has chosen exile."

BB

Legolas jolted forward and off of his horse as the familiar figure of his wife caught his eye, laughter ringing from them both as he hoisted her up and spun her around before pulling her into a kiss.

"It has been many moons since I have seen you gilgalad nín, come tell me what has happened since then while I give you all the letters that our kin have passed onto me," Legolas informed his wife, linking his arm through hers after pressing his forehead against her own in the Dwarven way of greeting loved ones.

"There is not much to be told meleth nín… I will tell you further in our chambers." Bella replied in Khuzdul, hoping that her Chosen had picked up the language and that her kin taught him while she was away. "Where are Tauriel and Lorelai?"

Legolas cast his wife a long look before nodding. "Lorelai is pregnant and I ordered Tauriel to stay with her sister. Meston secure the horses."

"My brother has placed you all in the south wing terrace; Telemië will show you exactly where." Canadriel supplied over her shoulder, her eyes darting to the handmaiden peeking from the upper terrace to the guards behind her and Legolas.

Legolas felt his lips quirk as he saw the mischievous spark in his wife's eyes as she ordered the handmaiden to lead his guards to their chambers while she leads him to theirs. There was no words spoken as they walked arm in arm, just basking in the fact they were together once more.

Only did Bella let go of her husband when they got to the door of her chambers, letting it swing open with a simple flick of the handle and her wrist, letting Legolas step through before her to see. Everything in this room was who she was before Moria, only little signs of the Elf she was now lay scattered here and there.

The weapons her kin forged, the crowns upon the specially carved shelf from Bifur, the purple leather bound photo album from Charlie. Her clothes resting within the intricately designed chest from Balin and Dwalin, still in the same condition in which they were given except perhaps a few
new runes added once the boys wed.

Legolas pulled his wife into his arms the moment the door closed. "Tell me what has happened gilgalad nín… Please, Amrâlimê."

"All is not right in the world Legolas, the pirates are merging and strengthening, their numbers grow daily. Our people are sailing to the Undying Lands the Dwarrow are not gaining strength as they should be." Bella started her eyes downwards in shame as she whispered the next words. "And the trinket Bilbo used to save us time and time again was the One Ring of power, I sensed its darkness and yet I could not…"

"Shh Meleth nín, the ring is well known to trick those that wish to destroy it. It is not your fault." He tried to sooth but Legolas knew how much blame his wife took upon her shoulders. 

"I should have come back sooner." She muttered in Khuzdul as the sound of footsteps reached her ear. "I should not have delayed so much but time slipped away from me and I missed so much. Can you forgive me?"

Legolas looked down into the dark eyes of his wife, pulling her closer to his body and pressed his lips to hers in a deep passionate kiss. "Of course I can Ázyungel."

BB

Night fell quick in Rivendell; the Last Homely House, home of Lord Elrond and the gathering place where the council of the ring shall be held. It was a sanctuary for those traveling, the magic allowing you peace and mind for the brief moment or long stay in its region. Yet not all those within its borders were peaceful.

Two men roam the halls, a man of noble birth resting in the Library and another who wanders the halls. A fair elf who cannot sleep for her love sits restlessly reading and the Lady Canadriel and her husband who wander the halls of Rivendell.

To Legolas, he found the sweeping grounds of Rivendell beautiful with its vast gardens and arching bridges but it was not the rock-hewn halls of his home nor the tall trees and tunneled in halls of his father's realm.

"I will not say ill against Rivendell but it is not home," Legolas stated as he eyed the open area with a wary eye, he never felt comfortable in exposed places.

Canadriel turned to her husband as they stopped at one of the gazebos. "I too miss the halls of Erebor. Rivendell was once my home but now it is just simply a place and though there is life in these halls it is not the same as the mountain."

"I know, for one there is less cursing and not enough rowdy songs to listen to." Legolas chuckled, pulling his wife into his arms once more pausing when voices drifted down from the open ledge to the left of them.

"The same blood flows in my veins…the same weakness." Aragorn's voice echoed painfully.

Arwen's voice hurried to sooth the pain. "Your time will come. You will face the same evil and you will defeat it. The shadow does not hold sway yet…not over you and not over me…"

Legolas and Canadriel stayed silent as they watched Aragorn and Arwen walk out from one of the Library doors and stop at the crest of a bridge, moonlight casting a soft glow upon them. Canadriel
shot her husband a glance as he raised his brows in question, her hand twisting in the familiar signs of Iglishmêk.

They have been in love since Aragorn came of age and she returned from my mother's realm. Elrond has forbidden it but it is her choice if she wishes to join him in a mortal life or not.

"Do you remember when we first met?" Arwen asked softly, her eyes never straying from her loves.

"I thought I had strayed into a dream." He admitted to her.

Arwen sighed softly as she brushed back the loose strands, her heart full of love towards the man it had chosen. "Long years have passed. You did not have the cares you carry now. Do you remember what I told you?"

Aragorn sighs and runs his fingers over the Evenstar hanging from her neck as he remembered the vows she uttered long ago. "You said you would bind yourself to me forsaking the immortal life of your people."

"And to that I hold. I would rather share one lifetime with you than face all the ages of this world alone." She uttered to him, loosening the grip upon is hand and allowing him to see what she had placed there. "I choose a mortal life."

Canadriel felt her heart swell as she glimpsed the Evenstar resting in Aragorn's hand. A token of her love, another way to propose in the ways of her people besides the circlet.

Aragorn shook his head. "You cannot give me this."

"It is mine to give to whom I will. Like my heart." Arwen confessed, closing his fingers around the token once more before placing a kiss on his lips. Her heart chose this man the moment she laid eyes on him, had thought long and hard about her decision at her father's request but she could no longer deny what her heart yearns for.
Bella began to leave, pulling Legolas with her and made way for another part of the gardens far away from Arwen and Aragorn. She will let them have this night for tomorrow the meeting of the ring will begin and she knew that Aragorn planned to journey forth with whoever was to take it.

"Perhaps this journey shall be my last." The words tumbled from her lips silently, stilling her husband.

"I know that you plan to sail once this is done, I can see the grief beginning again with each death of those you love and I know that I carry the largest piece of your heat... I can feel the sadness, the fading still clinging to your soul." Legolas admitted softly, pressing his forehead against hers. "But all is not lost yet, my love."

"I will stay for more years yet Legolas, but I shall take the boat that will carry my parents to Valinor and not a moment before." She soothed softly. "Come, let us rest my love, we have a big day tomorrow."

Author Note: Okay so this is a short chapter compared to the others, so you get two chapters both less than 3k.
The day was warm and Rivendell was abuzz with voices and actions as her people prepared rooms for the rest of their expected guests. Her brother had sent out word to all kingdoms and over the last few hours, the remaining Emissaries to join in on the council to discuss what to do with the One Ring began to arrive.

Already the two from Rohan have arrived, as has those from Gondor and of course Legolas and those Thranduil sent. She knew Thorin had sent an envoy in his stead, as he himself could not come, she did not know who exactly he had but she knew it would not be Fíli or Kíli as their duties tied them to the mountain. One as the crown prince and the other to a husband whose wife was pregnant once again and was having difficulties this time around.

So as result she had decided not to join the discussion as her mind had already been made and decided to walk the gardens instead. Plus, her husband would fill her in on what she had missed tonight when they retired to bed.

It was a surprise to her when she caught sight of Glóin in the courtyard, it had been many years since she had seen him, thirty years to be precise, and the same amount of years where she had seen anyone at all from Erebor…besides Nori, Dwalin, and Thorin. She had kept in contact with them of course, sending ravens with letters to hear how well things have gone.

"Now that is a look I know all too well Nadad." She stated as she sat by his side, stilling his arm that went for his axe. "What ails you Glóin? Why are you not at the council meeting?"

Glóin relaxed as he realised who was speaking, a smile replacing the frown as he turned towards Moriel. She still looked as radiant as always, young and ethereal. But this time she was not dressed in her warrior attire and a hooded cloak he was familiar with, she was now in an elven gown with the circlet Fíli had made her sitting upon her head.

"Moriel… I should have known you’d be here. It is ill news I’m afraid, we’ve lost contact with Moria a while ago and I came along with Gimli to speak with Lord Elrond about it." Glóin explained tired, daring not to utter her brother’s name or Ori’s and he couldn’t think of Óin.

Moriel frowned. "I had been told Moria was retaken, but I dared not to travel near it. It brings
bad memories I wish never to remember. Maybe we can send a scouting party once all is done to see what has happened. Now tell me, how is everyone, Gimli would be nearing 150 now."

"Aye, but he's stubborn like his mother and I. Though he cannot get past his hate of elves, it worries me. You and Legolas have been named friends-kin and we have told him all the elves have done to aid us, even Fili and Kili have tried but... it is of no use. The boy is too stubborn and your husband avoids most family dinners, I'm afraid Gimli has forgotten what he and you look like." Glóin sighed out, running his hand through his grey beard.

He was old now, the red hue of his natural colour fading to grey, his age was catching up to him, there wasn't much time left for him until he could rest in the halls of his creator. Bella sensed where his thoughts had led and frowned, refusing to let the sadness bubble in her chest once more like when Bard, Bifur, Balner, and Balnar had passed.

"I take it he is at the council meeting then, about the ring? He will go with whoever will carry the burden." She stated softly, knowing already who was to go.

Glóin cast a look up at his sister with a sad smile. "I know, the Lad was upset that he couldn't come with us to reclaim Erebor, I cannot stop him now."

"Then I will make sure he is safe on this journey. I will protect him like I had protected you and the others... but you must return to Erebor at haste, I sense darkness rising and the war will not hold in Mordor for long. You will need to warn Thorin, the Orcs still want the mountain; they will try when their master is strong." Bella explained seriously, her hand grasping Glóin's wrist tightly as the vision flashed across her eyes. "They will try to do what Azog failed to do and if not ready they will succeed."

Dread filled his heart as he listened; he knew to trust her visions as they had never led her or them to be astray. "Then I will go back, tell Thorin to make sure the guards are doubled and ready. King Brand will need to be informed as well. What... what shall I tell the others? I didn't miss your promise to keep Gimli safe on this quest. You're going to Mordor, they may not... you may not."

Moriel cast a sad look at Glóin. "My time is not yet here Glóin; tell them I will be fine with Legolas by my side. Make sure that Fili and Kili do not come, they have children to care for now... Legolas had to order Lorelei and Tauriel to stay in Greenwood. If Fili dares to try and come, tell Rulna, she will make sure her husband stays and if that doesn't work..." She trailed off giving Glóin a sadistic cheeky smile. "Tell Dís."

Glóin let out a boisterous laugh before frowning and jerking forward, catching Moriel as she fell to the ground gripping her head in pain, the trees around them groaning as the sky darkened. He quickly laid her on the ground and knelt by her side, his hands roaming over her face while he looked for something that harmed her, wishing now that he listened to his brother when he rambled on about healing.

A moan of pain escaped Moriel's lips followed by a sigh of relief as the darkness left her home. "Help me up Glóin; there is a wizard I must punch." She groaned as her eyes snapped open, the Black Speech of the One had never dared to be uttered in the halls of Imladris.

"Well then lass, let me take you." Glóin chuckled as he helped her up and began to lead her towards where the Council was being met. He felt young again in her presence; the look that sat upon her face now was much like the one he saw right before she punched that elven bastard king in the face.
When they reached the spot in which the meeting was being held place it was in an uproar. Elves, Men, and Dwarrow fought and slung back insults to and fro. Glóin bounced on his feet as he saw the dark look cross his Namad's face and waited for what was to come.

