Enya's unexpected journey

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11101620.

Rating: Explicit
Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
Category: F/M
Fandom: The Hobbit - J. R. R. Tolkien, The Hobbit (Jackson Movies), The Hobbit - All Media Types
Relationship: Thorin Oakenshield/Original Female Character(s), Thorin Oakenshield & Original Female Character(s), Thorin Oakenshield/Enya Blueheart, Thorin Oakenshield & Original Character(s), Thorin Oakenshield/Original Character(s)
Character: Thorin Oakenshield, Bilbo Baggins, Dwalin (Tolkien), Bifur (Tolkien), Bofur (Tolkien), Bombur (Tolkien), Dori (Tolkien), Nori (Tolkien), Ori (Tolkien), Glóin (Tolkien), Fili (Tolkien), Kili (Tolkien), Gandalf | Mithrandir, Beorn (Tolkien), Thranduil (Tolkien), Enya Blueheart, Balin (Tolkien), Óin (Tolkien), Azog (Tolkien), Legolas Greenleaf, Tauriel (Hobbit Movies)
Additional Tags: Eventual Sex, Adventure & Romance, Eventual Smut, Magic, Slow Burn, And after the slow burn... basically fireworks, True Love, Drama & Romance, During The Hobbit, Inspired by The Hobbit, Witches, Firebeards clan, The adventure of the hobbit... but then including a badass female with a sharp tongue., Who is also a dramaqueen, But you'll love her anyway
Stats: Published: 2017-06-05 Updated: 2019-02-16 Chapters: 22/27 Words: 108326

Enya's unexpected journey

by XxByImmm

Summary

Her daily running routine didn't exactly go as expected. Our OC Enya suddenly finds herself in middle earth, where she bumps into a certain stubborn (and very sexy) dwarf king. He decides to take her with him, until she is safe... She decides to, in that case, not wanting to be safe at all.
Will Enya end up in the company that is heading towards the lonely mountain? What will she find out about her mysterious family history? Will Thorin Oakenshield fall for our cute-looking tiny lady with her razor-sharp tongue and witty remarks?

Notes
Hi guys!
I love to write and this is my first try at fan fiction. I always missed a bad-ass female character in the story of 'The Hobbit', so I decided to write a version myself. The story will be as you know it, but our OC will spice up things a bit (OKAY, A LOT!). New characters will be introduced and you'll never know when the next plot twist is gonna pop up.
I have to say that the majority of the elements in the story are owned by Tolkien, Peter Jackson & New Line Cinema. Other plot twists and of course Enya's character are my mine. If you have suggestions or comments, please post it down below! I have to say that English is not my native language, so please bear with me... I will make mistakes. I'm learning and I'll revise the old chapters once in a while.

I hope you guys enjoy this first chapter. If you do, please let me know. I love to hear from you!

Lots of love!
XxByImm

P.S. In this story, Enya obviously knows who Thorin & the company are. BUT: the book she has read about them isn't about the journey towards Erebor.
The journey begins

Her long dark chestnut hair was tied in a messy ponytail. She put her iPhone in the sweatband that was clinging on her upper arm. Her brand-new running shoes were soilless, because they never had accompanied her before on the long and filthy track she ran every day. She heaved a sigh as she forced herself to stand up from her bed and glanced in the mirror that was hanging on the wall before her. Her brows knitted together as she studied her face. Pale blue eyes stared back, the lack of sparkles in them betraying how tired she was. Maybe she should abandon her running routine, just this once... The shit Jason put her through the last few weeks had been devastating for her physical well-being, not to mention the mental struggles she had to cope with. She shook her head and turned away.

‘What the hell.’ she muttered, angry at herself for wailing in self-pity again. ‘Maybe the forest will give me back my sanity.’ Before she could change her mind, she quickly stumbled down the stairs. When she got to the back door and saw the pile of dishes in her kitchen, she reminded herself that she really needed to get herself together. It was one thing to mourn for the loss off her first love, but she could not allow herself to completely lose her mind once again. She had been there five years ago and it nearly killed her. When Jason finally got back to her, a place where he belonged (so he said), she had turned around completely and got back on her feet as quick as she could. Because after all, he needed her. She would have been no use for him if she remained a broken grieving mess... Well, that's at least what she told herself all those years ago.

But last month… She shrugged, opened the back door and slipped outside. She made her way to her backyard and paused for a moment at the clearing where her yard ended and the woods began. She knew this forest well; the beautiful trees had comforted many times before. She could only hope they would this time. They had to.

Her breathing became heavy as she ran down the well-known track. Her iPhone played her favorite playlist, a mix between pop music and metal. A smile went across her face. Whenever she discussed the topic favorite music genres with someone, her collocutor was surprised to hear she loved both. Although most of the time she was amused by these reactions, lately she found herself getting a bit annoyed because of it. She grew tired of explaining how a little, cute-looking female like herself could possibly appreciate metal artists like the agonist and nightwish. How on earth did her 150 centimeters tall body become a predictor for her music taste? She swallowed and pushed herself to pick up the pace. No one should ever tell someone how to live their life. Just like Jason… He had controlled her and she allowed him... She grunted and tried to push the thought away, but it lingered in the back of her mind. She knew she was punishing herself for the past, for things that she couldn't change, but it was hard not to.

‘Yes!’ she cheered when her iPhone started playing ‘Engine 45’ from the band the ghost inside and took a sprint.

‘IT'S SO HARD FOR ME, SEEING LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL!’ she screamed along with the singer. The beat drummed in the air and she rushed past the trees. She smiled when she realized her new shoes fit her feet perfectly. This made running a hell of a lot easier!

Because she was day-dreaming about her new fantastic shoes, she was caught off guard by the enormous tree root she stumbled on.

‘Oh god damn it!’ she cursed when she found herself flying toward the hard soil. Damned gravity. How was this possible anyway? There were no tree roots on her track, she never noticed it before. This thing seemed impossible to miss... Was it? She readied herself for the hard smack she was about to make. This one would hurt...
But there was no ground. The air was pushed out her lungs and she screamed desperately as she kept falling through darkness.

What was happening? Did she fall asleep in her bed and never started running in the first space? Was this a dream? A nightmare? She yelled when the darkness suddenly changed in a very bright light. Was she dying?

A fierce pain shot through her back and she groaned. At last gravity had put an end to her dead-fall. The green grass beneath her was soft to the touch. Her hands shook heavily as she tried to push herself upwards. Her whole body ached and protested against her movements as she slowly she scrambled herself together. She looked around and found herself in a completely different surroundings. Well... she was in fact still a forest, but the dark green pines she had passed seconds ago, were replaced by a bright open spot in the middle of a thick forest. The sun shone weakly through the trees and the air smelled like an early spring day. The bushes were a rich green color, some of them already blossoming. No, this couldn't be... It had been autumn when she left her house. She frowned when she realized she had no idea where she was. She couldn't have ran off her track, could she?

‘Shit’ she muttered. What should she do now? She braced herself when she heard branches cracking on the other side of the open spot. She shuffled behind a bush and watched curiously as two figures appeared. A deep shudder went through her as her mind almost immediately identified them. Orcs.

They had a somewhat green ill-looking skin and bright blue fishy eyes. Their clothes were filthy, but it didn't seem to bother them. She could detect the foul odor they carried with them. They were creatures designed for a sole purpose: to kill and destroy.

‘I'm sure I heard screams’ said the smallest of the two. He was bald and had his lip pierced a few times.

‘I don't see anything’ the other one growled. An enormous bulge around his waist nearly made the belt, which was holding together his clothing, burst. ‘We should return to our master, before he makes us dinner for the wargs’

He turned around and disappeared behind the trees. The small orc stood still and sniffed with his filthy nose in the air.

‘I don't recall this scent’ he said and walked right at the bush where she sat.

‘Come on!’ bellowed the fat orc from the forest. She could not see him anymore, but the smallest orc was far too close for her liking. She tried to keep as still as she could. The orc looked around and shrugged. She held her breath as he turned around and too disappeared on the other side of the forest.

‘Thank god for that’ she whispered while making a mental note never to wear distinctive perfume again.

She just wanted to get up when all of a sudden one strong arm locked itself around her abdomen while the hand from the other arm kept her mouth firmly shut. She wanted to kick and scream for help, but her assailant was much more stronger than she was. He dragged her away from the open spot, into the foliage. Well, this made all the martial arts classes she took, quite useless. She gasped with surprise when her assailant finally let her go and pushed her against a tree. She wanted to scream, to defend herself fiercely, but when she looked into the eyes of her attacker, she went numb.

‘What the hell were you doing?’ he whispered furiously. ‘Gundabad orcs are NO joke. They would have killed you in an instant.’

‘I…’ she said, helplessly searching for words. This could not be. It could not be him. But the piercing blue eyes, characteristic nose, rough long dark brown locks and carefully trimmed beard could hardly belong to any other male she visualized whilst reading.

Oh and he was beyond gorgeous.

Was she dreaming?
‘And what are you wearing?’ he asked while regarding her with curiosity. ‘This... clothing... hardly seems fit for traveling. That is, if a lady like you is really traveling.’

‘Oh, for fuck’s sake’ she muttered.

‘What?’ he said.

She gave him a little smile as she tried to process what was happening to her. This had to be him... But he couldn’t... He was a character in a BOOK, not a living and breathing being. She heaved a sigh and decided she should give her theory a try anyway.

‘This, sir Oakenshield, is my running outfit. I was running to clear my head, not to encounter some LARPing event where suddenly I am threatened by some orcs and the son of Thraín, son of Thrór.’

He frowned and looked at her, clearly puzzled. ‘How do you know who I am?’

‘Well... doesn’t everyone know you?’ she answered.

He smiled. ‘I supposed not in these lands.’

‘Well... maybe if you found yourself deep into the rain forests of West-Africa, but around here in New York you are quite known.’ A shiver went through her body and she looked down. Great, her running short was hardly covering her bottom. And wherever she was, it was damn cold here. ‘Can you guide me out of this bloody forest?’ she continued, ‘I really want to go home.’

He didn’t answer, but instead just stared at her. After a few moments he seemed to regain his consciousness and he asked: ‘New York?’

He pronounced the syllables carefully. To her it almost sounded like he never used the name of her hometown before.

She groaned and rolled her eyes. ‘This is hardly funny anymore. I told you, I had no intention running into a LARPing event! So could you please just break character for a moment and tell me where-’

‘Larping?’ he interrupted while he let the sound of the word rolling on his tongue.

‘It is an event where you engage in a fantasy play and re-enact stories from Lord of the Rings, or Harry Potter, whatever you like.’ she answered, getting more frustrated by the minute.

‘Fantasy play...?’ he repeated and then chuckled. ‘I have no idea what you are talking about.’

‘Oh dear god!’ she muttered. ‘Never mind. Just tell me where I am.’

‘The shire.’ He said and studied her face as he awaited her reaction.

‘You’re serious?!’ She narrowed her eyes and looked intently at him to see if he mocked her. But she only saw genuine concern.

‘Yes. We are on the border of the shire. It worries me that orcs dare to venture in this land.’

She sat down at the root of the tree and watched her shoes. ‘Tell me this isn’t a cruel joke. One moment I am running and-’ She suddenly remembered her phone, which was still on her arm. She grabbed it and stared at the screen.

No reception.

‘Where am I?’ she murmured.

‘I don’t mean to be rude, but what are you?’ asked Thorin Oakenshield as he watched her tuck her phone away in the tiny pocket in her shorts.

She arched a brow. ‘Human.’

‘You are quite short for a human.’

‘And you are a bit too tall to be a dwarf, aren’t you?’

Thorin Oakenshield smiled. ‘You seem to know much about me, yet I have no idea who you are. What’s your name, human?’

She tilted her head and calculated if this man really was the Thorin Oakenshield she imaged him to be. Indeed, he was somewhat tall for a dwarf. Yet, he had the broad masculine body that dwarves supposed to have. He looked very masculine, with strong muscular arms and big sturdy hands. She wondered what he would look like without all the heavy armor he was wearing. She bit her lip and tried not to blush.

‘Enya’ she said. ‘Enya Blueheart’
‘And where are you from, Enya?’ he asked softly.
‘You would not believe it if I told you.’ She laughed. ‘I think I come from some alternate universe. I went out for a run and I ended up here, in middle earth I suppose?’

He nodded shortly and regarded her with suspicion. ‘You obviously dress…’

He didn’t finish his sentence, but the way he watched her was clear and Enya felt the sudden need to apologize for her provocative appearance. She shrugged. ‘I suppose in this world you could call it inappropriately short. But believe me, in my world this is common.’ She sighed. ‘I guess if I don’t want to stand out, I should find some suitable clothes for this environment.’

She stood up and started walking, with actually no idea where she should go. ‘Well,’ she mumbled. ‘Middle earth or not, it’s clear that I am screwed.’

‘You are what?’ she heard behind her.

Enya giggled. ‘I’m trying to say I have nowhere to go. AND I have no idea what I should do next.’

Thorin grinned. ‘Then you should come with me.’

‘And where were you going?’ she asked.

He didn’t answer and made a sign that she should follow him. Enya frowned. All right. She went from taking a long run in the forest to a field trip with Thorin Oakenshield himself. Not that she was complaining. She smiled. As she had no idea why she ended up in middle earth and how she was able to go home, she decided that she should make the most out of this experience. Besides, she really wanted to know more about this dwarf... And she might even get to know his nephews... If they existed in this reality.

‘Hurry up!’ Thorin’s husky voice startled her and she took a sprint to catch up.

‘Now I can see why few clothing would come in handy’ he mused.

Enya laughed. ‘May I remind you that I am a woman from an alternate universe who is not afraid of telling you the truth when you say or do anything inappropriate? I will beat the crap out of you.’

Thorin turned around to face her. ‘You are quite bold.’

‘Are you not used to that?’ she purred.

Thorin smirked at her before he walked further. ‘I might. If you were from my kin, I would-’

‘Good thing I am not then’ Enya winked.

She bit her lip when she heard him chuckling while he walked away.

This could be damn interesting...
An unexpected guest

Chapter Summary

Enya meets the company and tries on some appropriate clothes to blend in. But how do tie yourself up in a corset? Luckily, a certain dwarf king is happy to help.

They were walking for hours; daylight was already fading. Somewhere in those hours Enya had relieved her hair from the ponytail it had been in. She hoped feverishly that she wasn’t looking as repulsive as she believed she was. She quickly ran her fingers through her long locks in an attempt to straighten it. She watched as Thorin walked a few feet in front of her. No doubt he was scouting the area, checking if it still was safe. She almost bumped into him when he suddenly stopped.

‘Ssh.’ He growled, while listening at something she could not hear.

‘What is it?’ she whispered. Although they were still hidden in the bushes, a few yards away she saw a road.

Thorin sighed. ‘We’re nearly in Hobbiton, miss. You see this road?’

She nodded.

‘I was checking if we could safely cross it. Although we’re in the shire, one cannot be careful enough.’

‘Right.’

He glanced at her and rewarded her with one of his precious little amused smiles. ‘I wonder what would have happened if I was not there to rescue you from those orcs.’

‘I would have killed them’

He chuckled. ‘With what?’

‘Well..’ Enya frowned. ‘I must say I do have the advantage of surprise.’

‘You certainly do. Come.’

Thorin grabbed her hand and she felt an electric shock bolting through her body. She quivered. He stopped moving and for a moment he just held her stare. Both of them said nothing.

Had he felt it too? She could not believe how handsome he was. God, if she just could kiss his face. Or touch him. She wondered if he would allow her. Thorin broke the spell and let go of her hand.

‘We have to go.’ He rumbled, his voice low.

He crossed the road and she had no choice but to follow him. When they were safely in the woods on the other side, he turned and looked at her.

‘Are you cold?’

She shrugged. ‘A little.’

He took his coat and put it over her shoulders. ‘We're nearly there, I hope. Gandalf said it would be easy to find.’

‘Gandalf?’

‘Yes. Gandalf the grey. He's a wizard.’

She nodded and tried not to laugh. Of course she knew who Gandalf was, and the thought of meeting one of Middle Earth's greatest wizards was enough to make any fangirl squeal. What the actual fuck... Was she really going to meet Mithrandir?

Thorin held her close to him when they entered Hobbiton. She did not know if he wanted to protect her or was terrified that anyone identified her as someone who didn’t belong. Luckily, it was after dusk so most of the residents were staying in their homes. Thorin looked around as they paced
through the town, muttering under his own breath. They turned around a few times, and she
wondered if he knew where he was going.
‘What are we looking for?’ she inquired softly.
‘Any sign of the wizard. He said he would mark the house where we need to be.’
For a while, they walked in silence, both searching for a sign.
‘You don’t have to do this.’ Enya said. ‘I can take care of myself.’
Thorin frowned and suddenly shot her a cold glance. ‘No, you don’t.’
‘So you are just dragging me along then?’ she said and her voice sounded more venomous than she
wanted it to be. She quickly watched Thorin’s face and was relieved to find that a little curve was
displayed on his lips. He was trying to hold a smile back.
‘Yes, until I found you a place where I think you will be safe.’
‘In that case, I don’t want to be safe’ she murmured and quickly put her hand before her mouth
before any more stupid stuff would come out of it. Good gracious god, what was she doing? She
certainly hoped he did not hear that!
‘Look..’ Thorin pointed at a green door that was positioned on the side of a hill. For a moment Enya
wondered why this door was different than the others they had passed, but then she saw it too. It was
indeed marked with a little shiny symbol.
‘What does it mean?’
‘Burglar.’ answered Thorin as he knocked two times on the hard wood.

When the door swung open they encountered a person smaller than themselves. If she had not
known a thing or two about the people that inhabited the lands of middle earth, she would have
thought this person was a child. But she knew this childlike figure was a hobbit. Next to the hobbit
stood Gandalf the grey, who smiled at Thorin.
‘Thorin Oakenshield, may I introduce you to our burglar: Bilbo Baggings. Bilbo Baggings, this is the
leader of our company: Thorin Oakenshield.’
Thorin nodded. ‘I have an unexpected guest. This is a human, her name is miss Enya Blueheart. I
found her in the woods.’
Both Bilbo as Gandalf were looking at her, curiously.
‘You’re quite small to be a human, miss.’ Gandalf said friendly. ‘If I wouldn't have known better, I'd
say you were a dwarrowdam.’
‘A female dwarf.’ the wizard replied.
She followed Thorin and the others into the house, which was small, but comfortable and warm.
Thorin removed his weapons in the hall and ventured in the little dining room that was on the left.
Enya was surprised when she saw twelve dwarves sitting around the huge table. Their clear presence
in the vorm of cheerful voices and laughter made the dining room appear even smaller than it acutally
was. They greeted Thorin happily as an old friend and didn't even notice Enya's presence.
‘You are late.’ The eldest one was the first one to speak.
Thorin nodded. ‘Aye, Balin. I was delayed by this young lady over here.’

And they lost their way. Twice.

Enya smiled awkwardly as everyone suddenly gazed at her.
‘I found her in the woods’ Thorin continued. ‘She encountered some gundabad orcs. Her name is
miss Enya.’
Gandalf gestured her to join them and she took a place between Thorin and himself. She pulled
Thorins coat closer around her body and breathed in his scent. Thorin shot a glance at her before he
spoke again.
‘Which reminds me. Does anyone know where we might find clothing that would fit a human?’
The other dwarves started muttering and it took no long before there was a fierce discussion. She
heaved a sigh. For god sake, how was the topic of her clothing worth an intense debate?
‘I can help you, miss Enya.’ A soft voice spoke behind her. Bilbo stood in the hallway and looked a little bit unsure with suddenly having all the attention shifting to him. He grabbed her hand. ‘Come with me.’

They went downstairs and Enya could not help feeling like Alice, who went into that rabbit hole. It was dark down there and Bilbo gave her a lamp to help her see where she was going. ‘These are storage rooms.’ Bilbo explained before she could ask anything. ‘I do prefer living upstairs... I don't like dark and damp places.’

‘You have a lovely house mister Baggings.’ She said.

‘Thank you’ he answered politely.

They walked through a long corridor and Bilbo stopped at the last door. He retrieved a key from the pocket in his jacket and opened the door. Enya followed him inside and carefully set her lamp on a small table next to the door. Bilbo opened a big closet and smiled.

‘My mother was a seamstress and she made clothing for all kind of races that happened to be traveling through the shire.’ He explained as he got out a beautiful dress. ‘She would drag the travelers to our home where she took care of them. She loved the stories they would tell to her. I am afraid to admit that she was quite an adventurer herself too.’

Enya smiled. ‘There is nothing wrong with being an adventurer, right?’

‘No of course not!’ said Bilbo. ‘When you are a human. Or a dwarf. Or even a wizard.’ He shuffled his feet. ‘But when you are a hobbit, miss Enya, you should stay away from it as far as possible. Adventures won't do an hobbit any good!’ He swallowed hard and Enya noticed he tried to maintain his composure. ‘For instance….’ He begun. ‘A few days ago I had a polite conversation with Gandalf... the next thing I know, there are THIRTEEN DWARVES in my house who empty my pantry and... and wait until I show you what they have done with the plumbing!’

Bilbo seemed really appalled by the latter fact and Enya pitied him.

‘But they are quite a merry couple, I believe.’ She tried.

‘That is exactly what Gandalf said’ Bilbo muttered. ‘But I don’t want to go on an adventure and leave my house and…’

He inhaled slowly and regained his senses. ‘I am sorry, miss Enya. I didn’t mean to…’

‘Oh, mister Baggings. It’s okay.’ She smiled. ‘I come from a foreign land. I am as baffled about everything that is going on as you are.’

Bilbo smiled too. ‘Thank you. It is Bilbo by the way. I will leave you now so you can try on some clothes.’ He gestured at the dresser in the corner. ‘There should be more over there.’

She bowed her head and waited until she was left on her own. Enya inhaled deeply and shook off Thorin’s cloak. She laid it on the empty chair that was standing next to the dresser. After that she went through the clothing in the closet. She needed something warm and easy to wear, because they would take on quite a journey. Although Thorin did not mention he would take her with him on this journey, she was determined to stay with him.

Enya did not know how long it took before she rummaged through all the clothes in the closet. Bilbo’s mother had taste and boy, the woman could sew! She had found some nice tight leather pants that followed the curves of her body and a pair of heavy boots that would give her the stability and warmth she needed. She had to admit that the boots were a bit too large, but if she would tuck a sock in the front of the shoe she would be fine. She snickered when she thought about how silly she looked, with leather pants, thick boots and her tight running shirt still on. She opened the first drawer of the dresser and was positively surprised when she discovered a beautiful black corset in it. She did not know if it was wise to put in on, but she knew she had to.

She absolutely loved corsets.

She changed her shirt and bra for a simple white shirt with a low neckline. She pulled on the strings of the corset to open it up and wriggled herself inside. She groaned. How on earth was she going to pull it tightly around her chest without asking any of the gentlemen that were in the rooms above...
her? She hoped Bilbo would be back soon... He was the most likely fellow to ask for a favor. Of course she could ask Thorin too, but… A deep reddish blush appeared on her cheeks at the mere idea of him touching her skin and tying her up. She would definitely melt down the floor before he was done with the task given to him. She giggled, ashamed of even considering that the dwarf king would touch her in this manner and opened the other drawers. She found a comfortable jacket and a coat made from black thick fur. She rummaged through the last drawer at the bottom of the closet and retrieved a pair of black gloves too. She smiled and cleaned up the room. Just when she was about to go upstairs, she-

‘That looks good on you.’

Wow.

His low husky voice he made his presence clear. Her body instantly reacted to him and she shivered in delight. With a faint smile she turned to him.

‘I might have a little problem.’ She purred.

‘I thought you could take care of yourself.’

She grinned and she walked through the room, towards him. ‘I can. But sometimes even an independent lady needs some help. And getting into a corset is one of those occasions. You have to tie me up.’

Thorin kept his face straight, but his eyes were telling her he was intrigued. ‘Well then you have to show me how. I usually don't help women dress.’

'Of course he doesn't...' her mind commented. 'He probably does have a lot experience with UNDRESSING though...'

Wait, what? Enya bit her lip furiously and tried to ignore her stupid brain.

‘It is really simple.’ she breathed. ‘Start at the top and make sure all the strings are pulled together tightly.’ She stood still as he very carefully touched her back and pulled gently. ‘Pull. I'm not thát fragile!’ She encouraged, her voice shrouded with impatience.

‘I want you to be able to breathe.’ He countered.

It took ages before she was tied up. Enya was relieved and disappointed at the same time when Thorin made a solid knot at the bottom of the corset. She smiled when she turned around.

‘Am I presentable enough to your liking?’

He stepped forward and touched her cheek, immediately setting her skin on fire. She suddenly forgot how to breathe, and the corset was not the cause for that! He didn't answer her out loud, but just nodded slowly. For a moment they were lost in each other’s eyes. She studied his face and could tell he was not a young man any more. The fine lines around his beautiful breathtaking blue eyes and the few grey strings in his hair told her he must be well in his forties. That is, if you counted his age in human years. In dwarf years, she had no clue how old he could be.

‘You are a mysterious woman...’ Thorin whispered.

Her body ached for him to kiss her. In her entire life she hadn't desired something that much... Enya bit her lip, too scared to make the move herself. She did not want to insult him by being too bold (again). It was one thing to be a lady from another world, but she didn’t dare to cross certain lines. Thorin lowered his gaze and shifted his attention from her face to her chest.

‘What’s that?’ he asked and he pointed at the locket around her neck, carefully not to touch her there.

Pfff. Her dirty mind wished he would.

Enya shrugged. ‘A gift.’

‘May I?’ asked Thorin softly.

‘Sure’ she answered.

He gently removed the necklace and he fumbled with his fingers around the locket.

‘This belongs to the treasure of the firebeards clan. The emblem is distinctive.’ He gave her a quick
look before he continued. ‘But their clan was destroyed long ago… Where did you get this?’
Enya frowned. ‘My grandmother gave it to me.’
Thorin shot her a glance that made her uncomfortable.
‘You don’t believe me’ she stated.
Thorin shrugged. ‘Well, it wouldn’t be the first time that someone tries to deceive others about their ancestry.’
Enya smiled. ‘I can assure you my intentions are completely honorable.’ She pressed her lips together before she would admit that her less honorable intentions had a lot to do with getting of his clothes as soon as possible.
‘Is it all right if I show it to Gandalf?’ Thorin asked.
‘By all means, please show it to him.’ She answered.
He stared a few moments at her and then rushed out of the room. She let herself drop down on the chair and panted heavily. It felt like she just ran a long marathon... Sweet lord, she did know the dwarf for less than 24 hours, and he already had such an effect on her...

It made her fear for the future. And yearn.
Enya ran up the stairs again, this time feeling quite secure about her appearance. She looked damn fine and would easily fit in middle earth. Her outfit was entirely black, save for her shirt. The clothes suited her perfectly and her pants hugged her curves at the right places. She shut down her phone and tucked it beneath her corset. No one would notice it there, wouldn't they? She supposed it was wise to spare the battery until there was a moment she needed it more than now. For instance, when she was homesick... She chuckled when the thought about chasing orcs away just with the metal songs on her phone. Would it terrify them? She shrugged and put both her and Thorin’s coat on the coat rack in the hallway.

Okay... So where the hell was Gandalf the grey? It seemed that Bilbo's house was still overcrowded by all the dwarves, but the wizard was nowhere to be seen. She noticed that the front door was open and stepped outside. Gandalf was sitting on the bench before the house, enjoying a smoke. She sniffed, her nose detecting a sweet tobacco scent. So this was what Old Toby's smelled like. Exactly like she imagined...

‘May I join you?’ she asked the wizard.

‘Of course’ said Gandalf and he made some room on the bench for her to sit.

‘I believe this is yours.’ Gandalf mused and he gave her the locket back.

‘Thank you.’ Enya nodded and quickly put it around her neck. Her grandmother would kill her if she lost it.

‘Thorin was right’ Gandalf began. ‘It is firebeard treasure. How did you come by it? Both Thorin and I were convinced that the members of that clan were killed long ago.’

‘My grandmother gave it to me when I was little.’ Enya answered. ‘She told me it was family heirloom and I had to protect it with my life.’

Gandalf smiled. ‘It is a custom for dwarf families to give their most cherished treasure to their offspring.’

Enya remained silent and wrapped her brain about the information just given to her. Firebeard treasure... Would she turn out to be more linked to middle earth than she ever imagined?

‘There is a legend, though.’ Gandalf continued. ‘It tells the story about a single dwarven family escaping the city of Nogrod. They brought the princess of the firebeards with them.’

‘What happened to them?’

‘They were never been seen again. At least, not in middle earth. Some people argue that they still live in the heart of the mountain, hidden from the rest of the world. There is also a rumour that they escaped this world and went on to live and prosper in another.’

Enya smiled. ‘My grandmother Gigira was fond of telling me such stories when I was little.’

The wizard shot up, his eyes boring into hers. ‘What did you say? What is her name?’

‘Gigira. We liked to shorten her name to Gigi.’ she replied.

‘That is an oddly coincidence.’ Gandalf noticed. ‘The name of the so-called vanished princess was Gigira.’

Enya frowned. ‘They can’t be the same, can they?’

‘Did she looked dwarvish to you?’ Gandalf asked, suddenly pressing.
‘Um.’ Enya shrugged. ‘She was indeed small, but everyone in my family is. And she was very old when she died. Nobody knew exactly how old she was and they never told me. When I was a girl, I wanted to know so badly...’ She smiled when the memory resurfaced in her mind. ‘I remember nagging my mother many times about the matter.’

Gandalf knitted his brows together.

‘Well... I don't recall if Gigi had a beard. All female dwarves are supposed to have one, right?’ Enya mused.

Gandalf chuckled. ‘Not all the women have beards. It varies.’

Enya giggled. ‘I am glad I don’t have a beard. I would be mortified.’

‘Where are you from?’ asked Gandalf.

‘A place called earth. I live in the outskirts of New York, America.’

‘What does America look like?’

‘A bit like here.’ Enya replied. ‘The only difference is that only men live there. Well, that is if you don’t believe that my family originates from middle earth!’

Gandalf smiled.

‘Oh Gandalf, it’s so much more modern than here!’ she confessed and she got out her phone. ‘This device for example is called a mobile telephone. It makes you able to talk to other people whenever you like, wherever they are. It doesn’t matter how far away they are from you.’

Gandalf carefully touched the phone. Enya giggled. ‘It won’t explode, don’t worry.’

Gandalf took her phone and touched it. A deep frown appeared on his face. ‘And how are you supposed to know that the other person is hearing you?’

Enya smiled and got her Iphone back. She put it on and Gandalf was shocked when the screen lightened up.

‘What on earth is it doing?’

‘Starting. It's a bit like... When you want a fire, you first have to build it before it burns, right?’

‘That makes sense...’ the wizard muttered.

She spent the next half hour showing Gandalf how her phone worked. After twenty minutes he dared to handle it himself and he screamed when he accidently hit the ‘play button’ and the phone obediently started to play the music off the last playlist she listened to. Death metal... Gandalf dropped the phone on the grass while making a weird muffled sound. Enya couldn't help herself and burst into laughter. The grey wizard had lived so long and seen many battles, and he now was afraid of a completely harmless electronic device? She bit her lip when she heard a commotion inside and all of a sudden, twelve dwarves were standing in the little front yard. Enya quickly grabbed her phone and switched it off. Everyone stared at her as she tucked the device under her corset again.

‘What was that?’ one of the tougher dwarf asked. Although his head appeared mostly bald, he had long and burly facial hair. He had to be Dwalin.

‘Witchcraft!’ said Dori while he watched her, clearly terrified.

‘Oh come on, master dwarf’ Enya huffed. ‘Don’t determine something to be witchcraft if you don’t even know what it is.’

‘What is it then?’ asked the youngest of the company. His name was Ori.

‘In my world it is a way to contact my family.’ Enya explained and she heaved a sigh. ‘Only in this dimension, it doesn’t work.’

‘What was that noise then?’ asked Ori, clearly intrigued by it.

‘Music.’ Enya giggle. ‘But I reckon it's a lot different than you guys are used to.’

She talked a while to the company and when they trusted her enough they went back inside. It disappointed her that Thorin hadn't appeared outside. She desperately wanted to talk with him.

Or just watch him from a distance, while her brain would lose itself over the fact that he was too gorgeous to be real.

Gandalf looked at her and smiled.

‘Dori quickly determines anything as witchcraft. It is a blessing then he doesn’t know that your
locket has witch markings on them.’
‘Gigi said that the markings were from the fire warlocks. She told me when the locket is in its right
place, it can be very powerful. One of the fire warlocks used to wear this.’
Gandalf furrowed his brows together and stood up. Enya didn’t notice that and absentmindedly
rummaged the locket through her fingers. ‘We often made jokes that the locket belonged to Gigi’s
lover, a fire warlock she often told us stories about. Although she never admitted that, it was very
precious to her. When she died, she wanted me to have it, and-
’Will you join us on the quest?’ the wizard interrupted.
‘I wish.’ Enya replied. ‘But Thorin only took me with him because he wanted me to be safe. And
here in the Shire... I believe I am quite safe. So I guess I'll just...’ she trailed off, thinking about ways
to persuade Thorin in allowing her to come along. ‘And what do you want, Enya?’
She smirked. The choice was easy- why would she stay here, when she could enjoy the sight of a
particular dwarf king EVERY day? ‘I want join, of course... I don't have anywhere to go, really.’ she
answered.

‘I will talk to Thorin.’ Gandalf said firmly and he gave her an encouraging nod. ‘You are going on
this journey. I have strange feeling we might need you.’

Chapter End Notes

I know some things in the story were made up and do not match with the facts given in
the book or movies (f.e. fire warlocks in the firebeards clan, or the whole legend
anyway) but that is just where my fantasy comes in.

Hope you enjoyed it!
Fire powers

Chapter Summary

Enya wants to join the company on their quest, but a certain stubborn dwarf leader gets in the way.

Enya told Bilbo she wanted to walk through Hobbiton and slipped outside. In truth, she did not want to hear the discussion between Gandalf and Thorin. The latter had been clear to her: he would take care of her until she was safe. And she was safe now. If he wouldn’t allow her on the trip… She groaned. Even she knew that dwarves could be very, very stubborn. If he did not want her to come along, she wasn’t coming.

Simple as that.

She hummed one of her favorite songs while she enjoyed a stroll through the lane Bilbo lived on. The shire was an hilly area, the hobbits living under the rolling grass of the landscape. The crickets were chirping loudly and the sound was comforting her nerves. The moon stood high in the sky. Enya secretly wondered if Thorin liked her as much as she liked him.

‘God’ she muttered. ‘You don’t even know how relationships between dwarves work!’

She didn’t even know how human relationships worked anyway… Her last one had been traumatizing to say the least.

When she reached the end of the lane, she took a left turn and walked through the beautiful fields that surrounded the town. She decided to sit down on the long soft grass. As she watched the stars in the darkened sky, she thought about home. Would time work different in this world? Would they already have noticed that she was gone? Would they be worried? For a moment, the thought of Jason, and him discovering that she was missing, made her homesick. Then she remembered his smug face when he told her he would be staying with Abbie for a couple of months.

Again.

To think about us, he had said. She huffed. Think. Yeah, the last place where he would think about her… would be definitely at Abbie’s. In her bed. She actually pitied poor Abbie, for taking him back. The stupid girl was no better than Enya herself… She angrily wiped away a tear that rolled down her cheek. She shouldn’t shed more tears for that prick. In fact, she shouldn’t care one damn bit about what the hell Thorin thought of her as well. Or any other man. Or dwarf, for that matter. Right now, she needed herself to be sane and strong enough to outlive whatever challenges this world had to offer. She had no idea how that portal appeared and since those things seemed kinda rare, she figured she’d stuck in this world for a while. She smiled. She just had to go with the flow, and perhaps a new beginning would turn out to be blessing.

When she got back, everyone had gone inside. She sighed and plumped down on the bench before the window. The information Gandalf had given her a few hours ago sounded crazy. Grandma Gigi a dwarf princess? She giggled. Maybe. Maybe Gigi had been a fire witch after all. On the other hand, she could not remember a situation where grandma Gigi ever used her supposed ‘skills’ to bend fire to her will. Sure, she had been a little kid, but… She regarded her own hands with curiosity. They seemed perfectly normal, nothing that could- she frowned when a red spot appeared in the center of her palm, accompanied by a burning sensation that was uncomfortable. She stared at
them and clenched her jaw when the pain became more intense. ‘Am I getting ill?’ she muttered. It would not surprise her if she was infected with some mysterious disease. She hissed softly when one hand began to shake uncontrollably.

What the actual fuck?

Suddenly the door opened and Thorin and Gandalf stepped through. With a hard smack Thorin shut it and the wood protested when it was pushed back violently in its frame.

‘There is no point in discussing this.’ He said with a chillingly cold voice. ‘She cannot come. I don’t need a woman who cannot protect herself, let alone in a world unknown to her.’

‘But I believe she can be helpful’ Gandalf tried. ‘She does possess powers we don’t understand yet!’

‘I said NO!’ Thorin bellowed. ‘First you set me up with a burglar who isn’t a burglar, and now this? I trusted you on that one, but one supposed burglar is enough. I don’t need two.’

Enya stood up and folded her arms before she faced them.

‘I think you do.’ She said, in the most cutest and cringe-worthy tone she could imagine. Thorin's gave her the evil eye, his face wry with anger. She wanted to be polite, humble even, but when she felt the warm hot blood running up to her cheeks, she knew it was too late.

Her inner bitch was set loose.

And her inner bitch knew no mercy.

She narrowed her eyes.

‘I am not scared of you’ she said with clenched teeth. ‘Pull up that wall and pretend to be a scary bastard, but I am not buying that. Neither am I scared of this world. I can fight.’

‘With what?’ he asked sarcastically.

‘Anything I can find.’

‘You didn’t seem to be able to defend yourself when I found you.’ He shot back.

‘I didn’t?’ Enya hissed. ‘That is the perfect example! Here I am, confused, only thirty seconds this fucking place, I made a pretty bad fall and then I’m expected to fight off the first person who grabs me, out of the fucking blue?’

‘That is the point of being able to defend yourself’ he mocked.

Enya was so furious she had to do something to channel her anger. She could not grab Thorin show him how angry she really could be, so she chose to pace back and forth and breathe heavily while trying not to lose her mind.

‘It is absolutely ridiculous you assume women can’t fight. I fought of my fair share of men. The kind that thinks they can call you names or touch you just because you happen to be there. I did not have a sword back then.’ She huffed. ‘I even wore HEELS too, for god sake!’

Both men stared at her with a blank face that told her they had no idea what she was talking about.

‘Right’ she muttered. ‘Heels are very uncomfortable high shoes. They don’t really enable you to run, so that leaves only one option open.’

Her anger was only fueled by the thought of those nights she was harassed.

‘I kicked their asses.’

Her left hand began shaking again, but she was so caught up in the situation that it did go unnoticed.

Thorin smirked. ‘You might me skilled in your world, but that doesn’t ensure me that you can be helpful to my company. I need proof.’

He folded his arms and seemed very determined. Well, then he had to learn she could be very determined too. She gave him the most chilling look she could conjure.

‘Fine. You should have left me in the mercy of those orcs then.’

‘But I didn’t’

‘No.’ Enya forced her lips into a devious smile. ‘I wonder why.’

She quickly glanced at her hand when the pain, now unbearable, shot through her palm again. The
red mark in the middle extended and felt like it was on fire. Gandalf grabbed her hand and the look on his face made her terrified.

‘Have you encountered this before?’ he asked her. His voice was soft, but the serious undertone made her fear for her life.

Enya shook her head. ‘No, I haven’t.’

Gandalf exchanged a glance with Thorin.

‘This is what I told you about.’ He muttered.

Thorin nodded, but said nothing.

‘What?’ asked Enya.

Another glance. None of them spoke.

Enya pulled her hand from Gandalf’s grip. She stormed inside and grabbed her coat. She was furious at that stupid dwarf king and the physical pain wasn't helping to lighten her mood. When she entered the front yard again, both men were regarding her with suspicion.

Enya managed to give them a cold smile.

‘You know what, I’ll make this very easy. I’ve had it. I spent half of my lifetime doing things because others told me so. I’ve been broken, being cheated on and brought down numerous times. I’m not a second option, something you should drag along to see if I ever come in handy. I’ll make my own luck. I won’t allow anyone near me unless I want to.’

She stormed out of the gate.

‘Gentlemen’ she saluted. ‘Have a good trip.’

When she wanted to bring her arm down again, but all movement stopped when an enormous flame shot out of the palm of her hand.

Before she knew it, a very unlady-like curse left her mouth. ‘WHAT THE FUCK!’

She gasped and gaped at her hand, which was actually on fire. It didn’t hurt as much as she expected it would. Actually, she felt nothing. What was this kind of a weird disease? It made her furious and fascinated at the same time. Her hands were shaking uncontrollably and all of the sudden the flame was gone.

‘WITCHCRAFT!’ screamed Dori.

Enya looked up again and noticed the whole company was watching her from Bilbo's front yard.

Great, an audience. One that was quick to judge too. She clenched her fists together and howled in horror when the ground around her started to turn into ice. Snow swirled around her and she quickly opened her hands.

‘SHE IS A WITCH!’

Enya teared up and in a reflex to defend herself she shot something at Dori’s head. A loud thumb vibrated through Hobbiton. Enya was horrified when she saw a thick icicle sticking in the post of the door above Dori. Did she just do that? How did she do that?

WHAT?!

Meanwhile, Dori was trembling and he pointed at her, his face twisted in horror.

‘WITCH!’

‘I am truly sorry’ she whispered and for a moment she had no idea what she should do. She had nowhere to go. She couldn't possibly go inside again, after making a scene. She quickly turned and rapidly walked down the lane. When she was sure she was out of sight, she started to run. She fought the tears until she saw entered the forest at the border of the shire. Then she cried until there were no more tears left.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
Thorin had sent everyone inside and prepared to search miss Enya himself. Maybe he had been harsh on her, but she had to understand that he could not grow soft. Everyone in the company had a job, a purpose. He could not drag everyone along. The moment he had laid his eyes on her, he had known he was terribly lost. He could not let that happen, he had to focus. Any distraction could be devastating. He hoped she could not guess how much he wanted to make her his. According to the ancient dwarf laws he just could have taken her and marked her as his own... He smiled. She probably would have tore him a new one if he tried that...

‘Thorin!’
Thorin jumped and shot a glance at Gandalf, who apparently was at his side again.
‘Let her go.’ Gandalf said.
Thorin grunted.
Gandalf shook his head. ‘She’ll be back. She is just confused. She found her homeland, her destiny. The magic in this land is unlocking her powers, but she's not ready yet.’
‘Can we...’ Thorin began.
‘No. She’ll be back when she is ready.’
The wizard stared in the darkness.
‘We have to trust her on that.’

Thorin heaved a sigh and resisted the urge to ignore the wizard and search for miss Enya anyway. The wizard was right, he had duties. He hoped she would find her way back to him. He marched inside and searched for Balin.
‘Has the hobbit signed the contract yet?’ he grunted.
Balin shook his head. ‘No, he did not. Thorin, I fear we have lost our burglar.’
Thorin frowned. It appeared that none of Gandalf optional additions to the company were going to last.
‘Maybe it is for the best.’ Balin mused. ‘What are we, Thorin? We’re merchants, miners, tinkers... toy makers.’
Thorin smiled. ‘There are a few warriors among us.’
‘Very old warriors’ Balin said while inclining his head.
‘I would take any of these dwarves over an army from the iron hills.’ Thorin admitted. ‘Speaking of our company: we need an extra contract.’
‘Why?’ Balin was his friend long enough to ask him such a question.
Thorin scoffed, but decided to answer the question anyway.
‘Because miss Enya might return.’
He turned around and did not see the curious glance that Balin shot at him. He went outside again. He should get some sleep before they left at dawn, but he wasn’t that tired. He stared into the way miss Enya disappeared an hour ago.

She would find her way back.
She had to.
A bright ray of sunlight tickled her face, slowly awaking Enya her from her slumber. She blinked a few times. Her body felt stiff and for a moment she wondered why. When she opened her eyes and noticed the thick green leaves above her, every memory rushed back into her mind. She groaned, kneading her neck to ease the pain.

Alright. So she fell through a hole and ended up in middle earth, near the shire. She met Thorin and his company of dwarves. Bilbo had been so kind to let her have some clothing and Gandalf tried to persuade Thorin to bring her along. Enya whimpered. She behaved like child yesterday, throwing a temper tantrum like that... Any little chance she had of joining the crew was now gone. There would be no point of trying after that stunt, not even to mention that she even tried to hurt Dori...

Speaking of which... She got up and studied her hands, but there was nothing. Not even a small mark! This was simply impossible... Her hands had been severely burned yesterday. This could mean two things: or she had remarkable healing powers, or she was infected by something terrifying that was untraceable and scary.

Enya closed her eyes again, still feeling extremely tired by all the commotion she went through yesterday.