"What is the meaning of this?" She snapped, her voice stilling the arguing men before her, her glare piercing every one of them. "I come to punch a wizard and I find you all arguing like children, is this how it is now? Trying to forge a fellowship by throwing insults at one another? Are you the leaders of your respected houses for this meeting or not?"

Legolas felt his shoulders slump as his wife turned her glare upon him, causing him to back down and for Gimli to snicker.

"Is something funny Gimli son of Glóin?" She asked blandly causing the dwarf to snort.

"Just that they cower to a dainty Lass like you." He chuckled and paled as his father stalked forward only to be stopped by the elf. He was surprised that his father even allowed her to stop him.

"Glóin let me," She hummed before turning to look at the Dwarf before her with critical eyes. All who knew her smirked as she moved forward, a serene look on her face. The calm before a storm.

"Tell me Gimli, why do you hate Elves so much when your aunt and her Chosen are both Elves? The very ones who saved the lives of your royals, your father, and uncles? Do you hold the same hate for them as you do their kin?" She asked simply causing the young one to splutter. It had been a very long time since she had seen Gimli, in fact, she had only met him a few times before she and Legolas left.

"I would never disrespect them! Moriel Dwarrowfriend is the hero of Erebor, I would never!" He snarled causing her to hum, a smile to lift at the corners of her mouth.

"And yet you do." She chuckled before standing and moved back to her brother's and Chosen's side. "This is their home little Gimli, you offer insult to their kin."

She wondered though how Gimli forgot Legolas as Thorin had told her he was at Erebor quite often.

"Are you not going to tell him who you are?" Elrond asked amused causing the others who understood him to snort.

"No, he will learn along the journey and it has been a while since I got to have fun like this." She replied, smiling down at her brother and explaining to him her plan, pressing her thoughts into his.

"We still have not resolved who will take the ring!" One of the Men snapped causing the others to tense.

Many stared at one another as Frodo closed his eyes and clenched his hands as a dark
voice whispers across his mind. Pain bloomed and he could feel sweat trickle down his brow as the voice grew louder with each beat of his heart as the arguing began once more. He couldn't allow this, he had to do something.

"I will take it!" Frodo yelled causing Gandalf and Bella to close their eyes, both with the feeling of sadness. "I will take the ring, but I do not know the way."

All the others that were present stared at the young Halfling astonished. They had not expected a race known for their comforts to take such a burden of a quest, it did not matter that he was the one who brought it here to Rivendell, he had done what was needed of him and he needed not to do more.

"I will help you bear this burden, Frodo Baggins, as long as it is yours to bear." Gandalf piped up, placing a hand on the shoulder of one of his eldest friend's nephew. Guilt churning deep within his chest at the weight the young hobbit will have to bear upon this quest.

"If, by my life or death, I can protect you, I will." Aragorn declared before moving to kneel before Frodo. "You have my sword."

Legolas smiled at his wife knowing that her mind was already made up on the matter. "And you have my bow."

"And my axe!" Gimli stated proud, sharing a look with his father who bowed his head in consent.
Boromir looks at them all then walks towards Frodo. "You carry the fate of us all, little one." He hummed, glancing at Lord Elrond. "If this is indeed the will of the Council, then Gondor will see it done."

"Here!" A voice called causing a few to groan and Bella to smile. She had sensed the others and knew that Frodo was not to be the only Hobbit to accompany them on this quest, she knew the bravery of their kind, had seen it again and again in Bilbo and on their journey here… and she knew they would not allow their friend to journey without them.

"Mr. Frodo's not going anywhere without me," Sam grunted out as he stumbled towards his friend.

"No, indeed...it is hardly possible to separate you...even when he is summoned to a secret council and you are not." Elrond drawled out amused and sarcastic, causing his sister to snort and hide a smile.

Merry and Pippin share a look before dashing out into the open, revealing the fact they were hiding but they were both Tooks and not ones to turn down an adventure. "Oi! We're coming too! You'll have to send us home tied up in a sack to stop us."

"Anyway...you need people of intelligence on this sort of mission...quest...thing..." Pippin trailed off with a jerk of his head as he fumbled with the words.

Bella laughed loudly at this, bringing the attention back to her. She gave Frodo a fond smile and moved to kneel before the young hobbit, the smile slipping into one of seriousness that made Frodo weary.

"Bilbo is a dear friend of mine Frodo, kin; I have known him since that fateful night in Bag End. I was the one that brought him here after his farewell and I am the one that promised to keep you safe on this quest. So I Canadriel, daughter of Galadriel and Celeborn pledge you my bow and my power..."
upon this quest.” She informed softly keeping her voice low from the others before standing up and smiling, saying the rest out loud. "I cannot pledge you my loyalty, I happen to like the King who I have sworn my alliance to, so I just pledge my service and protection."

Glóin chuckled and turned to the young Halfling, leaning heavily on his axe handle. "Aye laddie, a fine warrior you got there, the blonde prince too."

Canadriel stepped back and turned to face her brother, his face grim but understanding. "I know why you go, I understand but what if the grief takes you once again?"

"I will not let that happen, My Lord," Legolas replied sharply, not at Elrond but at the seriousness of the topic.

He had helped heal the Grief she first suffered when they finally bound but the scars never healed and they flared painfully so within his Chosen. Each death of her family caused the grief to take once more and it pained him to know that it will never truly go away but he understood that though he had the majority of her heart, chunks remained with the Company of Thorin Oakenshield.

"I will be fine Hanar, I can deal with it." She replied softly, cupping her brother's face. But she knew that the journey is not going to be like the last, closer to the battle of Moria than the reclamation of Erebor. She didn't know how it truly would affect her but she had to go, had to protect her family from this evil once and for good.

She didn't have much time left, for when the last of the company leaves Arda; she would follow to the grey havens. Legolas of course knew and understood her pain and plight; he would remain here to look over the remaining families of the company before to joining her in the havens.

In a blink of an eye, a spark of power flooded Rivendell once more, a warning, one familiar that had Bella gasping. It was warm like the sun, yet strong like the earth and it was the very magic that rippled over her when she returned to her home so many years ago.

As soon as the magic cleared and those affected by it were on their feet again, Bella was sprinting through Rivendell as fast as her dress allowed her to. She could hear the others behind her, Legolas and Elrond hot on her heels with Aragorn not far behind them with the rest.

Snarls and clangs of metal reached her ears as she hoisted her dress skirts and leaped over the river to where the fighting was and stood between the wounded intruder, a protective one, and sentry.

"Hold your fire!" She ordered the sentry, watching as they immediately stepped down and away from those they were fighting before casting a glare over her shoulder at the other two when they snarled in return. "They're not intruders, unexpected guests but never intruders."

Only when the guards lowered their bows did she turn to stare at the pair before her with bewildered
surprise. She could just feel the curiosity and tension behind her, see her friends coil and bared their teeth more at the crowd behind her with weapons.

Interesting...

"I had never thought that I would see friends of old here in my home." Bella supplied, her eyes never leaving the shattered look of the person before her. "But I am glad to see you never the less. "Hello Peter, Jasper."

Author Note: Yeah, originally it was Paul and Garrett but Jasper and Peter won the poll…
Title: The Unpredicted

Pairing: Bella/Legolas

Summary: Years have passed since the reclaiming of Erebor and Bilbo's ring forgotten… till now.

BTW I should mention "Italics" are the elves speaking in their native tongue Sindarin. "Bold Italics" is when they are speaking in Khuzdul. Italics without the "-" is thoughts either thinking to one another or general thought.

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the twilight series and I really don't own any of Tolkien's amazing work.

Third POV

Confusion swept through Bella as Jasper stared at her, his teeth bared and eyes black as night. It was then that Bella realised she did not look like the woman they had come to know.

Everyone watched as lady Canadriel seemed to change before their very eyes, her ears rounding out, her dark hair lightening a few shades… she seemed to have turned into a different woman, a child of Man instead of Elf.

But it was the two strange creatures that seemed to shine slightly in the setting sun that gave the most reaction. The fair-haired one of the lot dropped to his knees and all around felt agony they knew was not their own.

Legolas cocked his head to the side as everything began to click into place, his body tensing as his hand clenched around his bow. His wife had told him stories of the family that hurt her, had described each and every one of them late one night surrounded by stone and warmed by fire. The other did not come close to any description he knew of but he knew the one kneeling.

"Give me one good reason as to why I should not kill you," He demanded lowly, his voice rough as he took a step forward.

"We mean no harm to her," The darker haired man stated, his blood coloured eyes glinting with a familiar look. "Been lookin' for ya doll cake, left a mighty big hole in a couple of people's lives."

"I couldn't stay in Forks anymore, Peter," Bella replied as she tore her eyes away from Jasper who was kneeling at her feet, his body shaking with silent sobs. "How'd you get here and why?"

"Don't rightly know, the Major an' I were at our end an' starin' down at our pyre when we found ourselves fallin', voices told us we were as needed so here we are," Peter explained with a shrug.

This time it was Bella's turn to be confused, something didn't add up… where was Charlotte, Alice? Why were they staring at their own pyre? Oh god, what happened to all those she had come to love? The pack?

Sadness reflected back at her as she stared Peter down, his smile dropping into a grimace, he didn't need her to voice the question she was unable to ask. "The Pack is fine or the last I knew they were.
Maria came knocking; the Volturi came as well... The Cullen's transgressions reached them after, well, Forks newborns. Ya knew my Char's gift was like Chelsea's though she never used it... she used it.

"She cut the mating bond?" Bella asked sadly.

"Yeah Darlin', right before they threw her in the pyre... Jasper was never mated to Alice though he did truly love her. The Cullen's and many more no longer exist." Peter replied while eyeing those around them once more, he honestly couldn't believe where he was... it was as if he was sent back to the dark ages when magic still existed in their world.

Bella caught the look and cast a glance at the others as well. "Everyone by my brother, Aragorn and husband leave. Now!"

The sentries left with little hesitance at the order, many were still on edge as they eyed the creatures warily as they passed but it was up to their Lord and Lady to deal with them.

"I take it these are the ones who hurt you?" Elrond asked as he came to his sisters' side, eyeing down the creatures he had not seen beyond mere descriptions in books.

Legolas hissed again and took a step forward as his wife nodded yes. "They should not be here so freely, they wounded you into grief!"

"Jasper is the only one of the family, the only one of that family I do not blame for my Grief!" Bella replied sharply and sighed as Legolas turned his head away with a frown. "My love, I am saddened by the fact my friends are gone but you can feel I am not falling to Grief once more... they can help us."

"What are they?" Aragorn asked as he eyed the creatures.

Bella snorted as she let the illusion drop and eyed her old friends. "Naqayár, Damám ushlak or ushlaku damám..."

"I don't know what you're saying but I can tell they're unhappy." Peter piped up grinning a little as the three men stared at him unimpressed if a little hostile.

"Peter only takes the blood of criminals and Jasper feasts on animals," Bella stated in Westron. "Stand Jasper, you were forgiven many moons ago... in fact, you were forgiven the moment it happened, come we have much to discuss and many things to plan. I have two people to see before we depart in the morning."

"Canadriel." Elrond uttered sharply in displeasure.

"Leave it Hanar, now is not the time to be wary of them." Bella sighed. "I am too tired to fight on this, our people are safe from them and if their wounds are to go by anything our weapons can hurt them here. Legolas, Aragorn please."

A war waged within Legolas at his rage and desire to hurt the one who caused Grief to his wife and bend to her will about it. In the end, he could never deny her a thing and placed his bow on his back once more. "Very well gilgalad nín."

"Bella?" Jasper asked confused.