There was a large room, the walls decorated with a mint colored wallpaper. A little girl was sitting on a white sofa, her tiny arms folded over each other and her head still red from her recent outburst. A woman was watching the little girl from the other side of the room, her green eyes sending a fierce message. It was clear the girl had been scolded for doing something. Enya frowned as it began to daunt on her that this little girl WAS, in fact, herself. In her younger years. The woman with the fierce green eyes was no one less than her grandmother Gigira.

‘Grandma, I want to play outside…’ nagged little Enya.
‘I said no, my dear.’ Gigi said in a tone that made Enya believe her grandmother had been repeating this sentence at least a dozen times. ‘You have been naughty. I warned you about the consequences, but you didn't listen.’

Little Enya huffed and stared outside, where she could see her siblings playing in the garden. They were having a good time. Enya pitied the small version of herself, that looked very defeated and angry.

‘You have to understand that actions always have consequences.’ Gigi told her. ‘Do you know what that means?’

‘But grandma…’ little Enya whined. ‘I didn’t mean to…’

‘Enya!’ Gigi interrupted and she raised one eyebrow. ‘Don’t tell me you didn’t mean to cut your shirt into pieces!’ She pointed at the table where the poor pile of clothing was laying.

Enya sniggered as she suddenly remembered this event all too well. Her mother had gotten her a new shirt a month before. It was pink, adorned with ribbons and other unnecessary accessories, but that
was not the worst part.

That would be the turtleneck.

Enya had hated the thing from the moment her mother put it on her for the first time, and she had tried to find a way to dispose it. So, when Gigi allowed her grandchildren to craft paper owls under her supervision and little Enya had access to a pair of scissors... She just wanted to get rid of the ribbons and the turtle neck. She honestly never meant to destroy the whole cloth...

‘I’m sorry, grandma.’ Little Enya gave in. ‘I just... I...’

A smile went across Gigi’s face. ‘I know, sweetheart. It’s the turtleneck, isn’t it?’

Little Enya nodded slowly and a hopeful smile appeared on her face. Maybe nan wasn’t going to punish her after all... She really, really, didn’t mean to...

Gigi grinned back. ‘Alright. Let’s forget about the matter and put that dreadful thing in the bin. After that you can help me preparing our afternoon tea...’

The teapot was in place and Enya hurried to the kitchen to help her grandmother with the cups, and most importantly: making sure her nan didn’t forget the cookie jar. She ran as fast as her little legs could carry her and in her enthusiasm she forgot to watch where she was going. With a loud smack she tipped over the rug in the hall, landing face down on the floor.

‘Oh, I remember that hurt like hell.’ Enya murmured as she saw her little counterpart scrambling herself together. She specifically remembered her hands... burning. Like she scraped them too many times over that damned rug... She glanced over at herself and saw the same red mark she had just a few hours ago.

‘Oh Enya, what on earth are you doing, little one?’ All of a sudden Gigi was there again and she lifted her granddaughter up from the floor.

‘I tripped.’ The girl replied, trying her best not to cry.

‘Are you hurt?’ Gigi asked.

Little Enya started sobbing uncontrollably.

‘Alright, come on dear.’ Gigi hushed. ‘You’re alright.’ She carried little Enya towards the kitchen and put her on the counter. ‘Let me see where it hurts...’ She gently opened her granddaughter’s hand palms and frowned. A red mark, blazing hot to the touch. Enya took a step closer towards the scene and eyed her grandmother curiously. She didn’t remember this as a little girl, but now she could see that Gigi knew exactly what was happening. But how did she... Even back then? When did it stop? Why did it begin again?

‘Enya...’ Gigi coaxed as she stroke the little girl’s cheek. ‘Baby please, it’s alright. You’re alright.’ She went on caressing her granddaughter until the sobbing stopped. ‘Enya, what I’m about to tell you is extremely important.’ grandma Gigi said and she lowered herself on her knees to be on the same level as the child. ‘I want you to remember this when it’s time.’

‘Yes, nan.’ Little Enya complied as her brows knitted together. ‘But I don’t understand... when will I know it’s time?’

Gigi laughed. ‘You curious little thing... It doesn’t matter. When you are old enough to know it matters, it will.’

Enya watched her grandmother as she grabbed the cookie jar from one of the cabinets and got back to the child.

‘Now dear, it is very important you will remember the information I am about to give you. If you can repeat everything I tell you, you will get a cookie.’

Little Enya smiled angelically. ‘Two cookies.’

Gigi chuckled. ‘Okay, two cookies then.’

‘When you are a grown-up, it is very important to control your powers. You have to channel your emotions and not let them rule over you. If you do, you will become uncontrollable. Please my dear,
for the sake of my world: control your fire and become who you must be.’
‘Fire?’ the child asked curiously. ‘Do I have powers, grandma?’
‘For now.’ Gigi muttered and her face twitched in anger. ‘Can you repeat what I said?’
The child obediently did and got her two extra-large cookies. Gigi smiled at little Enya when she stormed away with her treasure.

Then she turned to Enya herself.

‘I am glad you remembered, Enya. I am sorry I cannot be here to guide you while you explore your powers.’
Enya looked around, uncertain to which individual Gigi was talking to in an (what seemed to be) empty kitchen.

Gigi giggled as she laid an hand on Enya’s shoulder. ‘I’m talking to you, silly.’
‘What? How is this… But you… Grandma!’ Enya felt the tears running down her cheeks as she embraced her nan.
‘Gigi…’ she began. ‘I am so confused. I am in middle earth and suddenly there are flames and icicles shooting out of my palms and I have no control over it and…’
Enya started crying and for a few minutes she could not speak. Gigi patiently waited and patted Enya’s back. She let her granddaughter weep until finally Enya's breathing became steady again.
‘It is part of the process, my dear.’ Gigi said softly. ‘I saw it with your grandfather when we were young. You are the next fire witch.’
Enya let go of her nan, perplexed.

A what?

If she hadn’t been focusing on the fact that she appeared to be someone, something, she never expected, she would have realized how small Gigi was. And very… dwarrowdam-lish.

‘But what about the icicle? I tried to kill someone!’ Enya howled.
Gigi shrugged. ‘But you didn’t kill him, did you?’
Enya groaned and rolled her eyes. ‘It was a close call.’
‘You did not channel your emotions.’ Gigi said. ‘You have to. Otherwise your powers will take over and you might kill someone then.’
She sighed when she saw her granddaughter eyeing her like she had two heads.
‘You are the fire witch that was prophesized about. You were destined to arrive in middle earth and help Thorin and his company to reclaim the mountain.’
‘What? Why?’
‘Because it is written. Evil cannot have a grip on that place. It is far too important.’

Enya leaned against the kitchen counter and closed her eyes. This was ridiculous. She was being ridiculous! Fire witch? She bit on her tongue and scolded her mind for being one dumb-ass motherfucker. Her vivid imagination had to back the fuck down.

When she opened them, grandma Gigi was still there.
‘You think I would magically disappear like that?’ Gigi inquired.
Enya chuckled. ‘It was worth a shot.’
‘I am not going away until I told you what I want to share.’ Gigi said and she sat down on one of the bar stools next to the counter.
‘You need to learn about your powers, sweetheart. Please, I urge you to meditate every day. It silences your mind and eases your soul. Secondly, you need to practice.’ Gigi stood up. ‘Take the few upcoming days to practice your skills. The most important thing is that you focus entirely on what you want to do. Come with me please.’
Enya did what she was told. Her little version had no problems with disobeying her grandmother now and then, but she didn’t dare to do that. She followed her grandmother to the hallway.

‘Focus on that rug.’

Enya did so and watched that awful brown thing. She never understood why Gigi bought it in the first place.

‘I know you dislike it.’ Gigi mused. ‘You see, after you tripped over it, you told me numerous times how much you hate it.’

Enya giggled. ‘I am sorry grandma, but it is horrendous. And dangerous.’

Gigi shrugged. ‘I want you to visualize that you scorch it with your fire.’

Enya reached with her hand and tried, but nothing happened.

‘You have to feel it.’ Gigi explained.

Enya concentrated and felt a weird tingling sensation in her hand.

‘It is hideous!’ she murmured and went with the urge to burn it down. A strangled noise came from her throat, along with a flame escaping from her left palm. It shot through the air and with a hissing noise it landed on his target. Enya was astonished when the rug, in fact, caught on fire. Little flames licked their way towards the edges, spreading the heat as they went.

Grandma Gigi smiled. ‘That’s it my dear. Follow your instincts. Now, since this is a memory and my rug isn’t really ruined, I will forgive you for the mess you made.’

Enya laughed and Gigi embraced her.

‘You have to go now.’ She said. ‘Remember what I told you.’

‘NO!’ cried Enya. ‘Gigi! I am scared!’

‘Don’t be.’ Gigi replied softly. ‘Go kick some ass, sweetheart.’

Enya felt herself already fading, her touch not reaching her beloved grandma any more. Gigi started to walk away and turned one last time to her.

‘Oh and Enya? Make Thorin yearn for you. Erebor needs a queen to stand a chance against dragon sickness.’

Enya found herself on her knees again, her voice hoarse from the screaming into the forest. It was like her grandmother hadn’t been there at all. There was no fire, only the bright red marks on her skin indicated what happened just moments ago.

Right.

Either way she was a fire witch, destined to reconquer Erebor, or she seriously was losing her mind. She sighted and got up, knowing that the latter one wasn’t an option. She had a lot of work to do.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Enya wants to join the company again, but she is unsure how to make an entrance. Luckily, three trolls give her the perfect opportunity...

It took Enya about fourteen days before she was confident enough to be around other breathing beings again. She quickly developed a daily routine, which meant during the day she tracked the company (she was no girlscout but jeez, dwarves were surprisingly easy to track anyway). At night she trained her new skills and took the time to meditate. She followed her instincts and took grandma Gigi's warning about the consequences of an unstable mind very seriously.

Enya also learned that surviving in the wild was far more difficult than the camping trips she had done in the past. There was no tent, no bathroom and (god how terrible) no toilet paper. She had to admit that, at this point in time, she would do literally anything to get a bar of soap or a toothbrush. She never felt so gross in her whole life. She shivered with delight when she thought about the Jacuzzi in her home. Oh the hot water.... and the bubbles! Would she be able to enjoy that heavenly hot tub again? She shrugged. A splash of water in her face every now and then would have to suffice. For now....

It was an hour before dusk and Enya crept through the forest, searching for signs that the company was near. She was still unsure when (or how!) she should try to join the group of dwarves again. She hadn't forgotten the night she almost hurt Dori, nor did she forget the way in which she behaved towards Thorin... She sighed. She had survived so far on her own, but she really longed for a friendly conversation around a comforting fire. 'Bitch... you carry fire. Remember?' her mind scoffed and Enya chuckled. It must be the company she missed, then. She quickly took cover when she heard Gandalf's voice resonating through the forest. Oh and boy, he sounded very angry. She hid under a bush and peered through the thick branches. A smile went across her face when she detected the company, that was preparing to set up a camp. Gandalf was standing in the eerie skeleton of what used to be an house and Thorin was standing next to him. The wizard was shouting while gesturing at the structure. Something was amiss, she could feel it.

'Save me from the stubbornness of dwarves!' the wizard raged. Thorin looked at him, unmoved. Enya giggled. Even without proper context of the conversation, she could understand why Gandalf was so upset. That look on Thorin's face would make her livid too. Gandalf muttered something she could not hear and stormed off on his horse. 'We are camping here!' Thorin ordered.

Enya decided she had seen enough and trailed off. They probably would leave at dawn again, which meant she had enough time to practice. And she had no time to lose.

Enya woke from the sound of trampling hooves and nervous whining and got up from the bushes she slept in. Fourteen horses were running just past her, obviously in great distress. She put her coat on and ran towards the camp, only to stop at the open spot.

Empty. No dwarves. The camp was set and the sleeping beds were still there, ready for their owners to jump into them.
Even the stew was left untouched... Enya frowned. Why did the dwarves leave so hastily? She crept towards the ruins of the house and startled when she heard voices. Something was very off. She snuck through the forest and stood still when she heard the light voice of Bilbo Baggins:

'You should…. skin them first!'

What?

The dwarves were as baffled as Enya was, because they started protesting and screaming. What was going on? Enya crept forward and whimpered when a very unfortunate scene unraveled before her.

Three massive trolls were sitting by a fire, their fat bodies almost too big for the large boulders they were sitting on. Their skin looked appalling and the odor that their bodies spread made Enya gag. Well, it was safe to say that they definitely needed that bath more than she did. The trolls had arranged a big fire and above it they had hung a spit: eight dwarves were tied to it. One of the trolls seemed to be the chef, because he was wearing a filthy apron. He turned the spit at an even pace and the poor dwarves were protesting as they spun around. The other dwarves, who perhaps were more lucky, were tied and laid on a the ground, unable to move. Enya cringed when she saw a pile of weapons lying next to the fire, quickly recognizing Dwalin’s axe and Ori’s slingshot. The foul beasts were not very interested in the pile, although the smallest one was trying to pick his teeth with one of the swords. A shiver went through Enya's body. That thing probably had bones stuck in his mouth from his last meal.

Bilbo was the only one standing and it seemed to her he tried to postpone their death, because he was convincing the “chef” that he should alter the recipe. Skinning her skin instead of boiling them first... Great move.

No one should hurt her kin without suffering the consequences.

Enya felt anger flaring up inside of her and suddenly a little flame licked the palm of her hand. For a moment, she watched it but then a smile appeared on her face. This was her chance to prove to Thorin what she was worth. She studied the big boulders at the other side of the spot. Hell yeah... They would make a perfect entrance.

Enya climbed on the boulders and waited. She took the knife she had stolen from a farmer a few days ago and pointed it at the head of the troll that was in opposite of her. Obviously was charging two enormous trolls instead of three easier, so she should kill one now while she still had the element of surprise. She let out a deep sigh and adjusted her aim. With a straight jerk from her arm the knife swung through the air. The nauseating sound of the blade reaching skin and bone made it clear she had hit her mark. Right between the eyes. She grinned when the troll gasped in surprise and fell down on its back. That one was not going to move again. The other ones stood up and turned.

'Hi.' Enya said.

For a moment, thirteen dwarves, two trolls and one hobbit were staring at her in shock and Enya enjoyed the attention.

'Missed me?' She purred.

'Can we eat you?' The left troll, who had been picking his teeth earlier, asked. He was small and Enya could tell he wasn't the brightest of the pack.

'I wouldn't.' She answered.

The tiny troll looked kind of disappointed, but his mate wasn't buying it.

'You will pay for what you did to William!' Enya arched an eyebrow felt her hands itching to throw in some action. When she saw Bilbo trying to get out of the restraining potato sack he had been put in, she decided to postpone her attack for a moment to give him a few seconds before things got messy.

'No, I won't.' She said. 'You tried to eat MY dwarves, MY kin, for which, I'm afraid, YOU will pay,
with death.'
With a tiny movement from her hand the fire underneath the spit was extinguished.

'NO!' The tiny troll screamed. 'I worked hours for that mighty fire!'

'You call that mighty?' Enya mused and she let the palms of her hand fill with fire.

'W-W-WITCH!!!'
She yelled and shot a dozen of fire balls at them. Before they could even react, she pulled up an ice
cage to hold the biggest one. She then turned to the tiny troll.

'You look delicious.' He said malevolently.

'I know.' Enya said.

'There's no need to wait, I bet I can eat you like this: nice and crunchy. I had witches before you
know.' He told her as he tried to grab her. Enya dodged him and got away just in time for his
grasping big hands.

'And I like my food frozen!' She countered and shot a range of icicles in his head.
The troll yelped and fell down as his head was bleeding. Behind her, she heard her cage crumble to
pieces. Before she could turn and react, she was hanging upside down in the air.

'PUT ME DOWN!' she bellowed.
The troll grinned. 'You can kill William and Tom, but Bert is not going to let you get away with it.'

'Is he now?' She mused.

Enya cursed violently as Bert moved her to his mouth.

'Put me down, you son of a bitch! You have no manners! I-' she hold up her hand and expected him
to be set ablaze, but she was surprised when something else happened. Her hands were trembling as
pure sunlight seemed to come out of them. Bert growled and lowered her for a bit.

'Well if I can't eat you now, I will roast you anyway.' He said.

Enya wanted to protest when she suddenly heard a familiar voice. She smiled.

Gandalf.

'The dawn will take you all!' He exclaimed and with his staff he broke the boulder she just had been
standing on moments ago, in two.

Bright sunlight peered through and turned all the trolls (dead or not) into stone. Everyone cheered
and Gandalf beamed. Enya heaved a sigh, feeling relieved and angered at the same time. The now
stone troll was still holding here firmly in his grip and because of her uncompromising position, she
could not see what the other ones were doing. Would anyone help her out? She heard the dwarves
shouting and the clattering of weapons and she folded her arms.

Beneath her, Thorin stood next to Gandalf.

'What were you doing?' He asked.

'Looking ahead.' Answered Gandalf.

'What made you coming back?'

'Looking behind.' the wizard replied.

Unbelievable. She had a strong feeling they were just ignoring her.

'Although it is very good hearing you gentlemen reconcile with each other, I would like to be on my
feet again!' She stressed.

She still could not see them properly and already had enough of playing the damsel in distress, so she
decided to try to free her feet from the stone hand herself. With all the strength she had left, she got
up and locked herself around the stone arm. The stone had grown very firmly around her, so there
was no way she could squeeze her feet out of that grip. She hissed. Maybe she should try to freeze
the stone. There was a possibility she would lose her own feet too, but hanging upside down for the
rest of her life was not an option too. She laid her hand on the stone arm, concentrated, and

KRRRRRRRRRRRRRR-'

'What the-?' She murmured when she suddenly was freed from the grip and fell to the ground. A
single moment she thought she would fall through that hole again and end up in the pine forest at
home. Instead she got caught by something soft but yet very masculine. Deep blue eyes that pierced through her soul, just inches away from her own orbs made her forget how to breathe. Yep, she most certainly was still in middle earth.

'Ehm.' She said, lost for words.

'Well that's new.' Thorin muttered. 'I've never seen YOU speechless before.' His strong arms held her tightly against him, making Enya swoon.

'It happens to the best of us.' she finally murmured and gave him a little smile. If she reached out, she could kiss his cheek. Before she made up her mind about doing so (or not), Thorin seemed to realize he was still holding her. He quickly put her down, way too soon for her liking. Enya turned around to Gandalf.

'Welcome back,' the wizard said. 'It is an honor to accompany a fire witch'

'Please, the honor is mine!' Enya blushed. 'You are Mithrandir! I mean, you are one of THE wizards, well and I am...'

'Balin, the contract for miss Enya please.' Thorin brutally interrupted their conversation.

A contract? Enya raised her eyebrows. If she wanted, she could start a discussion about how she didn't want to join a company that only wanted her because she was a witch, but she wanted to be near Thorin more than anything so she decided to let that one go. Balin searched in the pockets inside his jacket and retrieved a lengthy document. He handed it over with a smile.

'There you go miss. Please read it carefully before you sign.'

Enya sat down and opened the contract. It consisted of a lot of tiny scribbles and clauses that were evidently added later to the parchment. She sighed. Hell no she was reading this thing in full.

'Anything special I need to know?' she inquired.

'Not really' Balin said. 'Just some safety measures and arrangements for your funeral and so forth.' Enya looked up and found herself directly in the gaze of Thorin. She wondered if he put something secret in there to make her stay with him after the trip. The thought screamed 'quirky high school girl' and she bit on her lip to hold back a nervous giggle. She straightened her face and took the feather quill Balin was holding. She signed 'Enya Blueheart' right next to the breathtaking signature Thorin had set some days ago. She then gave the contract back to Balin, who studied it meticulous for a few seconds.

'All appears to be in order!' He said enthusiastically. 'Welcome to the company of Thorin Oakenshield, miss Enya.'

Enya smiled. So at last, her journey would lead to Erebor. She couldn't wait.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Enya decides to take a dive into the river. And wait a minute... did a certain stubborn dwarf prince just flirt with her?

Enya's first day in the company was a lot more fun than she expected. Most of the dwarves were very friendly and treated her like one of the guys. Exceptions were Dwalin and the grumpy Thorin Oakenshield himself. Although Dori was still a little afraid of her, he appreciated her sincere apology and by the time the light was fading, he was brave enough to talk to her.

‘Did you ever curse anyone?’ he asked.

Enya laughed. ‘No, Dori! I have no idea how to do such a thing!’

‘So that means we are all safe from your wrath?’

‘Only if you behave.’ Enya smiled and winked at him.

‘But you are a witch.’ He stated.

‘Yes, I am.’

‘Do you know cool tricks?’

Enya stared at her hands. ‘Not yet. And I’m not sure what exactly I’m capable of, so it might take a while before I can show you something.’

Dori stared at her. ‘You don’t know what you’re capable of?’

‘Well... I mean, I found out I am able to do this the moment you guys did…’

Dori shivered. ‘You do control these unnatural powers, don’t you miss Enya?’

‘Yes. If you let me practice in peace every night,’

Dori seemed relieved and went on chatting about the life he and his brother Ori had before they decided to join Thorin on this journey. Enya wondered in silence why it was so easy to win over almost everyone from the company, and extremely frustrating hard to get Thorin to smile.

Thorin decided that they would spent the night on a large platform (could it have been an observation post?) in the mountain area they were crossing. While they set up their camp, Enya joked around with Fíli and Kíli and threatened to turn them into ice sculptures if they tried any of their 'welcome to our company' pranks on her. They laughed and sneaked off. She saw Thorin eyeing the scene from a distance. The way he glanced at his nephews made her a bit uncomfortable. He certainly knew how to look intimidating. Enya decided to do the opposite of what he expected her to do and walked to him.

'Any particular reason why you chose to look so angry today?'

Thorin looked up at her and she saw he tried his best not to smile.

'I was thinking.'

'Then it must have been dreadful, because you looked like you were ready to kill something.'

'I always am.' He simply said.

Bastard. Enya smiled.

'If you need me, I'll be in the woods.' She stood up.

‘You will not venture these woods on your own.’

‘I won’t?’

‘No.’

Enya smirked. ‘I don’t recall any specification in my contract about having to oblige the wishes a dwarf leader with an ill-favored temper!’

Thorin studied his fingernails and refused to look her in the eye.
‘No, but it does state that you have to follow my orders.’
‘Is this an order?’ Thorin gave her a little smile, which was enough to make her do EVERYTHING he wanted. She was very bad at playing hard to get, a skill he obviously mastered to the perfection.
‘You annoying breathtaking bastard!’ Her mind scowled. She did not dare to say that to the man, dwarf himself. She wondered what he would do to her.
‘It is, miss.’ He simply said.
Oh that matter-of-factly irritating tone!
She sighed. ‘FINE.’
This time, she refused to look at him.
‘Sent whoever you like.’ She said and paced into the woods, without waiting for an answer.

When Enya woke up, it was some time before dawn. She slowly stood up (she did not want to wake the others) and slipped through the borders of the camp. She just wanted to disappear in the forest when-
‘Christ!’ She muttered. ‘Sir Oakenshield, do you ever sleep? Or do you secretly enjoy attempting to scare me to death?’
Thorin grinned and seemed quite happy with himself.
‘I might, but today I just came back from a swim in the river.’ Oh yes, he certainly looked like he just took a swim. Enya almost gasped when she saw that his hair was still wet. God, she really had to keep herself together before she would melt down at his feet!
She cursed her bloody hormones in silence for making her lose her mind when just looking at the guy. One thing was certain: the lack of sex in the last few months was catching up with her.
‘You look hungry.’ Thorin eyed her curiously.
Enya tried not to giggle and pressed her lips in a little smile. Why would he even say such a thing? He seemed like he meant it, but her dirty mind translated it in a whole other direction.
‘That I am.’ FOR YOU! Her mind added. Enya bit her lip and scrambled herself together.
‘But I wanted to take a dive myself before everyone wakes up and starts walking around in the area where I don’t want them to be in.’
‘I wonder what you would do.’ Thorin mused.
HE DID NOT JUST SAY THAT! Enya hold back another giggle. Why did he make her giggle? It made her feel like a love-sick teenage girl, which was hardly appropriate for a woman in her mid-twenties. And a witch too, for god sake.
Enya narrowed her eyes. ‘Keep on wondering. If I will see one of you, there will be hell to pay.’
‘I would not dare to sneak on you, miss’ he answered, but his eyes told her a different story. Wait, what? He was definitely flirting with her. She licked her lips. She wanted to make a move, but her courage and sharp tongue were not cooperating.
‘Well... I’m off then.’ She muttered, because she could not think about anything better to say.
She quickly turned away and walked through the forest until she found the river. She hoped the cold water would cool her off. Especially her mind.

Although the water did make her feel clean and she had found a pumice to scrub the dirt off, her mind did not shut up. She hummed a song while she swam up and down the riverbanks. After a while she got fed up and she decided to get out of the water. She quickly grabbed the old rag she snatched from the camp. Although it didn't look that clean, anything could suffice as a towel. She roughly pressed it against her body until she was almost dry. She went to put on her clothes, but... Hang on! Where were her trousers? And her shirt? Where did her jacket go? She nervously looked around but her panties, corset and boots were the only clothing left. She grunted. Her bet was on two rascals she threatened just yesterday... Quickly she put on her panties and tied herself up in her corset as tight as she could. She sighed and did not know if she wanted to burst into laughter or to let out her frustration. She sat down to put on her boots, but stopped when she saw Thorin appearing from the woods. With her clothes. And from the look he had on his face, his playful flirty Thorin was
gone. Shit.
'Why are you-?' She said. 'Did you-?'
'No. I happened to see two rascals sneaking off with your clothes.' He said with his teeth clenched.
He breathed heavily and tried not to look at her. Did he blush? Oh, right. She vaguely became
beware that she only wore panties. And a corset.
'Yeah, sorry. I will, -wait.'
He threw her clothing at her, quickly turned around and paced away. Enya put her clothes and boots
on in the highest speed she could manage and ran after him.
'Wait!' She screamed and almost bumped into him when he suddenly stopped. He jerked her against
a tree, like he did the day they met, and the look on his face was malignant. She realized that the
furious Thorin, with a ‘I am ready to shred your panties’ gaze on his face was very much capable of
making her legs tremble. Oh yes, she desired him more than anything she ever wanted in this world.
Or her own world.
'What were you doing?"'He hissed.
'I...' she whispered and gazed into his eyes. Her mind went blank. Great. She hated the fact that
every time she really needed her witty remarks and sharp tongue, they simply refused to cooperate.
Even her razor-sharp reflexes were in awe. She sighed.
'You could have waited in the water! If I had not encountered them and brought your clothes back,
would you really just walked like that to the camp?’ he let out a deep sigh.
'What was I supposed to do?’ She shot back. Yes. She found her tongue again. 'Wait IN THE
WATER? Really? I'm sorry that I only realized what happened AFTER I got out! There was no
point going back, so I decided to find those two bastards!'
Thorin squared his jaw and stared at her. 'You are too rash miss, attempting to walk through the
woods like that and showing everyone-!’ He didn't finish his sentence and breathed heavily.
Enya blushed.
'I am sorry. I did not want to embarrass you. Or the others. It's just...' She started to tremble. 'It's just
that I was raised a lot more... less constraining, I suppose. Until a few weeks ago I lived by THOSE
rules, in MY world! Sometimes I do not realize that things work differently here.'
'They do.’ He hit back.
'I apologize.' She said.
Thorin grunted and let her go.
She leaned against the tree and tried not to cry. Maybe she was too bold for him. She was so caught
up by her thoughts that she did not see him turning around. All of a sudden his face was inches away
from hers. He cupped her face with his hands in a surprisingly soft manner. Wow!
'Miss Enya' he whispered.
Yet again she forgot how to breathe when she heard his low husky voice.
'Please adopt our rules, as you call it, as quickly as you can. It is difficult to contain my men around
you when you are... like that.’ He muttered.
As he turned away from her, Enya could swear she heard him whisper very softly:
'let alone myself...' She moaned softly when he disappeared in the woods again and left her trembling at the root of the
tree. Great! She had to get used to the fact she knew nothing of the social rules in middle earth. Why
did Tolkien not write about these things? She groaned in frustration and sat down on the ground. It
seemed that she was capable to make a fool out of herself when she was around him. Enya sighed.
Although she had acted like a fool, she was happy to know that he was not immune to her. He flirted
with her...right? She shrugged. She had to come up with a plan to behave more appropriately. Maybe
she could ask Gandalf how respectful dwarf ladies behaved. He would know. She hoped...
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Enya tries to be a perfect lady and learns a great deal about her kin. They run into Radagast the Brown. Who knew bunnies were so cute?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Another day in the wild. Enya woke up in a particular grumpy mood and could not determine why. Her abdomen was upset and she felt a tantrum brewing inside her, one of which the likes this company had not seen yet. There were valid reasons enough for that, she smirked. But her whole body felt bloated and her stomach hurted. What was wrong with her?

Oh no. A daunting thought appeared in her mind and hit her like a lightning bolt. 'Of course, you idiot!' She muttered.

There was that little problem with her birth control pill, which laid neatly on her night stand. At home. Where she could not reach it. Enya sighed. This was perfect. Her body decided that it was time to set loose all the hormones her pill had controled for years. Enya watched the dwarves as they packed their stuff and prepared themselves to leave. Oh hell no. She could not leave before she took care of her "situation". She quickly got on her feet and rummaged through her traveling bag. She hoped she had carried her running shirt with her. When she could not find it, she turned over her bag and all her belongings rolled over the forest soil.

'Hey! You are supposed to pack, not unpack!' Said Bofur.

'I know.' Grumbled Enya. 'I was searching for something.'

'Ah!' She let out a relieved sigh when she found that bright shiny green piece of cloth. Extra absorbant. She hoped it would do just as good a job in absorbing other body fluids as it did with sweat...

'What is that? What do you need that for?' Bofur asked while he snatched her shirt away from her.

'Can you give me that back please?' She asked politely.

Bofur grinned.

Enya watched him while she packed her bag again. She did not want any other curious dwarves going through her most precious belongings.

'Bofur?' She tilted her head in an attempt to get her shirt back, but it had no effect.

'I have found it.' Said Bofur. 'And that means I can keep it."

'You don't even know what it is!' Enya said. 'No.' Admitted Bofur. 'But I like the color.'

'And I happen to need it' grumbled Enya. 'So give it back'

Bofur watched her as she walked to him. Allright, if she could not persuade him to give it back, she had to come up with another strategy. She wanted to try her best to be the perfect mannered lady, but even those ambitions had its limits. And fearing the daunting idea that she would have to miss the only option of a pad, was on of them. If he wanted to play dirty, she would play along. Enya smiled at Bofur and in the blink of an eye she snatched the tobacco pouch, that was hanging around his neck, from its place.

'Oh!' She purred. 'Look what I have found!'

'Hey! Give that back!' Bofur demanded.

Enya did her best to look innocent. 'But I found it! And you told me, that according to the dwarf laws, I am allowed to keep it!'
'Alright miss.' Bofur laughed. 'We're even. Now give it back.'
Enya narrowed her eyes.
'I want my shirt back first.'
Bofure sighed. 'You are learning, aren't you?'
Enya didn't answer and held up her hand. Carefully, Bofur placed her shirt back in her hands. Enya took a few steps backwards.
'I want my pouch back!' Enya told him before she disappeared in the forest. 'Patience is a virtue!'

When Enya joined the -now ready to leave- company, she felt much better. Sure, she had to shred her shirt into pieces, but on the bright side, she now had a few re-usable ladies pads. She wondered how other women in middle earth were coping with this problem. No doubt the majority of them was forced to stay at home. She sighed and giggled when she saw Bofur standing before her. 'My tobacco pouch?' Bofur tried.
Enya took it from her traveling bag and handed it over.
'Next time you steal something from me, you won't get it back' Enya said.
She followed the dwarves as they started to continue their journey into the wild.

A few days later Enya was caught up in her thoughts, which resulted in being on of the last of the company in the back of the group.

'What is on your mind miss?'
She startled when Balin appeared next to her. Balin never traveled in the back of the group. He always seemed to be around Thorin in the front, determining the way and giving him advice on subjects she only could imagine. Since their little rendez-vous a few days ago, she avoided Thorin like the plague, which meant she hadn't talked to Balin for a few days too. Her heart lit up when she imaged Thorin sending Balin towards her to check how she was doing. NO! She corrected herself. Besides, he had more important matters to worry about. She should be thinking about other more irrelevant matters, like the fact that her period was finally at its end.
'I'm pleased to see you, Balin!' Enya smiled. 'I was just thinking about dwarf habits and social rules... and how little I know about those. It makes me feel... uncivilized sometimes.'
Balin grinned. 'The social norms we use are not that complicated.'
'Why is it I never have heard of women in your kin? -Erm, I mean, I apologize if I'm too bold, but I don't know who else I could ask.'
It's fine miss. I won't judge you for wanting to fit in' answered Balin.
Enya shrugged. Was it that obvious?
'There are more dwarvish men than women' Balin said. 'Our women prefer to stay at home to do their duties. They won't travel, unless they are in great need.'

Enya frowned. 'That sounds pretty medieval to me.'
When she saw Balin staring at her, she laughed.
'I'm sorry. I meant that in my world, women and men are equal. Well, we pretend to be anyway. We won't let ourselves be constrained by the roles we were given because of our gender.'
'But what is wrong with staying home and doing your duties there?' Balin asked, obviously perplexed. 'It doesn't mean out women are less valued then the men... That is a far cry from the truth!'
'No, I did not mean it is wrong to do so. I just... in my world it doesn't work that way.'
Balin smiled. 'I see'
Enya sighed. 'I am so sorry Balin! It is hard for me to adjust to these standards.'
Balin shook his head. 'No hardship, miss.'
'No, really, I mean it!' Enya stated. 'I beg you, can you teach me more about my kin?'
Balin beamed, very pleased with the fact that Enya acknowledged her ancestry. 'I will tell you everything I know, miss Enya.'

Along the next couple of days, Enya learned a great deal about dwarves. During the day, she harrassed poor Balin with all kinds of questions about culture, language, social norms and sometimes even courtship. She learned dwarves were monogamous and a large amount of their kin would never take a wife. When Enya asked why, Balin simply stated that most of them were too busy with their crafts. At night, Balin told her about the history of their kin. Often Enya found herself completely mesmerized by the heroic tales of their ancestors. She learned about the story behind their quest, the destruction of Erebor and the meeting with the much hated pale white orc. Fíli and Kíli sat often with her and enjoyed the tales as much as she did. The first few days after their little stunt had been very awkward. Thorin had made them apologize to her and continued to ignore all three of them. Because they were all victims of his wrath, they lingered together in the back of the group. She quickly became attached to them and they treated her as one of their accomplishments. But when they listened to Balin in silence, Thorin often watched them from a distance, his attractive face unreadable. During these moments, Enya sometimes caught his gaze but his face never lit up.

They were tracking in a particularly rocky area, when Thorin suddenly stopped the group. His face said it all: someone was approaching their group in high speed. They heard branches snapping and the trees were rushing as someone passed them. Enya heard little paws running. Suddenly, a wooden sleigh appeared from the forest. It was pulled forward by ten overly sized rabbits. Enya's first reflex was to pick one of them up and squeeze them tight to her chest, but she was distracted by the man that was on the sleigh. He seemed an odd fellow, with dark brown hair and an impressive beard. He was screaming.

'THIEVES! MURDER!'
'Radagast!' Gandalf looked very relieved and everyone lowered their weapons when they realized this man could never be a threat to them. Radagast the Brown...
'He is the wizards who keeps a watchful eye in the east, right?' Enya whispered at Bombur.
Bombur just nodded.
Gandalf and Radagast trailed off, obviously to discuss a pressing matter. The members of the company made themselves comfortable while they waited. Enya lowered herself and sat right next to where the rabbits were grazing.
'Hi there' she said in a soft tone.
The biggest one looked up and sniffed at her hand.
'May I pet you?' She asked.
It didn't provide her with an answer, so she carefully raised her hand and started to stroke it gently.
The rabbit gave her its consent and pushed its head in the palm of her hand. Enya giggled. She knew this sign all too well. She could proceed.
'What are you doing?' Dwalin scoffed.
'I am giving them some love.' Enya answered. 'They are gentle creatures and deserve your respect.'
Dwalin smirked and walked away.
Enya sighed and went on with petting every furry member of the little pack. By the time she was finished, Gandalf and Radagast had returned.
'They normally won't allow strangers to approach them' the wizard said, clearly puzzled.
Enya wanted to answer that she knew her way around animals, but the look on his face told her he would not he impressed by such a response.
Radagast regarded her with curiosity and gently touched her handpalsms.
'She is indeed strong, Gandalf. The powers of nature are flowing through her.'
'Fire, ice. The aggressive forces' Gandalf nodded.
Radagast turned to Enya.
'Try to be one with mother nature. Find peace, balance. If you do, the more subtle forces will flow through you as well.'
When Enya shot him a confused glance, he said:
'Water, air. Maybe even earth. When you master those elements, you are able to control the most powerful source nature possesses.'
Enya instantly knew the answer. 'Lightning and thunder.'
Radagast nodded.
'But why am I called a fire witch then?' She asked.
'Because that matches your temperament. You are fierce. To stay in balance, you must let all their energies flow through you.' It was Gandalf who answered.
'I could take her, to guide her-' Radagast mused, but Thorin broke into the conversation.
'We need her.' He said in a low, authoritative voice. Enya shot him a confused glance. Would they? She was still exploring the boundaries of her powers, which sometimes made her a bit unstable. Also, her fighting skills were no match to any of them.

They all shook up when they heard a wolf howling. Enya wondered if it was one, because it sounded a bit off.
'Is that a wolf?' Bilbo asked.
'No. This is a warg scout.' Dwalin cursed.
'Which means an orc pack is not far behind.' Muttered Thorin.
Before they could prepare, the warg scout jumped through the bushes, followed by another one. While Enya was still processing what was actually going on, the dwarves killed both creatures.
'Who did you tell about your quest beyond your kin?' Gandalf asked Thorin.
'No one.'
'Who did you tell?' Pressed the wizard.
'Nobody. I swear.'
Gandalf sighed. 'Then I believe you are being hunted.'
'I'll draw them off' Radagast proposed.
'These are gundabad wargs, they will outrun you' Gandalf shouted.
'These are rhosgobel rabbits.' Radagast shot back. 'I'd like to see them try.'

They ran for their lives. Enya was secretly worried that the cute oversized rabbits would not make it, but her instinct told her they would be fine. It seemed Radagast loved his animals far too much to put their lives at stake. She panted and thanked herself for her daily running routine. Bombur on the other hand seemed to have a hard time keeping up.
'Where are we going?' She asked, but nobody bothered to provide her with an answer.
She sighed when they had to hide from one member of the orc pack and pressed herself against the boulder. Thorin silently instructed Kíli to shot the warg and his rider. The young dwarf prince tried, but killing the warg made so much noise that by the time both foul creatures were dead, they had the full orc pack on their tail again.
'Well, at least the diversion worked for a few minutes' Enya thought.
'Run!' Screamed Gandalf and everyone was happy to oblige.
'Were are you leading us?' Asked Thorin, but Gandalf ignored him. Suddenly Gandalf disappeared and they found themselves surrounded by the orc pack.
'Hold your ground!' Screamed Thorin.
Enya noticed that even in life threatening situations he was irresistible. Very easy on the eye. 'Shut up' she muttered and she grabbed the weapons she got from the troll hoard they searched after their little adventure. The two sai she chose shone bright in the sun. She held them tight in her hands and smiled. Bring it on.
'Over here, you fools!' Enya turned and saw Gandalf waving at them. He was standing at the side of a crevasse and jumped. Thorin shouted everyone should follow. Enya quickly let herself slide down and landed softly in the
cave. Dwalin decided to look ahead and concluded that he could not see where it lead. 'Do we follow it or no?' He asked. 'Follow it of course!' Bofur shouted back.

They all followed and ended up in a breathtaking valley. Rivendell. Enya smiled. Although she should be not overly fond of elves, she could not imagine that the inhabitants of such a beautiful valley were not trustworthy. She sighed and winked at Bilbo, who was standing next to her. He seemed as much in awe as she was. 'So, Bilbo. The dwarves won't like this valley any bit, so they probably will leave any investigation to us. Are you up for that?'

Bilbo's face lit up. 'Yes, miss Enya. I would very much like so.'

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will involve their stay in Rivendell. I promise you guys we will see flirty Thorin back for sure ;) <3
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Enya evolves into a professional burglar by stealing some booze and while doing so, she enjoys the sight of one particular naked dwarf. A real professional burglar would not get caught into the act though. And a real professional would never (EVER) let herself get distracted by that particular dwarf, wouldn't she?

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone,

This chapter was in my head for quite some time and I could not wait to write it.
What is flirty Thorin up to?
Thank you for sticking around! If you have suggestions for me (what should happen next? when will Thorin lose his self-control? Personally, I can't wait...) or like my story, please let me know. It really helps to write another chapter if I know a few people want to read more... <3

xoxo

XxByImm

Although the dwarves were quite suspicious towards the elves, Enya believed they were gentle souls who meant them no harm. She even liked the salads and "green stuff" (as the dwarves put it) they had gotten for dinner this evening. She chuckled. Her human upbringing made her definitely more open minded. Enya sighed as she laid on her back in the grass. She stared at the stars. Everyone had abandoned her. All the dwarves had sneaked off to god know where. Kili had screamed at her that she was not allowed to follow, which only made it more very likely that she would sneak up to them later on the evening.

Enya frowned. Even Bilbo had trailed off, probably to investigate Rivendell without her, Enya mused. Although she was a little offended he did not ask her to come along, she also understood he needed some time alone. Being in the company of thirteen (well technically thirteen and a half or fourteen) dwarves was exhausting. They definitely were a merry couple (as Gandalf put it), but the unspoken rules were sometimes hard to follow. Or to accept. Enya rolled on her stomach and stared at the bridge where Gandalf and lord Elrond walked half an hour ago. She had wanted to walk with them, but then suddenly assumed they probably had some important matters to talk about, so she had not dared to disturb them. Enya let out a long sigh again and stood up. She had done her meditation routine and practised her skills. She even tried to bend the water in the little fountain that stood on the edge of their camp to her will, but so far she had not succeeded. In human language: she was bored. Enya looked around and decided to scout the place herself. If no one wanted her company... well. Then she had to entertain herself. She lazily followed the path in the opposite direction in whence they had entered the valley. Coincidentally, the way in which the dwarves had disappeared. Enya
giggled. She might even run into a particular grumpy dwarf prince. And on such a beautiful evening, he had to be in a good mood...

The path led her further into the valley. Enya played with a lock of her hair and hummed a song. She had no idea where she was going, but she assumed she could not get lost in this place. At least, she hoped she couldn't. Enya followed the path and let her mind wandering. God, she was completely smitten. Since the moment she ended up in middle earth, all she did was admiring Thorin, gazing at Thorin or dreaming about him when he was not around. If she could do all the stuff she day-dreamed about... ha! She would not allow him to stop making love to her. She wanted him all night. Slowly. Oh yes.

'Making love? All night?' Her mind mused. 'Darling, even if he wanted just a quick bang you wouldn't have the guts to say no to him!' Enya sighed. It had to stop. Her mind was painstayingly right. If she ever wanted to be taken seriously, she had to get her shit together. She had to stop being in love with that stubborn beautiful breathtaking bastard and focus on the road that lay ahead.

'Stop being in love? Yes! That's what you also told yourself all those years ago when you met Jaaaaason!' Her mind teased her. Enya groaned. She was an hopeless case. Every time she gave her heart to a man, it went terribly wrong. They always deceived her.Wronged her. Enya frowned. Maybe she was destined to be alone. To live a solitary life as a witch. Maybe grandma Gigi was wrong and Thorin would never yearn for her. And never did anyway. Enya whimpered. She did not want to think about that. Her mind wasn't ready for that. But what if it was true? Enya stared at her feet and concluded she had trailed off the path. She sighed. Great. She even had the ability of getting lost in a valley where you practically couldn't! She angrily paced back (well... she believed she was going back) through the forest. She had to be back before the dwarves would start to miss her. The idea of having to admit she got lost in the valley, stung. No. She had to get out of here. And fast.

Enya was relieved when she discovered the path again, but got immediately distracted as she heard shouting in the distance. She quickly hid in the bushes and peeked to the other side.

The first thing what she saw, were naked butts. Thirteen to be precise. Enya smiled mischievously when she discovered one butt in particular. Oh, it was exactly as she expected (and imagined) it to be! Perfectly round, but yet still tight as it should be. She crawled on her belly and let out a sigh while she admired the spectacle. The dwarves chose an enormous white fountain to bathe in. It had multiple levels to sit or swim in, so it was perfect for some graceful diving. Or to squish your body into a ball and jump as fast as you can to make the water under you splash all over the place...

The dwarves were having a good time, laughed and drank wine straight from the bottle. Hey, where did they get that? Enya wished she could join them. She blushed when Thorin Oakenshield turned around a little while he said something to Kíli.

'Oh yes, show me what you got!' Her mind was all over the place.

Enya bit her lip when she got a glimpse of his torso. Oh, it was robust. The muscles were tight, like he had been working out in the gym every day. She literally could count them.

Oh god
Oh god
Oh god

It was perfect. He was perfect! If she could just... Enya groaned softly. There you had it. She couldn't. She had to tear herself from the magnificent sight of Thorin Oakenshield naked, and get back to bed. She wanted to crawl away, but then decided she could take a bottle of wine in bed. If a glass of wine could shut up her mind, that would be nice. And otherwise she would just fall in a dreamless sleep. A sleep where a certain dwarf lord could not follow her. Enya put her hand on the grass and shot an icicle trail to the fountain. It grew silently like a branch and stretched under the bottle. Enya let the trail thicken in a subtle manner, making a slight slope. She had to be very patient. The bottle did not move. Damn! Enya concentrated and made the slope somewhat steeper, until she
saw the bottle moving. With a soft rush it glided towards her. Oh yes, she was a professional. She was a professional burglar. She did an excellent- wait! She groaned when the bottle all of a sudden fell over with a loud thumb. She could not reach it, just yet. It was a few paces away from the foliage, maybe she could...

'Hey! Who is stealing our booze?' One of the dwarves shouted. Enya could not see which one it was. Eh- how could she get herself out of this situation and save her dignity? Enya let out a deep sigh. They must have seen the ice trail. They knew it was her. There was only one option. She stood up, left her safe hiding spot and walked to the bottle. Without looking at the naked dwarves, she picked it up. She could hear the commotion as they hid themselves in the water.

'WE TOLD YOU, YOU COULD NOT FOLLOW US!' Fíli screamed. Enya shrugged and decided to play innocent.

'I know. But the bottle called to me. It seems it wants to spend the night with me, and I could not resist it'

She winked and bit her lip when she realized what did she just said. She hoped none of the dwarves understood the REAL meaning of the words she just blurted out. Everybody just stared at her.

'Cheers' she purred, slowly turned around and disappeared in the forest. Wow! Enya burst into laughter and started to run as fast as she could. She misbehaved terribly, but she had booze! To hell with her beauty sleep. Enya wanted to lay in some cool water herself and forget about her problems. She grinned. It sounded like a plan!

Enya had found a quiet spot to bathe in. She sat in the cool water and sighed. Her head became a bit fuzzy from the wine, a feeling she welcomed. She had no intention of getting drunk, but boy, elves liked to make their wine strong! It took her not long before she was a bit tipsy. All right, really tipsy.

All was fine, until she saw Thorin Oakenshield appearing from the forest.

'Oh no.' She muttered. 'What are YOU doing here?'

She assumed he didn't hear her, but he looked at her, clearly amused.

'I am retrieving what you stole from us' he said.

Enya grabbed the bottle of wine before he could reach it and held it close to her chest.

'No you are not! This bottle is my companion tonight.'

'So you said' he mused.

Yes. Enya blushed. She did not want to talk to him, but yet she did. The wine loosened her tongue and she found herself in a situation where she wanted to yell at him that she yearned for him far more than this stupid bottle. She shrugged. No. She could not share that. She could talk about ANTYTHING, except that.

'I recently learned that when you find stuff laying around, it isn't stealing.'

Thorin grinned. 'Is that so?'

Enya nodded. 'And now it's mine.'

'Technically it was mine, before your ice slope stole it away, right under my nose.' He stated.

Enya beamed. 'Well, that would make me an excellent burglar then!'

'But excellent burglars don't get caught.' Thorin said. 'Which makes you... well. Let's say a voyeur with burglar ambitions?'

WAIT! Was he teasing her?

Enya bit her lip and tried not to giggle. She really needed to stop giggling when he was around her.

'I was NOT spying on you!' She said, but she knew he knew better than that.

'I can assure you that my eyes were on the bottle only. I am an honorable lady.' She added. The way he looked at her, said it all. He was not buying her explanation. Oh lord. She felt her blood running up to her cheeks and tried to distract him.

'Sir Oakenshield, I suppose a lady needs her privacy when bathing.'

He eyed her and she saw in his eyes an expression that almost made her explode. That was lust. A
panties shredding lust. Oh yes, he was definitely flirting with her. Shit. Because of the wine she was more vulnerable than ever. Even more willing to do everything he wanted.

'Well?' She said, demanding an answer.

Thorin sat down and treated her with an innocent smile.

'I figured you wanted to talk to someone, because the bottle won't talk back.'

Hmm. Smart move, Oakenshield.

'Maybe. Maybe not.' She said and closed her eyes. All she had to do was breathe. Breathe and try not to lose her mind.

'Can I ask you why you are in such a good mood tonight?'

Thorin chuckled. 'I don't know. Maybe I'm having a good time.'

'Hmm.' Enya turned an went to face him, but she made sure she was covered by the water.

'Why is it that I always find myself a victim of your anger?'

'Because you always seem to be capable of doing something inappropriate. Things I cannot allow.' Thorin mused.

'Inappropriate?' Enya asked.

Thorin didn't answer that question. Instead he asked her one himself, one she did not expect and it made her head spin.

'Did you enjoy the view when you peeked at my naked body, miss?'

'Yes, it was quite amazing thank you' Enya said softly and she refused to look at him.

'So your eyes weren't entirely set on that bottle of wine then.' He said.

Enya sighed. Damn, he bested her. And he knew it. She blamed the wine for being so careless. She saw him grinning victoriously in the corner of her eye.

'Stop it!' She hissed.

'Stop what?'

Enya groaned softly. 'You are taking advantage of my current merry mood, aren't you?'

'I would never do such a thing.' Thorin said, but he had a hard time keeping his expression clear.

'No, you wouldn't' Enya smirked. 'But this moment is very convenient to pry some information from me I don't want to share.'

'And what kind of information would that be?' He asked, amused.

Gah! Frustrating dwarf!

'What do you want to hear?' She teased.

'I want you to confirm my suspicions.' He explained.

'Do you have proof for these suspicions?' Enya bit her lip.

'A lot of proof.' He simply said. 'It is quite obvious, I would say.'

Enya leaned over to the place he was sitting. 'So, if it is that obvious, why would you need confirmation anyway?'

Thorin frowned. 'One has to be sure.'

Enya swallowed hard. Where was this going? If it involved him touching and kissing her right on the spot, she would go with it. Happily.

'Well, ask me your questions then.' She said, her voice uneven.

It took a while before she heard his low husky voice again.

'So. I always wanted to know if you are only half dwarf or if your blood is pure.'

Wow.

That was totally unexpected. And unfair. Enya sobered up in a matter of seconds. She bit her lip and cursed herself for letting him deceive her like that. He ruthlessly played with her. What did he expect? That she would scream and jump on him, finally giving in to her needs? No. Enya shrugged and decided to play along again. And this time, she would not let herself lead astray.

'Well, before I provide you with an answer, you have to tell me your theory about it.'

'My theory...' Thorin eyed the bottle of wine. 'I don't really have a theory. You do have some human characteristics and sometimes behave like one. I believe you are a half blood.'

Enya narrowed her eyes. That was the worst excuse she ever heard. It almost seemed like he wanted
to ask her another question, but backed out. Maybe he wasn't ruthlessly toying around with her feelings after all. She decided to let it go.
'I honestly don't know. My mother is a dwarf, but I never knew my father. He died before I was born. I don't even know what he looked like.'
'I am sorry.' Thorin said and she heard the guilt in his voice.
'Oh, it's okay.' Enya said.
She smiled as she gave back the bottle of wine. 'There you go. I only borrowed a little.'
Thorin took the wine from her and made sure their fingers did not touch. He stood up.
'I will leave you be in peace, miss' he muttered and he sounded like he regretted asking such a question.

Enya watched him turning around and realized she would not let him get away with that. No. Before he could set another step, she jumped out of the water, put on her jacket to cover herself and ran after him.
'NO!' She yelled. 'I've changed my mind about that wine!'
He turned to her, his expression puzzled. Enya smiled, but before she could even grab the bottle out of his hands, she tripped over a tree root. Again. Enya prepared herself for an inelegant smack, but instead she heard a bottle falling. The next thing she knew, Thorin Oakenshield was holding her in his strong arms. Again.
'Are you doing this on purpose?' He whispered.
Enya bit her lip. 'No, I have to admit I can be incredibly clumsy.'
Thorin frowned and breathed heavily. Enya blushed when she realized she, yet again, wore next to nothing in his presence. And this time, it was even worse. Her jacket had peeped open and although it was covering the most important parts, Thorin could see a large part of her skin- from her neck to her abdomen. Her belly button piercing was on display as well. She only could hope he liked what he saw.

Thorin's chest was heaving up and down and he refused to look her in the eye. There was a deep red blush on his cheeks. He didn't say a thing and held on to her tight. Enya noticed his hands trembled a bit. Oh, she wanted to kiss him.
'You. Need. To. Get. Dressed.' He hissed slowly. 'Now.'
He lowered her down and let her go when he was sure she was on her feet again. Enya smiled innocently.
'It seems I cannot win your mind games, sir Oakenshield. But I do seem have the power to silence you.'
Thorin narrowed his eyes. 'Get. Dressed.'
Enya sighed. 'Yes'
She walked back to the water and turned around. He was still there.
'No peeking.' She teased.
She could see his mouth curve into a hesitant smile. It was tiny, but it was there.
'I am not like you, miss. I am not sneaking around and watch innocent naked dwarf men bathe.'
'You don't? Well, if I embarrassed you in that way, maybe I should return the favor, then.'
Enya knew it was a risk, but she had to do it. She turned her back to him and threw her jacket away in a dramatic, glorious manner. Thorin made a loud gasp and Enya enjoyed the moment. She had his attention. She slowly put on her panties (she thanked herself for putting on the most sexy one she owned when she left her house that particular morning) followed by her shirt. In a subtle manner she let her pants glide over her butt. She put on her corset and wanted to tie it up herself, but she shivered when he suddenly appeared to be right behind her.

'You. Are. Reckless.' He groaned as he tied her up with aggressive movements.
Oh, he was mad again.
'That's what you do to me.' She whispered softly. 'You make it very hard to contain myself. It is unfair.'
'So you are telling me you are not THAT bold on a daily basis then?' Hissed Thorin as he made a tight knot at the bottom of her corset. Enya turned around and faced him. She looked directly in his beautiful fierce blue eyes, her mouth inches away from his. 'No, I am absolutely not.' Enya decided to be honest. 'But when you are around, I seem to lose my mind. And my manners.' He swallowed hard and she saw he tried to contain himself. She waited a few seconds and then decided to walk away. After basically confessing she was in love with him, she found it better to walk away from him than the other way around. She smiled and dragged herself away from him. She wanted to walk back to the path when suddenly...

WHOA!

Thorin caught up with her and pushed her roughly against a tree. His lips were dangerously close. Enya could not breathe and stared into his eyes. Oh, she could drown in them. 'Miss Enya...' he whispered softly. 'You make me so mad. You... I...' he did not finish his sentence, but cupped her face with his hands.

Then he kissed her. Enya was set ablaze. His hot mouth was on hers and his hands played with her hair. Enya enjoyed the taste of his mouth and eagerly kissed back. She opened her lips to welcome his tongue and forgot everything around her when his tongue stroked hers for the first time. He teased her, explored her mouth greedily. Neither of them pulled back. Instinctively, Enya crossed her legs around him without ever part her lips from his. Her arms were around his neck. Thorin groaned and deepened the kiss again. Through all their clothes, Enya felt his erection pushing against her body. Yes, now she knew for certain he wanted her as much as she wanted him!

Enya moaned as he teared himself away from her. 'I cannot...' Thorin panted. He was furious. She was furious. If their lips touched again, Enya knew she would lose it. She would tear off his clothes and demand him to make her his. First rough, then slowly. And then rough again. Until she was worn out. 'This will not happen again.' Thorin said in a gruff manner. He took a step back, making the distance between them safe again. 'I have a quest to fulfill. I don't have time for this.' Thorin said and he squared his jaw. 'You HAVE to behave.' 'Me?' 'YES, YOU!' Thorin roared and paced away, leaving Enya leaning back against the tree, astonished.

Her body was still shaking from all the adrenaline and Enya sighed. At least she knew now he desired her, but she wanted him to make love to her. And she would not stop until he would give in.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Enya tries to forget what happened the night before. She has an honest conversation with Gandalf and answers some questions from a few curious dwarves...

The next day, Enya woke with an unbearable headache. She got up and walked up to the long oaken table everyone sat around. All dwarves talked amongst each other. Thorin was there too. He discussed something with Balin and they both did not look up when Enya approached the table. Enya did not have the energy to sit down and talk to anyone, so she grabbed an apple and wanted to leave when she heard her name.

'Enya, why are you not sitting with us?' Fíli asked her.

Enya turned around.

'I'm sorry Fíli, it was rude of me to walk away without greeting you. Good morning. I'm afraid I've got a lot to do today.'

'Come!' Kíli said and he padded on the empty chair next to him. 'Tell me you are going to eat more than that apple.'

Enya sighed. She knew that they were not letting her get away that easily, so she'd better oblige.

'Why are you suddenly so concerned for my health?' She asked while she sat down and took a bite of her apple.

'We care for you.' Fíli said and he put a plate in front of her. It was filled with mouthwatering bacon, some fruit and delicious looking bread. A breakfast she normally would not refuse. But today was different.

'Yeah, right!' Enya smirked. 'You guys are up to something.'

They shot each other a mischievous glance.

'We would never' Kíli answered.

Enya winked at them.

'I am sorry lads, but I fear I know you two rascals better than you would like me to. You did something with that food.'

'We didn't, we swear!' They said simultaneously.

Enya laughed. 'I'm off. Try Bombur.'

She quickly stood up and blew a kiss to them.

'See you later.'

Before she left the dwarves, she stopped at Dwalin’s spot, who was enjoying his meal in silence. He looked up and grunted, obviously not liking the fact that she was disturbing him.

‘Dwalin, can I ask you for a favor?’ Enya gave him her shy smile.

He eyed her. ‘What do you want?’

‘Can you show me today how I should use my sai? I have to confess my skills are… well…’ Enya chuckled.

‘Meet me here at dawn.’ Dwalin said and then he turned around to say something to Nori, who was sitting next to him.

Enya sighed. It seemed Dwalin was even more difficult to persuade to like her than the grumpy king under the mountain himself. Who knew…

Speaking of which, she noticed Thorin was looking at her, but his mind was far away. Enya shrugged and turned around. She should not yearn for his gaze. She had a lot of important to do. Number one on the list? Not losing her mind.
During the day, Enya intentionally isolated herself from the others. She could not be around the others, because the memory of what happened the night before, hurt more than she would like to admit. She sat down in the soft grass and tried to meditate. Her surroundings were serene and the only things she heard were birds singing in a distance, but Enya could not concentrate. She groaned with frustration when she felt a flame licking her hands. This was useless. If she kept feeling like this, she was well on her way being a walking fire hazard. She felt like she could explode any moment now. She had to calm down and channel her anger... but how? Enya swallowed. She was lying to herself. She knew what she had to do, but she didn’t like it any bit. She hadn’t cried since the day Jason left her the second time. And she was not prepared to cry over Thorin Oakenshield. Hell no. Enya got up and concentrated on the sculpture that stood on the edge of the lawn she was standing on. She steadied her breathing and tried to resist the urge to ruin the poor sculpture with the flames brewing inside of her.

‘Are you all right, Enya?’
Enya scared up and looked around. She relaxed when she saw Gandalf.
‘Hi, Gandalf.’
‘You were about to ruin that beautiful sculpture, weren’t you?’ Gandalf said softly.
Enya let out a deep sigh. ‘Yes, I’m afraid I would have if it weren’t for you.’
‘Come, let’s take a stroll. We need to talk.’
The wizard clearly expected her to follow, because he walked away without looking behind. Enya had to take a sprint to catch up.
Gandalf smiled at her when she finally walked at his side. ‘Give Thorin some time.’
Enya blushed. ‘I have no idea what you are talking about.’
Gandalf chuckled. ‘I thought you might say that. But I am a wizard and I recognize that energy between you two. It’s love, my dear. And it is a very powerful one too.’
‘Is it that obvious?’ Enya asked.
‘To me, yes. To the others in the company not that much. Perhaps Bilbo suspects, because he is quite observant. But the others have not noticed.’
‘Well, Thorin more or less rejected me last night, so that story has ended.’ Enya whispered.
‘No.’ The wizard said. ‘It has just begun.’
‘But it hurts. And I don’t want to get hurt, again!’ Enya growled. ‘I have had enough of men.’
‘What did he tell you?’
Enya frowned and took a moment to reconsider the events that took place last night.
‘He told me he had a quest to fulfill. That I had to behave, because he had no time for this, thing, that is going on.’
‘That is why you need to be patient.’ Gandalf mused.
Enya didn’t answer. They walked in silence for a few minutes.
‘How does love work in your world?’ Gandalf asked.
Enya giggled. ‘It’s quite complicated, I think.’
‘I suppose love always makes things complicated. But what happens if you…’ Gandalf got out his tobacco and his pipe. ‘For instance, what do you do when you like someone?’
‘That depends on the situation you’re in. But if you truly like someone, for real?’ Enya sighed and thought about how things started between her and Jason. ‘You approach the person you like, talk to him or her. You take each other on dates.’
‘Dates?’ Gandalf asked.
‘Yeah, when you go on a date you hang out together.’ Enya laughed when the wizard gave her a puzzled look. ‘I mean, you do stuff together… go out for a walk, grab some coffee maybe. It’s about getting to know each other.’
‘And then?’
‘Then, if you like each other that much, you start to live together, and eventually get married if you want to. You get more intimate, of course.’ Enya couldn’t help to feel a little awkward. I mean, she was talking to Mithrandir about love and intimacy…
‘But how does that relate to this world?’ she asked.
‘Ever heard of dwarf courtship?’ Gandalf grinned.
‘Eh- no.’
Wait, what? Dwarves had special rules for that?
‘I know Balin told you that dwarves are quite picky about their life partners, that is if they ever desire one.’
‘Yes, he told me that.’
‘Well, another thing is that dwarves, particularly those in the high classes, are old fashioned. It is the dwarf man that should court the female. Not the other way around.’ He gave her a knowing look. Did the man literally know everything she did?
Enya smirked. ‘I was only doing what I thought was right… But I have to confess that a certain someone told me twice I was too rash.’
Gandalf chuckled. ‘You should let Thorin take the lead.’
‘I will’ Enya said and she gave Gandalf a little smile. ‘But how do you DTR dwarfish style? How do I know?’
‘DTR?’ Gandalf said.
‘Define the relationship.’
‘Oh, yes.’ Gandalf shrugged. ‘If that means what I think you mean: he will probably ask your consent to make you his one and only.’
‘And that’s it?’ Enya asked.
The wizard hesitated for a moment. ‘Of course not.’ He shot her an uneasy glance.
‘OH!’ Enya said when she finally understood what he meant. She giggled.
Gandalf sighed. ‘And after THAT you are, according to ancient dwarf laws, his. And he is then yours of course. Dwarves are very faithful to their partner.’
‘Thank you.’ Enya said and she meant it from the bottom of her heart. ‘I am sorry I have to ask you these things, Gandalf. But I’m a bit new in middle earth, so half of the time I have no idea what I’m doing.’
‘It’s fine.’ The wizard said.
‘I find it hard to contain my flames if I’m unstable.’ Enya changed the subject.
Gandalf seemed relieved. ‘That is because fire is driven by the aggressive emotions inside you.’
Enya rolled her eyes. ‘And I have to be balanced.’
‘Yes. Because if you are stable, and only then, the subtle forces will flow through you and will make you a stronger witch.’
‘But I already am strong’ Enya opposed.
‘Don’t underestimate the small and gentle things in life, miss Enya.’ Gandalf said. ‘They tend to reach more on their own than all the aggressive forces together.’
Enya blushed. ‘I am sorry, Gandalf. I should have known that.’
‘It is all right, child. You are untrained. I am glad we found you.’

Enya trained her mind all day and when the sun went down, she felt stable again. She walked back to the camp, to meet Dwalin. She was ready for this.
‘You are late.’ Dwalin simply said when she approached him. He got up. ‘Come.’
Enya followed him. They left the camp behind and Dwalin lead her to an quiet open spot in the forest.
‘I want you to use all your strength.’ He said. ‘I need to know how skilled you are. I will be gentle with you today, because I was ordered to do so.’
Enya scoffed. She had an idea whose order that would be.
‘No need.’ She growled.
Dwalin grinned in a way that made her shiver. 'Then show me.'
Enya grabbed her sai and hold them firmly. Dwalin eyed her.
'The way you hold them is fine, but do not hold them too tense, miss. That won't do you good in a battle.'
Enya loosened her grip.
'Like this?' She asked.

Dwalin nodded and took his axe.

'Now, show me how you would attack.'

Enya waited a few seconds and paced around him. She had no idea how to do that, but she had to give it a try. She lunged at him, but was blocked by his axe. Dwalin laughed.

'Is that all you got?'

Enya yelled and attacked him again. Dwalin did not seem to move when he countered her strikes.

'What am I doing wrong?' she panted.

'You are being predictable.' He replied, clearly amused by the fact she could not harm him.

Enya grumbled.

'Again, miss' Dwalin urged.

Enya tried again. And again, until she lost count how many times Dwalin blocked her off. But the tough dwarf had no mercy and ordered her to try again. He didn't seem to care that she was tired.

Enya tried one last time, but when his axe struck her sai hard, she fell to the ground.

'That is enough for today.' Dwalin said. 'Next time you will have to counter me.'

'I don't know if I will survive a next time.' Enya complained.

When she did not receive an answer, she looked up. The grumpy warrior dwarf had left without telling her. Enya gazed up to the stars. Fine. She did not want to return to the company anyway, so maybe she should be grateful he left without a warning. She'd rather stay here on the field, where her mind was distracted by other things than the frustrating Thorin Oakenshield.

Frustrating Oakenshield. With his beautiful lips and his tongue that... she sighed. She should not be thinking about that kiss, but that seemed impossible. It was... it was perfect. Secretly Enya compared the sensation she had felt to the kisses she had shared with the other men she'd been with, but none of them could match. They all lacked... Enya frowned while she searched the right word. She smiled. It was passion. The other guys had missed a certain amount of passion. Something a certain dwarf prince did not lack of, she guessed. Enya giggled and got up. Maybe she should get back to their camp, before the dwarves started to believe Dwalin killed her.

When Enya returned to the camp, the dwarves had made a fire and sat around it. She quickly scanned the group and was both relieved as disappointed when Thorin wasn't one of them. Balin, Bilbo and Gandalf were missing too.

'See!' Gloin said. 'I told you we should have waited until our fire witch was back. It would have saved us a lot of trouble.'

The others muttered.

'Enya, over here!' Dori said with a smile and he made some room on the wooden bench so she could join them.

Enya gave him a grateful smile and sat next to him. Bofur handed her a cup with beer.

'We were talking about how hard it is to distinguish male and female elves, weren't we, Kili?' Bofur grinned.

The other dwarves burst into laughter.

'Nice' Kili muttered and he angrily stared in the firepit.

'Which makes me wonder if they can distinguish each other among themselves.' Enya said, to save Kili's ass.

Everyone chuckled. Kili shot her a grateful look. Enya winked back.

'So miss Enya,' said Bofur. 'We want to know more about you.'

'Then ask away.' Enya said. 'Although I won't say I will answer every question.'

Dwalin was, to her surprise, the first one who shot a question at her.

'Favorite weapon.' He said.

Enya grinned. 'My fire of course. Although I am beginning to like my sai too, now I am learning how to use them properly.'

'What is your favorite food?'

Enya smiled. This had to be Bombur's question. She never heard him talk before.
'Pizza.'
'What is that?' He asked curiously.
'Heaven. It is a dish in my world that you prepare in the stove and I would kill to eat one right now. Imagine the dough of a savory pie, but then flat. You can put anything on you like, but mostly it is sprinkled with cheese, meat, mushrooms...' Enya stopped before her mouth started watering.
Bifur started talking, but Enya could not understand what he was saying.
'He asked you if you speak Khuzdul' Oín translated.
'No, unfortunately I do not. But if I ever am allowed to learn, I will'
'What about love?' Kíli asked.
The other dwarves muttered. It seemed to them that topic was far too serious to talk about.
'Did you leave someone special behind?' Kíli mused.
Enya laughed. 'No I didn't.'
'But there must have been someone!' Kíli opposed.
'That special one you probably refer to, well...' Enya paused, unsure how much she wanted to share.
How much was appropriate to share. 'Let's say he was an ignorant ass who cheated on me. Twice. That story is over. So no, there no special certain person for me back there.'
'Is there anyone in this company you specifically like?' Fíli teased.
Enya bit her lip and wished she was a cold blooded liar. She hoped she could trust her sharp tongue to solve this situation. The last thing she wanted was the company finding out she had an huge crush on their leader.
'That question is hardly appropriate!' She shot back. 'But the answer is no, Fíli.'
'Bad news, guys.' Fíli said. 'She doesn't think we are handsome enough.'
The others laughed and Enya was relieved that they didn't press the matter.
'What is the thing you miss most from home?' Dori asked. Enya was grateful for the interruption.
'Everything!' She laughed. 'I miss my tweezers, coffee, hot showers, supermarkets, clubs, shampoo, perfume, makeup, my clothes, books... the list goes on and on.'
'I have no idea what all those things are' Nori muttered.
Enya giggled. 'Let's say they all make your life a bit more easy.'
'So what do you miss most then?' Ori said.
'I would say... music' Enya decided. 'Do you guys even-'
'All right lads, do you hear that? The lady wants to dance!' Bofur shouted.
All the dwarves cheered and the ones that played an instrument got up to get it.
'This one is called: the lass with the fair hair.' Gloín announced.
They started to play and Nori asked for her hand.
'Want to dance, my lady?'
Enya beamed. 'Yes please!' The dwarves took turns dancing with her and Enya had a great time. After a dozen of songs she had a hard time catching her breath. The dwarves did not seem to bother though. For heavens sake, did they not breath?
Enya danced with Bombur and he let her spin around him. When the song came near its end, Enya released herself from his grip and twirled away, feeling a bit dizzy. She lost her balance and she cursed herself for being so clumsy. Damn! It was going to be an inelegant fall again. She gasped when someone caught her and held her tight in his arms.
She looked up and expected to see any familiar face, but not his. Thorin. Oh god. His blue eyes had an amused look over them. She forgot how to breathe again.
'I am beginning to think you ARE doing this on purpose.' He whispered.
'Do you really think I like ending up in your arms?' She teased.
He gave her a little smile before he let her go.
'The party is over.' He said to everyone. 'We know now what message the map has been hiding. We can move on.'
'Why do you always have to ruin the fun?' Enya joked while she tried to catch her breath. Her lungs were still recovering.
'Because we are leaving at dawn, miss.' He said and he gave her an intense look that made her tremble on her legs. And not because he made her afraid. It was the panty shredder look again. 'You should get some sleep.' Thorin commanded.
'Aye aye captain.' She said and trailed off to her sleeping bed. Like she could sleep now...
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

The company gets stuck in goblin town. Enya meets a woman who is exactly who she seems...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Enya sat against the inner wall of the cave and could not stop shivering. They left without Gandalf just before dawn. When she asked Thorin why, he muttered something about elves being patronizing creatures. Enya closed her eyes. She was tired and the day had been tough. Navigating their way on the slope of a mountain had been nerve wracking. She hated heights. And to make matters worse, they then ran into stone giants... Fighting stone giants who crushed the fucking soil under their feet. Enya had never been so scared in all her life. She put her arms over her legs and stared into the darkness outside. This was madness. She wanted to hide in the cave and never come out again.

'We camp here.' Thorin ordered.

'Let's start a fire. Miss Enya?' Gloin said and he rubbed his hands.

'No, no fire.' Thorin pressed. 'Caves in the mountain are seldom unoccupied. Get some rest, we continue in the morning. Bofur, you take the first watch.'

All the dwarves complied and laid down on the floor. Within ten minutes, the snoring began. Enya sighed and cautiously got up. She crept past the sleeping dwarves and went to sit next to Bofur.

'Miss, are you all right?' Bofur asked. 'Are you not tired?'

Enya shook her head. 'I cannot sleep.'

'Why is that?'

'Because I will relive this day again in my dreams, and I'm not prepared for that.'

Bofur chuckled. 'It is the wild miss. It's no place for the faint hearted.'

'I am not faint hearted!' Enya hissed.

Bofur grinned. 'No worries, miss. You’re more tough than any of us expected you to be.'

They sat in silence for a moment.

'What is your world like?' Bofur asked.

'So different...' Enya frowned. 'But yet so similar.'

'In what way?'

'In my world they have more knowledge about... medicines and diseases.' Enya paused. 'Although the men in my world tend to believe they are highly civilized, I find that the majority of men I know, are quite rude and... two-faced.'

'Two-faced?' Bofur said.

Enya smiled. 'People in my world are not always sincere. They are back stabbers. Pretend to like you to get what they want.'

'Sounds like there is no honor over there.'

'Some men and women are sincere and honorable. But the majority...' Enya didn’t finish her sentence.

'So, would you consider staying with us when we arrive in Erebor?' Bofur asked.

Enya sighed. 'Even if I wanted to go home, I don’t know how. And I don’t expect to bump into a portal again.'

Bofur frowned. 'But you are a witch'

Enya laughed. 'Yes, that I am. But I derive my powers from nature, and there is nothing natural
about a big void sucking you into another dimension. I cannot and do not want to summon such a
thing.’
‘So are you staying with us, then?’ Bofur smiled.
‘I might.’ Enya mused. ‘But I don’t know if our grumpy leader gives his consent to that. He seems to
be very annoyed by my presence.’
Bofur grinned. ‘We will persuade him. Besides, you have to stay. You see, there is this girl in the
blue mountains… and I need your advice on that.’
Enya giggled. ‘I don’t know if I’m the best person to give you advice about that. I had a human
upbringing, remember? I have no clue how dating stuff works over here.’
‘But you are a female dwarf! You must know!’ Bofur whispered.
Their conversation was interrupted by Bilbo, who obviously tried to sneak past them to go outside.
He had his walking stick in his hand and his traveling bag was on his back.
‘Where do you think you are going?’ Bofur said.
Bilbo sighed and turned around. He looked ashamed. ‘Back to Rivendell.’
‘No, No!’ Bofur said and he got up. ‘You can’t turn back now, you’re a part of the company!’
‘I’m not though, am I?’ Bilbo said and Enya detected sincere grief in his eyes. ‘Thorin said I
shouldn’t have come and he was right. I don’t know what I was thinking. I never should have run
out of my door.’
‘You are just homesick! We understand that.’ Bofur said.
Enya closed her eyes as she heard Bilbo protest.
‘No, you don’t UNDERSTAND! You’re dwarves, you are used to this! To living on the road and
never belonging anywhere.’
Enya shook her head and stood up. ‘They do belong somewhere, Bilbo. They belong in Erebor, their
home.’
Bilbo blushed and he was visibly appalled by his own outburst. ‘I am sorry, Bofur. I didn’t…’
‘No, you’re right.’ Bofur said sadly and he looked at his sleeping friends.
Enya stared at Bilbo’s sword. It was glowing with an intense blue color.
‘Bilbo, what on earth is that?’
Bilbo followed her gaze and when he saw the glowing sword too, his eyes told Enya that something
was wrong.
Then they heard a rumbling sound beneath them.
‘WAKE UP!’ Thorin yelled. ‘GET ON YOUR FEET!’
Everyone (drowsy or not) immediately did what they were told to do.
‘What the…!’ Enya screamed as the sand that laid on the floor disappeared. With a loud noise, the
floor opened beneath their feet and the company found themselves falling into darkness.

They were in trouble. Enya knew that much. First there was that terrible fall that took way to long.
When they landed she was crushed by Balin and Gloín, but there was no time to recover. Little foul
creatures ran straight towards them and started to poke everyone around. She was pushed to walk
forward. Enya glimpsed at one of them and shivered. They were dead ugly. She knew a thing or two
about middle earth and this had to be goblins. She lowered herself and sat still, hoping they would
pass her unnoticed. She cautiously lifted her head up and saw Nori staring at her while he was
pushed by the goblins.
‘I will follow you’ she mimicked, hoping he would understand her. Her body trembled as she tucked
herself away behind a box. Not a perfect hiding spot, but it would do for now.
‘Miss Enya!’
Enya shot up and heaved a sigh when she saw the halfling standing a few feet away from her.
‘God damn it Bilbo, you scared me to death.’ She complained.
‘I’m sorry’ he said quietly.
She crouched near him.
‘What should we do now?’ Bilbo whispered.
‘Go rescue the others.’ Enya said.
'What if we get separated?'
'Then find a way out of this place.' Enya said. 'There is no need to linger here on your own.'
The hobbit nodded.
'All right, I think they went-' Enya began, but they were interrupted by two goblins.
The goblins screamed when they saw the potentially new prisoners and lunged at them. Enya took
her sai and gave Bilbo a short nod.
'I'll get the large one'
She got up and dodged the attack of the large goblin. For a few seconds they paced around each
other and Enya was unsure what she should do. Then she remembered Dwalin’s lessons. Don’t be
predictable.
She smiled and swung one of her sai in the air. The goblin narrowed his eyes and eyed the beautiful
weapon. She took a quick step forward and pierced it through the goblin’s heart. With a powerful
kick from her feet the limb body of the goblin fell over the edge into the darkness.
‘Miss Enya!’ screamed Bilbo.
Enya turned around and saw that Bilbo was having great difficulty fighting the other goblin. He was
near the edge. Too near.
‘Hold on, I’m coming!’ Enya yelled, but as she ran to him, she saw both the hobbit and the goblin
tipping over the edge.
‘BILBO!’ she screamed as she saw him disappearing.
She sat down on her knees and sobbed. She killed the hobbit. He needed her help and she responded
too late. If she had noticed earlier, she could have thrown her knife or she would… Enya
whimpered. She singlehandedly deprived the company of their only burglar. She knew her contract
stated she was a burglar too, but she was hardly any burglar material. She swallowed hard and tried
to steady her breathing. She might have lost Bilbo, but the others needed her. She had to try to save
them. Enya got up on her feet and scouted her surroundings. The area was abandoned. Everyone had
followed her company deeper into the earth. Enya sighed and paced forward, unsure how to remain
unnoticed. She wished she had a ‘stealth mode’ from that assassins creed Jason used to play. That
would come in handy right now. Enya crept along the wooden bridge and prayed she wouldn’t fall
down as well. How was she going to save the others from this mess? She could release her fire on a
dozen of goblins, but she reckoned there would be hundreds of them. Or maybe even thousands. She
felt a flame in the palm of her hand and stopped. It felt warm and it comforted her. For a few
seconds, she watched it. Her breathing became normal again.
‘Where is the one I love?’ she whispered. ‘Where is my kin?’
The flame grew bigger and raised from her hand.
‘Show me the way’ Enya said.
The flame started to move, almost too fast to follow. Enya ran behind it. She had no idea where she
was going, but she instinctively knew it would lead the way. To Thorin. To the others. She stopped
thinking and ran as fast as she could.

As she rushed along a wide bridge, she heard a voice.
‘Hey, YOU!’ someone hissed.
Enya stopped. Her flame stopped.
‘Yes, you! The one who is following that fire! Can you get me out of here?’
Enya took a step closer and peered over the edge of the bridge. There was a woman, hanging in a
cage above the abyss. The woman was small, maybe a bit taller than Enya herself. She had a broad
posture and Enya could tell she was a warrior. The woman had fiery red hair and hazelnut eyes that
pierced through her skin. Her face was standard and a bit… crude. Whoever this was, she was no
natural beauty.
‘There are no goblins around.’ She said. ‘Can you get me out?’
‘Who are you?’ Enya asked.
‘I am Dolvira, a commander in the army of the longbeards clan.’
Enya narrowed her eyes. She did not know if she liked the redhead, but she saw no harm in letting
her out that cage. That is, if she would not get in the way.
Enya tried to unlock the door of the cage. The rope was firmly tied together in a knot. Enya sighed.
‘How did you end up here?’
‘I was searching for my love.’ Dolvira answered and she smiled. Enya had to admit that the woman’s smile opened up her face. You could even go as far as call that… pretty.
‘All right, hold your horses.’ Enya said. ‘This is too tight.’
‘Then cut it.’ Dolvira said impatiently.
Enya shook her head. ‘I’ve got a better idea.’
She focused and froze the rope. With a quick move of her hand it shattered into little ice splinters.
She opened the tiny door.
‘Are you coming or what?’ she winked.
Dolvira climbed out of the cage with ease. Enya had to admit, the girl had some serious skills!
‘Good luck, I’ve got things to do.’ Enya said and she turned to her flame again.
‘Show me.’ She whispered.
The flame flew away again. Enya hurried after it.
‘What are you doing?’ Dolvira yelled. ‘Why are you following that stupid fire? You have no idea where you are going!’ She ran a few feet behind her.
Enya rolled her eyes. ‘I don’t need you to follow me!’
She didn’t want to be rude, but she knew how Thorin felt about dragging people along.
‘I think we have a better chance of getting out of here when we’re together.’ Dolvira snapped. ‘AND if you stop following that thing around like a lunatic.’
Oh right. Dolvira had a better chance if they were together. Enya couldn’t care less about that. She was on a mission.
She turned. ‘I am going to get my dwarves out of trouble. You are a fucking commander, you know how to get out of here. So, if you’re wise, you save your own skin.’
‘After a damn long time in that cage, I could use some distraction.’ Dolvira pressed.
‘Don’t get in my way.’ Enya threatened.
‘You are quite bold for such a young lass, aren’t you?’ Dolvira said with a nasty voice.
Enya tilted her head. ‘Get used to it, or get lost.’
She turned and followed her flame again. It burned brighter.
They were near.
Suddenly, the flame stopped. Enya and Dolvira got on their knees and peered around the corner.
‘That’s where all the goblins went to.’ Enya whispered as she was staring at the big open space in front of her. If she had to name this place, it would be ‘goblin town square’. The space seemed to be cut out by the goblins themselves, because the workmanship looked coarse and hasty. The various sizes of platforms and roads connecting them made the room frightening. Literally every platform was filled with screaming goblins. They much resembled the football hooligans at home. Enya covered her ears. The sound they made vibrated through the room and was amplified by the enormous ceiling above them. The biggest platform was situated in the middle. Carved in a huge rock that stood up high in the cave, there was a throne, occupied by the fattest and bulkiest goblin she had ever seen. Or imagined. He wore a crown and held a scepter. Enya watched in disgust as his double chin swung around with each movement of his head. Double chin? Heck no, this was far worse. This was a goblin with morbid obesity.
‘Yeah, duh. Of course they did.’ Dolvira groaned, obviously displeased with Enya’s stupidity. ‘This is their headquarter.’ She pointed at the throne.
Enya wanted to move forward, but Dolvira roughly grabbed her by her shirt.
‘Where do you think you are going, love?’
‘Save my kin.’ Enya hissed with clenched teeth. ‘I know perfectly well what I am doing.’
‘You have no idea.’ Dolvira scoffed.
‘I am a witch.’ Enya said in a haughtily manner. ‘I can set this entire lair ablaze, if I wanted to. So don’t you tell me what I can or can’t do.’
‘I understand that in the past your pretty little petite face must have gotten you everything you
wanted with just a blink of those blue eyes, but down here it doesn’t work that way.’ Dolvira shot at her.

‘Excuse me?’

Breathe, Enya, breathe…

‘Let me be clear.’ Dolvira snarled. ‘Your pretty face is useless. I don’t care if you are a witch, or what you claim you can do. Wizards and witches are lunatics. If we want to get out of here, you do it my way. Follow me.’

Enya bit on her tongue. The bitch better knew what she was doing, or there would be hell to pay if they ever got out of here alive.

Although it only took both girls five minutes to hate each other with an intense passion, they cooperated… well let’s say they had a common purpose. Everything went fine, if they agreed on something. They decided to counter the platform from two sides. Enya would emerge from the throne side and Dolvira from the back. They probably would receive a few moments of surprise, which should be long enough for the dwarves to pick up their arms from the pile in the middle.

Enya climbed on the rock and hated the fact that it caused her some difficulty. She had no time for this. Slowly she worked herself onto the top and casually sat above the fat goblin king’s head. She glanced over at the company and met Thorins’ gaze. He seemed surprised but yet somewhat relieved to see her, and gave her a little smile. She winked and smiled mischievously as she lifted the crown from his head. It was heavy. Enya threw it in the black abyss behind her.

‘Oops.’ She said and she bit her lip.

All the dwarves chuckled.

‘WHO IS TAKING MY CROWN?’ the king yelled as he got up from his throne, squashing a few poor subjects in his anger. He turned and his vile eyes met hers.

Enya did her best not to puke when she saw his face from up close. His long hair was greasy and his face was covered with acne. Yikes.

‘Hi there.’ She purred. ‘I don’t believe we have met, haven’t we?’

‘And who are you?’ he bellowed.

Enya narrowed her eyes. ‘You happen to have my gents, and I want them back.’

The king grinned. ‘That is not going to happen. You see, I need his head!’ He pointed at Thorin, who looked extremely angered by the fact.

Enya felt her hands filling up with flames. Bring it on, baby.

‘WHAT ARE YOU?’ the king of goblins asked her as he watched the flames apprehensively.

‘What?’ Enya stood up. ‘What… what am I? That is not a nice question to-’

She was interrupted by a swinging rope with a goblin on it. With force she burned the rope and the goblin landed with an awful smack on the stone wall of the cave.

‘That is not a nice question to ask.’ She repeated.

The goblin king showed her his teeth.

Enya smiled and jumped off the rock.

She was ready to set the goblin kings’ ass on fire (ha, that would make him run into that black hole himself) when suddenly-

BOOM.

The loud bang went with a massive force that blew every dwarf and goblin off their feet. It was accompanied by a bright light. Enya groaned. She had no idea who caused this, except that she was innocent of this type of violence.

‘Pick up your arms!’ Gandalf shouted. ‘Pick up your arms and fight!!’

They ran for their lives. Enya was in the front of the group, shooting flames and icicles at every goblin she could find. She followed Gandalf as they navigated them through the goblins’ realm. The last ones of the group cut away the paths after them as much as they could, to stop the goblins from following them. Enya feared that wouldn’t help their cause. The bridges and platforms they crossed
all looked the same to her. She had no idea where they were going. They could even venture even
deep in the mountain…
They wanted to cross over a bridge when they were blocked by the goblin king.
‘You thought you could escape me?’ he said and lunged at Gandalf.
The wizard skillfully avoided him.
‘What are you going to do now, wizard?’ he grinned.
Gandalf reacted quickly and stabbed the king in his eye with his staff. The king grunted and grabbed
his face with one of his filthy hands. Gandalf shouted and went on to wound the king further by
sliding his belly open.
‘That would do it!’ the king confessed and grabbed his abdomen with his other hand.
But Gandalf obviously did not agree with that. With a quick move from his blade again, he slid the
kings’ throat. The king tipped over and all the goblins squealed in horror. The platform cracked
under the sudden extra weight. Enya shot Thorin an uneasy glance. They all listened in silence as the
creaking became louder and the platform became more and more unstable. With a terrifying squeak
the construction gave up and crashed down.
‘This is ba-!’ Enya screamed.
She tried to stand steady, but the platform was wobbling and turning as it went down. She felt her
feet losing grip and her body would have tripped over if it was not for a strong muscly arm that
grabbed her. Thorin held her tight to his chest as he kept his (AND HER) balance. He even managed
to give her a ‘you clumsy lass’ look. Enya had to admit she liked the panty shredding look more. But
seriously, how could he handle the situation with that laid-back attitude of his? She could not even
manage herself…
Their moment was roughly interrupted when the platform reached the ground. Enya bit her lip when
found herself on top of Thorin. This was not bad at all. If she would land on him like this every time,
she would definitely like to make this fall again. A hundred times even.
‘I’m sorry.’ She apologized.
Thorin chuckled. ‘Let’s say I am happy it’s just you, and not Bombur.’
Enya frowned.
‘He is a lot heavier than you are’ he whispered and he gently stroked her face.
‘Is he now, captain obvious?’ Enya giggled.
‘Well, that could have been worse’ Bofur stated happily.
Right after he finished his sentence, the (now dead) goblin king took his last revenge and his dead
body landed on their group.
‘YOU’VE GOT TO BE JOKING!’ Dwalin hissed.
‘You should not have said that, Bofur! Damn you!’ Enya complained and reluctantly she got up.
They all paused when they heard the sound of hundreds of mad goblin subjects. Enya sighed. Great.
The hooligans were on the move again.
‘Gandalf?’ Kíli said as he stared in the darkness.
‘Gandalf?’ said as he stared in the darkness.
‘Glance. Daylight. RUN!’
Everyone got up as quickly as they could and they ran for their lives again.