"Jasper, you and Peter are no longer in a place that you will know or have ever been before. Please there is much to discuss and very little to do it." Bella replied gesturing for them to follow, she smiled
softly as she took in their awe-filled faces as they made their way back through Rivendell, it was very much the look that Bilbo had given when he too first saw it.

B.B

Bella sighed as she stepped out of the rooms that Jasper and Peter were staying in and began to make her way down to where Bilbo was staying, Thankfully Gandalf and her brother decided to fully fill them in on the situation because Bella couldn't handle them right now when she had other things to do. A sigh escaped her lips as she scowled at the floor as she paced, pausing when she saw Glóin.

"Kudze' durnu sâti yadi?" (How long have you been here?) She asked gesturing to his seat in the small alcove.

"Enough to know who rests beyond that door. Be glad that it is I who knows and not Thorin or Dwalin." Glóin replied as he tapped out his pipe and gestured for Moriel to continue. "Nê arniki ahkât galikh." (I don't think it's a good idea.)

Bella paused at that with a frown. "Nê arniki ahkât galikh?" (What do you mean?)

"I mean it's not a good idea to have them go along with you Moriel, one of them hurt you, we all know the story and I'm not sure that husband of yours will not kill them in their sleep," Glóin stated bluntly.

"I know but both Jasper and Peter are fast, they have gifts that cannot be explained and will be useful in a fight. They also don't sleep so they're safe there but if it's two more people to add to the fodder so my kith and kin can live then so be it." She explained sharply only to earn a smile and a bark of laughter.

"You sound like Thorin," Glóin replied while still laughing. "Go speak to the Burglar, Moriel."

"Come see me later Glóin, my braids need to be fixed before the morning." She said softly watching as her Nadad seemed to soften around the edges at that.

"Aye Namad, I will. Now go."

Moriel shook her head as she watched Glóin make his way back towards his rooms before turning towards Bilbo's rooms. She could hear that Frodo had already made his way inside and were talking about the Mithril shirt Thorin had given him. A sharp inhale was heard that set the hair on the back of her neck on edge.

"My– my old ring. Well, I should... very much like to hold it again, one last time." Bilbo's voice was off and it set her into motion just as Bilbo charged towards Frodo with a dark look on his face.

"BILBO BAGGINS!" She yelled shocking him out of the darkness that clung to him, sending him back a few paces with his hand to his head looking distraught, tears in his eyes as he took in a terrified Bilbo peeking out from behind her.
"I'm sorry I brought this upon you, my boy, I'm sorry that you must carry this burden." He chokes out as he slumps down on his bed. "I'm so sorry for everything; I should have left that wretched thing where I found it."

"We did not know Bilbo." Bella tried to reassure. "And he will not be on this journey alone, you know that. Legolas and I will be there as well as Aragorn, Gimli, and Gandalf."

A watery chuckle escaped Bilbo's lips. "Like his presence did us any good to Erebor."

"Point made but Frodo will have me." She stated softly as she pulled her old friend into a hug. "He will have the Mithril too, Legolas as well and do I have to remind you once more that a Durin will be with us."

Bilbo laughed again at the groan. "It does make me feel better but still, be it you, a wizard, a Durin… I still gave this burden to him."

"I will be okay Uncle," Frodo stressed as he too joined the hug.

A sigh escaped Bella's lips as she stepped back from the two hobbits, she could see many things happening down the road but none of them were clear. Bilbo will stay here, this she knew, as he had been staying here since they had left the Blue Mountains. Her kin were readying to leave for the shores of Valinor and they will join those of Lothlórien and Green Wood.

She watched as Frodo and Bilbo bickered over what to pack and not to pack, how to pack it and everything else that entailed bringing a smile to her lips. She cast them one last look as she quietly stepped out of their room and made her way towards her own, sinking into Legolas's arms as he met her at the door.

"I don't feel good." She whispered to her husband who immediately brought her into the room and closed the door. It was not often that elves felt sick, not unless they were recovering from wounds, Grief Struck or drained of Magic… but she honest to Valar felt like throwing up and she didn't know if it was because of something she ate, hadn't eaten at all or because of all the stress that had popped up today.

Council of the Ring, Black Speech, the ripple of magic and then dealing with Jasper and Peter who she was pleased to see but her heart ached fiercely because of their news.

A good chunk of her friends from the other place were gone.

"What do you need Lukhudel?" Legolas asked in Khuzdul knowing that it was more comforting to her than Sindarin. He thanked her brothers and Thorin for allowing him to learn just for her.

Taking a deep breath Bella stepped out of her husband's arms. "I need to speak with Glóin first, then I want you to lay me down on the bed and love me."

Legolas eyed his wife carefully before nodding and making his way out of the room and towards where he knew Glóin was staying with his son and the others that had come from Erebor.
Moriel sat still at her vanity, eyes locked upon the crown that rests upon her head. A sense of foreboding niggling at her in the back of her mind that the dangers ahead will consume many, many of whom she loves. They didn't stop and they consumed her thoughts, let the screams take over, the laughter bubble through and though she tried to grasp the good with her mind's eye they slipped through like water.

"Do not let your visions cloud you, Moriel." Glóin hummed as Legolas worriedly brought him to her side. "You know this better than I."

A soft smile broke out across her face as she turned to face one of her brothers. "You sound like Nadadith and Hanar, I fear Glóin this will be the last I see of you."

"So my time has come then, we knew it would be soon Namad. My age has caught up with me like it did Balnar and Bifur." Glóin explained while gently turning her around and began to unclasp her braids to redo them. He dared not to touch Balin and Dwalin's, the only ones held together by magic.

"Maybe you will have a new braid to add if my Mizim learns and lives." He sighed, flinching as her hand shot up and grasped his wrist tightly.

"He will, I-we will make sure of it Glóin," Moriel stated strongly, her eyes hard. She will not lose her nadadinúdoy on this quest; she will protect them like she had done for Thorin's Company. "Legolas, your ambassador wishes to speak with you."

Legolas eyed his Chosen with a frown before nodding, he knew it was a ruse to get him to leave and he will because he knew that what must be said can only be heard by Glóin, he could see the familiar glint in her eyes.

When the door closed Moriel stood and went to the chest at the end of her bed, beckoning Glóin to join her. The chest was the one from Moria, Dwalin had given it to her a year or so after they took Erebor back. Inside held many items, items she had made and had made but didn't know why till now.

"You need to take these along with the letters to Erebor. You are to give it to Thorin and only Thorin, I know not why but you must." She explains before picking up the circlet on top. "This, this is for Lorelei."

The circlet belonged to her sister and she did not know why it needed to be handed to Lorelei but she would give it to her. With a sigh, she returned the circlet to its box and back into the chest, on top of the folded chainmail.

Glóin watched with a heavy heart as he saw the grief sink into his namad's face, a familiar look he had not seen for some time now. "What weighs upon you Moriel, I know you did not call me here to fix your braids."

"I am to sail to the Undying Lands if I live this war Glóin." She explained, her eyes locking with his in the mirror before she turned to face him. "Legolas knows this but he does not know how much I hurt still, pieces of my heart was given that day in Bag End… for some it was given back at Moria. My Chosen holds the biggest piece but with each death of the Company I feel hollow inside and it never goes away."

Glóin visibly wilted at the words, they knew of course at how deep Moriel's emotions run. The scene on the ramparts long ago where she broke before them all about the clock of time rung heavily in his mind. It was something that was never forgotten.
"I regret not spending more time with everyone," Moriel whispers softly, jolting Glóin from his memories.

"Ach lass, don't be like that. We all understood and you'll see us again. Thorin made ye kin, Mahal must recognise the fact and allow you in his halls to see us. If he doesn't then he'll have all of Durin folk on him before you could even say Mithril." Glóin said with a wave of his hand and a hard edge to his tone. "Now let me finish them braids, can't have no sister of mine walking around with half her braids."

A soft laugh escaped her lips as she moved to sit back down on the chair while Glóin finished off her braids.

"Why do you hide them?" He asked once he was done and let the straight hair fall back into place, hiding the braids once more.

"It's not that I hide them nadad, it's that they rest on my shoulder and back easily and I can feel them there, it reminds me that I have kin with me at all times." She explained softly.

Glóin smiled gently at that as he patted her shoulder. "I best get back to my room before Gimli decides to come find me and cause all sorts of havoc, that boy. I'll return to Erebor tomorrow after you leave and shall take the chest with me. Get some rest Moriel, enjoy your night with that pointy-eared weed you call a husband."

"Glóin," Bella chuckled as she opened the door for him as he lifted the chest easily. It always amused her how even when Dwarrow grow with age they could still work and lift weight with ease, perhaps not as easily as they could younger but still. "Goodnight nadad."

"Night Namad." He called over his shoulder with a grin.

The door closed with a soft click and Bella turned to face Legolas who had stood in the doorway of their room with a grin and his breeches making her mouth go dry. "I heard Glóin leave so I decided to come in through the window and surprise you are you pleased my wife?"

"Oh, I am pleased." She purred before shoving him back towards the bed with a grin, one night of alone time for the next year or so. Time for her to let everything fall away and focus all her attention on her husband.

Author Note: *whimpers* adding Pete and Jasper just... messed up my timeline and chunks i already wrote and dammit...

Naqayár - to steal blood

Damâm ushlak - blood drinker

ushlaku damâm - drinker of blood
BTW I should mention "Italics" are the elves speaking in their native tongue Sindarin. "Bold Italics" is when they are speaking in Khuzdul. Italics without the "-" is thoughts either thinking to one another or general thought.

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the twilight series and I really don't own any of Tolkien's amazing work.

Third POV

By the time the sun rose gently over the mountain range, those that were part of the Fellowship were already gathered near the main gate. Bella and Legolas had said their goodbyes to Glóin and the entourage from Erebor, after Gimli had left of course to gather his things.

"Mahal tadnani astû, sanzigil tamkhihi astû Legolas, Moriel." (Mahal guide you and mithril find you) Glóin had wished them as he pressed his forehead to theirs, lingering longer with his sister. "Be safe, hate to send Dwalin after you."

"Mukhuh targzu nê ta'bari bashk, Nadad." Bella replied as she pressed a kiss to his brow and whispering her reminders of the trunk into his mind.

Both Legolas and Bella stayed as they disappeared from their view and until the others joined them.

"The Ring-bearer is setting out on the Quest of Mount Doom. On you who travel with him, no oath, nor bond is laid to go further than you will. Farewell. Hold to your purpose. May the blessings of Elves and Men and all Free Folk go with you." Elrond spoke as he eyed the eleven before him, watching as their expressions varied from weary acceptance, fear, confusion, pride and sadness.

He presses his hand to his chest and waves it out, the words whispering to Canadriel. My heart goes with you, farewell.

"The Fellowship awaits the Ringbearer," Gandalf announces after a moment of silence.

Frodo turns, his eyes sweeping over the faces of the others who swore to aid him and starts to walk out of the gates of Rivendell, fear and unease swirling rapidly in his chest.
"Mordor, Gandalf, is it left or right?" Frodo whispered up to Gandalf who stepped in behind him, his hand gently resting on his shoulder.

Gandalf nudged Frodo gently. "Left."

'Jasper.' Bella whispered into the mind of the empath before her, watching as his spine straightened. Curiosity swirled over her cautiously and she couldn't help but smirk and push amusement at him. 'Ease Frodo, let him be calm but not so much as he becomes reckless.'

Understanding washed over the curiosity and Bella watched as Frodo's shoulders relaxed ever so slightly but she could still see the tension and the way his eyes flickered back and forth as he gazed around.