‘Oh thank god.’ Enya panted as they reached the safeness of daylight.
‘Where is the hobbit?’ Gandalf asked. ‘Where is Bilbo?’
The dwarves looked around. They all had no clue where the hobbit had gone.
‘Mister Baggings ran off to his comfortable home when he had the chance.’ Thorin stated. ‘He hasn’t
thought of anything else since he left it.’
‘No, you are wrong. He fell.’ Enya said, remembering what happened again. ‘He… tripped over the
dge. He...’
‘No, he is still here.’ Answered Bilbo as he appeared from behind the trees.
‘THANK GOD!’ Enya ran up to him and hugged him. Bilbo laughed, although he was feeling a bit
awkward by her sudden affection.
‘I thought you…’ she whispered.
‘Why did you come back?’ asked Thorin, clearly puzzled.
‘Because you guys lost your home. And I want to help you to reclaim it, if I can.’ The hobbit said. Thorin smiled and gave Bilbo a grateful nod.

‘HEY!’
Everyone looked up.
Enya rolled her eyes as she saw Dolvira emerging too.
‘I GOT NEARLY KILLED, LASS!’ She snarled.
‘Oh for fucks sake.’ She muttered.
She turned to face the woman.
‘That is not my problem, honey. Damn, I should have left you in that cage. If you are truly a fucking commander of the fucking longbeards' army, then you should not have to rely on me to fucking survive, yeah?’
Enya frowned when she realized Dolvira wasn’t even listening at her.
‘Thorin’ she whispered.
‘Dolvira’ he said and his voice was clouded with emotion.
She paced at him and gave him a long, tight hug.
Enya turned to Gandalf and tried to see if HE know what was going on, but his face was riddled with genuine concern.
When Dolvira finally let go of him, she turned to Enya with a devious smile.
‘Thank you for helping me find my love, Enya.’ She said in a sweet tone.
Enya felt like her heart was crushed into a thousand pieces.
Dolvira had been searching for her lover.

Thorin?
Thorin.

WAIT, WHAT?

Chapter End Notes

So, how should we resolve this awkward and painful situation?

Please tell me in the comments what you would like to read about in the next chapter:
a) Thorin choosing Dolvira as his one and only
b) Thorin choosing Enya (and should that particular scene get really really sexy and steamy or more like a romantic promise??)
c) Thorin does not choose and there is more anger and awkwardness!

XxByImm
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Enya saves Thorins' tight ass. Twice.
Meanwhile, the tension between Dolvira and Enya slowly builds up.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Well, this was fucking fantastic.

Enya paced a few feet away and sat down on a tree root. Thorin and Dolvira. Dolvira and Thorin. Ugh, their names were an odd match that made her cringe every time she heard it. Enya didn't know if she wanted to laugh hysterically or cry her eyes out. She had been stupid, putting aside all her dignity because she was terribly in love with a guy. Dwarf. Who had a girl. God, this made her no better than Abbie. She honestly tried to seduce him! Enya blushed when she remembered that particular night in Rivendell. The gasp he made when she dropped her jacket... and the kiss they shared afterwards... She believed they both felt something that night. If it wasn't for his self-control, she would not have let go. She would... The thought made her abdomen tighten with desire. Enya sighed. Not that any of it mattered, though. He found his love again. Dolvira was a real bad-ass dwarf woman, a warrior. Once a commander of armies. She was not the prettiest of women, but she had a fair smile. Enya frowned. Looking at herself, she felt like she was nothing compared to Dolvira. She could say that she was less scary and more feminine. And that she possessed those dreamy blue eyes that would make a man do anything. At least, that was what others told her. Enya's friends at home always were extremely jealous of her.

‘Just a wink, En.’ they used to say. ‘Just a flick from those eyes and the boys lie at your feet.’ Enya did not believe those claims. She was so insecure back then. So in love with the waaay out of her league Jason. She smiled sadly when all the memories she pushed away appeared in her mind again. She used to stare at Jason at the bar and pretend in her head that he was hers. Stupid girl. She had a tendency to fall for those who didn’t want her. So when Jason finally approached her after months of ignoring, she kissed him and took him home. Enya bit her lip. She should not have done that. She should have waited to discover his character before giving him her body. Her dignity. Most importantly: her heart. But she didn’t, because by the time they kissed she was too far down the road to stop. He clearly didn’t give any shit about her heart (or true love), because he crushed her. Twice. Enya stared at her fingernails. And now, her so much envied eyes weren’t helping her either. Maybe she was destined to stay alone. To not know love. Real love. She rolled her eyes when she thought about the things Gandalf had said to her. It seemed that even wizards sometimes were not prepared for the evil plot twists life decided to throw at you. If there even had existed a fling between her and Thorin, it was now gone. Dolvira had entered the game.

Dolvira. Dolvira the bad-ass chick with fiery red hair who couldn’t care less about the opinion of others. Who wasn’t unsure about herself. A woman who knew how to get what she wanted, even with force. Not by seduction. Enya sighed. How could she expect Thorin not to choose such a woman? Even if she put the shared history aside, she could see why he fell for her. It wasn’t for her looks, but the woman possessed an powerful aura. There was something about her… Enya groaned and wanted to evaporate right on the spot. At this stage, she would happily walk into a portal. Or create one. Being a (half?) dwarf in a human world suddenly seemed a lot easier than facing the
Enya closed her eyes. No, she should not venture there. She got up and wondered if the pair had really been together all this time. Had they fought side by side when Smaug entered Erebor? When they tried to reclaim the kingdom of Moria? She glanced at the two and was relieved when she saw Thorins' expression (at least for that moment) was dead serious.

'No panties shredding look for our lovable Dolvira!' Her mind stated happily. Enya held back a giggle. If she even wore panties. Probably not. Ew.

Enya slowly walked back to the group, praying no one would notice she had been gone for a few minutes.

'Where were you?' Dori asked when he saw her appearing from the bushes.

Enya put a smile on her face and cursed herself for not being able to come up with a witty answer. 'Who is that Dolvira woman, miss Enya?' Ori whispered. 'She looks scary.'

'I have no clue.' Enya confessed. 'You should ask Thorin how they met.'

'But he is supposed to be with you…' Ori said.

'What do you mean, Ori? I cannot-'

Her answer was interrupted by a sharp howl that was very close to her.

'RUN!' Gandalf screamed.

Boy, that word seemed his go to expression lately. Enya stayed where she was and turned around. A large warg eyed her from the spot where she stood only a few minutes ago, and he was ready to devour her.

Enya scoffed and held her sai close to her body.

'Not today, my friend.' The beast lunged forward and Enya screamed as she wanted to release her anger on it, but the warg dropped dead on the mountain slope before it reached her. A knife and a few arrows had hit its head. Enya frowned when Fíli and Kíli dragged her away. They had killed it before she had a fair chance. It made her more mad than it should.

'Come on, miss. Run!' Fíli urged.

Enya did what she was told.

'What were you thinking, anyway?' Kíli asked while they ran after the rest of the company. 'Wargs are too large to take on alone!'

Enya shrugged.

'Uncle told us to keep a watchful eye over you.' Fíli mused.

'HE DID WHAT? She roared.

Fíli and Kíli shot each other a knowing glance and chuckled.

'He said you are always getting yourself into trouble.' Fíli said.

'And that witches are rare, so we should protect you from harm.' Kíli added.

'Or you doing anything stupid.' Fíli said with a smile.

'I am going to kill him.' Enya muttered and she meant it. The arrogance! How could he even order such a thing? She never did anything stupid! Did he really thing she wanted to be shadowed by two young dwarf princes who always seemed to be up to some mischief? As much as she loved the two rascals, she knew it was best to sometimes keep some distance.

Kíli gave Enya a quick push when he saw more wargs running in their direction. They all climbed into the same tree and were just out of reach when the fastest warg snapped off the lowest branches with its sharp teeth.

'We are in trouble' Kíli whispered.

Well, that was an understatement. Enya groaned as they watched a pack of at least twenty wargs
gathered under the trees. Some had riders on them. The ones that didn’t, jumped against the tree in an attempt to tip it over. Enya held on tight to the branch she sat on.

‘They are going to bring down the tree!’ Fíli said, horrified.

Enya did not want to look down again, but yet she did. The tree protested and squeaked as its roots were roughly torn away by the wargs.

‘We have to jump, or we will be warg dinner.’ Enya stated.

They waited until the poor tree gave in and tipped over. With a loud yell, Enya jumped and hoped for the best. She grabbed the first sturdy branch she saw and clung onto it. Kíli landed right next to her.

‘We need a way to kill them.’ Fíli said anxiously. He was just beneath them.

‘I AM NOT GOING TO WAIT FOR THEM TO KILL US!’ Dolvira yelled from above.

Enya turned and watched her. She was near Thorin. The sight made Enya’s envy burn bright.

‘ANY BRIGHT IDEAS THEN, HUN?’ She screamed at Dolvira.

She knew this was no moment to start an argument, but she hated that bitch with an intense passion. And it was mutual. Dolvira looked back in a way that… well, if looks could kill, Enya would lie dead under the tree now.

Enya watched as Dolvira got her knife and threw it at one of the wargs beneath her. She hit it, but her move did not kill the creature.

‘Really?’ Enya rolled her eyes. ‘SMART MOVE, DOLLY. NOW YOU LOST YOUR WEAPON.’

‘OH YOU LITTLE- I WILL GUT YOU!’ Enya laughed. ‘Come and get me then, BABE.’

She turned and suddenly got an idea.

‘Give me that pineapple.’ She demanded Kíli.

Kíli frowned. ‘You want to throw pineapples at their heads? I doubt it will kill them.’

‘No, it won’t.’ Enya smiled as she received the pineapple from him and held it in her hand.

‘But we will give them an extra twist.’ She said and with those words it set ablaze.

Fíli and Kíli smiled mischievously and quickly got a few more. Enya held her burning pineapple up high so they could light their own.

‘How do you hold them?’ Fíli asked as he juggled the burning weapon in his hands.

Enya shrugged. ‘I’m not affected by the fire. I guess because it’s part of me.’

‘Let’s bombard some wargs with them.’ Kíli laughed.

The trio yelled and threw the pineapples at the wargs. Some of them were immediately set ablaze and yelped in panic as they hurried away.

‘Yeaaaaah!’ Kíli cheered.

‘Kill those bastards!’ Fíli encouraged the others. ‘Use Enya’s fire!’

Their little victorious moment was ruined by an enormous pale white orc, striding a white warg that appeared behind the trees.

Shit. This had to be Azog the defiler. But didn’t Thorin tell her that filth died of his wounds long ago? Well, he seemed much alive and kicking to her…

‘No. It cannot be.’ Thorin said as he pushed one of a smaller branches aside to get a better look.

Azzo and Thorin stared at each other and the hatred between them made Enya shiver. Tension hung in the air. Enya prayed in silence that Thorin wasn’t stupid enough to face the orc. Surely he would know he couldn’t go on a suicide mission? She glanced at him and realized that he probably wouldn’t even care if he died. His face said it all. He wanted to take his hated enemy down. No matter the costs.

‘Change of tactic.’ She muttered at Fíli and Kíli and concentrated on the palms of her hand. An icicle appeared and with a straight jerk from her arm Enya launched it into an orc’s head. The orc dropped dead from his warg.

‘Whooohoo!’ Enya’s mind did a little victory dance.

‘Give me one!’ Fíli pressed.

Enya nodded and was about to hand an icicle over, when-
The roots of the tree decided to give up and the whole thing tipped over. Luckily, one root was strong enough to hold on and prevented the tree from falling into the abyss. Nonetheless, it hung very dangerously over the edge and therefore brought the whole company in danger. Everyone tried to hold on the branches, but the one poor Dori and Ori held onto, broke off. Gandalf caught Dori with his staff, and Ori was able to grab Dori, but Enya knew it was matters of minutes before Dori would let go.

Dori sobbed. ‘Gandalf! I cannot hold much longer!’

‘You have to!’ the wizard urged.

Enya turned to Thorin and discovered that he wasn’t where he should be.

Oh no.

For a split second Enya believed that Thorin fell into the darkness, but when she heard the pale orc calling Thorins’ name, she instantly knew where he was. He went to face the pale orc. Enya was unsure what she should do.

She whimpered as she saw Thorin charging Azog.

‘THORIN!’ Dwalin yelled and he wanted to go after his leader, but his branch broke off and left him swinging on a dangerously thin thread.

Thorin reached Azog, ready to chop off his head, but was brought down by the white warg that jumped upon him. The pale orc laughed as his warg lunged forward and took the dwarf prince in his mouth.

Oh no.

Thorin screamed in pain, but was able to wound the warg with his sword. The warg tossed him aside, and Thorin landed with his head on a large rock. He didn’t move and seemed unconscious.

Enya didn’t think, but reacted instinctively. With all her strength she lifted herself on the tree trunk and ran towards the place where Thorin was lying.

She saw the pale orc ordering a minion to cut off Thorins’ head and gripped her knife.

Heck no, this was not happening.

Not on her watch.

Within matters of seconds she reached Thorin and lunged at the orc that already was holding his sword high in the sky, seconds away from severing the head of the dwarf she loved. With a loud yell she took the orc down and landed on top of him. She was all fired up and the poor minion had to pay the price for that.

‘DON’T YOU TOUCH HIM!’ She bellowed and pushed her knife in his chest. The orc screamed in surprise and Enya didn’t stop stabbing him until he laid lifeless beneath her. Orc blood was dripping from her hands, but she had no time to think about that. She quickly got up, grabbed her sai and faced the pale orc.

‘Do not dare to touch him, you filth.’ She growled. ‘You shall have to kill me first.’

The pale orc laughed and said something to her in black speech. Enya didn’t know what he was saying, but the sound of the words made her shiver.

‘I don’t speak such a vile language.’ She said. ‘And I don’t want to know what those dreadful words mean.’

She swung her sai in the air.

‘But know this.’ She whispered and she refused to avoid the pale orcs’ gaze. ‘If you ever touch him again, you’ll wish you’ve never been born.’

Enya vaguely heard battle cries behind her and knew the other dwarves had found their guts again.

She smiled as she saw surprise in Azogs’ eyes.

‘Didn’t expect that, huh?’ she said and set her sai on fire.

‘Now. Where were we?’ she purred as she paced closer.

Azog growled at her and showed his teeth.
Enya raised one eyebrow.
‘Too scared to fight yourself? You really going to let your warg do the dirty job?’
There were interrupted again, but this time by the sound of a dozen eagles that happened to fly above them. Enya glanced at the sky and smiled. They were majestic, beautiful creatures. Much larger than at home. They appeared to be at their side, because Azog quickly retreated as he saw his comrades being thrown in the abyss by sharp eagle claws.

Enya watched the spectacle and therefore was not prepared for the enormous claw that grabbed her from the ground.
‘NO! LET ME DOWN! I AM FINE!’ she screamed, but the eagles didn’t seem to hear her pleas. When the claw finally released her, she fell into the abyss.
So this was it then, she would die.

Enya screamed and saw the trees in the valley growing bigger and bigger. The sky was terribly cold. She could not imagine that some people enjoyed doing this in their spare time. Even with a bungee jump cord or parachute.

Enya grunted in surprise when she landed on another eagle’s back. She could not stop shivering and tears ran over her face.

‘I hate heights, I am so sorry!’ she said to the eagle.
She had no idea if the majestic bird had any idea what she was saying, but it did turn its’ head a little and made eye contact.

Enya grasped the birds’ feathers and held on tight. The feathers were incredibly soft and comforted her a bit. She sat still and was even able to enjoy the beautiful view.

‘It’s magnificent’ she told the bird.
She knew it would agree.

Enya tried to distract herself from her worries about Thorin with scouting the area for the lonely mountain. It didn’t help much. She sighed and peered at the eagles that were flying ahead of her.

Thorin was carried by the one in the front. Enya whimpered. He laid lifeless the eagle’s claws. Enya clenched her teeth. She could only hope for the best and wait…

As soon as her eagle put her down on a platform high in the sky, Enya thanked it for its’ help. After that, she ran towards the spot where one of the other eagles had dropped Thorin. Gandalf was already there, leaning over him. Enya sat next to Gandalf and could not hide the horror that was displayed on her face.

‘Thorin!’ Gandalf urged.

Thorin did not move. Gandalf put his hand over Thorins’ face and muttered words in an ancient language Enya could not understand. They waited in silence, but the beautiful blue eyes of the dwarf she loved stayed shut.

The other dwarves arrived at the platform as well and hurried to their leader.

‘Thorin!’ Balin shouted.

Enya swallowed hard and tried not to cry.

Oh god. No.

‘What should we do?’ she asked the wizard.

‘I can try one more time’ he answered and he repeated the words.

They waited again.

‘He is not waking up!’ Her voice reached an high pitch and did not sound like her usual tone. She didn’t care that everyone now knew she cared deeply for Thorin. That she loved him, even. If it would save his life… Enya felt the tears burning behind her eyes. He was not waking up. This was not happening. Not on her watch. She could live with the fact that he didn’t want to be with her, but she could not let him die. She wanted him to be alive and well, even if it meant she had to accept his love for Dolvira.

Her instinct told her what to do. She turned to Gandalf and offered him her hand.

‘Take me.’ She said. ‘Take the energy that is required.’
She meant it.

‘Enya, I don’t know how that works. If I take such a risk, you could die.’ Gandalf said.
Like she cared about that. She loved Thorin more than anything in the world. Enya held down a sob when she realized she loved him even more than she valued her own life. It had to be done, and there was no time to argue.

‘I DON’T CARE ABOUT THE COSTS, TAKE IT!’ she screamed at Gandalf.
The wizard looked at her, horrified.
‘I cannot just take-’ he began, but Enya didn’t let him finish and took matters in her own hands.

She placed one hand on Thorins’ heart and the other on her own. She didn’t know if there was a spell to chant or a special message to make it work, so she just whispered the first thing that came into her mind.

‘Save the one I love.’
The wind took her whisper and it tickled her face. Enya felt her energy slipping away from her. Her mind became hazy and her vision blurred. Her own voice whispered to herself.

‘Save the one I love…’

‘Save his life!’

‘Save him…’

‘I love him…’

She cried when a sudden force blew her away from Thorin. She got smacked down on her back and groaned in pain. Her hands burned, but her mind was too misty to see what was going on. She heard Dolvira screaming Thorins’ name in the distance. Enya wanted to focus, but her eyelids were too heavy. She felt weak, abandoned by both her mind and her body. She wanted to yell, but she had no energy. Every fiber in her body was exhausted. Maybe she gave too much. Maybe she was dying. But if she had saved Thorin in the process… Enya’s mouth curved into a little smile. Then it was all worth it. She let it go and slid into the darkness.

The first thing that pulled her back from the endless darkness she was floating in, were two hands that gripped firmly around her shoulders. Someone was shaking her anxiously and called her name.

‘Miss Enya!’

‘I told her not to, but she didn’t listen’ Gandalf said softly.

‘You should have stopped her.’ A familiar low, husky voice groaned. ‘She always is too reckless.’

Reckless? Said who? Enya wanted to giggle, but no sound came from her mouth. She did manage to open her eyes for a bit and slowly blinked. Her breath was taken away by a pair of blue eyes, inches away from hers. Thorin hung over her and his hands were on her shoulders. When he saw she was regaining her consciousness, his expression changed. Did she detect some fear in those gorgeous eyes? Enya couldn’t tell, because at the moment, they told her a different story. He was furious. She always seemed to be able to make him angry.

‘Damn it, miss Enya! What were you thinking?’ Thorin yelled.

Enya closed her eyes again.

‘Don’t you dare to leave me!’ he hissed.

Enya moaned as Thorin got her up and held her in his arms.

‘Please don’t die.’ He whispered softly in her ear.

He was very close and Enya breathed in his scent. If she had to leave this world, she had to do it now. This was the right way to go. In his arms.

Her peaceful moment was roughly disturbed as her least favorite dwarf of all time entered the scene.

‘Cut the crap and stop acting so dramatic, Enya.’ Dolvira brawled.

If Enya hadn’t felt so weak, she would have strangled the bitch. But right now, she had a hard time opening her eyes.

‘Thorin, we have to leave.’ Dwalin pressed. ‘The eagles gave us a head start, but we have to move.
Thorin sighed. ‘Give her five minutes. Get yourselves ready.’

Enya heard the dwarves shuffle around her. She forced herself to open her eyes. Thorin stared into her face and treated her with a smile. It was a worried one, but she was happy he decided to let the intended speech about her ‘recklessness’ wait for a moment.

‘We have to move on. Can you walk?’ he whispered.

‘Yeah.’ She answered.

‘I should be the one to feel like this.’ Thorin muttered, clearly feeling very guilty about her sudden diminished well-being.

Enya smiled. ‘I am fine.’

He narrowed his eyes, and she knew he knew she wasn’t. Luckily, he said nothing.

‘We need to move.’ Dovilia said impatiently. ‘I don’t fancy running into that orc pack again, especially not because our lovely lunatic here is too weak to move. We should leave her behind.’

‘We are not leaving anyone behind.’ Thorin said in an authoritarian tone.

Both girls ignored him and paced around each other.

Enya tilted her head and smiled. ‘No worries, love. Your lunatic is perfectly fine.’

Dovilia rolled her eyes. ‘You don’t look perfectly fine if you ask me. To me you look like a little harlot.’

Enya burst into laughter. It hurt, but she couldn’t help herself. ‘Harlot? Well good thing nobody asks your opinion, then.’

She faced Dovilia and looked right into her eyes.

‘You know, sometimes it’s wise to say nothing’ she said. ‘I too wasn’t about to share with you that the brow situation you got going on over there is very, very-’

She did not finish her sentence but shook her head dismissively.

‘There is nothing wrong with my brows!’ Dovilia shouted.

‘Oh dear, Dolly…’ Enya whispered. ‘Your brows are a classic tragedy.’

‘Stop calling me Dolly! You’re the one who looks like a filthy elf.’ Dovilia hissed. ‘You are vain.’

‘Not really, but I do know the value of a good set of tweezers.’ Enya smiled as she realized that Dovilia had obviously no clue what tweezers were. Her brows were witnesses of that. Poor things.

Enya bit her lip and continued. ‘They perform miracles, although I think you are an hopeless case. I think we might need loads of make-up to correct that face!’

‘I don’t know what these things are and I don’t need them.’ Dovilia said, confidently. ‘My kin doesn’t value looks as much as your kind does. What are you anyway?’

‘I am a fire witch from the fire beard clan.’ She hissed and two little flames appeared in her hands.

‘Do not dare to insult me, because I will make you suffer.’

‘I can’t wait.’ Dovilia smirked. ‘Because it will be me who crushes your little pretty face.’

‘Really?’ Enya scoffed. ‘I wouldn’t trust on that.’

‘Ladies.’

They both looked up. Thorin eyed the two and he was visibly annoyed by them. Enya cursed herself. He was right. There was no time for drama.

‘Let’s move.’ He then ordered.

Enya bit her tongue when she walked behind the others. The little argument with Dovilia revived her
spirits (who needs Redbull now?) but her whole body still was aching. She had to push herself to keep up. She had to continue on this journey. If it wasn’t for her love of Thorin, she had to honor the promise she made to grandma Gigi.

She imagined what Gigi would say about this awkward situation. Gigi wouldn’t have reacted the way Enya did. Gigi would not engage in everyday verbal fights. She would smile politely and wait. Until she could strike her opponent with a deadly blow. Enya smiled. Her grandma would press her not to forget about her manners. And from now on, that would be exactly what she was going to do.

That bitch would have to learn not to fool around with the Blueheart family. Because they were a force to be reckoned with.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to write about a massive fight between Dolvira and Enya, but then the company happened to encounter Azog and his orc pack... Of course they had to defend themselves... ;)

Don't worry, the fight is inevitable.
Who will win?
Will Thorin tell Enya what happened between him and Dolvira all those years ago?

AND WILL HE CHOOSE?

Stay tuned....

xoxo

PS. What do you want to read about? Comment below!
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Enya has one hell of a day. Meeting a skin changer is one thing, but what about a fiery redhead who cannot stand her?

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the reads & kudos! <3 <3

Soooo, I've worked my ass off this week (even on my birthday!) so I would be able to upload this chapter today.
It is the longest I've written (yet).
I hope you enjoy this one as well!

@ Likarian: I hope this upload is soon enough to you, hehe. ;) Enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They were not going to make it.

Facing the pale orc herself and thereby saving Thorin's tight ass is one thing, but to outrun a skin changer... Enya panted as she and the company ran behind Gandalf in the fastest way they could manage. Surprisingly, Bombur was just behind her. She was happy that he could keep up this time. A terrifying roar came from behind that made everyone run a little bit faster. Enya wanted to look behind her to see the magnificent beast for herself, but decided that she'd rather live to tell the tale. 'RUN!' Screamed Gandalf once more. Enya panted and thanked her past self once again for keeping up a running routine. Her persistence saved her life numerous times now. She felt relieved when a house appeared on the horizon. They were nearly there. Perhaps they would make it after all.

As they ran into the courtyard, a loud scream that came from behind made Enya stop. Everyone rushed by and concentrated on opening the door, screaming to each other in blind panic. Enya turned around and swallowed hard when she saw what was going on. Ori had tripped over something (god and she thought she was the clumsy one?) and Bilbo was helping him to get up. That damned Dolvira stood by them and had grabbed her sword to fight. The bear was only a few feet away from them, his mouth already open wide to swallow them. Even with a sword of a warrior dwarf woman, Enya knew they were doomed. This bear was powerful and she doubted that a single blow from a sword would kill it. They all would be dead before Dolvira was able to strike a second blow. Without thinking, Enya left the safeness of the courtyard, towards her friends. Although she happily would see Dolvira disappear in the bears mouth, she could not endure the thought of losing Bilbo or Ori. 'MISS ENYA I ORDER YOU TO COME BACK!' Thorin yelled at her, but she ignored him. She pushed Dolvira, Ori and Bilbo out of the way. The faces of the latter two were pale and the fear of death was written on them.
Dolvira smirked. ‘Leave this to the real fighters among us, pretty face.’
Enya payed no attention to Dolvira and turned to Ori and Bilbo.
‘GET. IN. THE. HOUSE!’ She ordered them. They obliged as fast as they could and ran into the courtyard again.
‘Get in the house.’ She repeated to Dolvira.
‘REALLY?’ Dolvira screamed. ‘YOU ARE NO FIGHTER! YOU ARE A WORTHLESS WORM! DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU WILL GAIN THORINS’ LOVE IF YOU CAN SAVE THE DAY, HUH?’
As much as Enya wanted to discuss her motivation for putting her life on the line (and right now it once had nothing do to with Thorin), there was simply no time. The bear was near and it would devour both of them if she did nothing.
With a massive force, Enya’s hands blew Dolvira out of the way, into the safeness of the yard. Dolvira screamed and tried to get up, but the force was too massive- she could not even get up.
Wait, did she just used the power of the wind to do that?
Enya frowned and went to face the bear. Again, there was no time to think about that too. Wind or not, the skin changer neared her. Enya swallowed and told herself that it didn't matter if she died. The original company would still be intact. Thorin had Dolvira. She had to protect the quest at all cost.

In a matter of seconds, the bear was in front of her. Magnificent, he was. Too big to be a normal bear, with dark brown fur and brown intelligent eyes. His face was scarred, with deep old wounds running through the fur. The bear stood on his hind legs and roared. His enormous white set of teeth made Enya tremble. But she did not move and held her ground.

‘Greetings, my friend.’ She whispered. ‘I have deep respect for you.’ The bear inspected her curiously and Enya wondered if it was as intrigued as it seemed.

‘I am so sorry we are invading your lands, but we are hunted by an orc pack. We are tired, and seek refuge in your home.’ She said and lowered herself down on her knees.

Enya waited for a blow from the mighty claws. She closed her eyes, not wanting to see the moment. She readied herself for blinding pain, but.. Instead she heard a low voice, talking back to her.

‘You can reason with me in my bear form... What are you?’ The bear said and he sat down so he could study her face from up close.

‘I am Enya Blueheart, a fire witch from the firebeards clan.’ She answered.

‘I normally don’t like dwarves.’ The eyes of the bear glistered with anger. ‘But you are different. Your forces come from nature. You respect nature. Nature respects you.’ Enya nodded.

‘Who is with you?’ The bear growled.

Enya gave the bear a little smile. ‘The company I am traveling in is a merry couple. There is a hobbit, a wizard and a dozen men from my kin. They are all very dear to me.’

The bear narrowed his eyes. ‘Are they like you?’

‘In a way.’ Enya said cautiously. ‘But I love every single one of them, so I beg you not to hurt them.’ She bit her tongue because she did and didn’t want to add that the bear was welcome to kill the other female in the group.

The bear let out a low, lazy growl and nodded. ‘You are safe for tonight. Get some rest.’

He slowly got up.

‘Wait!’ Enya said. ‘You didn’t tell me your name.’

‘Beorn.’ The bear answered and turned his back to her.

Enya stared at him as he disappeared in the thick foliage. She sat in the meadow, too shocked to move. What just happened? She just had a conversation with a bear! And he sat down while doing so! Enya frowned. The experience was frightening and hilarious at the same time. She scrambled her mind together and got up. She felt somewhat unstable and had great difficulty standing on her feet.
She stumbled into the courtyard again and leaned at the gate post. She was tired. She hoped she could reach the door without collapsing down. She wanted to take another step when suddenly the doors of the house flung open and Thorin ran towards her. Before she could protest, he picked her up and held her in his arms. Why would he even bother to...?

Enya decided that she actually didn't care, so instead of asking him what he was doing, she took advantage of the situation and snuggled her head into his neck. She closed her eyes. He was out of her league, but still she would trade her soul to be in his arms forever. Unfortunately, in a matter of moments, she found herself in the house, surrounded by muttering dwarves. Thorin gently lowered her to a soft bed made out of straw, but his face was unreadable. Enya wanted to talk to him, but her mind dozed off to a place where she could not reach him. Instead she dreamt of his sturdy arms that held her so tightly.

Enya did not know for how long she slept, but when she opened her eyes Ori and Bilbo were by her side. Thorin sat further away and seemed to have a serious conversation with Dolvira. Dolvira watched Enya with narrowed eyes. Enya rolled her eyes and clenched her teeth. She would love to show that wench what fire witches were made of.

'She is alive!' Ori beamed.

Enya smiled a little. 'Of course I am.'

'Welcome back, miss Enya' Bilbo whispered.

'How are you feeling?' Gandalf asked as he towered over her.

'I am fine.' Enya said as she hid a big yawn. 'I am sorry I dozed off, but I felt so drained!'

'Reasoning with a skinchanger while they are in their animal form asks a great deal of anyone's energy.' Gandalf mused. 'Most people don't live to tell the tale. I was afraid he would kill you.'

'We all were.' Bilbo whispered. 'You saved us and we were unable to help you.'

Enya smiled and held the hobbit's hand.

'It is alright, Bilbo. It was my choice, my risk. I figured I alone stood a better chance against a huge bear than you, Ori and our lovable newest family member.'

She glanced over at the spot where Thorin and Dolvira sat. Thorin looked back and his eyes betrayed how he felt about her little rescue mission. He was furious she put her life on the line. For others. The third time in two days. Enya bit her lip. She surely would hear about it soon enough.

'What did you talk about?' Gandalf asked and distracted her from Thorin's gaze.

'He asked my name. And who I traveled with. He told me he was not overly fond of dwarves, but I begged him not to hurt any of you. He then told me we would be safe for the night.' Enya answered.

'Good' the wizard said. 'That is very good. Then we should rest.'

He walked away from her and Bilbo was the last one sitting at her side. Enya looked at the spot where Thorin should be, but he was gone. Dolvira was still there though.

'They had to hold him down, you know.' The hobbit whispered.

'Wait, what?' Enya asked. 'Who?'

Bilbo smiled. 'Thorin. After Ori and I snatched Dolvira from the garden and came in, we had to close the door. It took five of us to keep him inside. He wanted to go outside, to you.'

Enya suddenly forgot the ability to speak and stared at the hobbit. Would Thorin really display any affection to her (was it still even there?) that openly?

'He didn't tell us anything, but I could see the fear in his eyes. He really thought you would die.' Enya sat up straight and frowned.

Bilbo chuckled. 'You should have seen his face when Dolvira told him that it was your own stupid recklessness that lead you into this situation and that we had to wait a while before we should get your dead body out of there.'

'Yeah, that sounds exactly like our lovely Dolly. She told me that I should let the real warriors handle the situation.'

'She doesn't like you, you know.' Bilbo said quietly. 'I think she sees that Thorin is in love with you. 'No, he is not. She is his love, he still loves her.' She whispered. 'Besides, he hates me. He is always
angry at me when I'm around. Even if I'm just... breathing.'

'Because he hates the fact that you have an huge effect on him.' Bilbo mused. 'He doesn’t like these feelings he has for you one bit. He is afraid to get hurt.'

'How do you know these-' Enya started.

Bilbo smiled. 'I do observe all of you. And correct me if I'm wrong, but you seem quite in love with him as well.'

Enya blushed. 'I might be. But it is a hopeless case. Thorin and Dolvira belong together. And I'm just...' she trailed off.

Bilbo shook his head and got up on his feet. 'I believe Dolvira did something to Thorin he will never be able to forgive her.'

'Why?' Enya asked.

'Just a hunch.' Bilbo answered and smiled.

Enya bit her lip and watched Bilbo as he joined the company again. She stared at the roof and pondered about all the information given to her.

Enya sat alone in the courtyard. Everyone preferred staying inside. They all feared Beorn would return. Enya knew she was safe from the skin changer and had chosen a quiet spot to sit in. She needed to think. She had been able to use the powers of the wind today, and it had felt different than her fire and ice. Enya concentrated, but nothing happened. She sighed. Well maybe she could try later, when she wasn’t as tired.

'What is wrong with you, pretty face?' Dolvira appeared from the house and walked up to her. 'You let the bear go. You didn’t even kill it. What kind of a weak witch are you?'

Enya tried to steady her breathing. She didn’t want to end up in a vicious catfight again, but Dolvira gave her a hard time. She wanted to smack that face so badly.

'Oh I would love to explain my motivations, but I’m pretty sure you wouldn’t understand.' Enya answered and put on her overly sweet tone she reserved for people that annoyed her. 'So don’t waste your time on me, love.'

'I demand an answer.' Dolvira bellowed.

'Demand all you want, miss Dolly the commander.' Enya grumbled. 'I am not one of your soldiers and I owe you nothing.'

She stood up and faced Dolvira. She took a deep breath and told her calmly:

'In fact, I saved your life. Twice. So I don’t think it is righteous you decide to boss me around with that attitude of yours.'

'In both situations I didn’t need you saving me.' Dolvira hissed. 'I outlived far more precarious situations than you.'

'How are you so sure about that? You don’t know anything about me.'

In her head, Enya counted til ten. When she reached that number, she concluded she better count till thousand. It took everything of her not to scream.

Dolvira curved her mouth into a devious smile. 'Because I am much more mature than you. I’ve seen war, battles. I lost people I cared about. You on the other hand are a little brainless whore with no backbone. I wouldn’t have hesitated and killed that cursed creature in an instant.'

'CURSED CREATURE?'

Dolvira could insult Enya all she wanted, she would cope with that. But not if she dragged others in the fight who weren’t even there to defend themselves. She cursed herself for being so head-strong and passionate about her morals, but she could not help herself. Dolvira was crossing a line when she decided to insult their host, and she was not letting that pass easily.

'YOU THINK EVERYTHING YOU DON’T KNOW IS CURSED, DON’T YOU?' She snapped. 'YOU ARE SO NARROW-MINDED, LADY COMMANDER!'

'ME?' Dolvira screamed. 'YOU ARE-'
Enya walked away and held her hands against her ears when Dolvira decided to follow her. She didn’t want to know what the vile woman said. Enya folded her arms, ignored all the insults and abusive words and waited. When Dolvira finally took a deep breath, Enya got her chance. ‘You done?’ Enya scorched. ‘As much as I want to curse you with the most vile things on this earth, I won’t.’

She took a second before she started.

‘Firstly I think you are wrong to insult our host and call him a cursed creature. He is a brave soul and is kind enough to offer us shelter. Secondly you are deadly wrong about me too. I fought my own battles, although they may not always have been of such a physical nature as yours.’

Dolvira watched her and pure hatred was displayed on her face.

‘Thirdly, you think you are brave, courageous even, because you want to kill everything that differs from your points of view. Let me tell you that true courage lies in the fact that you know when to spare a life, rather than to take one.’

Enya controlled her breathing and knew grandma Gigi would be so proud of her.

‘You think you know true courage?’ Dolvira hissed. ‘You think you know our world, our customs, our laws?’

‘I might not be totally familiar with the ancient laws of my people, but I’m learning.’ Enya admitted. Dolvira smiled. ‘You burst into our world and think you can win all of us over with a smile from that pretty face of yours, but let me tell you this. You’ll never fit in. You are a filthy half blood and you know it. You’ll never be good enough for Thorin.’

Dolvira knew she hit her mark and laughed.

‘You know I’m right. Stop dreaming about being his queen, pretty face. I am the one. I am his love and I always have been, long before you even were born.’

Enya sighed and watched her hands as they were shaking. She had to control her emotions or she would set the whole property ablaze. She could not allow that damned woman to open old wounds. To prey on her insecurities like she was a fucking deer that needed to be brought down. She had to resist the urge to give in to her anger.

But Dolvira wasn’t about to give her a rest. She had to put salt in the wounds.

‘You won’t be able to satisfy him like I can. Only real dwarf women possess these abilities. Let’s face it, you’re not desirable. Thorin must think you are nothing more than a spoiled child without manners.’

Dolvira laughed again.

‘And without a proper figure.’ she added.

‘You are the last person who is entitled to tell me who I am or what my dreams are made of.’ Enya said and walked away from the fiery redhead.

‘DO NOT DARE TO TURN YOUR BACK ON ME!’ Dolvira screamed.

‘I just did.’ Enya whispered to herself and went for the gate when…

With a loud crack, one of Dolvira’s knives entered the wooden door post. It was inches away from Enya’s face. She closed her eyes and told herself that she couldn’t lose it.

She had to…

No.

This was it.

Enya pulled the knife out of the door frame with ease before she faced Dolvira. Enough was enough. Enya knew Dolvira wouldn’t stop until she got what she wanted. If a catfight really was what she aimed for, she could get it.

‘Let’s take it outside, sis.’ she hissed. ‘If you really want to bleed, I’ll gladly assist you.’

‘I thought you would never have the nerve to ask.’ Dolvira smirked. ‘I would love to damage that face of yours.’
Both girls left the garden and entered the open field. They paced around each other.

‘No cheating.’ Dolvira said with a low voice. ‘No fire.’

Enya smiled and grabbed her sai. ‘No backstabbing, Dolly.’

Dolvira said nothing and eyed her.

Enya took a deep breath and tried to remember every detail Dwalin ever told her. Don’t be predictable. Try to detect any weakness you might use. If you got time, let them attack you. They will be an easy target if they lunge at you, instead of the other way around.

‘I am going to hurt you’ Dolvira promised.

Enya pressed her lips together. ‘I wouldn’t count on it, Dolly.’

‘STOP CALLING ME DOLLY!’ The redhead screamed and she lunged at Enya.

With a quick stroke from her sai Enya successfully blocked the attack.

‘Is that all you’ve got?’ she purred.

Dolvira kept charging her and Enya jumped around the fierce warrior woman, either blocking or dodging her moves.

Dolvira panted. ‘Is that your tactic, lass? You just keep defending yourself?’

The redhead took a few paces backwards and laughed. ‘Thorin doesn’t like women like you, who cannot fend for themselves. You are weak.’

Enya swung her sai in the air.

‘He doesn’t like girls who are all skin and bones, like you.’ Dolvira bickered. ‘When will the reality finally hit you?’

Enya was blinded by rage and she flew at the redhead, her sai ready to slice the woman open. Their weapons clashed with the brutal sound of metal against metal. Enya was pleased to discover that Dolvira was equally strong as Dwalin.

Dolvira glanced at the property and sniggered. ‘Looks like we got ourselves an audience. Does that makes you nervous, pretty face?’

Enya shook her head as she paced around Dolvira. ‘Not really.’

She didn’t shift her attention. If she would see an angry look on Thorins’ face… Well, any expression should be enough to lose her focus.

So instead of eyeing a breathtaking dwarf prince, Enya turned to his beloved counterpart and attacked her again. She would show that damned woman what real witches were made of.

Enya didn’t know how long they were battling each other, but somehow she managed to lose both her sai. She stood in front of Dolvira, weaponless. There was no way she would pick them up again. She had her dignity.

‘What are you going to do now?’ Dolvira smirked.

Enya took a step back.

‘Giving up yet?’ the redhead said.

Enya stretched the muscles in her arms.

‘You wish, Dolly.’

‘Surrender. It is over. You’ve been stupid to lose track of your footwork.’ Dolvira licked her lips in anticipation.

‘You know…’ Enya began as she bumped her fists. ‘My ex-boyfriend was a prick. But at least he taught me how to fight with bear hands. And he dragged me to some of his martial arts classes, as they call it in my world.’

‘Your hands or those martial arts are no match for the mightiness of my sword.’ Dolvira bragged.

Enya showed her teeth. ‘Try,’

Dolvira launched her sword at Enya, but the latter one dove to the ground just outside its reach. With a quick kick from her feet Dolvira landed with a painful smack on the ground. Enya stood up and with a jerk from her arm she threw the sword in a tree before Dolvira could reach it.

She giggled when Dolvira’s expression turned livid at the sight of her favorite weapon being stuck in
a tree. Enya held up her hand and made sure it was also unreachable. A giant block of ice would surely prevent Dolvira from picking the weapon up again.

‘What did you do?’ the warrior woman screamed. ‘I said no FIRE!’

‘This is no fire, Doll. This is ice.’ Enya said. ‘I hope your sword can handle a little coldness…’

Enya paced around her. ‘It’s a shame you forgot to watch your feet.’

‘I can always also strangle you to death.’ Dolvira grunted.

Enya laughed. ‘You can try, but I doubt you will succeed.’

She gave Dolvira some time to get up and stretched the muscles in her body while she waited. The redhead seemed pissed off. All she had to do was react do whatever Dolvira was going to do.

With a loud cry, Dolvira went for Enya and tried to push her over. But Enya was prepared for that. She held her ground.

‘Roundhouse kick!’ Her mind screamed. ‘Do the roundhouse kick!’

She managed to take the redhead down with a kick from her leg. Although her martial arts teacher probably would have told her she had to work on the movement of her hips, Enya was pleased with the result. Dolvira was on the ground again.

Enya was surprised when Dolvira suddenly grabbed her by her legs and took her down as well. She groaned in pain as she landed on the grass.

‘How about that?’ the warrior woman hissed.

‘Nice move.’ Enya admitted.

For a moment she thought it would be nice if Dolvira and herself could get along. She did miss girl talk. She could show the poor redhead how to do her brows and open up her face with a few neat tricks. Dolvira could teach her more about dwarf courtship and lovemaking. Her wish was quickly shattered when Dolvira grabbed her knife and pressed Enya on the ground.

Damn, the bitch was heavy.

‘I will destroy your pretty face, as if it’s the last thing I’ll ever do.’ The redhead stated.

The knife came dangerously close to her cheek and Enya struggled with her both hands to not let it touch her skin.

‘After I’m done with you, Thorin won’t find you as attractive as before.’ Dolvira confessed. ‘Then he will stop drooling over you like an immature boy!’

‘He does that?’ Enya whispered.

The confession made her giggle uncontrollably.

‘Did he tell you that?’

‘Bloody fool. Of course not!’ Dolvira snapped and pushed harder to reach Enya’s face with her blade.

‘But don’t you worry, pretty face’ the warrior woman added. ‘It ain’t love he got for you. It’s just lust.’

Enya raised one eyebrow. Did that bitch really have to spoil every moment? She concentrated. If she was fast, she could punch Dolvira in her face and knock her over. With all her strength she pushed the knife aside. Enya groaned as the end of the knife scraped alongside her skin and made a little wound on her jaw. Clearly she miscalculated the length of the blade. Enya ignored the pain and landed her fist on the warrior woman’s face. With a straight fling from her waist she threw Dolvira off her body. Taken off guard by the sudden movement, the redhead rolled over a few times.

Enya sighed and got up. This was getting nowhere. She was tired and had enough of this bickering and fighting.

She eyed Dolvira. She had to do one more thing. With a loud yell she threw herself on the warrior woman and pinned her down on the ground. Her hands locked down the woman’s wrists and with her lower body she pressed Dolvira’s legs to the ground. The redhead struggled for freedom, but Enya held on tight.

‘You know, Dolly.’ She said. ‘It’s been a pleasure, but this fight is over.’
She quickly let go and got on her feet. As Enya walked away, she heard the warrior woman shuffling to get on her feet. Enya rolled her eyes.

3…2…1…

She turned and instinctively she made a wall made of ice between them. Dolvira groaned as she hit the wall and fell over again.

‘I told you I was done!’ Enya hissed.

‘I will kill you!’ Dolvira screamed.

‘No, you won’t.’ Enya said. ‘I played fair this time. Next time you sneak up on me, I will use my fire. And it will scorch you.’

Enya turned again and walked up to the courtyard. Thirteen dwarves, one hobbit and a wizard were in the doorway and stared at her in admiration. Enya tilted her head and glanced over at the place where Thorin stood. He said nothing, but his gaze burnt through her soul. His expression was...

Wait, was he mad at her again?

Enya blushed. No matter what she did, he always seemed to find a reason to be angry at her.

Dwalin was the first one of the group to move as she came closer and he gave her a big manly dwarf hug.

‘I am relieved to see my lessons weren’t a waste of time.’ He said and Enya could see in his eyes how proud he was. ‘You fought very well, lass.’

‘Next time don’t lose your weapons.’ Kíli teased.

‘Make sure you got extra knives hidden in your clothes!’ Fíli added.

‘And don’t get hurt, so I won’t have to fix you up.’ Oín grumbled, but the little curving of his mouth told her he too was proud.

Enya laughed. ‘I will make sure to remember all this things when I face off someone else next time.’

‘Don’t get overexcited, lassie.’ Gloín said.

The dwarves took her inside and Enya complained as Oín cleaned her wound and Bofur tried to distract her from the pain with some dirty jokes.

After her ordeal Gandalf talked to Enya about how brave she had been, but that she really needed to control her feelings in order to retain stable. Bilbo was observing them like he always did. He sat somewhat further away and surprised the group with funny comments and witty remarks. The only dwarf missing, was a certain hot prince. Enya suspected he and Dolvira were together. Somewhere outside. She tried not to think about it too much, but it lingered in the back of her mind. What would they discuss?

‘Good evening, miss.’

Enya was startled by the sudden presence of a certain dwarf prince and almost jumped on her feet. Almost.

She had been sitting just outside the safe courtyard and rummaged about the events that had passed today. A jug of beer laid next to her.

‘Hey.’ she said and stared at her hands. She was not in the mood for a conversation with Thorin. The euphoria of more or less winning the battle against Dolvira had faded and left her tired, confused and sad. Although she kicked the redhead’s ass, she felt like she lost something far more important.

Dolvira had been able to mess with her head, and that fact terrified her. Enya kept rummaging about the stuff lady commander told her today. Did Thorin really think she was nothing more than a spoiled child? Did he really dislike her figure (or, as Dolvira put it, the lack of a figure) that much? And if he even did like her, was is all just lust? Enya groaned. She just wanted to disappear for a few days. Get lost in the wild. Feel depressed and insecure. Cry her eyes out.

‘How do you know that bear won’t creep on you and rip your head off?’ Thorin asked and with his eyes he scouted the forest. ‘It is risky to be out here, miss.’

Enya shrugged. ‘Maybe I like living on the edge. Besides, it wouldn’t matter if I died.'
Thorin frowned and sat down.  
'Something is bothering you. Tell me.'  
But Enya was in no mood to share.  
'Oh.' She sighed. 'Nothing. I sometimes want to hear my own thoughts instead of thirteen or even fourteen snoring dwarves.'  
Thorin chuckled. 'You should be happy there's only thirteen of us. Imagine a whole army of soldiers.'  
Enya giggled. 'Thirteen is enough, thank you very much. I don't think I would survive more than one Bombur.'  
They both were silent for a few minutes and Enya watched the stars. She felt Thorins' gaze lingering on her skin and it made her yearn for his touch. Oh sweet lord, could he possibly make this any harder? Why did he seek out her company tonight?

'What is on your mind, miss?' He asked.  
'I am thinking about leaving.' Enya admitted and she refused to look into his eyes.  
She meant it. All this drama was distracting the company from their true purpose. Of course she could ask Thorin to dismiss Dolvira, but Enya felt that the redhead would be more suitable for the burglar job. Moreover, Dolvira was familiar with Erebor and its grounds.

'You cannot leave.' Thorin said and his voice was lower than normal. 'You are bound by a contract.'  
'Oh, and does that contract states that I am bound to the company of Thorin Oakenshield for the rest of my life, until I die?' She asked and her voice sounded more mean than she intended.  
'Could be, but you wouldn't know because you didn't read it properly before signing it.' Thorin snapped.  
Enya turned to him. 'Fine. Burn me, I don't care. Is this the part where you are going to lecture me about my so-called misdeeds of the few past days?'  
'I planned that part, yes.' He admitted. 'You always put yourself in danger and I cannot allow that. You seem to have a tendency to end up in situations that are far too dangerous for you to handle.'  
'Because of that tendency you speak of, I saved three lives today. And, YOUR ROYAL ASS, twice.' She said.  
'You were reckless. I didn’t ask you to do these things!' He shot back. 'And to make matters worse you even dared to ignore my orders today.'  

Oh, the order to come back and stay away from a certain huge bear...

'What about it?' She asked. 'What does that matter?'  
'I need SANE and RESPONSIBLE men in my company! WHO DO FOLLOW MY LEAD WHEN I SAY SO!' Thorin shouted. 'YOU NEED TO BEHAVE!'  
'I need to BEHAVE?' Enya hissed. 'What about your girlfriend? She is the one who won’t STOP BOTHERING ME!'  
'Don’t even let me start about that, miss.' Thorin bit back. 'You two are constantly quarrelling and I’m getting sick of that. You should know better.'  
'I SHOULD KNOW BETTER?'  
'Yes.' Thorin said and he squared his jaw. 'We need to be sure that you won’t do anything STUPID again. Like facing Dolvira today, what were you thinking?'  
'She crossed a line.' Enya growled.  
'Even if she crossed a hundred lines, it should NOT HAVE MATTERED.' Thorin bickered. 'You shouldn’t allow her to mess with your mind like that.'  
'SO YOU BLAME ME FOR THE FACT THAT SHE IS MESSING WITH MY MIND?' Enya yelled.  
'YES! BECAUSE YOU DECIDED TO REACT IRRESPONSIBLE!' He screamed back. 'YOU HAVE NO SELF-CONTROL. I NEED YOU TO BEHAVE.'
‘WHY AM I THE ONE WHO ALWAYS SUFFERING FROM YOUR WRATH?’ Enya snapped.
‘Because. You. Do. Everything. Wrong.’ Thorin hissed and Enya heard he had great difficulty to keep his voice even.

‘That’s it.’ Enya said and she stood up. ‘Congratulations sir Oakenshield, I’m done. I’m outta here.’
She grabbed her traveling bag and paced away, ready to trail off in the woods and never encounter that frustrating dwarf leader again.
She could not handle it.
Not now.

‘Don’t you dare defy my orders.’
The growl that made her stop was low and very sexy. Primal. He was right behind her. She could feel her body aching with desire.
‘I told you to stay.’ He groaned.
Enya turned and her anger made her feel braver than she normally would be. The way he eyed her made her almost explode. Hallelujah, this was Thorin Oakenshields’ panties shredding look in full glory. She received hundred percent of its full potential. There was no escaping this. Enya bit her lip furiously. She had to be very brave now. He didn’t want her to defy him? Well, that was exactly what she was going to do then.
‘Or what?’ she tilted her head. ‘What are you going to do?’
Thorin squared his jaw. ‘Then I have to show you who is in charge.’
‘Do you think I’m afraid of you?’ she said.
‘You should be.’ Thorin answered and narrowed his eyes. ‘You have no idea what I can do to you.’
Enya took her time to answer and slowly bit her lip. Her abdomen immediately tightened when she detected his eyes were darkened with lust. If he stared at her like that for just a few minutes, she would come undone right before him.
‘Try me.’ She whispered.
‘Gladly.’

He walked up to her. With his strong muscles Thorin pushed her against one of the nearby trees. Enya exhaled slowly and waited. Why did he always push her against trees? She was not too sure what he was up to… but is wasn’t anything decent. His hands were in her hair and his beautiful eyes were gazing in hers. He pressed his muscular body tightly to hers and she could not move. Enya felt his strained muscles and almost let out a loud moan when she felt his hard member pushing against her.

OH!

‘YOU!’ Thorin hissed. ‘You are so complex, so different. Mesmerizing. So delicate. My men are enchanted by you. They adore you. You seduce me and annoy me with every breath you take. You dare to defy me and I don’t like that.’
‘You are a breathtaking sexy bastard and I hate you with the fire of a thousand suns!’ Enya bickered.

His lips were on hers before she could declare how much she hated him even more. His tongue licked her bottom lip and he forced himself into her mouth. Enya’s fury melted down into a hot mess as he deepened the kiss and their tongues were intertwined in a fight for dominance. His hands pulled her head closer and clawed in her hair.

Dear sweet god, yes!

Enya groaned as he suddenly let go and gasped when he proceeded by leaving his marks on her neck. He kissed, licked and bit every patch of skin he could reach. The intense passion made her body quiver with delight and she wanted him to fill her up with his hardness.
His hands pulled away parts of her shirt and… Enya put her nails in his back and moaned his name.
‘Thorin! OH GOD!’
As if struck by lightning, he stopped.  
‘You are liking this far too much.’ he groaned and a naughty smile was displayed on his lips.  
Enya bit her lip. ‘Oh Thorin, please.’  
‘No. You’re under my command.’ He let go of her and took a step back. ‘And I can tell you that’s all you’re getting, miss.’  
He turned and she watched him disappearing behind the foliage. That was the fucking THIRD TIME he left her standing against the tree, trembling, shaking as the adrenaline rushed through her blood. Enya sat down and tried to steady her breathing. Her body was furious he had turned her on and then refused to continue with what he had been doing. He shouldn't have stopped kissing his way down… Enya blushed and her abdomen twitched.  
Oh… She wondered if he would allow this ever to happen again.  
Maybe she should try to annoy him some more. Defying other commands…

Enya bit her lip. She knew one thing for certain. He had her chained.  

She now definitely was not leaving…

Chapter End Notes

HELP!  
How should we resolve this unbearable tension in the next chapter?  
Please let me know, I'm torn between all options. :)  

a) Smut, and a LOT of it.  
b) Cute conversation, and a certain promise...  
c) Heck no, don't resolve the tension! Let "panties shredding" Thorin do his thing <3
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Enya receives some special attention from a certain dwarf prince...

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone!

Wooooow, thanks for the reads and kudos!!
I enjoy writing this and I love the fact that you seem to enjoy the story as well!

So, this is my first try writing some smut (in English anyway). I had to ask my friend miss D (a special thanks to her, yeeaah!) for some advice before I dared to put it out here... I'm sorry for the slight delay.

@ Memo, Likarian, DEDEDOTTI, OakenshieldsMimizel & livinginlothlorien: Thank you for the comments! <3 I tried to make all of you happy! (:  
@ OakenshieldsMimizel: I hope this is the well-placed smut you mean ;)

I hope I won't disappoint you guys.  
Please tell me if you want to read some more smut in the next chapters!

<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Enya found herself back sitting at the base of the tree. She let out a long, deep sigh. Well, this little adventure told her what she already secretly knew. He wanted her. Badly.

Dolvira’s words lingered in the back of her mind.
‘It isn’t love he has for you… It’s just lust’

But was it just lust?

Enya closed her eyes and let her head rest against the tree. Of course it had to be lust. What had she been thinking? There were thirteen MALE dwarves in the company and she had been (until recently that creepy Dolvira snuck her way in) the only female. The testosterone hung heavily in the air…
The deprivation of brothels or some solo sexy time should crack every single member of the company up and it made sense that any provocative behavior could set them off.
So, when her stupid mind chose to behave like the way she did, wasn’t it fucking logical that Thorins’ mind became overcome with lust? Any man would lose it, so why wouldn’t he be affected as well? What made her so special that he would want to make her his? Why would he even want her to be the one?
Maybe she was only worth a quick bang. Like the girls in the whorehouses.
‘And they get money as a reward for their services.’ Her mind told her. ‘You’ll be rewarded with a broken heart and a shattered self-esteem, if you continue going down this road. You’re always fall
for the bad guys, and you know it.’
Enya swallowed and tried not to cry. She put her hair up in a ponytail and growled. God, she had a
hell of a day. Defying Thorins’ orders and facing Beorn on her own. Fighting Dolvira. Oh, and what
about a furious dwarf king that wanted to teach her a lesson by kissing her like there was no
tomorrow?
Enya closed her eyes. Maybe she was right about leaving. Maybe she should do that after all. Right
now it seemed the best option. It would at least release her from the physical tension she had to cope
with. Thorin would be able to focus on the quest again and Enya could practice her skills more often.
She still didn’t control the subtle forces, and that fact annoyed her.
But leaving now would mean that she had to forget about him. Not being able to protect him when
needed. And that, lovesick as she was, was impossible. Being away from Thorin felt like… Not
being able to breathe. Besides, it was the one thing Thorin forbid her to do. Enya chuckled. No, one
of MANY things he forbid her. If she dared to cross him on this order, she could imagine he would
hunt her down until the end of days.
But if she stayed… She knew she wanted Thorin too much to stop provoking him. Her self-control
was simply nonexistent when he was around. Her body wanted him so much it would make her lose
her manners over and over again. Enya whimpered. She needed him to give in. If he wouldn’t, the
consequences were going to be disastrous for her heart. And they would be too if he did anyway.
‘There is nothing you can do about it.’ Her mind muttered. ‘I mean, how can this end well for you?
Even if he does give in, it isn’t like he is going to make you his queen. Why would he do that? You
know nothing.’
Enya clenched her teeth. Her mind was painstakingly right. She virtually knew nothing of dwarf
laws or morals. Or the secret social norms. As a queen she would only embarrass him. No, she was a
pretty distraction while they were on the road. Nothing less, nothing more.
So, her choices were either let Thorin break her heart by denying her, let Thorin break her heart after
an amazing hookup, or breaking her heart herself. Enya had to confess that an hookup sounded the
most appealing. At least she would get it her way (even briefly) if he decided to bury himself inside
of her. Her desire didn’t care about the state of her heart. It needed to blow off some steam so god
damn badly and her abdomen twitched at the thought of Thorins’ hard cock inside of her…
Enya sighed and got up on her feet. She really needed to stop thinking about Thorin.
And his tool.
Being alone in the woods only fueled her imagination. Enya slowly walked up to the house. Maybe
the other dwarves could distract her from their sexy leader.
‘Miss Enya!’ Bofur said as Enya closed the door of the house behind her. ‘Where have you been?’
‘I needed some fresh air.’ She answered.
Thorin sat at the large oaken table and eyed her in a way that made her body quiver with desire. He
knew exactly why she stayed outside.
Her inner goddess stuck out her tongue and scowled at him: ‘Yes! I desperately needed some air
after encountering YOU, FRUSTRATING DWARF KING!’
Enya bit her lip. Her mind was all over the place at the mere sight of him. It screamed that it knew a
thousand ways to ease his ill-favored temper. And it all involved getting him butt naked…
She deliberately ignored him (and her dirty mind, for that matter) and jumped on the empty chair next
to Bofur.
‘Why is everyone so quiet tonight?’ she asked.
‘We’re all just a bit disordered, miss. That bear spooked us all.’ Bofur confessed to her. ‘We
could’ve been devoured by that thing.’
Enya laughed. ‘That bear has a name. He didn’t hurt you guys and he is really nice, you know.’
All dwarves started muttering, as if they needed to debate about the truth of her allegations.
‘Oh come on ladies.’ Enya giggled. ‘You kill wargs all the time and they are almost as big as Beorn. What’s the problem?’

‘Yes, we kill wargs.’ Dori stated. ‘But this bear is obviously under some dark kind of spell!’

‘Nonsense.’ Gandalf interrupted. ‘Don’t be a fool. He is under no enchantment but his own.’

Kíli looked up to the wizard. ‘He won’t kill us, right Gandalf?’

‘That is what miss Enya told me.’ Gandalf mused.

‘How many times do I have to tell this…’ Enya sighed. ‘He is a kind soul. He’d rather eats Azog for dinner.’

‘Of course he is kind.’ Dolvira said sarcastically. ‘That is: if you are a fire witch, your name is miss Enya Blueheart AND you’re apparently able to reason with skin changers while they’re in their animal form.’

‘BUT’ she continued. ‘If you’re not miss pretty face and do not possess these so-called skills, you will only see a terrifying large bear that is ready to devour you.’

‘Do you still want your sword back?’ Enya purred. ‘I think it looks remarkably good on that tree.’

‘Don’t try to convince us that thing is kind.’ Dolvira snapped. ‘We won’t buy it.’

Enya got out of her chair, ignoring Bofurs’ hand that tried to put her back down.

‘Don’t do it, miss.’ He warned.

Enya knew he was right. The day had been long. She shouldn’t let Dolvira persuade her into a catfight again.

‘I’m outta here.’ She hissed and stormed outside.

She sat down a wooden log and with her hands she massaged her forehead. She was startled by two young dwarf princes that went to sit on either side of her.

‘What.’ she groaned.

‘We’re keeping an eye on you, remember.’ Fíli teased.

‘And we noticed that you and uncle were together outside for a while.’ Kíli winked.

‘Care to tell us what happened?’ Fíli asked.

‘Can’t you two just go fuck yourself?’ Enya groaned.

They gave each other a nasty look and laughed.

‘We could, but we prefer let a pretty lass do the work for us.’ Fíli replied.

‘Well don’t even dream about!’ Enya began, but she stopped when both of their faces frowned in shock.

‘What?’ she asked. ‘Don’t tell me I managed to shock you two for the first time.’

‘No. But we wouldn’t dare to touch you. Uncle will kill us if we try.’ Kíli told her.

‘It’s a shame.’ Fíli confessed. ‘You look like you’re in great need. Didn’t uncle give you anything tonight?’

Enya bit her lip. ‘You two have no shame!’

‘Ah, he did do something, didn’t he?’ Kíli guessed.

‘No.’ Enya replied.

‘Your neck tells a different tale.’ Fíli pleaded.

‘Or do you like to bite yourself?’ Kíli grinned.

Enya let out an offended cry. ‘YOU WHAT?’

‘We’re just teasing you miss.’ Fíli laughed.

Enya thanked the gods when Dori, Nori and Ori came outside, followed by Bofur.

‘We’ll continue this conversation later…’ Fíli murmured.

‘We won’t!’ Enya snarled.

‘Miss…’ Bofur began as he sat down. ‘They are no fun inside. Let’s dance.’

‘Yes!’ Ori complained. ‘And Dolvira is keeping an eagle eye on everyone and it’s creeping me out.’

‘Even more than a large bear?’ Enya replied. ‘Or a REAL eagle?’

Ori shrugged. ‘I don’t know. I don’t like her. She’s…’

‘Intimidating.’ Dori added. ‘I don’t understand why she is lingering with us.’

Enya knew all too well why the warrior woman still was here.
She wasn’t going to share that reason…
‘Erebor is her home too.’ She said. ‘You all know I’m not overly fond of her, but I also think we cannot blame her for fighting for her home.’
‘Not overly fond?’ Kíli laughed. ‘I think you showed us today that you hate her with a burning passion, miss.’
Enya bit her lip. Yes. A burning passion it was. ‘Perhaps. She was crossing a line and I had to make my point.’
‘She is not that bad.’ Bofur objected. ‘Under the tough appearance lies a brave and kind woman.’
I’d rather encounter that dragon.’ Enya muttered and giggled when she saw Ori nodding his head furiously.
‘Does anyone know what’s up with her and Thorin?’ Nori asked. ‘I’ve never seen her with him in the blue mountains.’
‘No, she was a fling before Smaug entered the game.’ Fíli said. ‘Balin told me they were betrothed for some time.’
‘But he himself refuses to tell us what happened.’ Kíli added. ‘And believe us, we tried to pull the truth out.’

**Betrothed?**
Wow. This suddenly became a lot more complicated.
Enya bit on her tongue.
Don’t react. Don’t!
‘Don’t let those two rascals know how much you care!’ her mind muttered.

‘Better not push him…’ Nori muttered. ‘Who knows what happens.’
They were all silent for a moment.
‘I didn’t come outside to sit in silence.’ Bofur told them.
He turned to Enya. ‘Let’s dance, miss. And you promised us you would sing too.’
‘I didn’t!’ Enya protested.
‘But You promised! I heard you doing that!’ Dori said.
‘Did I?’ Enya giggled.
She got out her iPhone.
‘What should we play?’ Bofur asked.
‘Nothing.’ Enya replied and went through her songs.
Which one should she choose?
HA!
Enya smiled. Girls just wanna have fun, right? Too bad she only had the version Miley Cyrus created (if you asked her, Cyndi Lauper did a better job), but it would do for now.
‘Music from my world is a little different.’ She warned. ‘It is much… heavier I suppose.’
She pressed play and grabbed Bofurs’ hands.
‘Whoo, miss!’ he laughed as the first tunes of the song filled the cold nightly air.
Enya swirled around him and clapped her hands.
‘You guys wanted some fun!’ she cheered. ‘Girls need that too!’

Enya knew she should behave, but she couldn’t. It was too late. The catchy tune made her body want to move. She shook her hips and freed her hair from the messy ponytail it was in.
Enya sang along as swirled around the dwarves. She got Ori on his feet.
‘Come on!’ she encouraged him before she started singing again.
‘Girls they wanna have fun, oh girls just want to have fun!’
She twirled around the prince brothers and laughed as they tried to grab her to make her dance with them. There didn’t deserve that after teasing her in such a rude way! Instead she took Dori’s hands and let him guide her. Enya enjoyed herself as they floated through the garden, engaged in a kind of ballroom dance.
Oh god, this didn’t fit the beat at all, but Enya had fun anyways.
‘I wanna be the one who walks in the sun!’ Enya sung and laughed when she noticed Nori’s eccentric dance moves as they passed him.

In the middle of the fun, her body started shivering.
Oh god. Her booty registered he was near her before her eyes even detected him. Thorin stood at the entrance of the house and watched them with narrowed eyes as they danced. His eyes were fixed on her and made her thigh squeeze together in agony. He seemed intrigued and angry at the same time. Enya bit her lip. There always seemed to be a reason for Thorin Oakenshield to be angry. Especially when she herself was the victim.

‘Why is he always mad?’ Enya mused.
‘I don’t know.’ Dori answered. ‘Maybe we should stop dancing together.’
‘Or not’ Enya grinned.
‘You’d better not defy him’ Dori muttered and he wanted to let go of her, but Enya held on tight.
‘Come on! You only live once, master dwarf.’ She said.
Dori smiled and they continued what they had been doing.
When the last tunes of the song faded away and the courtyard became quiet again, Dori made a deep bow.
‘Thank you for this dance, my lady.’
‘The pleasure was mine.’ Enya said and she made a little reverence.
She knew Thorin was still watching her, but she ignored him as she walked back to the little group.
‘I didn’t hear you sing.’ Bofur complained as they joined the others again.
Enya squeezed herself between Fíli and Kíli (‘make some room for a lady, lads!’).
She eyed Bofur and got her phone.
‘Alright, one song. ONE!’
She chose one of her all-time favorite bands.
‘Been waitin’ at these crossroads, forever and a day, on a guy to buy my soul…’ she sung.
Everyone was quiet around her and Enya closed her eyes as she focused on the melody. She couldn’t help herself. Her hips moved on the beat and she couldn’t keep her arms in her lap.

‘As long as I’m alive, all I wanna do is rock, rock, roooooo-oooock!’
They all stared at her in awe. Enya quickly closed her eyes again and concentrated on the song. God, she forgot how much she loved this jam. It was raw, rough, but yet so tender. True rock and roll. The voice of Taylor mixed very well with her own.
Enya bit her lip and told herself that she really needed to behave herself. After all, Thorin was probably still watching her. But her booty didn't care about behaving.

‘Take me down….’ She sung dramatically as the song came to an end. Slowly she looked up and stared directly into Thorins’ gaze. His expression made her bite back a moan. Her body reacted to him and shivered under his stare.
Good gods, she really had to break this connection before she would come undone while squeezed between his nephews…

That would be awkward!

She quickly lowered her gaze and got her iPhone as soon as the last tunes of the song had faded. She didn’t want it to play the next song. She knew for sure the dwarves would make her sing that too. And she didn’t need another song.
She needed sexy solo time.
Right now.

‘That was really good, lass!’
Bofur was the first one to speak.  
Enya gave him a shy smile. ‘Thanks.’  
They were all startled by a loud thumb from the door that fell back into its frame. Enya rolled her 
eyes. Mister panties shredder finally had gone inside and he probably was even more angry than an 
hour ago.  
‘By the looks of it, I’d say you’re in deep trouble…’ Fíli whispered in her air.  
Kíli heard him and chuckled.  
‘I always am.’ Enya replied. ‘And I don’t know why.’  
‘Come on.’ Kíli said. ‘We should get some rest. We still have that orc pack on our tail.’  
‘I’ll catch you later.’ Enya murmured. ‘I’m going to try to avoid the wrath of your uncle.’  
‘Good luck with that!’ Fíli chuckled.  

Enya walked through the garden and disappeared in the haymow that stood next to the property. She 
closed the door behind her and let out a long, deep sigh. Her body definitely needed some time to 
cool off.  

Enya knew she just couldn’t be around HIM at this moment. The physical tension between them 
would be even more unbearable than a few hours ago and with her lack of self-control she feared she 
would just jump on him. Another glance of those eyes… Enya shivered. She couldn’t handle it. She 
probably even wouldn’t mind if the whole company watched as he took her. Her cheeks flushed red 
when she discovered her mind even reconsidered it as an option.  

No. Staying with the company for the night was a very bad idea. This shed next to the house 
however, was perfect to spend the night alone. It allowed her to relax and regain control over her 
mind. Enya groaned. After Thorins’ little stunt (and his damn intense gaze) she really needed to get 
off on something. Her body ached for his touch and her neck still tingled from the attention it had 
received.  
She knew she was dripping wet, her thighs yearning after the look he gave her. She was so god 
damn ready for him.  
She sighed. And because he wouldn’t give it to her, she had to settle with some solo action. 
Anything to calm herself down before the company would hit the road again.  

Enya walked up the stairs and discovered there was a second level, stacked with hay bales. She 
threw her traveling bag on the ground in a corner and sat down on one of the bales. She untied her 
boots and threw them on her bag. Her coat laid next to her. She stretched her toes and then 
proceeded with throwing her corset and pants on the pile. She opened the window that was on 
opposite of her hay bale and watched the bright moon in the sky.  
Ah. She laid down on the hay bale and shivered when the nightly air was colder than she anticipated. 
Enya grabbed her coat and tucked her legs under it. She softly hummed the tone of ‘girls just wanna 
have fun’, but was startled when someone entered the haymow and ascended the stairs. The person 
nearing her wore heavy boots that pounded on every step. Enya’s body instantly knew who it was, 
but she still wasn’t prepared for the electrical tension that suddenly hung in the air. God. It made her 
breathing unsteady and her cheeks flush.  

‘Yeah?’ She said as Thorin entered the room.  
‘You didn’t came in with the men.’ His voice was strained. ‘I thought you left.’  
‘I wouldn’t dare to do so. Kings’ orders.’ Enya answered and suppressed the shiver his presence 
evoked from her. She avoided his gaze, because she knew she would be terribly lost if she didn’t. 
‘A wise decision.’ He stated. ‘Tell me, miss. Why are you always barely dressed when I encounter 
you?’  
‘I have no idea, sir Oakenshield. But you always seem to encounter ME in this position. It’s not like 
I’m doing anything wrong…’  
‘And by the way,’ she added. ‘I am covered this time. Don’t let your imagination run wild.’ 
She found her courage again and slowly looked up. He met her gaze and Enya bit her lip. He still
looked extremely mad and his beautiful taunted expression was distracting her way more than it should.

‘Are you angry with me?’ he inquired as he deliberately came closer.
‘Yes.’ She insisted. ‘Very angry.’
‘Good. Me too.’ Thorin growled.

‘And what on earth have I done now to earn your wrath?’ Enya blazed.
‘The list is endless.’ He shot back. ‘Let’s talk about you dancing and rolling your hips like THAT! Do you really intent on making EVERY MAN MAD WITH LUST FOR YOU?’
‘I was just dancing!’ Enya objected. ‘Is that wrong?’
‘You call that DANCING?’ Thorin shouted. ‘You DISTRACTED THAT POOR DORI WITH THE WAY YOU MOVE! AND THE WAY YOU MADE MY NEPHEWS LOOK AT YOU WHILE YOU SUNG THAT SONG…’

His face twitched in anger.
‘And why would that bother you personally?’ Enya hissed. ‘Why would you even care if the whole world wanted to have me?’
‘Don’t.’ he growled. ‘Don’t defy me. And don’t let me get started about everything else you did wrong today.’

Enya rolled her eyes. ‘You surely do know how to hold grudges.’
‘Don’t.’ he repeated.

The wild, untamed look in his eyes that burned through her should be terrifying, but Enya’s breathing quickened and she licked her lips.

No, she told her body. Don’t let him crack you just yet. Who the hell did he think he is to tell you how to dance? How to live YOUR life?

‘Obedience isn’t my nature, you know.’ She snapped. ‘So if that’s what you’re searching for, maybe you should try elsewhere. Maybe Dolvira knows how to be submissive.’

Thorin narrowed his eyes, but didn’t answer. He stood very close to her and she could feel the heat his body was throwing off. Enya didn’t want to give in, but her treacherous body ached for his touch and quivered. Her coat happened to fall off her lap and pooled around his feet. The bit her lip. She was hopelessly clumsy, but he would think she did it on purpose.

Oops.

Thorins’ eyes darkened and were clouded with lust.

‘You need to calm yourself down.’ He muttered. ‘As soon as possible.’
‘ME? CALM DOWN?’ she yelled.
‘Yes.’ He answered.
‘I am perfectly calm.’ Enya said in a supercilious tone and she crossed her arms.
‘No, you’re not.’ Thorin said and mouth formed a little smile.
‘I AM!’ Enya bit back.
‘Then tell me: what is the secret to a strong and deep self-control?’ he asked.
‘How should I know?’ Enya hissed. ‘You tell me, MY KING.’
‘The answer is ab-so-lu-te sexual abstinence.’ He told her.

He raised a brow when Enya rolled her eyes again. ‘Yes, you’re certainly still learning to control your desires, miss…’
‘I do quite poorly on self-control.’ Enya confessed. ‘And I’m not able to calm down easily.’
‘I noticed.’ Thorin muttered. ‘And since you’re all worked up tonight… right now there is only one thing I can do to resolve this situation.’

‘And what is your solution, if I may ask?’ Enya demanded.
‘It depends.’ He said.
‘On what?’
‘You have to follow my orders this time, or I won’t be able to help you…’ he whispered.
‘What are you ta-’
He grabbed her waist and the sudden movement made Enya gasp (and forget what she was about to say...). His mouth crashed down on hers. Enya eagerly kissed him back, returning the same passion he poured into the kiss. His tongue curled around hers, teasing and stroking. When his lips parted from hers way too soon for her liking, she let out a protesting groan.

‘Let me see you.’ He growled in a low voice.

‘Why would I agree to that?’ Enya teased and she tilted her head.

‘I can tear your barely covering clothes off your body, if that’s what you want’ he answered. Although his tone was low and he sounded casual, Enya saw his eyes twinkling and she knew his threat wasn’t an empty one. He would tear ALL her clothes if she refused to oblige him. She caught her lip between her teeth and slowly did what he asked her to do. Her shirt landed on the ground.

‘Everything.’ He insisted.

Enya raised one eyebrow. ‘That would be rather unfair, wouldn’t it?’

‘I’ll be the judge of that…’ he husked.

Enya stripped her panties off her body and threw them on the pile of clothing in the corner. Thorin pushed her onto her back and leaned over to kiss her again. His tongue slid over her mouth and a moan escaped from Enya’s mouth when he sucked on her bottom lip.

‘So beautiful.’ He murmured as his hands trailed over her naked body.

Enya shivered and grabbed his tunic.

Thorin groaned in response.

‘Be quiet. Keep still.’ He hissed and continued by licking and nipping her collarbone.

His beard rasped against her sensitive skin of her neck and Enya bit her lip furiously. How was she supposed to be quiet AND keep herself from moving when he touched her like that?

Oh, that frustrating bastard! She knew exactly what he was doing. He was going to punish her for her “provocative” dance moves. He wanted her to be obedient this time.

No… Enya held back a soft whimper. Her mind went hazy and she couldn’t think clearly anymore.

Thorin cupped her breasts; his thumbs circling around her nipples. His hands were rough and soft at the same time and Enya could not stop her body from quivering under his touch.

Thorin lowered his head and slowly kissed his way down until his mouth found one of her nipples. He let his tongue flicker over it again and again. Enya’s eyes rolled back and she bit her hand furiously to prevent herself from yelling his name. She cursed him in silence for nearly killing her with pleasure.

This was too delicious.

Too hot.

She did cry out when Thorin slid his hand slowly down her body and his fingers lightly brushed over her thighs.

‘I told you to be silent.’ He whispered and sucked her nipple.

‘How can I-?’ Enya started but she bit her lip quickly when she saw the look that crossed his face.

His eyes were wicked and twinkled with lust.

Oh.

OH!

Panties shredding Thorin definitely didn’t like objections when he came into action…

‘That thing is called self-control, miss.’ He told her, in a low voice. ‘Being able to follow MY orders.’

‘But I don’t’

‘Sssshh.’ He urged and then chuckled. The low sound set Enya on fire and she swallowed hard. Enya let her head fall back on the soft hay and held down a whimper as Thorins’ fingers brushed against the spot between her legs. Two fingers slicked inside of her and with his thumb he slowly
rubbed her clit.
Immediately Enya’s legs started to tremble.
‘Mahal, you’re so tight.’ Thorin hissed against her chest. ‘So wet. Ready for me.’
His fingers pumped in and out of her, slowly rubbing over and over on a sensitive spot inside that
made Enya see stars. She bit back a moan.
Good gods, this was a spot that a certain ex-boyfriend never bothered to direct his attention to! Or
probably even didn’t knew about. Enya never felt this aroused before and closed her eyes to let the
feeling consume her.
‘GOD SAVE ME!’ her mind screamed. Enya had to clench her teeth to keep silent. Her nails raked
his muscular back and she felt Thorin humming in pleasure against her chest.
Oh no, this was too much pleasure. His thumb on her clit, slowly but steadily rubbing her into
heaven, his fingers inside of her and filling her up, stretching her…

OH!
Enya above all tried to ignore his mouth and that damned tongue on her breasts. He sucked her
nipples ruthlessly. She cried out when his free hand pinched the nipple that wasn’t being tortured by
his tongue.
Oh for heaven’s sake… Enya felt a well-known tension building up inside of her. Her breathing
became ragged and unsteady. She didn’t want to come, but her muscles tightened and she couldn’t
help herself. She was on the edge. One more move and she would…
A loud protesting whimper left her mouth when Thorin suddenly stopped tormenting her.
NO!
The edge she had been on slowly faded away and Thorin took his time to kiss her abdomen. He let
his tongue glide over her belly button piercing.
God damn it, she KNEW he was aware of her nearing orgasm and he probably enjoyed agonizing
her somewhat longer.
‘No!’ she cried as he nipped her hip bone.
‘Yes. You’re fully under my control.’ He whispered and Enya felt him smiling against her skin.

She hated the bastard! Enya decided she wasn’t going to be the only one being teased.
She moved her hands quickly between them and let her fingers curl around the hard length under his
clothes. She stroked him and let her tongue glide over her teeth.
‘A very visible and hard evidence is telling me you like what you see…’ she teased.
Thorin let out a low, primal growl. With a quick move he pinned Enya’s wrists under his hand
palms.
‘Who said you’re allowed to touch me?’ he hissed.
‘Me.’ Enya answered. She couldn’t keep her face straight and she knew her eyes sparkled with
naughtiness.
‘I told you to keep still.’ Thorin breathed. ‘So keep your hands right here.’
He cautiously let go of her wrists.
‘And be quiet.’ He threatened.
Enya bit her lip and gave him her “too cute to handle” face.
‘But I want to touch you. And I do quite poorly on being silent.’
‘I won’t allow you. And I’m sure you can handle a simple command.’ He simply said and started
kissing his way down again.
Enya felt her breathing quicken.
‘I like this piece of jewelry.’ Thorin muttered as he touched her belly button piercing.
Enya blushed and secretly was relieved he found it pretty. After all, dwarves were pretty picky about
treasures.
Thorin pushed her legs further apart and pulled her to the edge of the hay bale. The sudden
movement pushed all the air out of Enya’s lungs.
He kneeled before her and kissed her inner thighs. Enya shuddered. The sensation of his coarse
facial hair against her sensitive flesh was setting her off.
‘You’re so delicate.’ Thorin breathed against her.
His tongue slowly licked her folds.

Enya whimpered and lifted her hips, desperately wanting to be closer to him.

All hail the king…

She protested wordlessly as he pushed her down again. Yes, he was definitely trying to drive her insane.
‘DURIN! Save us all!!’ She cursed.

Good gods, he certainly did know how to use that tongue. He licked and nipped her and it drove her mad. Enya was writhing under him and bit her lip because she didn’t want to scream out loud. This was torture.

Thorin dipped his tongue inside of her and Enya’s body arched up.
‘Thorin! Oh god Thorin, please!’ she begged.
‘No. You taste too good.’ he murmured as he kept teasing her with his tongue.

Enya cried out in pleasure and he punished her noise immediately by sucking on her clit. Hard.

Her body jerked and Enya inhaled sharply. How was she supposed to handle this intense feeling? He didn’t want her to make any sound, but he clearly also liked to drive her insane until she HAD to scream. There was no choice. She couldn’t be silent.

‘I want you!’ Enya shouted in agony. ‘Thorin! I want you inside of me! Please!’

He looked up and his eyes burned with passion. He lazily licked his lips before he answered her pleads.
‘You have to beg for it.’

BEG?

‘Me begging? I won’t give you such satisfaction.’ Enya growled.
‘No?’ he asked as he started sucking her clit again.

‘NO! … OHHH!’

Enya wanted to keep up a strong and very independent attitude, but the effect of her rigid rejection was destroyed by her loud moan at the end.
Thorin made a low rumbling noise between her legs and the sound made her stomach clench even further.

‘PLEASE!’ she cried. ‘I beg you!’
She felt him smile against her sensitive flesh.

‘No. You’re not getting it.’ He stated.

‘WHAT?’ Enya shouted.

‘Tell me your pleasure is mine.’ He growled.
His finger slipped inside of her again and he began rubbing that sensitive spot. And his tongue…
Oh his tongue!
‘My pleasure is yours…’ she stuttered.

Enya bit her lip again.
‘Good. You will now scream for me, Enya.’ He rasped. ‘Let go.’
Enya buckled her hips again and cried out as he kept ruthlessly rubbing and licking (OH, and the sucking!) the most sensitive parts of her body.
‘Oh god!’ she moaned.

Thorin growled at her.
‘Enya Blueheart, I need you to come for me.’ He commanded, without stopping tormenting her.
‘Right now.’
It was impossible for Enya to hold back or to defy his command. She let go and felt waves of pleasure flooding through her entire body. Enya gasped as her pleasure cracked and sent her tumbling over the edge, into orgasm. The intensity was one of the likes she never felt before. Her body jerked and shuddered. Enya screamed his name over and over again.

‘THORIN! Oh god god GOD, Thorin!’

Thorin softly slid his fingers out of her and leaned over her to kiss her neck. Enya pulled him closer and was pleased when he landed on top of her.
‘You can try to elevate the tension between us, but I still want you inside of me.’ She whispered in his ear.
‘I really need you to behave right now.’ he answered.
‘Why?’
‘Because I tell you to do so.’ He breathed.

Enya sighed. ‘What about that absolute sexual abstinence theory of yours, huh?’
Thorin held his expression together, but she saw his eyes twinkling in excitement.
‘Sometimes a short-term solution is needed. Especially when the subject is a very impatient lass like yourself, miss.’
‘Do you tell that story to all the girls you chose to torture like this?’ Enya teased.
Thorin frowned. ‘No, you seem the only one in desperate need of it.’
He quickly got up on his feet.
‘Get some rest.’ He ordered.
Enya rolled over on her stomach and stuck out her tongue.
‘Like I can sleep now, sir Oakenshield.’
He smiled. ‘You’d better try, miss.’

He disappeared from her sight as he descended the stairs. Enya listened as the sounds of his boots faded and let out a deep sigh when the door of the hay mow creaked as it was closed again.
Enya stared at the moon outside of the window and bit her lip.
Jesus Christ. What the fucking hell just happened? Her whole body was flushed from his strokes. Well... It didn’t matter. For now at least. Her mind had shut itself off and it floated somewhere in heaven.

But even in this misty state, she knew one thing for certain.

She wanted more.

Chapter End Notes

@ livinginlothlorien: Oh yes.. I promise you Dolvira will get really... really jealous.

What would you guys like read about in the next chapter?
Don't be shy and sent me a message or put a comment down below.

Stay tuned!

xoxo
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Enya meets Beorn in a slightly different form, fights with Dolvira (again), and wait... do I see flirty Thorin there?

Chapter Notes

Hi there!

I have this love/hate relationship with this chapter, so please let me know what you guys think!
I personally wanted to write some REALLY exciting stuff again, but then Dolvira wanted to be a bitch again (as usual).
And flirty Thorin decided to come back...

Well, what can I say... The characters seem to have their own opinion about what needs to happen (:)

@OakenshieldsMimizel: Damn honey, you seem to read to my mind!! ;) I enjoy your comments & take them into account, so please let me know what you think of my chapters!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Enya woke up, the sun peered through the open window and it tickled her face. Enya groaned, not wanting to wake up and face the company again. She didn’t want to leave this place. She wanted to stay on this hay bale forever, dreaming about what happened the night before.
‘You know,’ her mind mused. ‘Maybe if you stay here, Thorin might come search here for you and repeat the things he did last night…’

Enya let out a deep sigh and stretched her body. Her filthy mind really never knew when to shut up or when to stop dreaming.
‘But it is impossible to stop thinking about it!’ her mind objected.
Yes, that was true. Last night… her cheeks flushed in a deep red color when she thought about Thorin. Those breathtaking blue eyes, that seemed to darken when he was aroused… His long rough dark locks and that coarse beard that rasped against her sensitive skin… His fingers, harsh and soft at the same time, caressing her body like… AND that frustrating teasing tongue that knew exactly when to stroke her gently…
Enya whimpered. God damn it, he was perfect. Even with his clothes on. Imagine what he would look like without…

Enya giggled and bit her lip.
Oh god, this was an hopeless case. She was love-smitten. Completely head over heels in love with this dwarf king. There was no way she could ever remove those images of last night from her head. She KNEW she would think about it all day. How was she ever going to look into his eyes again
without giggling like a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl?
Enya sighed. Thorin was right about one thing: their little rendezvous calmed her body down. Her mind on the other hand, wouldn’t be able to function normally for the next few days. Enya groaned. She needed to get herself together before they would continue on their journey. In a state like this, she was no use to anyone.
Enya got up and put her clothes back on. She had to try to regain her sanity. Her meditation routine should help her. It had to.

When Enya came back from the woods after she meditated for (what felt to her like) a long time, she crossed Dolvira’s sword that still stuck into the tree at the border of the field. Enya tilted her head. She probably should get it out now. She made her point. She got closer to the sword and chuckled when she saw somebody had tried to cut the ice away.
Well, the person who did this, obviously didn’t succeed because the sword was still there. Enya pressed her lips together. This was a perfect opportunity for her to practice. Instead of shattering the ice away, what if she tried to melt it down into water?
Enya raised her hands and sighed when she heard the ice already cracking under the slight movement.
No, she told herself. Subtle forces. Try to be subtle. No aggression.
She concentrated on the ice cube again and took a deep breath.
‘Krrrrrrr…’
‘NO!’ she yelled. ‘I want to melt you down!’
She inhaled slowly. Okay. Take it easy, lady. Repeat. Keep yourself steady…
‘KRRRRRRRR!’
With a loud crack, the ice splintered before her eyes.
Enya clenched her teeth. ‘I SAID MELT DOWN!’
She rolled her eyes and pulled the sword out of the tree. She’d a lot of practice to do.
‘I’m sorry.’ She muttered at the tree. ‘I didn’t want to hurt you. I apologize for letting you take the blame for my anger yesterday.’