X

It had been a week or more, perhaps less since they had left Rivendell and reached the ruins of what once upon a time was her home for a brief period of time. Her and her sisters were born close to age, a rarity to Elves as long life gave them plenty of time to produce more than one child… She, being the youngest, was born in the halls of Eregion and only a mere 400 years before they travelled to Lothlórien.

This, of course, was at the very beginning of the second age, close enough.

But she had been there when Celebrimbor finished and hid the Elven Rings of Power, travelling with her mother who had received Nenya. She had been there when Sauron known then as Annatar "Lord of Gifts" who had once been Mairon the Maia of Mahal, took displeasure and started a war with the Ñoldor, Celebrimbor and all who called Eregion home.

Many things had passed in those times, the fall of Eregion and Celebrimbor, Elrond establishing Rivendell… so many wars and so much death that she recalled. Celebrian and Neliel fighting and healing those they could while she and Celephinthel were hidden away for safety.

"Meleth nin? What has you so troubled?" Legolas asked as he watched his Chosen shake free of the memories that gripped her and made her way to his side.

The others had halted when Legolas turned to speak to his wife to see her several leagues back with her eyes upon the ruins. They had wished to journey further than what they had, their pace slow with the night march but a sharp look from Aragorn, Gandalf and Legolas especially kept Gimli and the others quiet. Storm clouds began to gather and darken over the peaks of the Misty Mountains, blocking the rays of the rising sun.

Frodo couldn't tear his eyes away from the view, the shining white tops and the trees that seemed to
shine in the low light with berries a burning red, mimicking tiny flames with their dew kissed skin.

"We have reached the borders of the country that Men call Hollin; many Elves lived here in happier days when Eregion was its name," Gandalf explained, watching as both Aragorn and Legolas snapped to attention, the former making his way to Bella's side while the latter grasped his wife's hand. "The land and the weather will be milder now once the storm has passed, but perhaps all the more dangerous."

White noise seemed to settle in Bella's ears as the others began to speak of what lay before them, what lay behind them. Moria was close, too close for her liking and she could begin to hear the Battle of Azanulbizar drowning out the battle of Eregion. She could feel calm wash over her, try to settle into her hazy emotions but slid off of her like water.

Memories clashed with one another and whispers filled her ears.

"The stones lament them: Deep they delved us, fair they wrought us, high they built us; but they are gone." She breathed out, shaking her head free of all the memories and turning her attention back to the others, squeezing her husband's hand while giving a thanks to Aragorn. It was their presence that kept her grounded between her memories and Gandalf explaining where they were. "I apologise for stopping us but this was once my home, a long time ago."

"All is well Canadriel," Aragorn stated firmly but kind.

Bowing her head Canadriel returned her attention back to the others in the fellowship. "This is where the three Elven rings of power were created, where Celebrimbor had seen through the disguise of Sauron and hid the rings and started a war that created a chain reaction."

"The creation of the rings but that was thousands of years ago!" Frodo asked confused before blushing as he realised how rude it had sounded.

Bright laughter left Bella's lips at that. "You remind me much of your Uncle, Frodo. Fret not, you didn't offend. I was born in the later years of the First Age, 400 or so before the creation of the One."

Peter raised his brows at this. "Round it up for us Suga', Major and I ain't really caught up on Middle Earth and the years."

Bella paused and eyed the two vampires; she knew that Elrond and Gandalf had informed them of the Rings and the histories. Who she was exactly, what they planned to do and against. But she also knew they were still confused, trying to merge their Bella with who she was now and who Sauron could be equivalent in their world. "Centuries I have lived, a handful at most."

"You know Bilbo always did say that one should not ask an elf a question for they would both tell you both yes and no," Frodo said with a small laugh and side-eyeing Gandalf. "Or reply very much like a wizard and tell you nothing but riddles."

The laugh that sprung from Bella's lips as they continued to walk eased the ache and worry in Legolas's heart, it was unexpected and free.

"Let's keep moving," Bella instructed with a soft smile, gesturing for them to continue.

BxL

Three days after their trek through Hollin the company found themselves taking a day to rest before making their trek through the mountains, it also had Jasper consistently at Bella's side washing waves of calm over her.
Legolas and Gandalf had grown more worried with each passing day that they grew closer to Moria and the eyes of their beloved Canadriel grew distant and sad.

We must hold to his course west of the Misty Mountains for forty days. If our luck holds, the Gap of Rohan will still be open to us. From there, our road turns east, to Mordor." Gandalf murmured to the elf prince and the vampire.

"Then let us hope that nothing hinders us, this close to Moria isn't good, not with what Glóin had told her and not with the memories she holds here. Many of her kinsfolk were lost to that war, many friends." Legolas explained just as quick and soft, his eyes scanning the horizon. "Do you know anything?"

Peter gazed up through the hood of his cloak at the elf prince with a wince, "don't know, my gift isn't tellin' me anythin' but Major's feelin' somethin' dark swirling in her emotions sometimes followed by so much grief."

A sigh escaped Legolas's lips while his hand went to rub at the centre of his chest. "Yes, she's been through too much trauma and had begun to Fade when we met, our meeting had healed her of it but with each death of her kin the Grief takes hold once more."

Bright brilliant laughter had Legolas and Peter turning to face their topic of conversation with fond smiles as they watch her laugh at the antics of the two hobbits and the Man they had tackled to the ground. Though Legolas's eyes returned to the skies once more as his wife looked over and narrowed her eyes at him, mentally scolding him that he was on watch before returning to the sword lesson before her.

"If anyone were to ask for my opinion, which I note they have not, I would say we are taking the long way around. Gandalf, we can pass through the Mines of Moria. My cousin, Balin, would give us a royal welcome." Gimli spoke up while eyeing down the wizard.

Gandalf pulled his pipe away from his lips and cast a quick look towards Canadriel to see her shoulders tense and then thought of the warnings from Elrond and the Lady Galadriel and Glóin about Moria. No, Gimli. I would not take the road through Moria unless I had no other choice."

Jasper squinted as he caught the sight of a dark wisp in the sky, it seemed unnatural. "What is that?"

At the proclamation, all eyes turned towards the direction he was pointing in.

"Nothing...it's just a wisp of a cloud," Gimli replied as he too squinted at the dark spot but his eyesight grudgingly was not as good as the Vampire or an elf.

Boromir felt his stomach drop as the wisp grew closer. "It's moving fast...against the wind."

"Crebain from Dunland!" Legolas and Bella shout as one as they caught sight of what it truly was, as the sound of caws and flapping reached their ears. "EVERYONE HIDE!"

The fellowship scrambled for cover, diving under crevices between rocks and shrubs while scrambling to gather their belongings and mask that they were there. The hobbits and vampires were confused as to what Crebain were but the panic that rested on the others faces and the urgency that was heard in Legolas and Canadriel's voice was enough to tell them it was bad.

It was a matter of moments when the chilling squawk was above them, the dark mass of birds swirling above them briefly that had all of them holding their breath until they passed on. Slowly one by one they crawled out from their hiding spots, Legolas holding out his hand for his wife and helping her to her feet while her gaze was far away.
"Spies of Saruman." Gandalf spat out.

"The way south is being watched," Canadriel explained distantly. "Heavily so, the Crebain is not the only thing under the White Wizards command."

Gandalf cast a look to Aragorn and Legolas before turning his gaze towards the hills. "We must take the pass of Caradhras!"

By the late afternoon, the company were trudging through the snow up the pass all except Bella and Legolas who were laughing and taunting the others who were leading the expedition from atop the snow. Bella chuckled as she jumped from Peter's shoulder to Jaspers much like she did on the quest to Erebor long ago, drawing a laugh from all.

The sound of someone falling and the others pausing and turning their gaze back to see Aragorn and Frodo staring at Boromir with worry and caution with the case of Aragorn and fear and panic in the case of Frodo.

"Boromir," Aragorn questioned.

Boromir stared at the plain gold band that glinted in the sunlight near hypnotically. "It is a strange fate that we should suffer so much fear and doubt over so small a thing...such a little thing."

Aragorn moved his hand to the hilt of his blade as he watched the man before him. "Boromir...give the ring to Frodo."

A weird beatific smile lights up Boromir's face as he stares at the gold once more, a dull roar filling his ears to the point that he could barely hear Aragorn's voice calling for him, warning him. Why does he have to give it back? It could solve all his problems, could solve all of his people's problems.

_Boromir, it will not... It lies; it corrupts... _a voice whispered in his mind, washing away the roar and snapping him out of the trance it held him under to see Frodo and Aragorn before him. He casts the hobbit a smile and ruffles his hair. "As you wish. I care not."

Aragorn sighed and let his sword fall back into place, his eyes flicking up to his Lady who ripped her own away from the Stewards son and gave her a silent thanks.
Several hours later had the fellowship struggling through a blinding blizzard, up towards the pass with Gandalf at the lead and with Aragorn carrying Frodo and Sam while Peter and Jasper carried the Merry and Pippin the best they could without them freezing further from their skin. Bella chuckled as Peter shot her a glare as she walked past, pausing when the sound of a fell voice reached her ears.

Legolas rushed to her side immediately and stared out across the expanse. "There is a fell voice in the air."

The mountain began to shake and all sound fell to a dull roar as Beall used her own magic to keep the snow from falling, aiding Gandalf in his own chant to push back Saruman but it was no use. Saruman's voice grew in power and rolled past them like thunder just as a crack above them was heard followed by an avalanche. Legolas pulled his wife closer to the rock wall and covered her body with his own as the snow buried them.

When the snow settled Legolas opened his eyes to see if his wife was well, sighing in relief when he saw no damage and her own gaze clear and staring back. A quick kiss between them was shared before Bella pushed the snow off of them to see the others dig themselves out.

"We must get off the mountain! Make for the gap of Rohan and take the West road to my city." Boromir shouted over the roar of the wind.

"The Gap of Rohan takes us too close to Isengard," Aragorn shouts back.

"We cannot pass over the mountain. Let us go under it. Let us go through the mines of Moria." Gimli yelled as he shook more snow from his face.

Gandalf stared at them with fear and concern, concern because he knew what lies beneath them in the mines for Canadriel and fear because he knew what dwelled in the depth of those mines, Saruman's voice taunting in his ear… *You know what they awoke in, the darkness of Khazad-dum.*
"Let the ring bearer decide." He uttered softly though his voice carried across to them all anyway.

Frodo nervously glanced around the others as they all turned their attention to him, he could see Merry and Pippin shivering from within the Vampires arms, could see Aragorn and Boromir just as cold and he knew what must be done.

"Frodo?"

Blue eyes snapped up to meet Gandalf's. "We will go through the mines."

Canadriel stiffened and let her eyes clench shut and her head turn away at the proclamation, she could feel her husband pull her tight against him as Gandalf replied. "So be it."

_So be it…_ She whispered mournfully in her mind, she had hoped to never see the accursed mine once more. To be near the place that caused the death of her friend and all those she tried to save during the battle and then again when the Balrog was awoken. But here they were… traveling to the Doors.

A bad feeling settled into the pit of her stomach and as she glanced up at her husbands, she wasn't the only one worried too.

Author note: Okay, so shorter than expected but trust me the next chapter will be… well ya'll probably will need a tissue.
The Fellowship made their way down the treacherous mountain as quickly as they could though Legolas stayed glued to his wife's side. The closer they got to the mines the quieter she had gotten and it worried him and from the glances of Aragorn and the vampires, it worried them too though the latter didn't fully understand.

"Frodo, come and help an old man," Gandalf called, placing his arm around his young charge's shoulder as the continued to walk before the others. "How's your shoulder?"

Frodo blinks and casts a weary gaze up at Gandalf. "Better than it was."

Pausing Gandalf leans down to the hobbit beside him. "And the Ring? You feel its power growing, don't you. I've felt it too. You must be careful now. Evil will be drawn to you from outside the Fellowship and I fear from within."