She turned around and carried Dolvira’s sword into the courtyard. She wanted to enter the house when her attention was caught by loud chopping sounds from the back of the garden. She dropped the sword and carefully walked around the house. A large man in brown leather pants was chopping huge lumbers. The axe he used was enormous and it looked heavy. Enya doubted she would be able to lift it up. The upper half of the man’s body was covered with rough dark hair. The presence of a few grey strands betrayed his age. He wasn’t a young man anymore, and Enya guessed he must be in his fifties. Enya noticed a chain on his left wrist.
‘Good morning.’ She said and made a reverence.
The man turned to see who was greeting her.
He smiled. ‘Good morning Enya Blueheart.’
‘I wanted to thank you for your kindness.’ She began. ‘I don’t know how we ever could repay you for saving all of our lives.’
Beorn shrugged and he continued to chop another lumber.
‘You brought a lot of dwarves into my home.’ He stated.
‘Yes.’ Enya confessed.
‘I don’t like dwarves.’ Beorn said.
‘I can understand why.’ Enya replied. ‘They can be very greedy. Don’t let me start about the insufferable combination of sense of pride and stubbornness.’
Beorn eyed her with curiosity. ‘You’re observant. But you’re a dwarf woman yourself?’
Enya smiled. ‘I recently learned that, yes. Before that, I firmly believed I was human. I was raised as a human, so it was quite a shock to discover I’m not.’
‘Did you grow up in middle earth?’
Enya shook her head. ‘No. I grew up in a land far away from here. We call it America. Only humans
live there.’
‘And you.’
‘I did, yes. Until I ended up here.’
She watched Beorn in silence as he chopped some more wood.
‘Your garden is stunning,’ Enya established. ‘It must be peaceful, living here…’
‘It usually is.’ Beorn answered. ‘Unless fifteen dwarves, a wizard and a hobbit enter your domain with an orc pack on their trail.’
Enya wanted to apologize right away, but then she saw Beorn smiling at her.
She giggled. ‘Yeah, about that… I’m sorry.’
She looked up when a huge bumblebee buzzed around her head. It landed on her shoulder. Enya wanted to squish it with her love, because it was so god damn fluffy.
‘Hello there!’ she chirped.
‘They feel you respect them.’ Beorn told her. ‘He tells me you can visit our place more often. ’
‘You understand what he says?’ Enya asked.
‘You don’t?’ Beorn said.
Enya shook her head. ‘I have to confess I don’t, no… I wish I did.’
‘I know you can, because you talked to me yesterday. But I suspect the aggressive forces still overrule your powers.’
Enya sighed. ‘I don’t know how to use the subtle ones. I try, but I fail every time. ’
‘Listen to your heart.’ Beorn answered. ‘Don’t be afraid to be vulnerable. It will give you great strength.’
‘Thank you.’ Enya said.
Beorn nodded. ‘I will be inside in a minute to look after you and the company. I have to finish this job first.’
Enya smiled and turned around.
‘Enya, I need some mint for the tea.’ Beorn said without looking at her. ‘It is in the corner of the garden.’

Enya did as she was told and it didn’t take her long to find the plant that Beorn meant. She inhaled the scent of mint and smiled. Ah, she definitely missed that. She got a handful and walked up to the house again. She retrieved Dolvira’s sword and opened the door. There seemed to be a nervous discussion between the dwarves and Gandalf, because the whole company sat along the large oaken table. They were speaking in a low volume, but Enya felt the uneasiness hanging in the room.
‘Who is going outside then?’ Bofur asked.
‘Well…’ Gandalf said unhappily. ‘I should go and I will take Bilbo with me. We don’t want to startle him when he is chopping his wood. The consequences are deadly.’
He trailed off and watched Enya as she put Dolvira’s sword on the table.
‘Good morning lads.’ She said casually.
‘You came from outside?’ Gandalf asked.
‘Yeah.’ Enya said as she laid down her freshly plucked mint as well. ‘I had a chat with Beorn. He’s finishing up his job and will be back in just a bit.’
The whole table stared at her.
Thorin chuckled. ‘Well, that solves our problem.’
‘What problem?’ Enya asked, but she avoided his gaze.
‘We were discussing about a way to greet Beorn.’ Gandalf answered.
Enya rolled her eyes. ‘How about walking up to him and say hi?’
‘That’s the whole point.’ Fili sighed. ‘We didn’t want to startle him, because Gandalf said—’
‘Good morning, Beorn!’ Gandalf interrupted as the skin changer entered the house.
Beorn nodded shortly and let his eyes go over the company. His eyes stopped at Thorin.
‘So you’re the one they call Oakenshield. Tell me, why is Azog the defiler hunting you?’
‘You know of Azog. How?’ Thorin asked.
‘My people were first to live in the mountains. Before the orcs came down from the north. The
defiler killed most of my family. But some he enslaved…’ Beorn explained as he looked after his
guests with a basic, but generous breakfast.
Enya glanced at the chain on his wrist.
‘Not for work, you understand, but for sports. You see, caging skin changers and torturing them
seems to amuse him.’
‘That is horrible.’ Enya said.
‘Are there others like you?’ Bilbo asked quietly.
‘Once there were many.’ Beorn replied. ‘But now there’s only one.’
Beorn shrugged and Enya saw the subject caused him pain. She gave him a comforting smile. He
nodded shortly before handing Enya a mug with some mint leaves sticking out of it.
‘Mint tea for our fire witch lady.’
‘Thank you.’ Enya replied and held the mug tightly.
She closed her eyes as she inhaled the scent of the mint. Gods, how she missed mint tea with freshly
plucked leaves!
‘You need to reach the mountain before the last days of autumn.’ Beorn said to Thorin.
‘Yes!’ Gandalf answered. ‘Before Durin’s day.’
‘But then you’re running out of time!’ Beorn stated and he sat down.
‘That’s why we must go through Mirkwood.’ Gandalf explained.
‘I would not venture there, except in great need.’ Beorn muttered.
‘Is there another way then, skin changer?’ Dolvira demanded.
Enya didn’t know where the redhead came from, because she wasn’t around the oaken table when
she came in with the sword. Beorn also hadn’t noticed her earlier, because eyed the warrior woman
with suspicion.
Enya rolled her eyes. Dolvira surely always knew how to polite! Damn, that bitch could ruin the
whole operation with her stupid behavior.
‘What our lovely lady commander tries to say,’ Enya told Beorn. ‘Is that you know these lands better
than anyone. We are in a hurry. What in your opinion should be the fastest way?’
‘Mirkwood is the fastest way, miss.’ Beorn replied. ‘But a darkness lies upon that forest. Foul things
creep beneath those trees.’
‘But we’ll take the elven road. That path is still safe.’ Gandalf objected.
‘The wood elves of Mirkwood aren’t like their kin. They are less wise and even more dangerous.’
Beorn stated.
In the corner of her eyes, Enya saw Thorin pacing away from the table slowly.
‘But it won’t matter’ Beorn mused.
‘What do you mean?’ Thorin asked and he turned himself back to the table again.
‘These lands are crawling with orcs. And you are on foot… You’ll never make it alive.’ Beorn
answered.
He stood up and walked to Dolvira. The warrior woman was distracted by a bumblebee that was
buzzing around her head. It annoyed her and she flapped with her hands in an attempt to kill it.
‘BITCH!’ Enya heard someone shout with a high buzzing voice.
She burst into laughter as she realized the sound came from the bumblebee.
‘Wait.’ She said to Beorn, wiping the tears from her eyes. ‘Did he just call her a bitch…?’
Beorn smiled. ‘Yes.’
‘Well, I’m glad someone shares that opinion with me.’ Enya muttered.
The whole company stared at her and Enya bit her lip.
‘Sorry, I guess this is a witch thing…’ she whispered.
The bumblebee sat on Beorn’s hand and the skin changer narrowed his eyes at Dolvira.
‘I don’t like dwarves.’ He stated. ‘They are greedy and blind. Blind to the lives they deem lesser than
their own.’
He turned to Thorin.
‘But I do like her.’ He said as he pointed at Enya. ‘What do you need?’
While everyone was packing their belongings onto the horses, Enya lingered in the house for a little bit and enjoyed her second mug of mint tea. She told herself she was here for the tea, but of course that wasn’t the whole truth. She hoped, against all odds, that Thorin would steal a kiss from her. She strolled through the stable that was a part of the house and almost yelled when she discovered Dolvira. The warrior woman sat in a corner and eyed her angrily.

Enya sighed.

‘Your sword is on the table.’ Enya said. ‘I thought you might need it.’

‘I don’t want it.’ Dolvira growled. ‘Your filthy touch lingers on the handle.’

‘Fine by me.’ Enya replied. ‘If you want to die in the wild, I won’t stop you this time.’

She turned around, ready to venture outside. She lingered here for the possibility of a kiss, not a discussion with a redhead who despised her. Her body finally relaxed for the first time in days and she wasn’t about to sacrifice that for a quarrel with that damned bitch.

‘Did you enjoy yourself last night?’ Dolvira hissed.

‘I beg your pardon?’ Enya demanded and she faced the warrior woman again.

‘Your overexaggerated moans were nauseating.’ The redhead said.

Enya held back a giggle. ‘Why should I care what you think? I had a good time.’

‘You are DIRTY WHORE.’ Dolvira said with clenched teeth. ‘You are an abomination, a plague for REAL dwarf woman.’

Enya rolled her eyes and said nothing, but that only made Dolvira even more mad than she already was.

‘You are a bitch, a freak! A filthy little half-blood! You possess nothing admirable, but with your wicked warlock skills you’re able to enchant those poor males!’

Enya tilted her head.

Really?

Her mind was absolutely over the moon with the fact that Dolvira heard Thorin take her pleasure, because in a way, she claimed him. But her reason told her that she should be on her guard. That damned woman surely had some tricks upon her sleeve.

‘YOU LACK ALL HONOR!’ Dolvira continued. ‘You steal away my love and lure him into your bed! You have no conscience, NO HEART! YOU ONLY LISTEN TO YOUR OWN SELFISH DESIRES!’

‘Actually…’ Enya said. ‘If he really was YOUR love, why didn’t he seek out your company last night? Don’t blame me for screwing it up in the past, love. I wasn’t there. You did it all yourself.’

‘WHAT DID HE TELL YOU?’ Dolvira yelled.

‘Nothing.’ Enya answered. ‘But if you two were lovers, he would act like one around you. And he doesn’t. Care to tell me why, Dolly?’

‘According to the ancient law, lovers should behave normally when others are around.’ The warrior woman said and she squared her jaw.

Enya wanted to comment that the redhead shouldn’t do that (it only made her look more masculine) but she realized it would do her no good. It would give that bitch even more reason to take her down. She shrugged. ‘Whatever you like, Doll.’

‘I know it’s just the pretty face he likes.’ Dolvira smirked. ‘But that’s all there is, isn’t it? You’re just a pretty little harlot. Nothing more. Once he sees that, he’ll get bored soon enough.’

‘I doubt that.’ Enya whispered, but she felt her fire flaming up inside of her.

She shouldn’t let that bitch get under her skin, but Dolvira did it again.

The redhead laughed. ‘And you know it too, don’t you?’

She stood up and pushed Enya against the wall of the stable. The mug of tea fell on the ground and shattered into a thousand pieces.

‘My tea!’ Enya shouted, but Dolvira ignored her.

‘It’s impossible for you to become his queen.’ The warrior woman breathed in Enya’s face and the strong smell of tobacco made Enya gag.

‘Because you know nothing.’ Dolvira hissed. ‘You don’t know the rules, the morals. How to
behave. You would only embarrass him.’

Did that damned bitch knew how to read her mind? Dolvira seemed to know exactly what she needed to say to make Enya feel like a complete failure. Enya felt the tears swelling up behind her eyes, but she quickly blinked them away.

‘I’ll never bow before you.’ Dolvira promised. ‘I’d rather die than bowing before a men stealing evil witch.’

She put her big manly hands around Enya’s throat and squeezed. Enya tried to loosen the grip, but Dolvira’s hands were too strong. She fought with every strength she had, but the warrior woman had her pinned against the wall.

‘You can’t come with us, I’m sorry.’ The redhead purred. ‘You’ll only distract Thorin from his real destiny.’

Enya wanted to ask what this real destiny according to the warrior woman was, but she couldn’t breathe. She was going to choke.

‘I’m his destiny! HE’S MINE!’ Dolvira hissed.

Enya’s mind became hazy and she closed her eyes. She needed oxygen to put up a fight, and she was running out of it.

‘It’s been a pleasure, pretty face. But this fight is over.’ Dolvira laughed. ‘I will have a place in his bed. Not you.’

‘MAYDAY, MAYDAY!…’ Enya’s mind yelled. ‘DID YOU FORGET THAT YOU ARE A FIRE WITCH? STUPID LADY, USE IT!’

Enya used her last bits of energy to focus on her hands. They began shaking and Enya was vaguely aware as they set ablaze.

Dolvira howled in pain and let her go. Enya fell onto the floor and stared coughing. She grabbed her throat and tried breathe in air again, but that lead to even more coughing.

Dolvira cursed Enya harshly in Khuzdul and paced outside.

Enya slowly stood up and tried to calm herself down. She was livid and if she let herself go, she would follow that cursed bitch outside and set her on fire. She would watch her burn and enjoy the agonized screams. Those hard and bitter thoughts made Enya terrified. She had no idea what she was capable of.

Everything would be fine, she told herself. As long as she stayed calm. She inhaled deeply but was startled by a husky voice, using a flirty tone. Her anger immediately melted away and was replaced by a deep passionate desire. As always, he made her body shiver.

‘Your eyes seemed to sparkle extra bright this morning, miss.’

Enya cursed her treacherous booty for being so animalistic.

It didn’t matter that she just almost choked to death. That for a second, she wanted to burn Dolvira at the stake.

He was here now and her body still wanted him. If her dirty mind had it her way, she would grab him right now and claim him. For real.

Enya turned to face him and put on a smile. She knew her eyes wouldn’t cooperate, but she had to try. ‘Yes, I had an excellent night’s sleep. Thank you!’

Thorin neared her and his eyes widened when he saw her bruised neck.

‘Tell me what happened.’ He demanded.

Enya shook her head. ‘Nothing of importance.’

Thorin touched her throat carefully and let his fingers run across the bruise. ‘I think it is. So tell me.’

‘Maybe it’s for the best if our paths part here...’ Enya began.

‘You’re NOT leaving my side under ANY circumstance.’ Thorin growled. ‘Did Beorn do this to you? I will have his-’
‘Why are you blaming Beorn for this? He’s good to us!’ Enya interrupted him. ‘If you really want to know: it was your sweet ex-fiancée who just tried to strangle me to death.’

Thorin let out a long, deep sigh.

‘You wait here.’ He ordered. ‘I will take care of this.’

‘But…’ she began.

‘Just ONCE do as you’re told, miss.’ He snapped.

Enya bit her lip and lowered her head.

Thorin paced outside and Enya heard him barking at Dolvira.

‘YOU. We need to talk. NOW.’

She couldn’t hear the reply, and she regretted the fact that she had to stay inside. She was really curious and wanted to overhear the conversation. Enya groaned. The human inside of her wanted to eavesdrop so badly, but the dwarf lady in her told her that was frowned upon by all dwarves. Hmpf. Stupid morals.

A couple of minutes she sat in silence and waited.

Then she heard muffled voices at the back of the house.

‘How dare you to…’ she heard Thorin speak in a low volume.

‘She is bad for you!’ Dolvira replied.

‘You’re in no position to tell me what to do.’ Thorin scowled.

‘But…’ Dolvira objected.

‘NO’ Thorin blazed. ‘I cannot-’

Reluctantly, Enya covered her ears.

This was a private conversation. If Thorin wanted to share any information, he would do it soon enough.

‘But I need to know!’ her dirty mind complained.

Enya rolled her eyes. No, she didn’t.

Minutes passed and Enya softly hummed a tone. She startled when Thorin entered the house again.

‘I told you to not let her get into your head.’ He said as he walked up to her.

‘I didn’t.’ Enya objected. ‘She started to insult me, and the next thing I know, she tries to strangle me. AND to top all of that: she ruined my tea.’

‘Then don’t come near her.’ Thorin growled. ‘I cannot deny her from her right to be here. Erebor is her home. So in the meantime, you have to be the civil one while she can’t.’

Oh god, he was really close. How was she able to function normally when his sexiness was burning her? Enya felt her thighs yearning for his touch.

‘She ruined my tea.’ Enya repeated to keep her sanity.

Tea. Focus on the tea!

‘When we’re in Erebor we’ll get you as much mint tea as you want.’ He said. ‘Now behave.’

‘I… I didn’t mean to…’ she breathed.

‘Of course you didn’t.’ he mocked. ‘You never mean to do anything wrong, don’t you? But yet you always do.’

Enya rolled her eyes. ‘Going in this direction again, sir Oakenshield?’

He eyed her and Enya saw his mouth curving into a little smile.

‘I’ve suggested a perfect solution that would satisfy everyone, but you declined.’ She said.

‘Satisfying? You call that satisfying?’ he asked. ‘I don’t see how you leaving the company is satisfying for anyone, but Dolvira.’

Enya bit back a giggle. ‘Well, if I left I would save you a lot of trouble. And you wouldn’t be annoyed all the time…’

‘I don’t know.’ Thorin said casually. ‘Maybe I like being mad.’

‘I’m sure you do.’ Enya replied. ‘But why, sir Oakenshield… Why am I always victimized by your anger?’

‘Why?’ Thorin said. ‘Well miss… You provoke me.’
‘And how the hell do I do that?’ Enya demanded.

Thorin grabbed her waist and pulled her against him. Whoa!

‘You’re reckless. Eager to get into dangerous situations. You don’t seem to care about your own safety, which annoys me beyond reason.’ He whispered. ‘And why would you give a damn about my safety?’ Enya asked. ‘The contract states that you or the company are not responsible for my fate!’ ‘You’re our witch.’ He simply stated. ‘The company needs you alive.’

Smooth move, Oakenshield. Smooth move.

Enya bit her lip and eyed him innocently before she spoke. ‘So you guys are afraid I die before we make it to Erebor?’ ‘Witches are rare, dwarf fire witches are exceptional.’ Thorin said with a smile. ‘And we have to fight a fire breathing dragon. I’d rather have a fire witch by my side when I have to execute such a task.’

Oooh, frustrating dwarf! There was no way he was going to give her what she wanted. Anything of all the things she wanted. Enya narrowed her eyes and Thorin chuckled in response. He knew what she was doing and he wasn’t going to cooperate. Enya wanted to say something witty, but she hopelessly got lost in his beautiful blue eyes and almost forgot to breathe. He was close, so close. His lips almost brushed against hers. He held her body firmly tight to his own and Enya could feel his heart beating against her chest. ‘I meant for her to hear you crying out.’ He muttered against her lips. ‘What?’ Enya said. ‘You heard me.’ He said in a low voice. ‘I didn’t.’ ‘Don’t lie to your king.’ He breathed. Enya’s mouth turned into a devious smile. ‘I wouldn’t dare.’ ‘You did it again.’ He husked. ‘Did I?’ she replied and found the courage to let her mouth land unto his. She gently kissed him. Enya wanted to pull back, but Thorin groaned and pulled her closer to him. He deepened the kiss, causing Enya to whimper softly in his mouth. His tongue slid between her lips and stroked hers ever so slowly, but the teasing touch was enough to make her desire flame up and make her cheeks flush red.

He let go of her way too soon. ‘I’m always at your service, my king.’ She whispered, catching her breath. He cupped her face with his hands and looked directly at her. Enya got lost in those blue breathtaking eyes again, and she saw a hint of the rest of the story he refused to say out loud…

Enya’s heart skipped a beat. Could it be that…?

‘Miss Enya, I need some ice!’ Oín came in and disturbed them. Thorin reluctantly let Enya go and Oín gazed at them separately before he continued. ‘Miss, I need ice. Dolvira burned her hands and it hurts.’ Enya bit her lip and tried not to burst into laughter. ‘Let it sting.’ Thorin grumbled, obviously annoyed by the fact Oín disturbed their private moment. Enya sighed. ‘Well, since I’m not the heartless bitch she says I am… Ice, huh?’ She made a cup out of her hands, concentrated on her palms and grew a block of ice in them. ‘How much do you need?’ she asked.

Oín gazed at the growing ice for a moment before he answered. ‘That’ll be enough.’ He held out a piece of cloth and Enya tucked it inside.
‘Send my regards.’ Enya winked.
Oín sighed and walked out of the door. Before Enya could turn her attention to Thorin, he managed to pull her into his embrace again.
‘Where were we?’ he murmured.
‘I can’t remember.’ Enya confessed.
Thorin chuckled and touched her cheek.
‘We have to get on the road again. Please promise me you’ll at least try not to do anything stupid.’
‘That depends…’ Enya answered.
‘On what?’ he asked.
‘What you classify as stupid.’ Enya told him.
‘Anything that could lead to our valuable fire witch to die.’ He mused.
‘Is kissing you leading to my death?’ Enya enquired as she put on her innocent face.
‘It might. Some would definitely call it a bold, reckless move.’
His tone was as casual as it ever could be, but Enya discovered a soft pink blush rising above his beard.
‘I’ll take my chances and risk the wrath of a certain dwarf king.’ she stated.
‘You sure?’ he asked.

‘We’re all set!’ Bofur shouted as he walked into the house.
Thorin let go of her again and cursed something under his breath.
Enya started laughing. ‘Great timing, Bofur!’
‘What?’ Bofur said, painstakingly oblivious to the scene he just walked into.
Enya sighed. ‘We’re coming.’
Bofur looked at them and it finally daunted on him that he probably shouldn’t be here.
‘Right.’ He said awkwardly. ‘I will see you guys in a bit.’
He hurried outside again and Thorin shook his head.
Enya raised one eyebrow. ‘God knows what happens if we try again…’
‘I’ll save this one for later.’ Thorin said.
‘Is that a promise?’ Enya teased.
‘I didn’t say it was.’ he shot back.
Enya laughed.
‘Let’s go, miss Blueheart.’ He said with a smile. ‘We have a quest to fulfill.’

Chapter End Notes

No worries about that lovely tension between our two cuties...
Dolvira is still there.

And wait till you see a jealous Thorin.

Next stop: Mirkwood!
Should we make Thranduil a little bit too interested in one of our company members?? :)

Stay tuned!

xoxo
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Enya and the company travel through Mirkwood, in which they encounter... a lot.

Chapter Notes

Hello there!

I'm so sorry for the delay!

So, to make it up to you guys (and to apologize in advance for the fact I'm not going to be able to post something for the next two weeks... I'll be traveling through the UK): this chapter is extra long (twenty pages instead of the usual ten)

@ Likarian: Hope you're satisfied! It seems that Enya CAN be pretty badass if she wants to...
@ DEDEDOTTI: Oh hell yes, let's make that mighty king jealous! <3 He might do things we didn't expect him to!

Hope you enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Enya rode next to Gandalf in the front of the group. The horses that Beorn allowed them to borrow until they reached Mirkwood, were strong and their pace was steady. So far, she hadn’t spotted Azog and his orc pack, so she’d good hopes they would reach their destination in time.

Enya gazed around her and felt that Beorn was near. Probably in his bear form. Enya didn’t blame him for keeping an eye on his horses. She sighed. She had found it hard to say goodbye to the skin changer. He was kind and she regretted the fact that there was no time to befriend him. Before they left, Beorn made her promise him to come back one day and learn more about how to communicate with animals. She told him she would return. When she confessed didn’t know how she could ever repay his kindness, Beorn smiled and replied that her existence was enough. He told her she gave him hope for the future of middle earth.

‘Let your light shine into that mountain, miss.’ He had urged her. ‘Erebor is a cold place and needs your positive energy to relive again.’

Enya frowned. How the hell was she supposed to do that? She was a witch, not a medium.

‘Your powers are evolving.’ Gandalf interrupted her thoughts. ‘All forces of nature are slowly starting to flow through you.’

Enya frowned. ‘It doesn’t feel like that. I’m confused all the time and I have no idea how to deal with myself.’

‘Everything will fall into its place.’ the wizard mused. ‘When the time is right.’

‘You always speak in riddles.’ Enya murmured. ‘How does this help me, at all?’

‘I mean you should keep doing what you’re doing!’ Gandalf said. ‘Follow your heart, dear Enya. If you do, your path will reveal itself to you.’
Enya rolled her eyes. ‘You’re still not making any damn sense to me.’
‘Not to your mind.’ Gandalf chuckled. ‘But your heart knows.’
Enya smiled. ‘I hope. I’m still not able to control water. Or air. Don’t let me even start about earth and lightning!’
‘No, you’ve not reached your full potential yet.’ Gandalf admitted. ‘But you will.’
‘Beorn told me I shouldn’t be afraid to be vulnerable. That I allow the aggressive forces to rule over my powers.’
‘He is right.’ The wizard told her. ‘It takes time to learn how to control them, because they’re not the powers that you would use instinctively.’
‘That makes sense…’ Enya said. ‘And how precisely can I let them flow through me intentionally?’
‘I have to confess, my dear Enya, that I do not possess the knowledge to teach you about that.’ Gandalf confessed. ‘But I’ve got the feeling you’ll do just fine on your own. Be vulnerable. Let the company get to know you.’
‘But…’ Enya began, but the wizard ignored her.
‘Don’t be afraid to express your feelings.’ He said to her and gave her a knowing look.
‘I’m not the one denying feelings around here.’ Enya sighed. ‘Damn Mithrandir, you seem to keep track of literally everything I do!’
Gandalf chuckled. ‘Of course I do. I’m a wizard, my dear.’
Enya rolled her eyes and wanted to make a witty remark about that, but she was distracted by the sight of a large forest that stretched as far as the eye could see before them.
‘Gandalf…’ Enya said. ‘Is that Mirkwood?’
‘Yes’ the wizard answered. ‘It is.’
‘It looks like a dark place.’ Enya muttered.
‘Be on your guard in this forest.’ The wizard replied. ‘The powers that dwell over there try to meddle with your mind.’
‘I will.’ Enya promised as they followed Thorin, who lead the company to the outskirts of the forest. They dismounted and Enya stroked her horse to keep it calm.
‘Don’t worry.’ She whispered to it. ‘You don’t have to go in there. You may return to your master with your friends.’
‘Set the ponies free!’ Gandalf ordered as he paced into the forest. ‘Let them return to their master!’
‘We can keep them.’ Kíli proposed. ‘Before the skin changer finds out, we’ll be far from his reach.’
‘Don’t be stupid.’ Thorin groaned. ‘You heard Gandalf. Dismount.’
‘We promised Beorn that we would send them back. I doubt you’d like to be hunted down again by an angry skin changer.’ Enya said. ‘Besides, it’s impossible to guide seventeen horses through these…’
She pointed at Mirkwood.
‘These… woods.’
‘This forest feels like a disease lies upon it.’ Bilbo complained.
‘I agree!’ Enya said and she turned to Fíli and Kíli. ‘Don’t you feel it too?’
‘Not necessarily.’ Fíli shrugged. ‘It’s not the most welcoming place I’ve ever been in, but it’ll do.’
Enya rolled her eyes. ‘Looks like we’re the sensitive souls in this party, Bilbo.’
Fíli and Kíli chuckled.

Everyone set their horse loose and Nori was about to set Gandalf’s horse free as well when the wizard appeared from the woods again.
‘No! Not my horse!’ he shouted. ‘I need it!’
‘You what?’ Enya asked.
The whole company probably watched Gandalf with an extremely horrified expression, because the wizard shuffled uneasily on his feet and turned to Thorin.
‘I wouldn’t leave you if I didn’t have to. I must do something, but I’ll meet you again at the look-out in the city of Dale.’
Thorin didn’t seem too happy about Gandalf’s sudden need to leave, but he nodded shortly.
‘Don’t worry. You’ll have miss Enya by your side. She’s more powerful than she realizes.’ Gandalf assured him.

‘If you want to comfort us wizard, you should take her with you.’ Dolvira smirked. ‘We don’t need her.’

Gandalf eyed the warrior woman with an expression that Enya never seen on his face before. Dolvira quickly lowered her head and kept her mouth shut.

Gandalf turned to Enya and touched her shoulder. ‘Keep them safe, miss. Have faith. Trust your heart and don’t be afraid to let go. Beware of the forest and don’t let it influence your powers.’

Enya nodded.

The wizard smiled at her and turned to Bilbo.

‘You’re not the same hobbit anymore, Bilbo Baggins.’ He said.

‘Gandalf… I’ve found something… down in the tunnels.’ Bilbo confessed.

‘What did you find?’ the wizard asked.

Bilbo looked like he wanted to say something else, but seconds before he was about to say it out loud, he seemed to make up his mind.

‘I’ve found my courage.’ He said.

‘Good.’ Gandalf replied. ‘You need it.’

The wizard then mounted his horse.

‘Be good! Don’t linger there longer than you should! Stay on the path. And don’t drink from the water in there. It’s enchanted.’

They watched him as his horse galloped away.

‘STAY ON THE PATH!’ he screamed once more.

‘Well.’ Dolvira smirked as Gandalf disappeared in the distance. ‘There’s your proof, pretty face. That’s why I stand by what I said before: wizards and witches cannot be trusted.’

‘He only leaves us because he has to.’ Enya purred. ‘There is no choice in the matter.’

‘No, he abandoned us.’ The redhead said.

‘Ah, did he finally grow onto you?’ Enya asked.

Dolvira muttered something under her breath and Enya decided not to pursue the matter.

Thorin eyed them and Enya smiled apologetically.

‘Let’s go.’ He grumbled. ‘The sooner we’re out of this cursed forest, the better.’

Enya walked in the back of the group, and chatted with Fíli and Kíli. They tried to persuade her to tell them what happened between her and Thorin a few nights before (damn, how did those two lads know something had happened?), but Enya countered their verbal attacks with ease.

‘Please do share with us! Does love-making works differently in your world?’ Kíli begged.

Enya laughed. ‘What do you want me to say, Kee? Which answer would satisfy your desire?’

‘Don’t call me Kee.’ He muttered.

‘I’ll call you the hell I want you to.’ Enya replied.

‘I personally call him-’ Fíli began, but they were interrupted by a shouting Nori.

‘We’ve found the bridge!’

The trio glanced at each other and hurried to the front of the group.

‘Oh!’ Bofur sighed as they came closer. ‘Pff…’

Everyone stopped.

‘Great.’ Dolvira muttered. ‘What now?’

There used to be a bridge, but in some point of time the middle part had collapsed and left a giant gap that was too large to jump across. The river splashed beneath it.

‘We could try and swim it?’ Bofur opted.

‘Didn’t you hear what Gandalf said?’ Thorin barked. ‘A dark magic lies on this forest. The waters of these stream are enchanted.’

Bofur shrugged. ‘It doesn’t look very enchanted to me…’

‘We must find another way across’ Thorin decided.

‘These vines looks strong enough!’ Kíli said as he tested some vines that grew above the river. ‘We
Enya rolled her eyes, ignored the short discussion that followed the poor halflings question and stepped on one side of the bridge. She sat down, closed her eyes and inhaled slowly. Ice or earth? She smiled. She couldn’t care less what was going to fill up that gap, but she knew one thing for certain. She wasn’t crossing the river by climbing those vines. She placed her hands on her lap and focused on her breathing. The water of the river splashed beneath her and Enya vaguely heard something growing in front of her.

“What are you doing?” Dolvira yelled.

“What?” Enya opened her eyes, distracted by the warrior woman’s voice.

Dolvira scoffed and pointed at the spot in front of them where the gap used to be. Thick forest soil connected the two sides of the bridge.

Enya stood up and walked across. Poor Bilbo already was halfway through the vines and the rest of the company watched him as he moved.

“What are you waiting for?” she asked the others.

“How did you do that?” Dori said.

“I’m a witch, Dori.” Enya laughed.

“And as I said, witches cannot be trusted.” Dolvira stated as she thoroughly tested the self-made bridge. ‘I doubt your handiwork will hold every single one of us. I’ll go first to check if it’s safe enough to hold any of us.’

Enya rolled her eyes. ‘I’m happy you’re always so supportive of me, lady commander.’

‘Cross it, Dolvira. I don’t need you criticizing everything Enya does.’ Thorin grumbled as he walked past her.

The redhead clenched her jaw, but did what she was told. The rest of the company followed her over the bridge and Enya had to admit she felt somewhat relieved when Bombur was safely on her side of the bridge. She then walked to the edge of the riverbank and gave Bilbo an hand. He was shaking and gave her an accusing glare.

‘I’m sorry.’ She muttered. ‘You were on those vines before I finished my bridge. Next time they make you do something, I’ll go.’

Bilbo smiled. ‘No need, miss Enya. I’m still alive, right? Dangling above a river with magical powers is better than being hunted by an orc pack or cooked alive by some trolls.’

Enya laughed. ‘Yes, I would agree.’

‘Let’s move on.’ Thorin ordered.

‘Oh no, I dropped my slingshot somewhere!’ Ori said.

Dori rolled with his eyes, ready to smack his little brother for his stupidity.

‘Where did you left it? Isn’t it in your pocket?’

‘How could I know? I LOST it!’ Ori howled. ‘I don’t have it on me anymore.’

He looked around him, panicked.

‘We don’t have time for this nonsense.’ Dwalin grunted.

‘But…’ Ori began.

‘If you don’t find that STUPID slingshot of yours in THREE seconds, I’ll gut you!’ Dolvira yelled.

Ori watched the warrior woman in horror and hurried over the bridge again.

‘I’ll find it real quick, miss commander! I promise!’

‘Why do you always have to be so loud?’ Enya hissed. ‘Thanks to you, every breathing creature in this forest now knows that we’re here!’

‘If they’ll cross us, I’ll kill them.’ The redhead simply stated.

Enya sighed.

‘I’ve got it!’ Ori beamed as he ran towards them again. ‘It was on the other side, I must have dropped in when—’

Ori was so happy to be reunited with his slingshot again, that he didn’t observe the large tree root that grew on one side of the bridge. With an awkward sound the root snapped and the poor second
youngest dwarf tripped over the bridge and was about to fall into the river.
‘Ori!’ Enya yelled and she lunged forward.

Her fire witch instincts were faster than her bodily movements. The river froze before her eyes and
for a moment Enya wondered who pulled off this awesome trick when she realized it was herself.
Ori landed on the now frozen river with a loud crack and Enya cringed. She hoped her ice wouldn’t
break under his weight. Ori sat still, too frightened to move.

‘Miss Enya!’ he pleaded.
‘Ori, look at me. You’re still awake. Nothing is going to happen.’ Enya said.
But…
‘Ori, I need you to get up and move slowly towards me.’ Enya told him.
Ori was trembling, but did what he was told to do.

‘I want your eyes on me.’ Enya ordered when she saw he was about to panic again. ‘Look at me,
and you’ll be fine.’
She guided him to the shore and when Ori reached for her hands, he collapsed again. Dori lunged
forward and caught his brother before he reached the soil.

‘Oh no.’ Dori said.
Enya groaned. Ori was vast asleep in his brothers arms.

‘Is there a way to wake our brother up?’ Nori asked Enya.
Enya shrugged, unhappy that she couldn’t provide him with an answer.
‘I don’t know, Nori.’

‘Great job, witch.’ Dolvira smirked. ‘That little ice trick of yours didn’t help him a tiny bit. What
now, huh?’

‘I tried to save him after your bickering made him forget to watch his feet!’ Enya growled. ‘He must
have touched a little bit of unfrozen water. But I’ll find a way to wake him up.’

‘We have to move.’ Thorin told Dori and Nori. ‘We’ll take turns in carrying Ori.’

They passed the bridge hours ago and Ori was still asleep. Enya guessed they were deep inside the
forest, because the air hung heavily around them and with each step it seemed even more difficult to
breathe. Enya felt dizzy and the forest wouldn’t stop talking to her.
They almost lost the path a few times.
‘I need air.’ Bofur complained.
‘My head is swimming…’ Oín confessed.
‘We’re lost, aren’t we?’ Dori said.

‘We’re not lost!’ Dolvira objected. ‘We’re just… figuring out where we should go.’
‘We need to know where the sun is.’ Bilbo opted. ‘Then we’ll know which way to go.’

‘There is no sun here.’ Dolvira bickered.
The whole company stopped, because they were too confused, too tired to set even a single step
further.

‘I don’t know the time.’ Balin said.
‘I don’t even know what day it is…’ Dwalin muttered.

‘This is taking too long. Is there no end to this cursed FOREST?’ Thorin yelled.
Enya blinked her eyes a few times quickly, trying to shake off that numb feeling that was consuming
her. It felt like she was moving in slow motion, her senses blurred and her mind hazy. For the sake of
everyone else, she had to become herself again. Enya sighed and with the palm of her hand she hit
herself on her cheek.

Focus! She told herself. Please Enya, focus.

‘You’re right, we need the sun!’ she told Bilbo. ‘There has to be a way to get the sun down here…’
She lowered herself down on her knees and raised her head to the sky.
Well, the direction in which the sky SHOULD be. All she could see were thick ill-looking branches that sucked out the vital air they needed.

‘We need to be one with the air above this forest…’ her mind lisped. ‘Be one… tear away those branches that keep the light out of these…damned… woods…’

Enya breathed and imagined herself being the air above the trees. The air that would brush aside these damned trees and therefore creating an hole that would enable the sun to peer into. It would… Enya felt a swirling energy inside of her body, wanting to get out. She raised her hands and let it go.

While Enya was in her little peaceful bubble, the others experienced a powerful wind that almost swept them off their feet. With force it pushed and tore away the thick layers of branches that grew above them.

‘Keep steady!’ Thorin screamed.

‘What is this kind of dark magic?’ Dolvira asked while she clung onto her sword.

‘It’s miss Enya.’ Bilbo replied.

‘YOU WHAT?’ The redhead snickered.

The whole company gasped when suddenly the wind was gone and bright sunlight shone upon them, warming their body and souls. Enya opened her eyes and smiled. She did it! The open spot she created looked exactly as she imagined it to be.

‘Here’s your air.’ She told Bofur as she got up. ‘Now, let’s move.’

‘I feel a lot better now.’ Dwalin said. ‘Let’s rest here for a bit before we continue.’

‘No, we shouldn’t.’ Enya replied. ‘I needed you guys to get sharp, but we really shouldn’t linger here any longer…’

‘What… what happened?’

An uneven voice broke off the conversation.

‘ORI!’ Dori shouted. ‘He’s awake!’

‘You did it, miss Enya!’ Nori beamed.

‘I lost my slingshot by the river…’ Ori mumbled. ‘But we’re not at the river any more…’

‘Sssh. Take it easy.’ Dori urged his little brother. ‘You were asleep for a few moments.’

In the corner of her eye, Enya saw Thorin, Dwalin and Balin glancing at each other, probably deciding if they should stay in the bright open spot or move on.

‘We rest here.’ Thorin ordered the company.

‘You cannot be serious.’ Enya stated as she walked towards him.

Thorin sighed. ‘Yes. We’re all tired, it’s pleasant here and Ori just woke up. Don’t question my authority and do as you’re told.’

‘I think it’s wiser to move on, that’s all.’ Enya countered.

‘Well, since you’re not the leader of the company, I think it’s wiser for you to listen instead of being a pain in my ass.’ Thorin growled.

‘If we’ll get into trouble because you wanted to linger somewhere longer than you should, don’t blame the pain in your ass for it.’ Enya bit back.

Thorin muttered something under his breath and Enya eyed him angrily.

‘Stupid stubborn bastard.’ She whispered and quickly turned away before Thorin would ask her to repeat those words.

She would be in trouble if she did.

Enya sat next to Bilbo as they watched all the dwarves snore. She rolled her eyes. Thorin ordered everyone to get some rest, not to sleep continuously for hours... Even the great king himself seemed to have dozed off at some point.

Bilbo was appointed to keep an eye on everyone and although she was tired, Enya knew she couldn’t sleep in this damned forest. Although the open forest gave her some room to breathe
properly again, the forest still felt sick. So instead she decided to enjoy Bilbo’s company for a few
hours.
‘I don’t understand how they can sleep that peacefully while lying in the broad daylight. And I didn’t
even start about the foul air that still lingers in the shadows behind us. Does it makes you sick as
well?’ she asked the halfling.
‘Did you never take a nap in a nice afternoon sun?’ Bilbo mused. ‘I understand why they sleep in
these rays of sunlight. But about the air: I know what you mean. I constantly feel like it’s trying to
crawl into my mind and control my senses.’ Bilbo said.
Enya sighed. ‘I feel horribly lost without Gandalf and his infinite knowledge about… well.
Everything.’
Bilbo laughed. ‘But YOU’RE a fire witch, miss Enya.’
‘I know.’ Enya replied. ‘But that doesn’t mean that I’m as wise and smart as Gandalf. And I
sometimes feel like I should be. I mean…’
She frowned and stared at the place where Thorin lay.
‘The way Gandalf looked me in the eye today and told me that I had to keep you guys safe… He
acts like I’m a powerful witch and… I still don’t feel like that.’
‘But you are!’ Bilbo objected. ‘You slayed a few trolls just days after you found out about your
witch powers. You stood up to the goblin king. Killed orcs with ice. Saved Thorin with your energy.
You reasoned with a huge bear, saved Ori today AND created this massive open spot.’
‘All those things weren’t THAT hard.’ Enya countered. ‘It doesn’t make me powerful.’
‘Yes it does. Do you know what I think is the most impressive thing you did?’ the halfling asked.
‘Enlighten me.’ Enya smiled.
‘The fact that you saved Thorin’s life when even Gandalf and his infinite knowledge weren’t able to
do so.’
Enya shrugged. ‘I just followed my instincts with that one.’
‘It was a privilege to experience such an extraordinary moment.’ Bilbo whispered. ‘I swear I could
feel the fierce love you have for him.’
Enya lowered her head. ‘I would do it again if I need to.’
‘I know.’ Bilbo replied.
They both sat in silence for a moment.
‘You know,’ Bilbo said with a smile. ‘Even without your witch powers you’re still a badass female.’
Enya laughed. ‘I am?’
‘Yes! You’re not afraid to speak your mind when needed. You dare to defy Thorin now and then.
You faced Azog without your witch powers, which requires a lot of courage. You fought off Dolvira
with your bear hands.’
‘You surely know how to make me sound badass.’ Enya answered and she gave him a warm look.
‘Do you miss your home?’ Bilbo inquired.
Enya shrugged. ‘Not really. I only have a grumpy mother and backstabbing siblings to return to. And
Jason lives in my hometown… So, no.’
‘Who is Jason?’ Bilbo said.
‘Nobody in particular.’ Enya replied.
‘You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to.’ The halfling replied. ‘I don’t want to make you feel
uneasy.’
Enya sighed. ‘No, it’s fine. The whole company isn’t listening anyway, so maybe it’s time I get it off
my chest. Gandalf told me I should give you guys the opportunity to get to know me. But I warn
you: the subject Jason is a sad place to be in.’
She took a moment before she started.
'So... a few years ago, there was this guy, a woodsman. We met in a bar and I...' Enya frowned. 'I had been eyeing him for months, because I was too scared to make a move myself.
I mean, I was this inexperienced insecure lass, so I could not imagine an impressive lumberjack like
himself would fancy me. So one night, faith decided that he should notice me, and he did. I took him
home and before I knew it, we were living together. We took off so fast and I told myself he was the
Enya laughed when she thought about her feelings back then. ‘It was so stupid. I had the whole fairytale in my mind about us marrying and me taking care of our cute little kids…’

She took a deep breath.

‘He frequently met up with another woman, whose name was Abbie. He told me that they were best buddies, and because I wanted to be this strong independent girlfriend so badly, I allowed it.’

‘Oh no.’ Bilbo said.

‘Yes, I was naïve.’ She whispered.

‘So, on one of those buddy days, I came home early because I wanted to surprise him. I will spare you the dirty details, but it came down to this: I discovered them in his bed while they…’ Enya swallowed hard. ‘They weren’t sleeping, if you know what I mean. I yelled at him I never wanted to see him again. And left.’

Enya sighed. ‘I wish now I was strong enough to keep that promise when he came back to me a few months later. He told me that we belonged together and I was desperate enough to believe him.’

‘Why were you so desperate?’ Bilbo asked softly.

‘Back then I hated myself with an intense passion. Enough to believe I was lucky that Jason gave ME a second chance.’

‘Why?’ he said and stared at her. ‘Why would you hate yourself? He betrayed you.’

Enya sighed. ‘I don’t know, insecurities got the better of me. I believed there was something terribly wrong about myself because Jason cheated on me. I convinced myself I did something wrong. But when Jason decided to pull the same trick on me a second time… I found out he slept with Abbie numerous times while we were together again, so I told him I had enough. He said he needed to think about us and moved in with her. He left me in pieces. And I still would be, if I did not decided to go for a run on a particular morning.’

She smiled.

‘Don’t you want to get back to your family?’ Bilbo asked.

Enya shook her head. ‘I do have a mother and a few siblings, but I’m a bit of an outcast. The relationship with my mother has never been stable and my brothers and sisters blame me for that. They tell me I don’t let her in.’

She chuckled. ‘And I tell them that it’s only natural I won’t let her get near me until she tells who my biological father is. And she refuses to do that. The only thing she shared with me is the fact that he died before I was born. I never even saw a picture and I cannot forgive her for denying my right to know who he was. So God knows what the members of my family are up to these days. I don’t talk to them.’

‘It’s sad not to have your family around to watch your back.’ Bilbo established.

They both startled when they heard some rushing in the bushes nearby the open spot. Bilbo whimpered.

‘I’ll check it out. Be ready to kill.’ Enya ordered him as she got up on her feet.

She crept through the foliage, ready to jump on whoever was hiding out here and…

She let out a soft cry when someone knocked her over and landed on top of her.

‘What?’ she hissed when she gazed into two familiar blue eyes. Thorin hovered over her and she was a little surprised when she discovered the guilt that was written all over his face.

‘Miss, I apologize.’ he breathed. ‘I couldn’t see who was nearing me, so I took my chances. Are you hurt?’

‘I’m alright.’ Enya replied. ‘What are you doing here? And where did your usual grumpiness go?’

‘Scouting the surroundings.’ He said. ‘I can’t sleep here.’

Enya narrowed her eyes because he ignored her last question, but she chose to let it pass. ‘And why is that? I thought you ordered us all to get some rest. You should too.’

Thorin sighed and got up. He held out his hand and Enya took it. He lifted her with ease.

‘I believe I owe you another apology.’ Thorin muttered. ‘You were right. This forest is dangerous and we shouldn’t linger here. Not even for some resting.’
‘Say that again?’ Enya teased and she tilted her head. Thorin’s mouth curved into a little smile. ‘I’m not repeating myself, miss. You heard me.’

They both stood in silence for a moment, gazing into each other’s eyes. ‘What happened with you and Dolvira?’

The question had slid out of her mouth before she realized she asked it. She knew very well that he might not wanted to share such a tale, but she her curiosity had gotten the better of her. She wanted to know.

Thorin frowned and Enya saw sadness in his eyes. ‘I don’t like to share that tale. With anyone.’ ‘I’m sorry…’ Enya began.

‘Only Balin knows,’ he said with a low voice. ‘And I forbid him to speak about it.’ ‘But because I happened to overhear your story, and the fact that you’re always so kind in returning favors to me, I will do the same today.’ He breathed.

Enya bit her lip. Did he just refer to her little striptease in Rivendell? Oops. She had hoped, against all odds, he wouldn’t remember that. Of course he did. She tried not to look guilty, but by the time she straightened her face, it was too late.

‘Of course I remember’ he muttered. ‘How could I not remember you…?’ He trailed off.

Enya tried not to think about a certain bigger favor he gave her a few nights ago, one which she gladly would return to him.

If he let her.

‘You overheard my tale?’ Enya asked, trying to change the subject. Her cheeks were burning from the thought of his tongue on her body and Enya was suddenly grateful for the darkness provided by the sickly branches above them.

‘If you don’t want people to hear your conversation, you shouldn’t engage in one while you’re on watch duty.’ Thorin told her. ‘Of course someone will hear you.’ ‘Point taken.’ Enya confessed. ‘But we were positive all of you were vast asleep.’ ‘Minus one.’ He said.

Enya smiled. ‘So now you know I was stupid enough to let a guy deceive me. Twice. I’ll appreciate it if you don’t tell the lads about that. Oh, and certainly not miss lovely commander.’ Thorin nodded shortly. ‘You were saying?’

‘Absolutely nothing!’ Enya grinned. ‘Please tell me what happened.’ ‘So.’ He said, with a low voice. ‘On the day we were supposed to perform the most secret vow from our ancient laws, after which we would be one… she…’
He swallowed. 
Without thinking about it, Enya put her hand in his. It gave her a warm tingling sensation that send shivers down her spine. A part of her expected Thorin to shake her off, but instead he tightened his grip around her hand and gently stroked her with his thumb. 
Oh god.

OH!
‘She chose to give herself to another and she made sure I saw that.’ He said with clenched teeth. 
‘And I will never forgive her for that.’
‘But why does she…’ Enya whispered. 
‘She thinks time has healed my wounds. Told me she was a free soul, that it was her nature. She couldn’t help herself. But that doesn’t mean I will forgive or trust her like that again. Because I won’t.’ He stated.
‘I know. I can relate.’ Enya told him. 
They were startled by rushing leaves above them.
‘We should return to the rest.’ Thorin urged her. ‘There is something out there. Not long ago, I heard whispers and I went looking for them.’

They hurried to the edge of the open spot, but found it to be empty. The company was gone. 
‘Where did they go?’ Thorin muttered. 
‘I think we have to climb those trees to find out.’ Enya mused. 
The rushing above them continued and Enya swear she could hear whispers too. 
‘Did you hear that?’ Thorin whispered. 
‘Yes.’
Thorin nodded. 
‘Good. That means I’m not losing my mind. Now let’s kill those foul things that took our kin.’
Enya was just calculating how high she should jump to reach the lowest branch when she felt two strong arms around her. Thorin lifted her with ease, enabling her to clamber onto the branch. He followed her and together they climbed the tree. 
‘Don’t tell me there are spiders up here.’ Enya complained as she cut through thick sticky spider webs with her sai. 
‘Sshh’ Thorin said.
They ducked when a large spider passed just above their heads. 
‘FEEEEEEEEEEEEEEASTE!’ it hissed. ‘Let’s eat them now, while they’re still juicy!’
They cautiously followed the foul beast, making sure they kept their distance. 
‘Oh!’ Enya whimpered when they discovered what happened with the members of their company. 
Fifteen cocoons were dangling in a massive web, guarded by four giant spiders. Enya suppressed a quiver. 
Thorin gestured Enya to come closer to him. 
‘I’ll draw them off. You free them.’ He whispered. 
‘No.’ She told him. ‘I’m the witch. I’ll distract them.’
Thorin wanted to object, but Enya broke him off before he could speak. 
‘Besides.’ She grinned. ‘You’re much more comfortable using weapons than I am.’
‘Just. Be careful.’ He groaned. 
‘Aye aye captain.’ She whispered as he disappeared behind the thick branches.

She waited a few moments before she made her presence clear. 
‘Hey, piss wizards!!’ she shouted at them. ‘Fucknuggets! Over here!’
‘What is that?’ one spider hissed to another. 
‘Wanna come over here and find out?’ Enya purred.
‘Kill it!’ the other spider urged. 
The four of them ran into Enya’s direction and she hurried over the branches in the opposite way Thorin had disappeared.
‘Come and get me…’ she sung.
She screamed as one of the spiders jumped on her and tried to sting her with his poison. Instinctively she burned it with her fire. The other three tried to cover their eyes with their front legs.
‘Too bright!’ one of them complained.
‘What?’ Enya growled. ‘You don’t like fire?’
‘Kill it! It stings!’ the biggest one said.
Enya yelled and shot burning hot fireballs at their creepy heads. It only took a few shots before the trio was set ablaze.
‘DON’T MESS WITH MY KIN!’ she screamed as she burned the webs under their legs away. The spiders hissed in pain and Enya watched their burning bodies drop to the ground. She was taken off guard by another particular fat spider that suddenly emerged behind her. It grasped her with his front legs and tried to entangle her with his sticky threads.
‘NO!’ Enya howled. The spider stood at the edge of the web and Enya found herself hoovering over a gaping black hole. The one she just created by destroying the web a few moments ago. Enya whimpered, not wanting to fall down but also not willing to become a cocoon. Before she knew it, her hands turned the creature into a spider popsicle.
She sighed. Great. She successfully eliminated the spider, but now she had another serious problem. One move would mean she’d fall to her death.
‘KILLL THEM!!!’ yet another spider hissed as he hurried down through the webs.
‘No,’ Enya began. ‘Don’t you dare to…’
Obviously the spider didn’t saw where he was going, because he tripped over his frozen friend and with a loud crack, Enya found herself falling towards the hard soil beneath her.
‘This is worse than having to endure the tower of terror in Disneyland!’ Enya’s mind babbled.

‘GOOD GODS!’ Enya cursed as she landed on one of the dead creatures that she sent on the same journey a few minutes ago. She quickly got up on her feet and shrugged. Well, at least they broke her fall… She frowned when she heard swords clattering and dwarves shouting in the distance. She ran towards the company, forgetting the fact that she probably should get her sai.
‘Where were you?’ Thorin shouted as soon as he laid his eyes on her. ‘I told you to be careful!’
Enya rolled her eyes. ‘Who said I wasn’t careful? I encountered a particular fat spider one on my way here, who thought I’d be the perfect snack.’
She yelled as she threw herself into the heat of the fight.

Enya didn’t know when the wood elves exactly entered the scene, but they managed to kill the foul beasts in a fast and efficient manner. It was almost like they were used finishing these creatures off at a regular basis.
Before the dwarves knew it, all the spiders were dead and they found themselves surrounded by elves.
‘Don’t think I wouldn’t kill you dwarf.’ The leader with the golden locks told Thorin. ‘It would be my pleasure.’
Thorin narrowed his eyes.
‘Search them!’ the elf leader ordered.
They protested as they were stripped from their weapons. Kíli was searched by a female elf, something he didn’t seem to mind. Enya held back a smile and scoffed as the soldier that searched her grabbed her knife. He eyed her with hatred.
‘Away with them!’ the leader told his soldiers.

They entered the palace of the wood elves.
As the other dwarves were dragged away from Enya (and probably on their way to the dungeons of the palace), Enya suddenly found herself being escorted to the throne room. Thorin was just behind
‘Well well… Look who’s roaming through my lands…’ An elf declared as he slowly turned to them. He was tall and possessed blonde long locks that Enya’s girlfriends would envy. His thick dark eyebrows and piercing blue eyes gave him a distant, lordly look. So this was what elves looked like… Enya frowned. She had to admit that the elven king was beautiful and his features were refined… She would be inclined to call his appearance divine, exceptional, but the expression on his face destroyed his gracefulness. She almost could grab the anger, the bitterness that hung heavily in the air. This was a king with a grudge against the dwarves. This must be Thranduil.

‘I’ve heard of your plans. You know, some may imagine a noble quest is at hand… A quest to reclaim an homeland. A quest to slay a dragon.’ Thranduil told Thorin. ‘But I myself suspect a more prosaic motive, like attempted burglary.’
Thranduil grinned. ‘You haven’t attempted to get Erebor back for decades, so why try when you can’t even get in’
He lowered himself so he could stare into Thorin’s eyes. ‘You desperately seek that what would bestow upon you the right to rule, don’t you? The arken stone?’
‘I understand why it’s precious to you.’ Thranduil continued. ‘There are gems in the mountain, white gems, that I too desire.’
Thorin rolled his eyes. He seemed to know exactly of which white gems the elven king was talking about.

‘I offer you my help.’ Thranduil said.
Thorin smiled, but Enya saw it wasn’t a genuine one.

‘I am listening.’ He husked.

‘I will let you go, but only if you return what is mine.’ Thranduil began.
‘You mean a favor for a favor?’ Thorin replied.
‘You have my word. One king to another.’ The elven king promised.
‘Really?’ Thorin said sarcastically. ‘I wouldn’t trust Thranduil, the great KING to HONOR HIS WORD, should be the end of days be upon us!’
‘YOU!’ Thorin screamed. ‘YOU LACK ALL HONOR! I’VE SEEN HOW YOU TREAT YOUR FRIENDS!’
He inhaled sharply before he continued.
‘We came to you once for your help, and you turned your BACK! You turned away from my people AND the inferno that destroyed our home!’
Thorin went on to shout things in Khuzdul that Enya couldn’t understand, but Thranduil’s expression told her HE knew very well what the dwarf king was talking about.

‘Do not speak to me about dragon fire!’ the elven king blazed. ‘I faced the serpents of the north! I warned your grandfather, but he wouldn’t listen. And you’re just like him…’
Thorin wanted to reply, but with a quick dismissive wave from Thranduil’s hand, a few guards hurried forward and dragged him away.

‘Hold him down for a moment.’ Thranduil said, trying to seem bored. ‘I want to talk to the lass now, before I may try to reason with him again.’

‘Enya!’ she heard Thorin shouting behind her. The guards were struggling to keep him in his place and Enya looked behind her in an effort to calm him down.

‘Relax!’ She told him with her eyes. ‘I’ve got this.’

‘What’s your name, woman?’ Thranduil asked.
‘My name is Enya Blueheart.’ She answered and turned her head again so she could meet the elven king in the eye.

‘You’re a fair lass.’ The elf stated as he paced around her. ‘Large blue eyes that compliment your dark chestnut locks, a pale flawless complexion and a slim hourglass figure that makes every male in middle earth yearn for you… I must say you’re extraordinary fair, especially when one bears in mind
you’re a female dwarf...’

Enya scoffed. ‘You should be flattered.’ Thranduil shot back. ‘Us elves are pure and magnificent beings, so if we tell you you’re beautiful, it is a great compliment.’

‘Well, then... my apologies for the fact I completely am forgetting about my manners...’ Enya tilted her head and made a little bow. ‘Thank you, my lord.’

Thranduil came closer to her and touch her locket. Enya initially wanted to lash out, but she kept her body as still as possible. She shouldn’t anger the elven king. Although she wanted to, she knew he was their only shot at getting out of here. Thorin managed to screw up his part of the delicate mission, so it was up to her to fix the damage he’d done. And if there still was a way to persuade Thranduil to let them go, she would seize the chance. No matter the costs. Enya frowned. She should be on her guard, though. The elven king couldn’t be trusted. He had his own agenda.

‘That’s family treasure.’ She whispered.

Thranduil ignored her and started to pace around the place she stood. ‘So, miss Enya Blueheart, tell me why you are important enough to be in the company of Thorin Oakenshield?’

Enya put on a little innocent smile. ‘I honestly have no idea why they value me. I’m only here for the moral support.’

‘No, you’re not. Don’t lie to me.’ Thranduil said and he narrowed his eyes.

‘I know who you are.’ He continued. ‘You’re a fire witch. The last one still standing. I must say I’m intrigued. You see, I knew one other person with this gift before meeting you. His name was Emrak and he was a very powerful fire warlock.’

Enya frowned.

‘And that...’ Thranduil grinned as he pointed at her locket. ‘That is his locket. Care to tell me how you came by it?’

‘My grandmother gave it to me.’ Enya answered.

‘Ah! That must be princess Gigira. Tell me: how is she doing?’ Thranduil inquired.

‘She’s dead.’ Enya whispered. ‘And I never knew who my grandfather was, because she refused to tell me.’

‘Emrak and Gigira...’ Thranduil mused. ‘Oh, how much I love a good love story.’

‘Are you in a mood to share?’ Enya asked.

Thranduil smiled, because he wanted her to ask that.

‘Of course, darling.’ He answered. ‘You see, Gigira was a princess of the firebeard clan and Emrak was their most valued and important fire warlock. Although Gigira was much younger than himself, Emrak fell immediately for her charm and bright smile. They were betrothed before the war broke out. Just before their city fell, it was arranged that Gigira and some high nobles from the most respected firebeard families would escape by venturing deep into the mountain.’

Thranduil let out a dramatic sigh. ‘Gigira wanted Emrak to come with her, but he wanted to fight beside his people. At the end of the battle Emrak had a change of heart and tried to catch up with her, but she was gone before he could reach her. After losing his beloved Gigira, he never was the same again. He died shortly after. A shame. He was an inspiration to all of us.’

‘Gigira never spoke of him.’ Enya said.

‘Of course not’ Thranduil replied. ‘The loss of him was too painful to talk about!’

Enya blinked a few times and let her mind soak in the information she just received.

‘It’s an honor to stand before their granddaughter.’ Thranduil said and he reached for her hand to kiss it.

A little reluctant, Enya let him.

‘Can you show me what you can do, Enya Blueheart?’ the elven king inquired.

‘I could.’ Enya said with a smile. ‘But I don’t know if I’m in a mood to share right now.’

‘Ah, you’re clever. Like both your grandparents.’ Thranduil coaxed. ‘You don’t trust me. Which is such a shame, because I could offer you so, so, much...’

‘Like what?’ Enya purred.
‘You could come and live with us. Share a place on our table.’ The elven king offered. ‘We would share our knowledge with you, or life. And you would do the same.’

‘Continue…’ Enya encouraged.

‘Would you like to see my palace?’ the elven king said. ‘I could show you our mighty kingdom.’

‘YOU WILL NOT HAVE HER!’ Thorin’s voice vibrated through the throne room and disturbed their conversation.

‘Hold her back.’ Thranduil ordered his guards. Enya immediately felt four strong hands grabbing her and pulling her away from the elven king.

They then shoved Thorin forward and let him go again.

‘Well, if you refuse to give my back MY gems, I suggest you’d be wise to take my last offer.’ Thranduil told Thorin as he ascended the stairs to his throne. ‘I will let you and your company leave my kingdom, but I will keep her.’

Thorin’s gaze was livid. To him, that wasn’t an option at all, and he was about to be even more offended than he was before.

‘NO.’ he barked. ‘Her place is at my side. You cannot have her.’

‘Is that really the case? You have no choice, Thorin.’ Thranduil grinned and sat down. ‘I am patient. A few years is nothing in the life of an elf. But you… you don’t have time.’

He raised from his throne. ‘She could be helpful, cleaning up the spiders that roam through our forest.’

‘So you’re too weak to deal with those foul things yourself.’ Thorin bickered.

‘No, but I guess she’d really effective when she puts her mind to it.’ Thranduil answered as he studied his nails.

‘Such a fate is an insult for a mighty woman like her.’ Thorin growled.

‘Oh don’t worry.’ Thranduil replied. ‘I will take good care of her. She will feel welcome. And loved. She occasionally may warm my bed at night. A great honor she won’t be able to resist. I heard witches can be very fiery between the sheets. Can you imagine a FIRE witch?’

Thorin shouted something in Khuzdul and before Enya could process what was happening, he was up on the platform and with his fist he delivered a powerful blow to the face of the poor elven king.

‘YOU WILL NOT TOUCH HER!’ he screamed.

‘I’m fine!’ Thranduil told the guards as he put his hand on his jaw.

But the guards weren’t convinced and dragged Thorin down from the platform and placed him on his knees. Thranduil got himself together again and gracefully descended the stairs of the platform.

‘I know a better solution.’ He hissed at Thorin. ‘You get to watch me as I take your witch with force!’

Thorin struggled to break free, but the guards held him firmly pinned down on the ground.

Enya inhaled sharply and she told herself that she shouldn’t get involved. But she couldn’t keep quiet. They were talking about her like… like she wasn’t even there! Like she was a piece of meat, an object! It made her furious.

‘EXCUSE ME’ Enya yelled as she pushed her guard away with a massive force and paced forward to the two quarrelling kings.

‘I AM STILL HERE, SO STOP TALKING ABOUT ME LIKE I’M A PIECE OF FINE MEAT ON THE MARKET!’

They both stared at her, astonished that she dared to speak to them in such a tone.

‘I’VE HAD ENOUGH, OF BOTH OF YOU!’ she shouted. ‘I’M NOBODYS POSSESSION! I’LL DO WHATEVER THE HELL I WANT, WITHOUT ONE OF YOU TWO INTERFERRING ME!’

‘You’d better watch your words, lass.’ Thranduil said in an icing cold tone.

‘Oh, king Thranduil.’ Enya smirked. ‘You think you’re wise, a great elven king, but yet you know nothing.’

With a quick movement from her hands, Enya blew the guards that neared her from behind off their
feet.

‘I didn’t come here to be bargained over like I’m a piece of exquisite jewelry. Women in my world fought hard to get the same rights as men do. I’m not willing to hand in those rights or even to compromise on them, just because I happened to end up in another dimension where they live like they did in the fucking MIDDLE AGES.’

‘But apparently you’re not in your world.’ Thranduil grinned. ‘And in MY world, MY kingdom, MY rules apply.’

‘Really?’ Enya purred. ‘Because I can set this whole place ablaze, if I want to. AND DON’T THINK I WON’T!’

‘And then your friends in the dungeon will burn alive, because there’s no way out.’ Thranduil hissed.

Before Thorin or Enya could react, the elven king told his guards to lock them up.

‘They bore me. I will try to reason with them in a few days. Maybe.’ He said.

‘You have to put us in a cell together.’ Enya warned her guard as he shoved her forward.

‘And why would I do that?’ he replied.

‘I burn you and your kin to the ground if you won’t.’ she told him.

The laugh of the elf quickly turned into an howl when his hands froze together.

‘Are you convinced now?’ Enya purred. ‘And I haven’t even let you feel my fire.’

Her guard nodded shortly and Enya let the ice around his hands melt again.

She needed to speak with Thorin, because she wasn’t done with him yet.

The doors of their shared cell protested as the guard shut them with force.

Enya placed her hands on her hips and faced Thorin.

‘This conversation is far from over.’ She told him. ‘What the hell were you thinking? Putting on a show like that? THAT conversation was our ONLY WAY out of this hellhole and you managed to SCREW IT UP!’

‘I was merely defending your honor.’ He growled.

‘So you think I’m NOT CAPABLE of DEFENDING IT MYSELF?’ Enya shouted. ‘I’m a grown woman and I can look after myself! I’m not a damsel in distress and I would have cut off his manhood if he dared to raise another finger at me.’

‘THAT AWFULL PRETTY ELF crossed a line when he tried to seduce you like THAT!’ Thorin hissed. ‘AND YOU WENT ALONG WITH IT LIKE YOU WERE A LOWLY TAVERN’S WENCH!!!!’

‘Oh!’ Enya scoffed. ‘I was playing along with his game, trying to get us out of here… But you… You allowed him to mess with your mind. You should know better than being provoked by a pointy ear, my mighty king.’

‘DON’T MOCK ME!’ Thorin blazed, furious that she dared to use his own words against him.

‘You’re MINE and HE SHOWS NO RESPECT FOR WHAT IS MINE!’

‘I am?’ Enya scowled. ‘And when, my king, were you going to inform ME about that? When were you going to tell me that I belong on the long list of all your prized possessions?’

‘I didn’t hear you complaining when I claimed your mouth.’ He groaned. ‘Nor did you object when I claimed your pleasure.’

‘Maybe I should have’ Enya hissed. ‘Because it isn’t clear to you that it’s only APPROPRIATE that you ASK before you CLAIM! And if I APPROVE, you’ll have every right to become possessive and jealous. But right now, you don’t OWN me.’

Thorin angrily muttered something in Khuzdul.

‘Oh, yes.’ Enya sighed. ‘Curse me all the way you want. I don’t care. Fact is, YOU screwed up a situation I perfectly had under control!’

‘You cannot reason with that filth.’ Thorin hissed. ‘I cannot believe you actually tried.’

‘TRYING IS BETTER THAN BEING OFFENSE FROM THE START AND FUCK UP OUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET AWAY!’

She saw Thorin’s chest heaving slowly up and down and she knew he had great difficulty keeping
himself together.
‘Let’s discuss what this is really about, then.’ Enya said as she folded her arms. ‘Particularly the fact that you prefer to push me away the moment I come too close.’

‘I DO NOT!’
‘Oh hell yes you do.’ Enya growled. ‘You push and pull and recklessly toy around with my feelings, my HEART! One moment you want me, my body, but only on your own wicked terms so you’ll be safe from having to admit your feelings. The next day you decide to despise me and to boss me around like I’m a simple servant girl! And to top all of that, you expect me to FOLLOW AND UNDERSTAND these crazy mood swings!’
Thorin clenched his jaw.
Enya sighed and lowered her voice. She had to calm down, because she didn’t want him to close off from her. She needed him to talk to her.
‘You’re afraid to get hurt.’ She whispered. ‘And I get that. But my name isn’t Dolvira. I would never hurt you in that manner! How could you even think that I would… with him?’
She swallowed slowly before she continued.
‘I just need you to stop trying to possess me like I’m an object you can play with and have a little faith in me. For the sake of both of us: let go of your fear. I have feelings and if you cannot make up your mind I’ll have to leave.’
Thorin grabbed her waist and held her in his arms. Before Enya could protest his lips were on hers and kissed her with a passion that expressed all the things he refused to tell her out loud.
‘If you don’t say it, I cannot possibly guess what you want from me.’ Enya breathed as she tore herself away from him.
Thorin watched her with a pained expression.
‘I…’ he said. ‘We dwarves aren’t experts in expressing our feelings in words… We DO things and… that’s usually enough. I thought I made myself clear by…’
‘No, it’s about time you try to use words.’ Enya said. ‘I am a dwarf too, but I grew up in a world where they are painstakingly straight forward. I also learned there that certain physical contact isn’t necessarily a guarantee or a promise that someone cares for you the way you do for them.’
She sighed and threw her hands up in the air. ‘Those rules, morals… That’s what I’m accustomed to, what I understand. Please forgive me that I’m not fully accustomed to this… nonverbal communication dwarf thing were you’re supposed to know stuff and…’
She trailed off.
Thorin frowned as he seemed to consider her plea in silence.
‘Miss Enya…’ he began. ‘I believe… I’ve been a coward. I wanted to tell you this when we’re staying in Beorns house, but then I found you, practically naked and… I…’
He sighed.
‘I needed to show you how much… And I hoped you would understand that I wanted to... But then I couldn’t let it go, because I was afraid to lose control. I acted like an idiot when I left you before giving you myself...’
He swallowed and Enya saw he was having a hard time. She could tell he didn’t like the fact that she put him in such a vulnerable position, but she knew she had to make him say it out loud. Because if he didn’t... She wasn’t prepared to play his games any longer. In a few moments, she would be his, or she would decide to head home.
‘I… I believe I love you, miss Blueheart.’ He whispered and his eyes gazed into hers. ‘I have loved before, but this is different. It’s fierceness, the intense way in which I love you sometimes terrifies me. There is no coming back from this. It feels like without you I won’t be able to breathe… I need you at my side. No matter the costs.’
He cupped her face with his hands, stroking her cheeks gently.
‘I want you to be my wife, my queen. I want to be with you for the rest of my life.’
He lowered his head. ‘If you’ll have me, after the scene I put up there.’
‘Thorin…’ Enya breathed.
He looked up and his breathtaking blue eyes met hers.
‘I love you too.’ She confessed. ‘I have loved you from the moment you laid your eyes on me and I always will. I would be honored to be yours, and yours only for the rest my days.’

He pulled her into his embrace again and Enya relaxed.

Finally.
He said it.

‘Hold still...’ He breathed as he let go of her.

Enya watched him as he gently pushed her hair back and parted off a small section. He began braiding it and Enya was mesmerized by the way his roughened hands were able to perform such delicate precise movements.

‘What are you doing?’ she asked, not being able to hide her curiosity.

Thorin loosened a heavy, silver bead that was in one of the braids in his own hair and used it in hers.

He gave her a little smile.

‘This will mark you as mine… That is, if you’ll give your consent to wear it.’ He whispered.

‘Yes.’ Enya breathed.

‘Balin told me that you know little of dwarf courtship.’ Thorin said, more at ease now he was in control of the situation again.

Enya rolled her eyes. ‘I asked Gandalf what he knew about the matter.’

Thorin chuckled. ‘Gandalf may act like he knows a thing or two about our customs, but the truth is we like to keep our habits to ourselves. But I’m curious: what did he tell you?’

‘He basically told me that dwarfs, our kin, define the relationship by making love to each other. And that’s about it.’ Enya confessed.

‘That is a way.’ Thorin admitted. ‘Some of us like to follow those ancient secret laws, which would indeed require me to mark and claim you as mine…’

He shortly touched the bead in her hair.

‘Others like it the human way and get married.’

‘And what’s your style?’ Enya asked.

‘Both.’ He told her.

They stared at each other and Enya felt her heartbeat getting faster and faster. Even compared to someone as beautiful as the elven king, Thorin easily...

‘When this is all over...’ he slowly said. ‘Will you marry me and be my queen?’

‘There is nothing in this world that I would want more.’ Enya managed to say.

‘And do I have your permission to claim you now?’ he whispered. ‘I’d like to settle this once and for all and make you mine.’

Enya giggled. ‘You ask me an awful lot of questions lately, sir Oakenshield.’

‘You told me I should.’ Thorin teased.

‘You’re a quick learner, eh?’ Enya purred.

‘How about it?’ he husked. ‘Will you allow me to make you mine?’

‘Please do.’

His mouth found hers again and they crashed against the wall.

‘What if they’ll hear us?’ she whispered when she was able to break herself away from his demanding kiss for a moment.

‘I don’t care if they do. I suppose the whole palace heard us arguing in here. Besides, I intend to let the whole damn world know I’m making you mine.’ He breathed.

Enya bit her lip.

‘Stop doing that, miss.’ He muttered. ‘It’s turning me on.’

She slowly let her lip slide from the grip of her teeth and made sure she looked him straight into the eye the whole time. Thorin let out a primal growl and pushed his hips against hers.

‘I felt that gaze of yours down to my cock’ he hissed. ‘Don’t tease me.’

‘I cannot?’ Enya asked him innocently.
'Later. When we’re in Erebor you can torment me all you want.’ He husked. ‘But right now I need you to let go. I want to hear those sexy moans of yours. Loudly.’

His hands shoved under her bum as he lifted her a bit against the wall and Enya crossed her legs around him. Through the soft material of her leather pants he massaged her clit and Enya whimpered under his touch.

His mouth kissed her neck and Enya had to close her eyes to cope with the amount of pleasure suddenly running through her veins.

‘I hate to disturb you two’ an awkward voice announced. ‘But I happened to came into the possession of the keys of this cell door.’

Enya opened her eyes and saw Thorin rolling his furiously. She pressed her lips together and tried not to laugh. Thorin slowly let go of her and turned around to face the intruder.

‘You see…’ Bilbo said. ‘If we want to escape we need to do it now.’

‘Great job, master Baggings’ Thorin said. ‘Now get us out of here.’

‘You sure?’ the hobbit muttered. ‘You two seemed rather occupied. I can come back later…’

‘No, now.’ Thorin ordered.

Bilbo obliged and opened the door.

‘I will free the others and get us out of here.’ He told the dwarf king.

Thorin grabbed Enya’s hand and they left the cell. Enya closed the door behind them.

‘You’re being cockblocked by an hobbit,’ She laughed. ‘How does that make you feel?’

Thorin sighed and tried to hide a smile. ‘What kind of a term is that? I’ve never heard it before.’

‘It’s a saying they sometimes use in my world, when you’re prevented from doing what you wanted to do by a third party.’ She said.

‘It seems to me that you come from a weird world.’ He answered. ‘If you must now, I’m frustrated that I cannot make you mine right now. But I’ll make it up to you. I promise.’

‘I’m counting on it.’ Enya winked.

He stole a kiss from her and Enya giggled when his hand delivered a soft smack on her ass.

‘Now behave.’ He said.

Enya laughed when she detected twinkling in his eyes that hinted he didn’t care what she did. As long as she stayed at his side, they both would be fine.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry about that cute confession! I didn't want Thorin to do that, but both characters were so ready for this! Who am I to decline them?

But don't you guys worry: I do have an enormous plottwist in mind for this story! And I assure you, you're gonna hate me with a fiery passion when that story starts to unravel...

What would you'd like to read about in the next chapter?

Or, do you want me to write an one-shot about characters in the hobbit?

Let me know down below! :)

Stay tuned! <3 <3
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Let's say riding a barrel isn't one of Enya's favorite ways to travel. Dolvira spills her gut... And wait a second... who is that?

Chapter Notes

Hello there!

So, I'm back.
My holiday was just the break I needed. I've been battling some insecurities about my writing, comparing myself to other amazing fanfic writers out there and thus feeling a bit self-conscious about my own capabilities. So yeah... I guess you all probably know the feeling that no matter how hard you try, it's never good enough to be really proud of yourself. There's always someone who writes better than you. Well, that was me the last three weeks. I couldn't stop thinking about why "the ratings" of virtually every writer on AO3 was better than mine.. What did I do wrong?? It drove me insane!

So uhm, I decided to at least try to let that shit go and simply enjoy the ride. I will still try to post every saturday, but I want to give you guys quality as well, so don't kill me if it takes me two weeks instead of one to complete a new chapter. :)

But, enough crap about me, let's move on to the good stuff!

Firstly, I really want to thank my readers. Yes, you guys/girls are amazing beautiful people and I cannot believe you all are still around to follow the story! <3 Hugs and kisses to all of you! Thank you for putting up with my drabbles, I really really appreciate it! <3 <3

Secondly, I had some comments about the whole "Dolvira cheated on me confession", and I agree with you, DEDEDOTTI and JennyLynn! There's more to it... but what did exactly happen.....? And what is Dolvira doing???? I really hope this twist will make everyone feel satisfied!!

@Oakenshieldsmimizel: oh hell yes, I'm on a roll. I hope you didn't expect the plot twist in this chapter! Muahahahaha :D

Enjoy. xoxo

Ps. Oh, I made a Tumblr account (same name as this one on AO3), so if you want me to write a one-shot for you, please ask! I would be honored :) :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes
From all the crazy things she did in her life, Enya had to admit riding a barrel through a roaring wild river in an elven kingdom definitely was a first.

Well, a first for everything, right?

She whimpered as water splashed into her face and soaked her clothes. The barrel she was in felt like a loose cannon. The thing flew over the river, bumping into rocks and jostling Enya around within the narrow space inside. This was worse than that log flume ride Jason once dragged her into! What did he call that horrendous thing again? Splash mountain? Enya growled. Nope, just nope. She didn’t want to think about that day in Disneyland. That particular trip she learned she’d better not push the boundaries of her stomach by subjecting herself to “thrilling attraction rides”. The merry-go-round was exiting enough for her…

Enya looked around and pressed her lips together. Bilbo’s plan had sounded genius, because the elves would never search for the empty wine barrels. And if the river had been more calm today, they would’ve just floated to their freedom.

Of course it didn’t go according to plan. The river wasn’t quiet at all and to make matters worse, the elves had spotted them before the company reached the gate. So, now they were hunted by a dozen angry elven guards, with no weapons to defend themselves. Not that weapons would have helped them, because the barrels followed the strongest current which happened to be in the middle of the river. Although they were out of reach for the swords of those stupid pointy ears, a large bow and a few arrows would’ve been nice. All they could do now was watching in agony as the river took them to the gate. They HAD to be there before the elves closed it. Otherwise their whole effort would be in vain… Enya prayed in silence they would make it, but at this stage in their escape, it more looked like a suicide attempt than a serious get-away effort. She sighed. She had to do something, but it was hard NOT to think about the nauseating quick movements her barrel made.

‘Good gods girl, you’re such a dork.’ Her mind rambled. ‘They might not possess weapons, but YOU are a LIVING AND BREATHING ONE for god sake! Now stop feeling sorry for yourself and get into action!’

Enya reluctantly let go of the edge of the barrel. She needed her hands, since they were the directors of her powers. She had to trust her balance (oh, how reassuring!) and strength. Enya smiled. At least she wasn’t as clumsy as Ori… He shared a barrel with his brother Dori and the look on his face said it all. He was so terrified he couldn’t even move. Enya stretched her body in an attempt to ease her strained muscles. Her fingers accidently touched the heavy bead that Thorin braided in her hair. Enya sighed. They had to make it. It couldn’t simply end like his, after Thorin declared his love to her! Enya focused on the fury that was building up inside of her. Her hands began to shake and she took a deep breath.

‘RAISE THE ALARM!’ she heard an elf commander shouting to one of his soldiers.

‘Alarm?’ Enya scoffed, although it was unlikely that he would hear her. ‘Heck no, stupid pointy ear.’ Her flames scorched the horn before the soldier could even bring the thing to his lips. For a moment, he stared at the ashes slipping through his fingers. Then he turned and watched her in wonderment as the company fell off a waterfall. Enya cried out as she tried to keep her balance, but it was in vain. Her barrel tipped over and gorged as much water as it could manage. Enya cursed and clambered out of it before she would end up on the bottom of this river. During this process, she accidentally swallowed some of the cold fluid as well. Enya growled in frustration and struggled to get to the surface.

At least this water was relatively fresh and chlorine free… Unlike the swimming pool at home. She had to admit that.
As soon as she emerged on the surface again, a hand grabbed her by her shirt and pulled her towards a barrel. Enya’s fingers hooked on tightly to the edge and she looked up to see which member of the company had noticed her inelegant floundering in the water. Please let it not be Thorin… She would be mortified if he saw her like this… Enya bit her lip. Luckily for her, a pair of friendly brown instead of blue eyes gazed into hers. Enya let out a relieved sigh as she recognized the dark brown mustache and the comforting smile.

Bofur.

‘Are you alright, lass?’ Bofur asked as he put a protective brotherly arm around her. Enya laughed. ‘No, I’m not. But I will be, when we’re far away from this hellhole!’

‘Come on, you’ll be safer in the barrel with me.’ Bofur said as he tried to lift her. ‘Thorin wouldn’t want you to…. Damn lass, you’re heavier than you seem!’

‘That’s because of-’ Enya began, but she was interrupted by shouts from the front.

‘Hurry up!’ Thorin yelled at his company. ‘They are going to close the gate!’

Enya, now not only soaking wet but also extremely furious, let go of Bofur’s barrel and swam towards the riverbank. She climbed on the land, ready to kill anyone who was stupid enough to stand in the way between her beloved dwarves and their freedom.

‘Miss Enya!’ Bofur yelled. ‘What are you doing?’

‘Buying you guys time to get out of here.’ Enya replied as she got up, her eyes fixed on the elf guard that was about to wield the handle to close the gate.

‘Don’t you touch that.’ She purred as she walked up to him. He just smirked and pushed the handle down.

Beneath her, she heard Thorin cursing something in Khuzdul as the first barrels were smashed against the gate.

‘I told you not to.’ Enya said.

The elf guard smiled and got out his sword. ‘Do you think I’m afraid of a lowly dwarf witch?’

‘You should be.’ Enya replied. ‘Now step away please. I’ll only ask you once.’

He didn’t move.

Enya shrugged. ‘Fine.’

With a flick of her hand he was swept away. The elf guard groaned as his body roughly was smashed into the ground. Enya picked up his sword.

‘Thanks for the blade.’ She told the elf. ‘We might need it.’

Enya turned to the river and her eyes searched someone who could catch a sword with ease.

‘Dwalin!’ she shouted.

‘Aye?’ he screamed back.

‘Sword incoming! Catch!’

With a smile she threw it in his direction.

‘It’s not an axe, I know.’ She winked. ‘But it’ll do.’

Dwalin laughed and caught it.

‘Now hold on!’ Enya yelled and she pulled on the handle.

With a loud screech the gate opened again. Enya laughed when she heard a few dwarves yelling in anger when their barrels fell off yet another waterfall. She was glad she now could mentally prepare herself for that. She wanted to jump off the platform, to join the others again, when…

‘ORCS!’ the elf guard she took down screamed suddenly.

Enya could briefly see the fear that was expressed in his face. She frowned. What the hell was that guy talking about? She didn’t see a single orc since they-

Enya’s body got whacked out of the way before she could even react and she smacked on the floor. She groaned when the culprit crawled on top of her.

‘I like to befoul pretty things.’ He told her as he dragged the blade of his knife loosely over her clothing.

‘You know what I like?’ she asked him.

The orc didn’t reply to that. He probably was too busy pondering how he should kill her… Enya
took advantage of his diminished consciousness by grabbing his knife. The orc snarled and tried to get it back. Damn, he was strong. Even stronger than Dolvira. Enya used all her strength and was able to change the direction of the knife. With a growl she pushed it into the orcs’ flesh and pierced his heart. The foul creature dropped dead beside her. Enya got up and frowned when she saw dozens of orcs climbing over the outer wall. Did these creatures ever stop? Did they even sleep? ‘Miss Enya!’ Fili screamed. ‘We cannot wait any longer! We HAVE to go!’

‘Aye, captain!’ Enya replied and this time she did manage to jump off the platform.

Fili tapped on the spare barrel they got her.

‘Your ride is ready for you, miss.’

Enya quickly got inside and followed Fili and Kili’s example. They let their barrels go with the flow and Enya whimpered when the waterfall dropped them into a broader roaring river.

‘This is bad.’ Kili established as he dodged one of the orcs that tried to hop onto his barrel. The foul creature squealed as it ended up in the stream. Enya hoped it didn’t know how to swim. If it did though, they would eliminate it for good.

‘Why did you wait for me?’ Enya asked the two princes. ‘You two should be in the front, with Thorin.’

‘Remember uncle told us to keep an eye on you?’ Fili said. ‘We won’t let you down, miss. Never.’

The promise warmed her heart.

‘Thanks, Fee.’ She replied.

‘What were you and uncle doing in that cell?’ Kili teased. ‘I mean, we heard you guys fight…’

‘Oh, loud and clear.’ Fili agreed. ‘We understood every single word. I have to admit I was glad I wasn’t in his shoes.’

‘But then it got awfully quiet. I mean, we heard you two crashing against the wall, but…’ Kili grinned. ‘And Bilbo just won’t spill his guts on what scene he walked into.’

Ha, they really expected her to tell them about “that particular scene”? The moment Bilbo walked into them, Thorin’s hands were on her pussy… Thank god they hadn’t gotten the chance yet to get off their clothes. Enya bit her lip. Oh heck no, she wasn’t going to share what happened with those two scoundrels.

‘Oh come on, Ee.’ Kili joked. ‘Don’t be boring. We’d love to know.’

‘I’m sure you do. But maybe, we should focus on… hang on!’ Enya said as she avoided another orc and hit him in his head with an icicle.

‘Nice one, miss!’ Fili cheered. ‘Can you give me some too? I am, as of course all of you already knew, the deadliest knife thrower in the blue mountains.’

Enya gave him a smile and threw two ice sticks at him. Fili caught them with ease.

‘Give a yell when you want more. And let’s make this a little competition as well, gentlemen.’ Enya giggled. ‘The one who kills the most orcs, wins.’

‘Challenge accepted.’ Fili grinned.

She turned to throw Kili some sticks as well. Surely he would want to join their game?

‘I’d like to propose an additional rule!’ Kili told her as he took a few icicles from her.

‘Enlighten us.’ Fili replied as he aimed for a particular fat orc that tried to keep up with them on the left side of the river.

‘The dwarf that can kill enemies by hitting them in the most weird places, will receive extra points.’ Kili said.

Fili and Enya laughed and shot each other a mischievous glance.

‘Let’s do this.’ Enya said.

‘I’m gonna win this.’ Fili told them when his first victim was brought down.

‘Heck no!’ Enya giggled.

‘Watch me…’ he promised her.
They managed to take down so many orcs that Enya (at some point) lost count. Although the situation shouldn’t be taken as lightly as they did, they had fun. Enya almost fell out her barrel from laughing when Fíli managed to hit one orc in its butt.

‘Fifty points for the big one!’ Fíli declared and he pointed at an orc who was carrying a bow.

‘Bring him down, Fee. He could hit one of us.’ Enya told him.

The blond prince nodded and aimed.

Enya clapped her hands when the foul thing was brought down by a straight hit in his head.

‘NICE!’

‘Did you see that?’ Fíli told Kíli and turned to his younger brother.

But Kíli wasn’t focusing on their game anymore. His gaze was fixed on a fight that took place on the other side of the river. Enya frowned and tried to establish which source made the young prince lose his interest in killing orcs.

Then she saw it. She recognized the female wood-elf as one of the leading captains of the elven guard that captured them. In contrast to all the other elves she met so far, Enya had found this wood-elf captain quite friendly. She could see why Kíli was so taken by her, because her reddish brown locks shone in the sunlight and she had a slim figure.

‘He was flirting with that one, last night.’ Fíli smirked.

‘Really?’ Enya giggled.

‘Can’t blame him.’ Fíli said. ‘After all, she’s quite pretty… for an elf.’

‘Agreed.’ Enya nodded.

‘You agree she’s pretty?’ Fíli asked.

‘What?’ Enya shot back. ‘Is it inappropriate for a female to recognize a person of the same gender as beautiful?’

Kíli laughed. ‘No, but you’re always quite… straightforward. For a woman, that is.’

In their youthfulness, the trio forgot that in these particular dangerous situations, one simply couldn’t afford it to lose awareness of the surroundings.

They did.

While Fíli and Enya discussed how a female dwarf should behave (or not), an orc watched them coming down the river. They were easy targets. For a moment, he couldn’t decide which one of the three he wanted to take down first, but then he saw that the brown haired male dwarf was particularly distracted by what happened on the other side of the water. He grinned, showing his sharp and ugly brownish teeth. He lazily drew his bow and waited.

No one saw that arrow coming.

All of a sudden, Fíli and Enya scared up when Kíli let out a terrifying yell. Even the wood-elf captain heard it and got distracted by the sound. If it wasn’t for Enya, it would’ve killed her. One of the orcs had crept up behind the wood-elf captain and he was ready to slay her when Enya quickly reacted and one of her flames smashed him out of the way.

‘KÍLI?’ Fíli screamed when he saw that his brother was in pain.

Fíli breathed heavily. An arrow was sticking out his shoulder.

‘I’m fine.’ He panted. ‘I just didn’t see that one coming!’

He groaned and sunk on his knees.

‘Kee!’ Enya howled in horror. ‘You need to get it out of your body! Now!’

Kíli nodded shortly and pulled. He bit on his fist as he tried not to cry out loud.

‘Hold on!’ Enya whispered. ‘We just have to make it down the river, Kee. You’ll be fine.’

She hoped he would be. In truth, she had no idea what an orc arrow could do. She suppressed a shiver. She hoped those beasts didn’t poison it, but her common sense told her they probably did.

Those foul beasts didn’t play fair.

Enya didn’t know for how long they had been in those damned barrels, but somehow the river lost its wildness and they found themselves in a flat, tame stream. They managed to shake off the orc
pack as well. The elves had stopped chasing them the moment the company crossed the border of the Mirkwood realm. No doubt Thranduil had ordered them not to go beyond their borders…
‘We’ve lost the current.’ Thorin told his companions. ‘Let’s make for the shore, but we have to hurry. The orcs won’t be too far behind us.’
Enya crawled onto the shore and sat down, trying to adjust to the feeling of being on steady soil again.
‘Kee!’ she whispered for the hundredth time when Kíli plumped down next to her.
‘I’m fine.’ Kíli said with clenched teeth. Obviously he was very unhappy she drew all the attention to him.
‘We have to move.’ Thorin told the company.
‘Kíli is wounded. His shoulder needs binding.’ Enya objected.
‘Please, Thorin.’ Fíli pleaded.
‘You’ve got five minutes. Get yourselves together.’ Thorin muttered.
Enya tore off two sections of her sleeve and gave it to Fíli. He took it and gave her a grateful nod.
Kíli protested as Fíli cleaned the wound as best as he could and Enya held his hand.
‘I’m fine, ouch! Don’t!’ he growled.
‘What were you three doing anyway?’ Thorin inquired while he eyed Enya’s torn sleeve with disapproval. ‘I told you to be careful.’
‘Killing a few orcs, but one sneak up on us and managed to hit Kíli with an arrow.’ Enya replied.
‘Can you move?’ Fíli asked his brother as he finished the binding.
‘I told you, I’m fine.’ Kíli bit back.
‘You don’t look fine.’ Enya whispered.
‘We need to move.’ Thorin barked and he took the lead.