Fear laces through Frodo at Gandalf's words, at the caution he hears under them all and glances around nervously for any sign of danger, flinching back when Aragorn steps past. "Then who do I trust?" He whispers.

"You must trust to yourself. Trust your own strength." Gandalf whispered gently making sure that none but Frodo could hear him, hoping that none but he could hear them.

Frodo swallowed hard at that but confusion welled within him "What do you mean?"

"There are many powers in this world for good or for evil. Some are greater than I am and against some, I have not yet been tested." Gandalf admits, pausing when he sees Canadriel step past him, a faraway look in her eyes but pauses for a brief moment as she turns back to glance at him, a flicker of fire in their depths before they're gone in a blink of an eye.

"The walls of Moria." Gimli's awed voice breaks through the spell and casting away the silence.
Those who had not seen Moria before blinked and looked up and up in wonder. It looked like a regular mountain but they could see where the Dwarves had built into the side, what would have been lookout and bridges now lay tattered from wear, war and age.

But the mountain seemed to loom over them and the closer they got the more unsettling it began to feel.

"Dwarf doors are invisible when closed," Gimli uttered as he tapped the wall periodically with his axe, trying to hear the sound of a different stone.

Gandalf who leads them at the front chuckled. "Yes, Gimli! Their own masters cannot find them if their secrets are forgotten!"

Legolas smothered a smirk as his wife's eyes lit up for the first time in hours, the story of the Door of Erebor flickering to the forefront of his mind thanks to his wife, a teasing whisper following it of how even in a different quest it seems a Durin would always struggle to find a door. "Now why doesn't that surprise me?"

A cold hand grasps Frodo by the arm as he slipped into the lake, his mind flashing back to when he was a faunt, the death of his mother, his father. He like most hobbits had a strong fear of water and it took uncle Bilbo many years to help him overcome it to take just a simple bath and then to freely admire it but this lake was unlike the rivers of the shire, it was pitch black and cold... an empty maw ready and waiting to feast all who go near.

"Easy now," The strange drawl of the man whispered as his fear begins to ebb into a sense of calm. "Don't want ya to slip now."

Canadriel turns her eyes away from the doors as Gandalf brushes away the dirt but regretted it immediately as she gazed into the depth of the water. Unease settled in the pit of her stomach the longer she stared at it, something niggling at her that it wasn't right.

A warm hand on her shoulder had her turning abruptly away to face her beloved, his eyes questioning if she was well. "I am fine, what is the matter?"
"Doors won't open," Peter explained with a raised brow from the rock beside her, his and Jasper eyes narrowed on the water too.

Raising her brows Bella turned her attention back to the door and to Gandalf who had his hands raised before them. "Fennas Nogothrim, lasto beth lammen."

Gimli grunts disappointed from his spot by the door as nothing happens once more and it takes all of Bella's restraint to not laugh or show her amusement as she reads the riddle and recalls what her sister told her long ago about Celebrimbor and Narvi had done and what the riddle truly was and here Gandalf was stumped and ignoring the obvious.

Pippin moved to stand next to the blonde elf. "Nothing's happening."

"I once knew every spell in all the tongues of elves, men and orcs," Gandalf grunted as he stomped up to the door and tries to push it.

"What're you gonna do then?" Pippin asked blinking as Gandalf turned dark eyes upon him.

"Knock your head against these doors Peregrin Took! and if that does not shatter them and I'm allowed a little peace from foolish questions I will try to find the opening words." Gandalf snapped agitatedly causing the young hobbit to step back in surprise.

Legolas quickly ushered the hobbit away. "Best we get settled then."

The others settled in various states, pulling out their pipes to smoke while Aragorn made his way over to Samwise that had not left the pony's side since arriving. He casts the hobbit a sad smile as he begins to unpack the gear from the pony's saddle and placed them at the hobbit's feet.

"Mines are no place for a Pony, even one so brave as Bill." He whispered to the hobbit as he began to lift off the saddle. "Go on, Bill, go on. Don't worry, Sam he knows his way home."

The sound of a splash has all heads jerking to the water and then over to where what caused it came from, just in time to see Aragorn stop Pippin mid-throw. "Do not disturb the water."

Legolas watched his wife whose eyes never left the water, the unease – both his and her own – churned in his stomach as his own eyes flick back to the water to see it ripple again in the opposite direction of what should have been but saw no cause for it.

"I can sense somethin'," Jasper muttered as he and Peter moved to stand beside their friend.

"It's a riddle!" Frodo cheers excitedly as he scanned the cursive before him once more. "Speak, friend, and enter. Gandalf, what's the Elvish for friend?"

Gandalf's brows rose as he replied. "Mellon."
At the sound of rock moving and shifting against stone had the others on their feet in and instant, their packs quickly hoisted on their shoulders as Aragorn rushed them away from the water's edge. The smell of decay hit the two vampires immediately and caused them to pause a silent conversation of emotion rippling between them both as they glanced at their friend who stared down into the darkness.

"Soon Mr Elf, you will enjoy the fabled hospitality of the dwarves. Roaring fires! Malt Beer! Red Meat off the bone!" Gimli explained with pride. "This my friend is the home of my cousin Balin and they call it a Mine! A Mine!"

A soft mutter from Gandalf had his staff burn bright with a white light that illuminated the room around them.

"This isn't a mine, it's a tomb," Boromir whispered horrified.

The sharp pain that struck Bella as her eyes landed on the corpses caused Legolas to double over at the sudden emotion. Ever since they entered the valley of Moria she had receded into herself, he could sense the memories on the edge of his own conscious and knew that she thought of the battle long past and now they grew tenfold as she eyed the corpses of Durin Folk within the lights grasp.

Jasper doubled over at the pain, causing Peter to practically hold his brother up as they eyed the death around them and the grief that rested on Bella's face.

Bella felt the world blur around her as she saw the familiar sigils on the warrior's armour of Erebor, she felt grief grip her heart and pull her closer to despair. She felt the calm try to wash over her but it was of no use, could hear someone call for her but she was lost in darkness.

"LEGOLAS!" at the sound of someone screaming her husband's name had her snap out of it enough to see that Peter and Jasper crouched before her while the others fought off a Watcher. A scream left her lips as power rippled out of her and slammed back the Watcher into the water, giving the others enough time to stumble back into the caves and with a shaky hand she used her power to yank the earth down and cause the stone door to crumble, trapping them in the tomb.

"We now have but one choice; we must face the long dark of Moria. Be on your guard, there are older and fouler things than orcs in the deep places of the world. Quietly now, it's a four day journey to the other side. Let us hope that our presence may go unnoticed." Gandalf's voice rings in the silence, his gaze lingering on his old friend for a brief moment and began to lead on.

The others followed slowly behind him, careful of where they stepped and did so in silence, many gazes flickering to the elves behind them who had not uttered a word since she screamed

"He could be alright my love," Legolas murmured soothingly after many hours of silence.
Bella cast him a look, stopping. The others stopped casting their eyes around for any sign of trouble that the she-elf may have sensed.

"It feels dark as death; there is no hope here Legolas. I feel dread and grief. I cannot lose another brother caun nín. I hope Balin listened to me when I saw the stones and ruins but... I fear he did not." She whispered pained.

Aragorn and Gandalf winced causing the others to snap their mouths shut and not question what was uttered in such a mournful tone before continuing on. Many hours they walked with only Gimli being able to tell them where they were and the passage of time and had many stops along the way with only one mistake of Gandalf nearly getting them lost till Canadriel pointed the way after hours of rest.

The Fellowship pass under an arched doorway into a black and empty space. Gandalf pauses once he descended down the stairs. "Let me risk a little more light."

The light from his staff burns brighter, casting back shadows and revealing the large columns and high arches far above their head.

"Behold! The great realm and Dwarf City of Dwarrowdelf!" Gandalf exclaimed as his staff lit up a room, showing the others the beauty.

"Well, there's an eye opener and no mistake!" Samwise gasped in awe from beside Frodo.

Bella let her eyes roam over the halls remembering them when life was still in these halls, bright and joyful as the people thrived under Durin.

"I remember these halls when Durin Folk lived here, I had only been here once but they're still as beautiful as I recall." She whispered when her husband shot her a look, her words only heard by him, Jasper and Peter.

They continued to walk forward, Gandalf's light still as bright and showing them all the unique carvings till they came to a corner, corpses littering the floor.

"STOP HER!" Legolas yelled panicked as his wife ripped herself from his arms and rushed towards the shattered doors.

Everyone tried to stop the elf-witch except Gimli; he too took up to running with her towards a lit room with dread. Though, he regretted not stopping her instantly as a scream pierced the tomb. The others ran after them at the scream, coming to a halt at the door as they took in the corpses of orcs and Dwarrow's around the room and in the middle rested a tomb. Pain beyond anything Jasper has felt tore through him, winding him as he tried to push through it and cast out calm towards his friend and the dwarf.

"No...no...oh, no!" Gimli moaned as he collapsed at the end of the tomb.
"Here lies Balin, son of Fundin, Lord of Moria. He is dead, then. It's as I had feared." Gandalf sighed, his eyes casting to Canadriel in worry.

Bella stared in disbelief, refusing to believe it, her knees collapsing from under her in grief. He promised both of them promised. Her eyes cut to the body at the side as Gandalf took the book, knitted gloves and tarnished beads but she could see the familiar shapes and patterns... her symbol glinting under the cobwebs... Ori... it was Ori... Where was Dwalin?

"We must move on, we cannot linger," Legolas uttered urgently to Gandalf as he moved to his wife's side. He could feel the crippling sadness and despair easily; he needed to remove her from this room from this tomb of her brothers and his own.

"Gimli," The sound made all in the room jerk and the dwarf in question to look up at the call of his name. "Where is my Nadadiith?"

Gimli blinked as the word escaped her lips. He didn't know who she was asking for, but how could she know his tongue? The silence continued and the others cast their gaze between the two in question but still, Gimli did not answer for he did not know who she spoke of.

"Dwalin. Where is Dwalin, son of Fundin?" She hissed. "He should be here with Balin. I told him never to let him leave his sight! I told Balin to not come to this cursed place for his death laid here! So where is my brother?" She hissed out through clenched teeth.

Understanding began to draw on Gimli's face as he took in the elf's features, the braids that now hung free and then horror. How could he have been so blind to miss what was obviously glaring at him, the jokes and teasing taunts... how sometimes he could have sworn Khuzdul slipped from her lips with ease. Oh Mahal, how could have he been so blind?

He eyed the blonde elf critically, watching as he nodded and took a step back letting him know that what he was about to do was accepted. A softness in his blue eyes that he had refused to see before, he didn't even give thought to the others as he pulled her into his arms. "Dwalin is back at the mountains. It has been many years since we heard of Balin, we lost contact. I cannot tell you more than that namadaz'adad."

"Why did they not tell me? They lied to me when I asked for Balin's whereabouts... I should have pushed." She whispered back softly her hands clenching in Gimli's cloak. "They all lied to me... they said that Ori and Óin had accompanied Balin to the east..."

Legolas frowned and pulled Gandalf back towards the corpse that held the book, he too could see the familiar markings of Ori. He should have told her sooner when he found out about the loss of contact with Moria but he knew she would have come here alone, would have risked her life to
rescue corpses no matter how much he too would have joined her but Thorin, Nori and Dwalin begged him not to, begged all of them not to tell her.

"We need to move him." He stated simply, drawing the attention of the others. "It's bad enough that she has seen him and Balin's tomb but she won't rest or move on if Ori is not given some burial rites."

Boromir frowned and took a step closer. "She knew them?"

"Lady Canadriel is loyal to the Durin line, has sworn her fealty to the King Under the Mountain and claim he and his kin. You know the tale of Erebor yes?" This was from Aragorn.

The hobbits piped up then. "Yes, Mister Bilbo tells us stories of the quest. Took us a might time to accept that she's the elf who 'elped since we know her as Canadriel and it was Moriel that Bilbo spoke of."

"I too was under this impression; the tales have reached my home many times from passing caravans. All know the story of the reclaiming of Erebor and the Company of Thorin Oakenshield." Boromir hummed, his eyes not leaving the strange sight of a dwarf comforting an elf.

"My wife is known by many names and titles: Lady Canadriel Daughter of Night, Isabella the Wanderer, Lady of Lothlórien and Rivendell and my wife but the title she bares the most pride in is Moriel Dwarrowfriend HealerOfKin, sister of Durin Folk," Legolas explained softly, turning his eyes to lock onto Gimli's red rimmed ones as he clutched Moriel tighter. "Two brothers lie in tombs in this room, one at our feet."

"Then we best give him the rites he deserves," Aragorn stated firmly before moving towards the body that Gandalf had taken the book from. "We will do this and then when the time comes we will talk more."

Gandalf nodded and somehow stashed the heavy tomb somewhere on his person and none dared to question how he did it. Each one including the hobbits and vampires who didn't really understand helped moved the body, wrapping it in the cloths of ruined tapestries, each one bowing their heads in respect as they watched Legolas lay the bound cloth atop of the middle tomb above Balin's head.

It was not his tomb but belonged to another but for now, this was the best they could do, there was no time to create one and Legolas agreed with Aragorn when he said it would be disrespectful to lay him with another.

With shaky legs Bella got to her feet and made her way to where they laid Ori with the aid of Gimli, her heart tearing as she recalled everything about the young scribe and thought of his brothers. By the Valar she only saw Nori not long ago and yet he held together well…

"Did you know?" She asked her husband, her voice flat that had all who knew her to cringe.

"I did," Legolas admitted. "They didn't wish to tell you because we knew what you would have done Meleth nín and none of us wanted to lose you to this place as well."

Anger burned brightly in her eyes as she cast him a look before her shoulders sagged as it vanished just as quick as it appeared. They had every right to worry about that because she knew that if she had any indication that Balin, Ori and Óin were in this wretched place she too would have fought her way in through the orc infested gates just to reclaim them, dead or alive… she would not have stopped and would have probably died trying.

With a sigh, she grasped her husband's hand while resting the other on Gimli's shoulder. "Be at
peace Ori, son of Kori, may Mahal welcome you into his halls and may you dine with those that came and left before you until the reawakening of the world."

"Find peace with our Kin." Gimli finished before placing his helmet on once more and turning away.

Bella chose to stare at the body of her brother as Gandalf began to read from the tome he acquired from Ori, reading the last words that were ever written as anger burned up within her once more.

"...drums in the deep...we cannot get out. A shadow moves in the dark. Will no-one save us? They are coming." The words set everyone on edge just as a loud clatter echoed. As one they all snap their heads to Pippin and watch as the skeleton that rested on the edge of the well behind him clatters down the deep well loudly, relaxing with a sigh after it faded and silence remained.

Gandalf turns angrily on Pippin and snatched back his staff and hat. "Fool of a Took! Throw yourself in next time and rid us of your stupidity!"

The relief gained was yanked from them as a deep rolling boom echoed up from the well, growing louder and louder till it was accompanied by horns and harsh cries. Cries that were familiar to few and unknown by terrifying to the others.

"Mister Frodo!" Samwise called as he pointed to the glowing sword at Frodo's him, causing he hobbit to yank it out in surprise.

The screams grow louder and harsher, feet against stone and the echo of dark laughter and war drums fill the room once more.

"What is that?" Peter asked as he eyed the well and cringed at the sound.

Bella snarled as she withdrew her blade. "Orcs."

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Author Note: Well… this was a surprise? I had a good chunk of this written for months actually since before chapter two of this and I had to butcher it as I didn't intend for Jasper and Peter to be in this originally but here!

Nadadith - Little Brother

namadaz'adad - Sister-of-Father
BTW I should mention "Italics" are the elves speaking in their native tongue Sindarin. "Bold Italics" is when they are speaking in Khuzdul. Italics without the "-" is thoughts either thinking to one another or general thought.

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the twilight series and I really don't own any of Tolkien's amazing work.

Third Point of View

Boromir rushed forward in a panic, his eyes gazing into the darkened halls before jerking back as the familiar sight of Orcs and one of their arrows whizzing towards his head. He jerked back in time for the arrows to miss him completely but it was a close call.

"Get back! Stay close to Gandalf!" Aragorn ordered the hobbits, ushering them back while Legolas and Bella withdrew their bows, the latter turning to face the two vampires.

"Make sure their blades and arrows don't touch you, you're indestructible from your plane but this one our weapons can harm you; keep the hobbits safe do you understand me?" She commanded, watching pleased as they both nodded and let their beasts free. It would be handy for them all to have the Major and Captain on their side.

Aragorn and Boromir slam the doors shut with their weight just in time for as a roar fills the air. Boromir turns to Aragorn with shock in his eyes and fear lodging in his throat. "They have a cave troll."

"Here," Legolas shouts as he tosses Aragorn a discarded axe to help barricade the door though they all knew it wouldn't hold for long.

Bella stands before her brothers' tomb with a dark glint in her eyes and her bow ready; she could hear the snick of swords being drawn and the sound of Gimli jumping atop of said tomb as the beating on the door grows louder. "Let them come! There is one Dwarf yet in Moria who still draws breath!"
"Ifridi!" Bella snarled as the door began to crack, arrows left her husband's bow with the first available opening followed by her own and Aragorn's.

The door burst with a crack and the orcs fell in one by one with snarls and raised weapons. Fear filled the room that nearly debilitated Jasper from the others and from himself and his brother as they caught the first glance of these Orcs. Twisted mangled black bodies that oozed and screeched in a pitch that nearly deafened them but still, they withstood and swung out with their borrowed blades trying to keep the Hobbits safe.

"Idmi d'dum, rusê!" Gimli cheered as he swung out and buried his axe into the head of an Orc that was sneaking up on the lass as she fired arrow after arrow at them.

Jasper and Peter separated as the hobbits charged into the fray with war cries and slashed out and jabbed anything and everything they could reach while dodging blows. Sam froze as he spun around and came face to face with a troll before dodging under the legs of the creature as it swung it's mace down where he was once standing and backed into the wall in fear as it swung around to face him once more.

Aragorn and Boromir grasp the chain with frantic hands and heaved but struggled to pull the beast back enough. Peter seeing their issue dashed over and under blades to help them, his eyes widening in horror as the beast roared as it spun around and smacked both he and Boromir with its mace and sent them flying back into the wall.

A groan escaped Boromir's lips as he shook off the hit and stared up at the orc that was about to strike out only to snap his head around to where he was hit from to see Aragorn drop his arm from the action of throwing his sword.

Legolas and Bella danced around one another like always picking up arrows and reusing them or slashing out with their daggers as they tried to cull as many as they could while defending the tomb and the others. Gimli snarled and threw his axe with both arms at the troll and grinning in victory as it embedded in the right shoulder and quickly dove off his cousin's tomb as the beast continued with his attack and smashed open the stone.

Gandalf and Legolas inhaled sharply as the crack rent the air and turned their wide eyes to Bella as she stared at the gaping hole and caught sight of the bones within broken and damaged.

"DOWN EVERYONE DOWN!" Legolas yelled as he pulled Merry and Boromir to the ground and covered their heads just as his wife let out an ear-splitting scream of rage.

The light that emitted from Bella was the very same that Gandalf had harnessed back in the Goblin Town and it sent everything and one that were on their feet still, back. When it faded the orcs were scattered disoriented on the ground but the troll still stood though confused and it swung the chain
around its neck haphazardly. Legolas swung up and kicked back the vampire that was protecting Frodo and back flipped over the chain as it was yanked back.

He dodged and twirled while his wife slashed away at the Orcs while protecting Gimli who was down and the open jagged section of the tomb, her skin an ashen grey and eyes a blazing fury of power. "Give me a hand will you?" He shouts to the vampire and gave a running leap at him before spinning in an arc as he was tossed on the troll.

It thrashed and raged under him as he shot at it with two arrows he had acquired before the blast and pushed off as it screeched, spinning around madly.

"FRODO!" Aragorn's cry rent the air as he rushed towards the now fallen hobbit that was struck by the spiked end of the troll's mace.

Sam screams in rage as he rushes forward and slashes at the trolls knees, he could hear Merry and Pippin screaming as well before he was yanked back just as the troll fell dead, felled by four arrows and two swords to the head.

Aragorn rushes to Frodo's side as he slumps to the floor, tears pooling in his eyes as the failure burns in his throat. They failed him, now he's… He casts a glance up to see the others of the company around him, all looking horrified and his eyes shoot to his Lady as she turns away with defeated shoulders and moves to the tomb.

A ragged gasp escapes Frodo's throat as he was rolled over, pain shooting up his chest as he struggled to inhale.

"He's alive!" Sam gasps out in relief as he rushes forward to help Frodo sit up.

Frodo pats Sam's shoulder half-heartedly as he sucked in a lungful of air. "I'm alright. I'm not hurt."

"You should be dead. That spear would've skewered a wild boar!" Aragorn gasped out in amazement and confusion.

Gandalf eyed the hobbit and leant heavily on his staff as he moved closer. "I think there's more to this hobbit than meets the eye."

Frodo opens his shirt to reveal the Mithril Vest earning an awed gasp from Gimli. "Mithril! You are full of surprises, Master Baggins."

"Yer not okay suga'," Peter murmured to his friend as he and Jasper stepped away from the others in the company and to her side.

Bella shook her head as she stared at the shattered bones of her brother. "He was my brother; I've known him since he was not yet of age and no one told me. They desecrated his tomb, their tombs. They will pay for this."

Legolas stepped back from the group sharply as he heard the darkness in his wife's voice and made it to her side just as she collapsed, a sob tearing from her throat. But he could still feel the fury under the grief, could feel it burn in his own chest as if it was his own anger while he fought off his own sadness at the loss of three friends. "They will in time wife."

"It is not soon enough, I will kill that filth for this. I will deliver their heads to my king and watch them burn." The words were harsh and only three in the room understood them, Legolas and Gandalf glancing sharply at one another as Gimli nodded in agreement.
The sounds of screeches and drums filled the silence once more, both Jasper and Peter rushed out to see how much time they had before returning with panic in their eyes.

Gandalf spun around to the others. "To the bridge of Khazad-dum!"

They ran through the halls illuminated by the light of Gandalf's staff as the laughs and screeches of the orcs and goblins grew louder. Both Jasper and Peter felt their eyes widen as they took in the mass of twisted bodies as they crawled out of the cracks and crevices like cockroaches. They ran as fast as they could, Bella and Legolas sticking close to the hobbits and sometimes picking them up as they stumbled before they all came to a crashing stop, surrounded by goblins.

Each member held up their weapons before them ready for what was to come but froze as a deep chest rattling roar filled the hall and drowning out the screeches. Bella and Gandalf froze in terror as the goblins began to flee and the snarl began to rumble, they knew that sound.

"What is this new devilry?" Boromir whispered as light began to flicker at the end of the hall before flame spilled into view.
"A Balrog… a demon of the ancient world! This foe is beyond any of you!" Gandalf replied in horror and fear.

Bella began to shove everyone. "Run, RUN!"

They wove around columns and down the flight of stairs, Legolas and Peter dashing forward to yank back Boromir as he cartwheeled his arms to keep him from falling off the ledge while Aragorn turned around in worry as Gandalf sagged tiredly against the wall.

"Lead them on Aragorn, the bridge is near," Gandalf ordered while placing his hand upon the young man's shoulder and casting his gaze to the bridge. The Balrog roared loudly behind them, too close for comfort and Gandalf shoved Aragorn away from him in panic and anger. "DO AS I SAY! Swords are no more use here."

Without a further word the others rushed down the winding stairs until they reached the crack but it did not stop Legolas and Bella from jumping easily across the gap and turning around with their hands out.

"Gandalf," Legolas urged as his eyes and the others shot to the shaking boom behind them to see cracks begin to form up the wall.

In a blink, Gandalf was across before the familiar hiss of an arrow slicing through the air reached the ears and said arrow crash into the now empty space of where the Wizard was standing. Bella withdrew her bow and began to shoot along with Legolas while Boromir grabbed the hobbits and jumped across just as the ledge beneath them fell out from beneath his feet.

"Nobody tosses a dwarf!" Gimli shouts as Jasper and Aragorn move as one to toss him across and watched as he barely reaches the edge and begins to fall back. Legolas felt his eyes widen as he rushes forward and grabs the dwarf by his beard with a wince.

"Shit we gotta move!" Peter shouts and picks up Frodo before jumping across, Jasper with Aragorn hot on his heels as the section of stairs under them begins to sway and tilt to the side.

Aragorn pats the cold one on the back in silent thanks before following the others down the staircase and towards the bridge just as the Balrog breaks through behind them. A mass of shadow and flame drops down into the chasm below causing Bella and Gandalf to halt while directing the others to cross the bridge with haste.

Gandalf and Bella spin as the Balrog climbs out of the hole and flame, its massive body alight and his eyes glowing like the very pits of Mordor themselves. It was the stuff of nightmares and far worse than what Bella or Gandalf could ever remember seeing.

"Yâsîth!" Legolas called in a panic as he realised Bella wasn't by his side nor behind him as they ran towards the bridge but closer to the creature.

Hearing her husband's panicked call Bella began to run, her hand catching Gandalf's robe to urge him to follow just as the beast opened its maw and surged forward. One by one the fellowship crossed the heart-stopping narrow bridge without looking back till Gandalf's voice echoed over the snarls.

"You cannot pass!"

"GANDALF!" Frodo screamed as Boromir wrapped his arms around the small hobbit as he surged forward.
Legolas, Jasper and Peter grasped Bella as she too went to follow a scream tearing from her lips but Legolas knew, he knew that his wife was seeing more than what was before them and his heart fell when the beast rose to its full height, its wings spanning from one side to the other with Gandalf the only thing between them looking frail and small.

"I am a servant of the Secret Fire, wielder of the flame of Anor. The darkfire will not avail you, flame of Udun." Gandalf snarled as he raised his staff just as the beast swung down its mighty blade sending sparks of light and flame around them. "Go back to the shadows!"

The others watch in fear and horror as the beast took a step on the bridge its whip raised high while Gandalf raised his staff up high. "You shall not pass!" The voice was booming with power and a blinding light filled the chasm as Gandalf slammed his staff down hard.

The bridge cracked and crumbled as the Balrog took another step before falling out from underneath the creature and taking it into the abyss, Gandalf turned to face the others with a smile only to pause as he felt the dark flame wrap up around his leg dragging him backwards. Glamdring and his staff fall down as he latched onto the rock, his eyes wide as he took in some of the fellowship rushing to his aid, he couldn't allow that, saving him would be his downfall and he stared down at Aragorn as his arms shook with the strain.

Legolas turned to Peter. "Take her, take her and run."

Peter didn't hesitate, his hands latching onto his friend and carried her out a fraction too late. Her scream echoed over the others as Gandalf fell down into the abyss after the Balrog, blinding light escaping her as she tried to break free of his hold. Peter knew if he lost his hold on her it would end badly so he closed his eyes and gripped her as tight as he could and just ran, through brick and ruin he didn't let anything stop him until the sun was on his face and then some.
The moment they stop Bella was out of his arms and sank to the ground screaming, Peter jerked back several feet as the ground began to shake and the wind howl around her. He knew his friend was powerful, so very powerful and though Peter had never had the chance to see it fully now was not the time.

"I didn't see it… I didn't see." She choked out once her screams died down, tears spilling down her cheeks.

"I didn't know either Suga', not till just before it happened." Peter sighed as he moved forward to comfort her. "Ye cannot blame ya self for this, his death is not on you."

"I could have done something to help," Bella whispered never once looking up.

Peter shook his head and tilted her head up to look at him. "I don't know what that creature was but I can tell that it scared both you and the strange old man, Jas was shakin' in his boots. Can you honestly tell me that what you could do would have helped without the risk of your own life?"

Bella shook her head and her shoulders slumped even more. "No, I would have been dragged down with Gandalf. There are only so many people in my history who have killed a Balrog and they've all died doing so."

She would have died and it would have destroyed her husband and all those she held and held her dear. Peter was right, the bastard.

"Now, I don't know why but you can't come back to me with the others, you have to run that way," Peter stated after a moment of silence and jerked his thumb behind him.

A huff of laughter escaped her lips and though it was just a small exhale of air it was a big win in Peter's books. "My parents dwell in the forest just over that hill. It will be where the others head next as Aragorn knows that safety will be there especially with Legolas being with them… though… I could send… yes… Go back to the others Peter and let Legolas know where I went."

Peter watched as Bella picked herself up from the ground and steeled herself to all the grief that weighed her down once more before taking off, weaving in and around the sparse set of trees and rocks like she had done so all her life but if what she said was true then this was her home ground so to speak. By the time he reached where they exited the others had found their own way out and each one dealing with their own grief.
Jasper tapped Legolas on the shoulder as Peter came into view, he made sure to stick to the elf like a burr the moment they came outside to see neither Peter nor Bella in sight. Legolas rushed to Peter's side drawing the attention of Gimli who wiped the tears away and followed, he knew the truth now and by Mahal was he not going to leave his kin's side or be left out of things.

"Where is she?" Legolas asked in a murmur while Boromir and Aragorn argued. "Is she well?"

Peter glanced at his brother and Legolas with a serious gaze. "She broke down screaming still when I got her out and she will be upset for a while but she went towards her home."

Legolas felt his shoulders slump in relief. "Good, if she was able to move then she will be well, I can sense her that much but she'll be able to get more help there."

"Now wait a minute, where did 'adadnamad go?" Gimli asked ignoring the looks of the others as he spoke Khuzdul to the elf.

Legolas turned his gaze down to Gimli. "Moriel went to her home, you know the stories of her yes… and, and the grief?"

"She still carries the Grief?" Gimli asked roughly, almost fearfully. Oh, he knew about Moriel's grief, most of their clan did.

"Always. The Loss of Gandalf…" Legolas trailed off as Aragorn shouted Frodo's name, his eyes snapping to the hobbit who had walked a little distance away from them all looking just as shattered as he remembered Bilbo being so many years ago.

"We must go," Boromir explained softly as he pulled the hobbits along. "Where's Lady Isabella?"

"She went ahead," Legolas replied as he helped Boromir with helping up Merry and Pippin once more, turning his eyes away in privacy as they wiped away their tears. His eyes scanned this horizon for danger while they began to march, they didn't have much time to waste before the sunset and his mind steadily on his Chosen.

Please be there gilgalad nín...

Author Note: Well look nearly at the end of Fellowship!

Ifridî - Make ready
Idmi d’du, rusê! - Welcome to the Hall, Filth!

Yâsîth - Wife

‘adadnamad - Sister-Father Fathers-Sister

gilgalad nín - My starlight
The Fellowship of the Ring XIV

BTW I should mention "*Italic*" are the elves speaking in their native tongue Sindarin. "**Bold Italic**" is when they are speaking in Khuzdul. *Italic* without the "*" is thoughts either thinking to one another or general thought.

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the twilight series and I really don't own any of Tolkien's amazing work.

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**Third Point of View**

Bella felt her whole body relax the moment she stepped into her parent's realm, she knew they could sense her but waited, it wouldn't be surprising to her if her mother saw what was to come. She smiled wide and pulled her hood up higher over her head to cover her face more the moment she sensed and heard the marchwardens approach.

"*Le suilon, Traveller.*" The voice of Haldir called out halting her casual walk towards her home.
"What brings you here?"

Her mother's realm wasn't as strict as Thranduil's or as eased back as her brothers and though travellers may pass through here or towards her mother's home without being questioned by the marchwardens if they were unexpected or unknown and she is an unexpected visitor.

"*Gi suilon mellon.*" She called out with a laugh as she pulled down her hood, her lips pulling into a smile as the whole troop dropped down from their places in the trees Haldir at the lead.

"*Híril nín, gohenanín gi nathlam hí.*" (My Lady, forgive me welcome home.) Haldir greeted while bowing his head. "*We did not expect you to be here… are you well my lady? Where is Legolas?*

Haldir had quickly moved to her side as he looked behind her to see she was indeed alone. He knew that she was travelling with others, another quest as their Lady had told them all and yet here Canadriel was, alone with grief in her eyes.

Swallowing harshly she nodded. "They will be coming by soon, we… I… can you go and retrieve them while I make my way home?"

A slight frown pulled at his brows but he bowed nonetheless and moved out of the way, the others of his troop following his example as they watched her pass. Something deep within told him that she wasn't going straight to Caras Galadhon and it concerned him so, not because he didn't trust the Lady Canadriel, she was a trusted friend and his mentor but the grief in her eyes were strong and warring with the mischief as well.

"*Move out, we must track to see where Lady Canadriel's Fellowship enters the woods.*"

**LxB**

It took the company most of the day to reach the woods of Lothlórien, there was little chatter beyond the murmurs between Aragorn and Legolas or the two strangers who glittered in the sun or the reassuring words offered to Frodo who still walked in a daze. Though that all changed when they entered the woods and began to make their way into the heart of it.
The trees grew tall and cast a soft golden glow over them all and lighting the yellow flowers strewn across the forest floor. It was a breathtaking sight to those who had never seen it but have heard of it only in stories but it set Gimli on edge.

"Stay close, young hobbits... they say a Sorceress lives in these woods. An elf-witch of terrible power. All who look upon her fall under her spell..." Gimli muttered as he pulled the four hobbits closer to the group, missing the way Legolas smirked and tried to smother his humour.

_Frodo_... Frodo freezes as a voice whispered in his mind, his eyes snapping around the area for the voice, it was unlike anything he had ever heard before and he had heard the Lady whisper to his mind before... _your coming to us is as the footsteps of doom. You bring great evil here, Ringbearer._

"...And are never seen again! Well, here's one dwarf she won't ensnare so easily. I have the eyes of a hawk and the ears of a fox!" Gimli finished without noticing that Frodo and the hobbits no longer listened to him, his eyes scanning the area before freezing as an arrow came into view followed by many more. "Oh!"

Legolas pulled his bow up as he stepped closer to Gimli, these may be his wife's people but he knew her wrath if Gimli was hurt by them would not take that into consideration. Jasper and Peter kept their bodies relaxed as much as possible; their hands up in the universal sign of peace and surrender, both knew that these elves were not here to harm them.

"The dwarf breathes so loud we could have shot him in the dark." The familiar voice of Haldir uttered as he made his way towards them. Legolas felt his whole body relax at the familiar sight of the Marchwarden but chose to go on with his wife's plan, it had to be a plan because he knew that Haldir was scheduled for the other end of the forest for the next few months. "Come."

The fellowship followed the Marchwarden through the forest in silence; their eyes flickering to the elves that surrounded them with caution, worry, awe and amusement depending on whose view on them were good. The sun began to set low and by that time they thankfully arrived at the small guard
flet high above on a Mallorn branch.

When they finally reached the top Haldir eyed the fellowship with a critical eye but Jasper could feel the elf's concern and worry, though amusement was laced in when his eyes landed on Legolas. "Mae govannen, Legolas Thranduilion."

"Govannas vîn gwennen le, Haldir o Lórien." (Our Fellowship stands in your debt, Haldir of Lórien.) Legolas replied with a tilt of his head in respect.

Haldir raised his brow ever so slowly before facing the leader of the Fellowship. "A, Aragorn in Dúnedain istannen le ammen."

"Haldir," Aragorn replied with a bow.

"So much for the legendary courtesy of the Elves! Speak words we can also understand!" Gimli practically spat out in irritation, a little bit regretful he didn't listen to his cousin Balin and Ori when they said it would come in handy.

Haldir turned his gaze towards the lone dwarf in the group with a blank face. He knew this dwarf; it was hard not to know when his Lady Canadriel had whispered their names into his mind. "We have not had dealings with the dwarves, since the dark days."

"And do you know what this Dwarf says to that? Ishkhaqwi ai durugnu!" Gimli spat out this time, stilling as he felt two pairs of hands land him on his shoulder. Legolas clenched his jaw tightly and raised his eyes high into the trees to hold back the laughter that threatened to spill out, Gimli was much like his father and his kin.

Aragorn peered at him unimpressed before facing Gimli. "That! Was not so courteous."

Legolas, Peter and Jasper stepped away as Haldir and Aragorn moved to talk after the Marchwarden declared they could go no further, all three sets of eyes scanning the flets for their missing member.

"We will be allowed to pass," Peter muttered lowly so only Jasper and Legolas could hear. "Though they are curious about what Major and I are."

Legolas nodded towards Peter as his eyes roamed the cloaked guards once more. "Your species is thought to be a myth among our race and unknown to many others. But you are correct in saying we will be able to pass, Moriel has already spoken to Haldir."

"How do you know this?" Jasper asked as he continued to roll out the calming waves to those in the Fellowship, not enough to completely mask the grief but enough to help them.

"Because we are already halfway there, this is my wife's home, one of them at least," Legolas replied. "Haldir was at our wedding in Erebor, he takes his job seriously but we have already been…"

"You have already been vetted for." Bella finished as she jumped down from one of the higher flets, halting all conversation. "Haldir, thank you."

Haldir bowed deeply to his lady. "It was a pleasure my lady, please allow us to accompany you all for the rest of the way."

"You may, thank you," Bella replied with a respectful bow. There was no need for him or his contingent of wardens to accompany them to her home as they were safe within her parent's domain but she saw the way his eyes flickered to Frodo and back with worry that she allowed it gracefully.
The trek towards her home was done with very little chatter only a complaint here and there mainly about food and the exhaustion but Bella was jittery and if it was not for Jasper she knew that she would not be so easily composed. Gandalf was gone and her heart weighed heavily on her, she could feel the grief lash out here and there while her Legolas tried to soothe it.

Sharp inhales of awe reached her ears as they came to the top of the overlook that showed the best view of her home.

"Caras Galadhon. The heart of Elvendom on earth. Realm of the Lord Celeborn and of Galadriel, Lady of Light." Haldir explained with pride, his eyes glancing to his Lady Canadriel who looked away with a flicker of emotion he had not seen before.

They began to walk once more till the sun reached its zenith and only then did they stop for a short rest and a proper meal. Legolas cast a look to Peter and Jasper, patting Aragorn's shoulder and waving off the concern as he made his way to his wife.

"Gilgalad nín, Amrâlimê, you have not spoken a word since we left to make our journey here." Legolas murmured as he pulled her into his arms starting with Sindarin and changing to Khuzdul when she didn't respond. "I am sorry we could not honour them as they deserved."

"My heart is heavy Legolas, caun nín, grief threatens to take me and I cannot face my parents once more like this. I am the last of their children." Bella choked out as she turned her face down in shame. "If I wasn't a coward I would not have left nor stayed away so long, I could have stopped my brothers from entering Moria."

Legolas frowned and cupped her face in his palms to pull her gaze gently to his once more. "You are not a coward, their death is not your fault Ghivashel, you told them your visions and they understood why you stayed away just like I do. If you are to blame anyone then you will need to blame me as well for I did not stop them leaving either and I was in the mountain."

Bella stepped out of her husband's arms and gazed at him with tears in her eyes, shaking her head in disbelief. Legolas watched with a heavy heart and his own tears as she struggled to form words before turning abruptly and making her way deeper into the forest. His hand snapped out and stilled both Jasper and Aragorn who went to follow, his ears picking up Haldir informing no one else to follow before he slumped down into the earth and covered his face with his hands.

How much more did his wife have to suffer?

"It's not yer fault either elf," Gimli uttered as he came to the elfs side. He couldn't help but listen in to the conversation the moment the familiar guttural sounds of his language fell from the princelings lips. "My cousin was a stubborn dwarf and did as he pleased, even if the lass were there she'd not be able to stop him but it would be her too in that tomb."

"It matters not, she still blames herself." Legolas sighed in Westron.
Haldir frowns and casts a look in the direction his Lady went. "Shall we wait for her?"

Legolas shook his head. "No, she will meet us there when what we discussed is thought over. We should continue on before the day grows even shorter."

With a nod, they began to break down their brief camp and finish off the food Sam had prepared before continuing their trek. Jasper and Peter murmured quickly too each other while Jasper continued to roll out the calming waves with each suspicious look they received from the other elves. Aragorn kept by Legolas's side as they marched onwards though, exchanging small worried glances here and there that spoke volumes.

The ranger knew Canadriel well and had been travelling with her for quite some time, he knew what finding those tombs meant and his heart ached for both his friends.

The Fellowship arrives at Caras Galadhon as the sun dips below the tree line and allowing the soft silver glow to brighten the elven realm striking awe into the hearts of many. Haldir dismissed his troop and began to guide the Fellowship towards his Lord and Lady's realm and up the brilliant winding stairway amongst the trees towards the grand court. With a glow issuing forth from them, the Lord and Lady of Lothlórien descend to meet the Fellowship, hand in hand. Aragorn touches his head reverently in greeting while Frodo felt fear spike in his heart as the elven woman stared at him with eyes that were too much like Moriel's when she was lost in thought and seeing right through him.

Celeborn cast his gaze over the fellowship with dark eyes. "The Enemy knows you have entered here. What hope you had in secrecy is now gone. Ten that are here yet twelve there were set out from Rivendell. Tell me where is Gandalf? For I much desire to speak with him. I can no longer see him from afar."
Galadriel looks at Aragorn, reading the answer in his eyes and the eyes of the others. "Gandalf the Grey did not pass the borders of this land. He has fallen into Shadow."

"This does not bode well Meldanya, can you see onnalma?" Celeborn asked his wife mentally as he turned to face her but Galadriel's focus was half on her daughter's Chosen and the other looking for Canadriel.

"He was taken by both Shadow and flame. A Balrog of Morgoth. For we went needlessly into the net of Moria." Legolas explained to the Lord and Lady of the Goldenwood, his eyes dropping down as he continued his thoughts. 'We found three of the Company of Thorin entombed there, one of them being Balin.'

'Then it is as we feared.' Galadriel replied to him while speaking to the others. Needless were none of the deeds of Gandalf in life. We do not yet know his full purpose." She turns her gaze to Gimli. "Do not let the great emptiness of Khazad-dûm fill your heart, Gimli son of Glóin. For the world has grown full of peril. And in all lands love is now mingled with grief."

Flashes of what could be and what will be crossed her vision as she looked beyond the darkness. There were too many key points that she could not see the outcome and even just a little wrong turn can cause much peril. "The quest stands upon the edge of a knife. Stray but a little and it will fail to the ruin of all. Yet hope remains while the Company is true."

Her eyes flicker to one of the Hobbits before facing out into her domain once more. "Do not let your hearts be troubled. Go now and rest for you are weary with sorrow and much toil. Tonight you will sleep in peace…"

Celeborn turns to instruct Haldir to give them a place to rest before turning to his wife and Legolas
who had stayed behind. "Moria."

"We had not heard from Balin, Ori and Óin for many years now but Thorin and Dwalin thought it best not to mention it to her, we had hoped they were still alive but…” Legolas trailed off as he gestured towards Moria.

Both the Lord and Lady of the Wood nodded in understanding before bowing their heads in thought. Legolas watched as they silently conversed before bowing and then making his way down to the others to help settle them in, he could sense his wife draw near and knew that she needed time with her parents before she joined them.

*I'll be down soon caun nín.'*

The moment Legolas disappeared from view Bella stepped out from behind one of the branches and collapsed into her mother's waiting arms. It had been too long since she had seen them, nearly as long as she had seen her brothers and Chosen. Tears pooled and spilled down her cheeks as sobs tore from her throat, her three of her brothers dead.

More will die soon.

"I will help with all that I can my daughter," Galadriel whispered to her daughter gently as she placed a kiss upon her crown. "For now you have friends who are worried and grieving with you. Young Gimli is mourning the family he had."

Something within her jolted at that, the haze of grief lifting for a moment as she realised that Gimli, *Gimli* was travelling with them and he too had seen the tomb of his cousin and kin. She pulled herself out of her parents embrace, her hand hesitating on her mother as a flash of something flickered across her vision but shook it off when it did not return.

*A Olórin i yáresse*  
*Mentaner i Númeherui*  
*Tírien i Rómenóri*  
*Maiaron i Oiosaila*  
*Manan elye etevanne*  
*Nórie i melanelye?*

The lament that started as she descended the stairs made her falter before she hurried her steps, her eyes catching Peter who waited several flights down with awaiting arms and with an encouraging sharp nod she took a step off the stairs and trusted in him to catch her.

She felt her husband's fear spike as he caught her falling, his hands replacing Peter's in an instant as he checked over her for any sign of harm.

"I am okay my love, it was the fastest way down and I trusted Peter to catch me." Her eyes snapped to Peter briefly letting him know that her words were for him as well, she did trust him.

Peter gave his friend a smile and dipped his head, his eyes turning to the left as Jasper made his way to them with Gimli in tow. Both of them looked just as concerned but now Bella could see that it was a concern for her.

*You explained what Grief was to them.'* She whispered into her husband's mind.

Legolas pressed his forehead to her own briefly and placed a kiss on her lips in reply. He had no other choice if she fled then only the two beings from the other realm were able to catch her and they needed to know what was going on, to monitor the signs of grief that he, himself, may miss. Plus, the
blonde one was able to influence emotions and that may also help her with the Grief.

With a deep breath, she cupped her husband's cheek in thanks before turning to Gimli. "My braids need to be redone, will you help me irakdashat? I can find some wine and we can drink over the memories of our kin."

Gimli raised his brows in surprise, a swell of pride rising within it at the honour he was being bestowed and bowed his head. "It would be an honour 'adadnamad."

Author Note: Okay, so here is this... what on earth am I doing?

P.S. Don't demand me to update, I have severe writers block it took me this long to update and each time someone demands that I update well whatever story it was for gets pushed back to the back of the line.

'adadnamad - Sister-Father Fathers-Sister
irakdashat - Nephew

gilgalad nín - My starlight
caun nín. - My prince
Can-nín – My Can(adriel) term of endearment for Canadriel.
Meldanya – Quenya for My Beloved or Dear
onnalma - Our daughter

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