Enya shook her head and adjusted her hair. It probably looked like a mess. Luckily everyone did. She looked up when she felt someone gazing at her.

Dolvira.

‘What?’ she asked. ‘What could I possibly have done wrong now?’
The redhead paced up to her and grabbed the bead in her hair.
‘Where did you get this.’ She hissed.
Enya shrugged. ‘Thorin gave it to me. But I suggest, my lovely commander, that we move. It’s more important we survive this part of the journey than the satisfaction of starting a quarrel whether he should or shouldn’t have given me that, alright?’
‘IT IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.’ Dolvira yelled.
Enya rolled her eyes. What now again?
‘Well, spill it, love.’ Enya growled. ‘And be quick, I’d like to outlive this day.’
‘So he gave you his courting bead, eh?’ Dolvira stated. ‘That particular bead was promised to me.’
Enya sighed as she saw the distance between them and de company grow. They didn’t have time for this.
‘I don’t care, Dolly.’ She said and she started walking. ‘I don’t give a damn about what he told or promised you all those years ago.’
Dolvira smiled. ‘Did he tell you what happened between us?’
‘Yes.’ Enya answered tiredly. ‘He did. You betrayed him in the worst way possible and he’ll never forgive you what you did.’
‘Then he didn’t tell you everything.’ The redhead grinned. ‘Let me enlighten you about what really happened.’
‘I don’t care.’ Enya groaned.
‘Don’t you want to know what really happened?’ Dolvira scoffed. ‘Because I bet you do.’
‘Will you stop talking if I tell you I’m really not that interested?’ Enya said.
‘No.’ Dolvira told her. ‘Because it isn’t over between us and you need to know that.’
‘We don’t have time for this.’ Enya sighed. ‘We need to move.’
‘I will tell you all about it then, during our little walk.’ The redhead grinned.
Enya frowned and wondered why the warrior woman was so keen on sharing the story. No doubt to mess with her mind. She should not allow that. Not again. She braced herself when the words started to roll from the redheads mouth.
‘When Thorin and I met, he was a handsome dwarf prince and I was one of the commanders of the army.’ Dolvira began.
‘I already know that.’ Enya said.
‘Quiet.’ The warrior woman told her. ‘So, we fell in love. His grandfather wasn’t very keen on the match, because I wasn’t one of the dwarrowdam he had in mind.’
She picked up a stone and threw it in the water.
‘One day, Thorin came to me with the news Thror finally gave us his permission to marry. Of course, we were over the moon. We planned the wedding as soon as possible, before Thror would change his mind.’
‘And then on the day of the wedding, you cheated on him.’ Enya snapped.
‘I had good REASON to do SUCH A HORRIFYING THING!’ the redhead shot back. ‘Just listen to me.’
Enya held up her hands in surrender. ‘Fine. Continue.’
‘Not long before the wedding, Thror appeared in my rooms. He congratulated me with the wedding. But then…’ Dolvira slowly exhaled.
‘Then he said as long as Thorin was married to me, he never would become king. The line of Durin had to stay pure, no matter the costs. Marrying me and not some highborn dwarrowdam would befoul their name, he said. If Thorin and I decided to pull through with the marriage, the throne would pass on to his younger brother, Frerin.’
‘What?’ Enya asked. ‘That is horrible. How could he say such a thing?’
Dolvira nodded. ‘I know Thorin would have given up his right to be with me. But I didn’t want him to. I mean, it was all he knew! He was born for this, trained to be king. I couldn’t ask him to give up his birthright!’
Enya shook her head. ‘No, you couldn’t. I would’ve done the same.’
‘There was no way I could tell him the truth, because he would never believe his grandfather was capable of such a dreadful thing. I was desperate. I knew had to push him away far enough to ensure he kept his place in the throne line. That left only one option open…’
‘Shit.’ Enya said, knowing exactly what the redhead meant.
The redhead sighed. ‘So. I knew one of my fellow commanders had his eye on me for quite some time. The morning of the wedding…’
Dolvira paused.
‘I knew I should have acted earlier than wait for that particular moment, but I have to confess I didn’t have the guts to do it. But that morning… I had to save his birthright. I don’t want to bore you with the details, but I basically slept with one of my fellow commanders and made sure he saw I did.’
‘What did Thorin do?’ Enya asked.
‘I’ve never seen a man so mad in my life.’ Dolvira frowned. ‘He told me he never wanted to see me again, but… I figured in time, Thror would be dead and Thorin would find a place in his heart to forgive me. I’m his one, after all.’
‘But then Smaug came.’ Enya guessed.
‘Yes. That dragon ruined everything.’ Dolvira confessed. ‘I was at his side when Smaug entered our kingdom. We fought together, but eventually we lost each other in the chaos. But two years ago our paths crossed again in the blue mountains.’
Dolvira made eye contact with Enya before she continued.
‘I was SO happy to see him again. And he appeared to be as happy as I was, because he preferred my company above all others. We talked all night and he told me how beautiful I was…’
She smiled. ‘He flirted with me in that intense way only he is capable of. The way that makes your head spin. We kissed and from one thing came another… He promised me a place by his side when
we reconquered Erebor again. As his queen, of course.’

Enya blinked a few times, unable to process all the information that was given to her. What the actual hell just happened? Why did Thorin basically lied to her about his dealings with Dolvira? They still had feelings for each other? Was he just trying to sleep with her? Was everything he told her a lie?

WHAT?

‘But why tell me this now? You’ve tried the kill me, scare me away…’ Enya finally whispered. ‘Because as much as I hate you, I do know you’ve got a sense of honor.’ The redhead replied. ‘I don’t like to share our painful tale. And I didn’t know you. But now I know you’re honorable enough to reconsider your choice if I told you the truth about what happened. The fact he has still feelings for me. And I for him. You wouldn’t want to stand in the way of our happiness.’

‘And.’ She added. ‘You’ll never allow yourself to be as wicked as Abbie. You know what it’s like to be the betrayed one, isn’t it?’

So the warrior woman also heard the conversation between her and Bilbo. Enya swallowed hard and tried not to show her emotions. What was she supposed to do with this information? What should she do? She suddenly felt sick in her stomach.

‘That chick must be lying through her teeth.’ Her mind told her. ‘Don’t believe anything she says. Ever.’

Enya clenched her jaw. Deep down she hoped the bitch indeed was lying, but the biggest part of her couldn’t believe Dolvira would make up such a story. Also, the facts Thorin told her suited perfectly. The redhead would’ve made a mistake when telling such an elaborate lie… Enya stared at her feet and watched them as they mechanically did their job. It felt like she was reliving Jason’s betrayal all over again.

But this time… This time it even hurt her more. Enya felt like someone stabbed her in the chest and twisted the knife slowly around. Her vision blurred from the tears she didn’t want to shed, but her mind was painstakingly clear.

‘Maybe she isn’t lying.’ It mused. ‘Maybe it’s you. This is the FUCKING THIRD time this happens, En. There must be something wrong with you. You’re obviously not capable of keeping men satisfied.’

Enya took a deep breath and begged her mind to stop. But her mind was ruthless.

‘You’re an abomination. He never loved you. He told you he cared because then you would give him what he really wanted. And how could you blame him? After all, you were the one who demanded a love confession! Stupid girl…’

‘What is going on over there? Why are we stopping?’ Dolvira’s muttering brought Enya back to reality. The company had stopped moving and the redhead seemed determined to investigate why.

‘Let’s check it out, pretty face.’ She ordered.

‘I think I’ll stay in the back this time.’ Enya tried, but the redhead wasn’t having it.

‘Nope, you’re the fire witch. If there’s danger ahead, you should be the one to investigate it.’

‘What happened to that statement that wizards and witches cannot be trusted?’ Enya snapped. Dolvira gave her a sweet smile and did an attempt to grab Enya’s arm, but Enya was too fast and walked up to the front herself. Although being in the front would mean she was near Thorin, a luring threat surely would distract her mind. Maybe she would die in the process of protecting her company. Enya shrugged when she had to confess she liked that idea a bit too much.
She neared the source of “threat” that made everyone stop.

Oh no.

She resisted the urge to run back to Mirkwood. She’d rather rot in that prison for the rest of her life than facing…

Enya groaned. She recognized this tall broad male with his baggy jeans and lumberjack shirt…

Jason.

OH SHIT.

‘En! Is that you?’ He asked as she neared him.

Enya took a deep breath, trying very hard not to lose her already unstable mind. If she did, she probably would end up seriously injuring him. Although she couldn't say he didn't deserve that, she knew she had to keep herself together. The company didn't need their fire witch going through a mental breakdown while they had an orc pack on their tail.

‘You know him?’ Thorin asked. ‘He said your name.’

Enya let out a long sigh, but didn’t answer his question. She wasn’t ready to talk with him, yet. Instead she slowly made her way towards Jason.

'It is you!' he grinned happily when she was close enough for him to see her face. 'I barely recognized you without your signature winged eyeliner and those deep pink lips!

'Oh and those skinny jeans that make your bum irresistible, although I have to say these trousers complement your butt as well.' He added just when Enya wanted to open her mouth to tell him to shut up.

'I came to rescue you, babe.' Jason went on.

Oh good lord. If someone told her this was an episode of punk’d, she would have believed it. God! When she thought things couldn't get more complicated, life decided it was time to fuck her even some more. Why on earth did dickhead Jason decide she needed him to rescue her now? She could handle the luring threat of the orc pack behind them, the confession Dolvira told her and even the fact that Thorin apparently didn’t give a fuck about her, but this... Enya slowly exhaled. This went way too far.

'I like this new look, it's smokin' hot babe!' Jason said as he eyed her hungrily. 'Did you lose weight?'

'WHAT?' Enya blazed.

'Relax, hun. You booty looks extra tight, that's all.' He winked.

'Stop calling me that, because I'm not yours.' Enya told him. 'Last time I checked, you left me for Abbie so don't even THINK you have any right to approach me IN THIS MANNER.'

'I didn't leave you for good. I didn't break up with you...' Jason coaxed. 'I wanted to be sure about us, our future, before we would move on to the next step.'

'The next step?' Enya scoffed. 'You're telling me you were contemplating about us... IN ABBIE'S BED?'

'Oh come on, En.' Jason sighed. 'Do you really think I would disrespect you like that?'

Enya burst into laughter.

'Yes, I know you would. All guys are the same, after all.' She paced forward so she could face him.

'Besides, the whole GODDAMN TOWN knew about your escapades as well!' 'So you chose to believe town gossip over me, huh?' Jason said, his tone cold.

'They proved to be more reliable than you've ever been, pet.' She purred. ‘You can’t blame me for wanting to know the truth.’

Jason frowned and Enya knew exactly what was going on in his mind. She knew him too well. He was easily offended, which often meant she had to handle him with care if she wanted to achieve…
well, anything. Jason was challenging man and could be best described as selfish and superficial. Although he wasn’t very sharp, he could be quite cunning if he wanted. Enya sighed. After those long years of dating the guy, she knew her way around him and always handled him tactfully. Even when they argued. But right now… right now she didn't care about his opinion of her. His pride. Or his ego. If she crossed his line… well… then she crossed it.

'You can tell me whatever you want, Jason.' She said, feeling extremely tired. 'I'm not going to give in.'

'But we're such a cute couple, sugar.' Jason objected. 'We belong together, babe.'

'We do?' Enya asked in a sarcastic tone. 'If you told me this crap a few years ago, I would have believed you. But now… you really think you can play around with ABBIE OR ME just when it suits YOU, and GET AWAY WITH IT?'

'I wasn't playing around! I love you both, but in the end I decided to choose you, Ennie.' Jason replied.

Enya had to admit he surprised her by not giving up on her yet. Normally his perseverance was... well basically nonexistent. Jason usually got what he wanted, and if he didn't, he would act like he didn’t want it after all. And people believed him, never seeing him for the pathetic liar he was. Which he obviously didn’t see as well.

Enya realized there was more at stake. She guessed that before he went on this quest to "save" her, he probably had told the whole town a tale about how she would throw herself in his arms (probably whilst crying she missed him soooo much) and that he would be her handsome hero for the rest of her life.

His pride would be wounded if he returned without her.

Enya observed him and she couldn't tell why she had found him attractive in the first place. Sure, he was good-looking and the years of working with those huge lumbers in the woods payed off, but... that was it. His brown eyes were dull and didn't sparkle when he saw her. His golden hair that she used to admire wasn't as appealing to her as it once had been. He wasn't smart, funny or thoughtful. He didn't possess the right amount of stubbornness she liked… Or smell like the perfect combination of tobacco, musk and bodily scent that made her knees weak. He didn't have a beard. Enya sighed. She had to confess Jason missed one vital thing that had made her absolutely immune for his charms. She bit her lip as she realized what it was.

As painful as it was at the moment, Jason wasn't Thorin.

And all she wanted was Thorin.

God damnit.

'Why are you just standing there?' Jason asked her as he run his fingers through his hair. 'I told you I chose you over Abbie. Abbie is no fun, En. But I know you are. I need you tonight. Maybe we could invite Lauren and have-'

'SHUT UP!' Enya screamed before he could finish his sentence. She knew exactly what he was going to say, and she didn't want the company to find out about her sexual escapades before she came to middle earth. They would be shocked. Except for Fíli and Kíli of course.

'You need me, En?' Jason winked. 'I'm sure you do, it's been a while.'

Enya's flames reacted before she could control herself and her hands shot a range of them in his direction. Jason dodged all her attempts and didn't seem discouraged.

'Cool trick!' He grinned. 'Where did you learn that? Can you spit fire?'

'I fucking DON'T NEED YOU! I'M SICK OF THOSE FUCKING BASTARDS THAT TRY TO
TELL ME WHAT TO DO! I don't need to be rescued, Jason.' She blazed. 'I was doing fine on my own.'

'You were doing fine?' Jason replied in a confident tone. He eyed the company around her. They hadn't moved and watched their quarreling in silence. Even Dolvira kept her mouth shut.

'Because to me, it looks like you're surrounded by savages. What you're going to do about that? They could harm you.' Jason said.

'Savages?'

Thorin's tone was dangerously low. He finally moved, put a possessive arm around Enya's waist and held her tight to his body. Enya allowed the move, telling herself it seemed sensible to deal with Jason first before she tore Thorin a new one... But she knew there secretly was another reason why she allowed it. She bit her lip and cursed her body for being treacherous and weak for wanting to be near him, even WITH the knowledge that he didn't care about her. She was furious, mad, and sad, she never felt more insecure and hopeless in her whole life, but her body didn't give a shit about that. It wanted him. Badly.

'You have no right to take her.' Thorin hissed. 'She belongs with me.'

'Wanna bet?' Jason scoffed. 'She's mine, pal. And she always has been mine.'

Thorin narrowed his eyes. 'The lady said no. Which part of that don't you understand?'

'I have known her for a long time.' Jason stated. 'When she says no, she usually means yes.'

Enya tore herself away from Thorin's grasp.

'The lady tells both of you to FUCK OFF.' She blazed. 'I can handle myself. We don't have time for this and DON'T LET ME GET STARTED ABOUT ALL THE THINGS I WANT TO SAY TO BOTH OF YOU!'

Both men stared at her, clearly puzzled by her sudden bravura.

After a few moments, Jason seemed to regain his senses and got out his pistols.

The fucker always did that when he didn’t know how to carry himself.

Stupid bastard.

'Don't you dare.' Enya threatened.

'Did you really think I would travel into an unknown world without my babies?' He licked his lips.

'You know I never miss my target.'

'Then you know I easily out best you.' Enya told him.

'Yeah, but you don’t have them right now, do you?' Jason replied.

From the corner of her eye, Enya saw Thorin slowly nodding at Dwalin. No doubt they already agreed on a plan to take Jason down. But they didn’t know how pistols worked, and she did.

'You’re coming with me, En.' Jason said as he aimed one of his pistols on Dwalin. ‘And I see what you’re doing there, mate!’

He pointed the other pistol in Thorin’s direction. Thorin clearly wasn’t impressed at all. He wanted to take a step forward, but Enya put her hand on his chest. He frowned, but didn’t push her away.

'Put them down, Jason.' Enya ordered. 'If you hurt any of them, I’ll have to kill you.'

'Then come with me, Ennie.' He replied. 'That’s all you have to do…'

'Don’t make me-' Enya started, but she was interrupted by noises none of them wanted to hear.

The orc pack found them again.

'What are those?' Jason asked as he stared at the foul creatures nearing them at vast speed.

'Orcs.' Enya told him.

'What, are we in middle earth?' He smirked. 'I know you like those weird books, but please don't tell me I ended up in your favorite fantasy world.'

'It exists, Jason.'

Jason started laughing, but stopped when the whole company eyed him in earnest.
'It does?' He said uneasily. 'This is middle earth, whether you like it or not.' Thorin growled. 'And thanks to you interrupting us, we have no choice but to face them without weapons.'

Jason shrugged as he got his weapons ready. 'Speak for yourself. Although I believe I cannot die in this fantasy universe.'

'I wouldn't be too sure about that.' Enya hissed. 'There are too many.' Jason established uneasily. 'I won't have enough bullets.'

'Then kill as many as you can.' Enya told him. 'Your aim was true, eh? Make sure you don't waste a shot.'

She held up her hands. 'I'll give them my fury.'

Rage swirled up inside of her. They all killed so many orcs, and yet their numbers only seemed to grow. She had to do something, or the company was doomed.

Enya focused. She didn’t want to fight endlessly. One shot should be enough to wipe out the whole orc pack.

She stepped forward, her hands ready. Flames licked her palms.

'So.' She yelled. 'Who of you wants to have a taste first?'

It took her five minutes. Enya had poured all her hatred, her anger, her fear and her doubts into the flames. Dead orcs lay everywhere, their blood dripping into the river and blackening the river. Her hands burned, but that didn’t matter. Her dwarves were safe again.

'Problem solved.' Enya sighed as she turned around.

'Time to go.' Jason told her and he grabbed Enya with one arm.

'What are you doing, you PRICK?' Enya shouted.

Jason placed a gun on her temple.

'If anyone tries to attack Enya OR me, I’ll have to kill her.' He slowly took a few paces behind.

'Jay, two seconds.' Enya hissed, struggling to get free from his grip.

'Why.'

'Because I will tear you to pieces if you won’t allow me to say goodbye.' She answered. 'And don’t think I won’t.'

Jason reluctantly let her go.

'I still got my pistol on you, En.' He threatened.

Enya rolled with her eyes. 'Yeah, shoot me. You’ll only help me out of my misery.'

She walked up to Thorin.

'You cannot-' Thorin began.

'There’s no use to fight him.' She told the dwarf king. 'Bullets are fast, there’s no way to dodge them. I’m not taking any chances. He could hurt one of you.'

'Will you come back?' Thorin asked.

Enya bit on her tongue and refused to look him into the eye. Her anger had faded away when she released the fire inside her and left her with an empty feeling. She felt drained, unable to cope with all the hurt she had been put through.

'I might.' She answered. 'In the meantime, can you please do something for me?'

He nodded shortly. 'Anything.'

'Go talk with Dolvira, Thorin. Make it up with her. I know there’s still something there and you both love each other. She’s a good person and deserves at least another shot. I’m sure she’ll make a wonderful queen.'

This time she looked up to meet his gaze and she saw the pain was displayed in his blue eyes. He was terrified. Hurt. He pleaded her in silence to stay, because he couldn’t complete the quest without her. But she knew there was no other way. Jason would kill her if she tried to cross him. And Thorin
had to make things right with Dolvira. She was his one, his amrâlimê… Enya swallowed hard, but she knew her sacrifice wouldn’t be in vain. The company would be safe and sound again with Jason out of the way and the orc pack dead. Also, by leaving Thorin she would give him and Dolvira their best shot. Enya suddenly felt selfish, thinking she was the better option for Thorin. She was no Abbie. She couldn’t do the things Abbie did to her. Even to Dolvira.

‘What did she tell you?’ Thorin stammered. ‘I told you the truth, Enya. All of it.’
Enya smiled. ‘Please try.’
Thorin blinked, absolutely puzzled by her plea.
‘I’ll talk to her. But only for you.’ He said.

‘That’s enough, En.’ Jason ordered. ‘We’re going.’
They both ignored him. Thorin stroked her cheek with one hand and the movement almost made her change her mind.
But her desire to stay with him wasn’t worth the risk… She’d never forgive herself if someone died because of her.
‘I love you.’ Enya confessed. ‘And it hurts so much.’
‘I love you too.’ He whispered. ‘Come back to me. Promise me.’
Enya lowered her eyes. ‘You have to get back to Dolvira. You’ll be fine.’
‘Never.’ He breathed. ‘It’s you, or nothing.’
‘ENYA.’ Jason barked.
‘I can kill him.’ Thorin said.
Enya shook her head. ‘Don’t. It’s not worth it.’

He said nothing as he watched them disappear in the large black void before him. Thorin swallowed hard, unsure how to feel. Or how to act.

On the one side, he was furious that Enya had the guts to leave him like this, after he finally confessed to her how he felt about her. On the other hand… He didn’t know what those damned pistols were. They probably were powerful, because even Enya didn’t dare to cross Jason once he had gotten them out. Thorin sighed. Enya. She was so… breathtaking. So generous, sweet and powerful… She never hesitated to sacrifice herself if it meant that the others would be safe. She probably believed with her whole heart this was for the best. Thorin glanced over at Dolvira. What did his former love tell Enya about? That night in the blue mountains? He frowned. Rumors had created quite a few versions of that night, and she probably did make it sound like…

‘Thorin.’
Balin interrupted his thoughts.
‘We need to move again.’ He said.
Thorin nodded shortly.
‘Don’t worry.’ Balin told him. ‘She’ll be back.’
Thorin sighed. ‘I hope she will.’
He stared one more time at the place Enya and Jason had disappeared.

She eventually would find her way back to him.
She had to.

Chapter End Notes
I really hope you all liked this... I've been insecure about this whole... thing, but the characters did what they wanted to do. As usual.

I sometimes wonder if I actually have a say in this, haha. :)

Will Enya return to middle earth?
And what DID THORIN DO THAT NIGHT?

Stay tuned. x
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Enya is home. Something is very off. Why can't she stop dreaming about a pair of blue eyes? And who is she, really?

Chapter Notes

Hi there!

So here you go, the next chapter. It took me a while to write, because I really missed Thorin (every version of him, haha) and I wasn't happy with the whole story of the chapter as well. I kept editing... and editing... and editing...

I’m scared to death for the reactions to this one. I can only hope the revelations will sound as logical to you guys as they did to me.

@catsg7: Thank you so much for the advice! I do try to read as much English books as I can, and these days I tend to enjoy them more in English than in my native language. Strange. Haha, funny you mention writer styles: I recently bought a book and I hated the language style that the author used xD. I will definitely read your stories! <3

@OakenshieldsMimizel: Who knows if Dolly speaks the truth… Will we find out this time? Oh and YES, we really need to get Jason off Enya's back. But how? ;) Hope you’ll be satisfied with this solution…

Hope you enjoy. xoxo

PS. I’m currently working on some Thorin x reader requests I got on Tumblr. I’ll post them on AO3 as well. Remember: If you want me to take on a one shot, let me know! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Light.

There was so much light.

Enya turned around, trying to get away from the sun that burned on her face. She stretched her legs and felt soft silk sheets caressing her bare skin. She felt well rested, like she just had the first good sleep in ages. She yawned and snuggled into the bed again.

‘Where the fuck are we?’ her mind requested.

Right, she always forgot her mind liked to ruin happy moments like this one. No wait, not only happy ones. Just every moment in her life when she didn’t need her pesky inner
self commenting on her every move. ‘I mean, I don’t know where we are.’ her mind went on. ‘So I hope you do, En. Because for all we know, we’re in an unknown bed, possibly with a weird guy and we might already have done SOME THINGS WE WILL REGRET FOR ALL ETERNITY!’

What?
Enya flinched.
Well, so much for her relaxed and happy mood. She’d probably find out where the heck she was, because her brain wouldn’t stop chattering before she did.

‘En, how are you doing?’
Someone pulled her from her reflections and touched her hair. He went on with stroking her forehead in a gentle manner.
Enya froze, unsure what to do.
‘Honey, you’ve been sleeping for the past few days. You need to eat.’ Jason whispered in her ear.
‘WHAT?’
She got up faster than a speeding bullet.
Jason was sitting on her bed. A cup of tea and a plate filled with biscuits in his hands. Enya rubbed in her eyes. How did she end up in her own bed? She just went out for a run this morning, right?
What was going on? Why was her cheating boyfriend in her bedroom?
‘Relax babe.’ He smiled. ‘You’ve got some kind of flu. And a nasty one, too. You were lucky I happened to stop by a few days ago. You were acting crazy!’
‘But I was…’ Enya stammered. ‘I’ve got to go…’
Jason put down the plate on her nightstand and pressed the mug in her hands.
‘You’ve been raving about the strangest stuff the last few days, Ennie. I had no idea what you were talking about!’ he told her. ‘It appeared to me like your mind was living in some kind of a fantasy world…’

Tears clouded her eyesight. Enya felt confused, her brain suddenly awfully quiet. Although the last thing she DID remember was leaving the house for her usual running routine, a small part told her she hadn’t been home for the last few months. Enya tried to recall WHERE exactly she had been then, but her memory was failing her. A numb pain was spreading through her body and drove out the positive aftermath of her sleep.
Enya exhaled slowly. Right. She apparently caught some kind of weird flu after finishing her workout, which knocked her out for days. Assuming this was right, it still didn’t explain why she had the feeling she’d been living on the road for months. Why she had a feeling she should be somewhere else, instead of her own bed. Oh, and why she particularly remembered a pair of breathtaking blue eyes…

What exactly did happen? Before she could ask Jason why she didn’t remember being sick, and more importantly, why his cheating ass was in her house, he started talking again.
‘I’m glad you’re awake again, love.’ He said.

Enya nodded shortly.
‘Why are you here, Jason?’
‘God, En! What a question!’ he groaned. ‘I took care of you all this time and this is your way of showing your gratitude?’

‘Well…’ Enya studied her nails and noticed that they were unusually short. She liked to keep them longer. What did she do? Did she unconsciously start to bite her nails again? She frowned.
‘The last thing I remember, we broke up. You cheated on me with Abbie again, Jay.’
‘I would never.’ Jason eyed her angrily. ‘And I don’t know why you would accuse me of such a terrible thing.’

Although Enya was confused about the whole situation, she did know one thing: Jason normally didn’t communicate like this. And he had never taken care of her like this before. Jason wasn’t sweet
and caring. No exceptions. It almost felt like… She couldn’t put her finger on it yet, but something was very off. Enya took a sip from her tea and her left hand reached for her hair, unintentionally in search of the comforting cold metal-

It was gone.

Enya cried out and in a reflex she jumped from her bed. The tea mug escaped from her hands and shattered into pieces on the floor. ‘WHAT ARE YOU DOING?’ Jason yelled as he tried to avoid the hot fluid that flew into his direction.

‘WHAT DID YOU DO WITH MY BEAD?’ Enya shouted.

‘Bead?’ Jason shook his head. ‘I didn’t hear you talking about that, En. There are no beads here, I swear. Please stop screaming.’

‘There was a Braid in my hair!’ Enya yelled. ‘WHAT DID YOU DO WITH IT??!’

‘Babe, I have no idea what you’re talking about!’ Jason told her.

‘I want my bead…’ her voice cracked from all the emotions that ran through her.

‘En, I need you to calm down.’ Jason urged. ‘I don’t want you to have another episode.’

‘Episode?’ she spluttered. ‘First you tell me I’m ill. And now I’m also having episodes?’

‘Yeah, ones in which you black-out completely and won’t stop crying.’ Jason declared. ‘It’s terrifying to watch, actually.’

She didn’t want to cry, but it was impossible. Although her reason told her it was completely irrational to sob over the loss of a simple bead (and since when did she braid her hair anyway?) the tears already ran all over her face. She couldn’t even remember what the bead looked like and why the hell she was so attached to it, but the thought she lost it broke her heart.

‘Babe, relax.’ Jason cooed as he pulled her shaking body into his embrace. ‘You’ll be fine. I’m here. I’ll take care of you, okay?’

Enya sobbed.

‘You’ll be fine. I promise.’ Jason coaxed. ‘Why are you crying over a bead in your hair? I’ve never seen you wearing one.’

‘I don’t know.’ Enya confessed softly. She tried to wipe the tears from her face, but it was no use. They kept on falling. One after the other.

‘Jay, I’ve got a feeling I forgot something very important…’ she whispered. ‘And I cannot tell what it is…’

‘Your mind is still confused from being in the dream world so long.’ Jason told her in a confident manner. ‘You’ll feel better in no time boo, I promise you.’

He held her in his arms and stroked her back until the sobbing stopped and Enya’s breathing became normal again.

‘Why are you suddenly so caring?’ Enya breathed in his ear.

‘Because I lost you, Ennie.’ He replied. ‘And I’m not prepared losing you again. We belong together. You and me. The lumberjack and his little cutie-pie…’

Enya smiled vaguely. His words were sweet and she was tempted to believe him, but something inside of her held her back.

Little cutie-pie…

Heck no. She was too fierce to be called cute.

‘Let’s get you cleaned up.’ Jason encouraged.

He put her on her feet again and smacked her ass.

‘I bet a hot shower with even hotter company will make you feel all better again, eh love?’ Enya wanted to make a remark on him smacking her ass, but she got distracted by one word he used.

Company…
Again, Enya knew it was important to her, but she couldn’t tell why. The word told her something crucial, something she needed herself to remember, but her mind was still blurred. It was like grasping fog… she reached it, but then it was gone.

‘Thanks Jay.’ She said while creating some distance between them. ‘But can I postpone the hot company until after my shower?’

‘Of course.’ He answered. ‘Let me get you a towel and some underwear.’

‘No, I’ll be fine.’ Enya reassured him. ‘You don’t have to do everything for me, Jay. You’ve done enough.’

‘Oh come on, please let me pick your underwear.’ Jason pressed. ‘After all that fussing over you, I want some fun.’

Enya eyed him for a moment, wondering what she should do. She didn’t want him to pick her underwear. Of course she didn’t. If he thought that some sweet words or caring actions would make her take him back, he was mistaking.

‘I think you can manage a little while longer without fun.’ She finally responded.

Jason leaned forward, ready to kiss her.

‘Alright miss independent, you choose. But it has to be sexy. I see you downstairs.’

‘Yeah’ Enya said and she tried to dodge his kiss, but he was quicker than she was.

Luckily, it was just a shallow one.

Jason smiled and then turned to make his way to the stairs. Enya listened as the sound of his heavy footsteps faded. With the back of her hand she wiped the taste of his lips off hers. Ugh! It didn’t feel right to kiss him.

That feeling surprised her a little bit, because normally she would’ve been over the moon with Jason’s presence. Even after everything he had done to her. That “old” Enya (before this assumed flu) had been heartbroken by his betrayal again, but also would’ve been desperate enough to take Jason back. She knew she would. She’d probably would have felt proud about that too, thinking that in the end he chose her. Enya slowly shook her head. Why the fact that Jason cheated on her with Abbie wasn’t bothering her as much as it should any more. Actually, she wanted him to direct his attention to other girls. She wanted him to be gone, and never have to deal with him again. His kiss wasn’t right. He lacked passion. He didn’t possess those blue eyes she couldn’t stop thinking about…

What did this so-called sickness do to her?

Enya turned around and opened her closet. Right. Back to business. Towel. Underwear. Enya shrugged when her hands automatically picked out one of her favorite corsets. She wanted to wear it, but she knew Jason had nothing to do with that urge… Oh well. Maybe she just wanted to get pretty for herself. Enya smiled and she grabbed her favorite clothing before she made her way into the bathroom. She turned on the shower and just wanted to undress when she saw her own reflection in the mirror.

‘Who is that?’ she whispered.

The mirror image looked back, the expression on the girls’ face intrigued.

‘Is that me?’ Enya gasped. ‘Really?’

She carefully touched her face. The reflection did the same. Damn, she looked really… hot! Due to that sickness she lost a fair amount of weight, making her cheekbones more pronounced and her stomach… flat. Her complexion was smooth and spotless and felt like she just came home from the spa after a detox treatment. Enya purred as she slowly turned around before the mirror. God! Her bum was rounder and cute and… Had she been squatting in her bed during those episodes? No, she
couldn’t possibly do such a thing without remembering it. Enya bit her lip when she noticed that only her bum, but her whole body looked more fit than usual. Seriously, what was going on? What was Jason not telling her? Losing some weight during an illness was normal, but how on earth did her body get that healthy? Enya shrugged and turned on the shower. Her clothes landed on the floor. She smiled. She shouldn’t complain about the fact she suddenly had a flat stomach, because it made her belly button piercing even more pretty…

‘I like this piece of jewelry…’ A low baritone voice told her.
Enya looked around, trying to find the person that spoke to her. But there was no one there.
‘What?’ she said.
No answer. Enya shrugged. Maybe this was the last phase of her flu. Hearing voices other than her own… But yet the voice had sounded so familiar, so loving. She wanted to hear it again… She stood still for a while, waiting for the voice to return. But when it didn’t and all she could hear was the sound of the running shower, she stepped inside. Her body relaxed when she felt drops of warm water rolling over her skin. Enya closed her eyes and tried to enjoy her shower rather than panicking over the fact that she had no idea what just happened. She slowly started to wash her hair, massaging her scalp by making rhythmic circular movements. She really needed to calm down and set her priorities straight.
‘Tell me your pleasure is mine.’ The voice whispered to her.
Enya suppressed a quiver. Her body suddenly felt needy, like it remembered something her mind didn’t.
‘Why would I do such a thing?’ Enya demanded, ignoring her yearning thighs.

She growled in frustration when the voice didn’t reply to her. What was she supposed to do?
What was he trying to tell her? She closed her eyes and lowered her head to let the stream of water wash out the soap that she put in her hair. What was going on? Why did he sound so familiar?
‘I… I believe I love you, miss Blueheart’ the voice whispered against her skin. ‘And when this is all over… Will you marry me and be my queen?’
‘There is nothing in this world that I would want more.’ Enya blurted out.
She didn’t know why she said that, but she did know it felt astonishingly right to do so.
‘Will you allow me to make you mine?’ he asked softly as his hot breath caressed her naked skin.
‘Please do.’ Enya breathed.
She could practically feel his hands all over her and his hot kisses in her neck. Suddenly her bathroom was gone. She was stuck between the damp prison wall and the hot body that belonged to the voice. His hands trailed down, finding the sensitive spot between her thighs and slowly massaging it, making her tremble with delight in his arms. Oh gods yes, she wanted this. She wanted him more than anything in the world.
‘Oh Thorin, yes.’ She whimpered.

THORIN?

Enya’s eyes flung open and she put her hands on her mouth before she could cry out his name again. Her body was shivering, clearly frustrated from the sudden interruption of her sexual fantasy.
But this wasn’t exactly a fantasy, was it? She had been there, he had touched her exactly like that.

Thorin.

Oh god. The memories started to flood back into her mind. How they met, when she accused him of being part of a big larping event. The way he tied her up in her corset the first time. How they quarreled when she found out he didn’t want her to join the company. His remark “I’ve never seen you speechless before” when he caught her from that stoned trolls’ grasp. Enya smiled. How could she ever forget his anger management issues, particularly that day when Fíli and Kíli stole her clothes and she went after them? He didn’t object her reverted striptease in Rivendell though… She giggled...
as she remembered them arguing about her bitchfight with Dolvira… Thorin pushing her against a tree and kissing her with an unsaturable hunger. She blushed when she recalled the rest of the evening, when he decided to, in his words “tried to calm her down” by getting down on her. Good gods, in that department that dwarf really knew what he was doing. Enya bit her lip when her thighs twitched in anticipation.

There were so many memories! She giggled again when she remembered how they flirted in Beorn’s house, how he defended her against Thranduil. His cute confession, when he finally had the guts to tell her in words how he felt about her. Oh, and how frustrated he had been afterwards when Bilbo disturbed their little rendezvous in their shared cell. How he laid a possessive arm around her waist, to show Jason she was off limits. Enya’s smile disappeared.

How Jason forced her to come back with him to earth.

Gods. She sat down as the water trickled over her body. How could she not have seen this earlier? She had all the pieces of the puzzle, but yet she was too blind to put them together. How could she not have seen that Thorin was as much in love with her as she was with him? Seriously. How could she have doubted his feelings for her? Enya frowned. This wasn’t just lust, like Dolvira tried to let her believe. This was love. A fierce one, like he admitted to her in the elven kingdom in Mirkwood. Enya winced when she realized the obvious truth.

He was her one.

And he was in another dimension. Another world. Separated from her. And to make matters worse, she had search someone who had the rare skill of making portals, so she could find her way back to him.

Well, fuck.

‘And did I tell you how much you screwed up his respect for you when you managed to ask him to get together with Dolvira again?’ her mind remarked.

‘So you’re finally back, eh?’ Enya whispered angrily, not wanting her mind to put salt into her open wounds.

But her mind was right. She completely messed up. What was she thinking? How could she ask him to love Dolvira again?

Honestly, when she looked back, how much of that story was true? She couldn’t believe Thorin would just promise the redhead something and started to court another woman after that. This wasn’t like him. It absolutely didn’t suit his character. He was too honorable for that. But did that mean that the warrior woman made the whole story up? Just to scare her away? Enya wiped away a tear that welled up from her eyes. It felt so right to leave these two behind, but now… she wasn’t so sure any more about that decision. What had she done? How could she ever face Thorin again?

‘Don’t wind yourself up in self-pity, Blueheart.’ Her mind scoffed. ‘Go make it right.’

Enya closed her eyes. Yes, she screwed up. She had to talk to Thorin. But right now, her priority was to find her bead and make her way back to him.

‘How was your shower, hun?’ Jason asked as Enya walked down the stairs.

He was watching sports on her television and didn’t bother to turn around to watch how she really was doing. Normally she would’ve been offended, but today she was grateful for his big amount of disinterest. She had to find her bead first and she didn’t need him walking around the house, asking what she was doing.

‘Splendid, thank you.’ She replied.

‘Good.’ Jason commented, his attention already directed to the sports program again.

‘I’m going to put the trash out.’ Enya told him.
‘Yeah.’ He said.

Enya disappeared through the back door and walked around her house. Jason wasn’t the brightest soul on the planet… So where would he hide stuff he needed to get rid of? She didn’t believe he actually was stupid enough to put the evidence of her being in middle earth in the trash bin, so he must have found another way to hide her bead.

And clothes. And traveling bag!

Enya pressed her lips together. Right. She just had to think like Jason. What would he do? He surely wouldn’t try to…

Oh no.

She ran as fast as she could into the direction of the firepit. If he melted down her bead, that son of a bitch would have to pay for it. With her hands, Enya went through the ashes. It didn’t take long for her fingers to become as pitch-black as the charcoal the firepit contained. But she didn’t find her bead.

‘No! No, no, no, NO!’ she shouted.

Okay. Breathe, she told herself. Keep on breathing. She lowered herself on her knees and stared into the pit. She went through it again, thoroughly this time. It had to be there. She gasped when her fingers detected a heavy, small, rounded object. She carefully lifted it from the pit and inspected it.

Her bead.

A spark ignited inside of her. She knew it. Jason tried to deceive her. And oh, he was going to pay for what he had done.

‘What the fuck is this, Jason?’ Enya said as she plunged down on the pouf between him and his beloved television. She pointed at her bead, which she cleaned and hung on a silver necklace. It was safe. He had to kill her first to get his filthy hands on it again.

‘En, you’re in the way.’ Jason complained. ‘Seriously, I’d like to see this game.’

Enya gritted her teeth. ‘I’m talking to you, you useless PRICK!’

‘What?’ Jason said.

‘You took my bead and tried to burn it, along with everything that could remind me of middle earth!’ Enya accused him.

‘Yeah.’ Jason replied. ‘I did.’

‘Why?’ Enya asked.

‘Because I want you for myself, En.’ Jason told her in a matter-of-factly tone. ‘I recognized that stupid Thorin Oakenshield in an instant. And the way you looked at him. He was the one you couldn’t stop giggling about when reading that tedious book of yours, wasn’t he? You tell me I’m cheating on you, but you were cheating on me all this time… with him. In your head, whilst reading.’

‘I think fantasies are a bit different than the real deal.’ Enya hissed.

Jason smirked.

‘It doesn’t matter anymore En. We’re even. And you’re mine. You know that. You’ve always been mine.’ he stretched his back before he continued. ‘So I just had to make sure you wouldn’t be reminded about the living version of him again.’

‘By burning my STUFF?’ Enya blazed.

Jason shrugged. ‘I still think it was a pretty good idea.’

‘That proves again how STUPID you are.’ Enya bickered. ‘I’m not YOURS. I thought I was clear when I caught you and Abbie in bed. And I was VERY clear when you harassed me in middle
earth!

Jason laughed.

‘Oh, Ennie.’ He said and he stroked her leg. ‘You and I both know that you’ll change your mind after I give you the fuck you yearn for.’

‘Don’t you touch me.’ She growled.

‘Are you gonna put up a fight?’ Jason said as he licked his lips. ‘I like a challenge, Ennie. How long has it been?’

Her hands started to shake, but she didn’t feel her fire yet.

‘The ONLY person that I’ll allow to give me the so-called “fuck I yearn for”, would be Thorin.’ She proclaimed. ‘And NO ONE else is touching me without suffering the consequences.’

‘Oh come on, En.’ Jason purred. ‘Does he know how to please you? The midget basically lives in the middle ages! I bet he doesn’t even know how to find-’

Enya lashed out twice, smacking Jason hard on his cheek.

‘Don’t you dare to talk about my king like that!’ she roared. ‘Your skills are no match to him. I can confirm it myself: he bests you. Easily.’

‘That’s impossible.’ Jason hissed.

Enya sighed.

‘Tell me then, master of lovemaking. What is a G-spot?’

‘That’s a thing. In your body, En.’ Jason said, uneasy with the direction in which this conversation was going. ‘Listen I don’t have to PROVE myself to you. I don’t like the fact that you think it’s okay to start lecturing me like I’m some kind of high school kid.’

‘Good! It is indeed a thing in a woman’s body.’ Enya praised. ‘That thing you cannot seem to find, Jay!’

She patted his head.

‘Now. I’m done with you. We’re over. I’m going to do some grocery shopping, and when I get back home, you’ll be gone. You’ll leave your key on the kitchen counter. Understood?’

‘Bitch.’ Jason growled. ‘You asked for this!’

She avoided his grasping fists and slowly walked backwards to the door.

‘Get out.’ She declared. ‘Get out, you son of a bitch! Don’t make me hurt you.’

‘Where’s your magic now, En?’ Jason mocked. ‘Where’s your beloved midget? He cannot protect you like I can.’

He stood up.

‘But right now, I don’t feel like protecting you anymore. I’m going to punish you for what you just said.’

Enya’s hands twitched and stung as she tried to let her hand palms fill with her fire, but there was nothing more than a spark. It didn’t work. She eyed Jason nervously. Why wasn’t it working? Why did her flames leave her?

‘Do you really want to face my fire?’ she said in an attempt to install fear.

Damn, her voice cracked. Alright, breathe! Enya inhaled sharply and tried to remember the moves Dwalin taught her.

‘If you’re stupid enough to lose your weapon one day and you have to face the enemy with your bare hands…’ he had explained. ‘Try to hit for the sensitive spots.’

‘Like what?’ Enya had asked, which earned her a deadly look from the tough dwarf.

‘You know.’ He had growled. ‘The vulnerable parts… if you’re encountering a male, go for the balls.’

So that’s what she did. When Jason lunged forward to take her down, Enya lifted her foot and kicked him as hard as she could.

‘YOU BITCH!’ Jason howled as he landed on the floor, his hands around his crotch.

Enya didn’t wait for him to get up again, grabbed her backpack that hung on the coat rack and ran
outside.
By the time Jason followed her outside, all he could do was scream at her car that disappeared from
his view. In the car, Enya took a deep breath. She had to get out of here. There was no way she’d
ever enter her house again.

‘Mom!’ Enya yelled as she entered her mothers’ house.
She threw her heavy backpack on the couch. After she made a pitstop at Starbucks and her favorite
hot chocolate with whipped cream and caramel calmed her down, she realized she needed to get
some ladies stuff before returning to middle earth. So she picked up a few things… The lady at the
cash register had eyed her suspiciously when Enya threw thirty boxes of tampons on the counter, and
Enya had felt the need to explain herself (‘I’m going to live in the wild for quite some time, you
see’). Which was completely unnecessary, because she probably would never see the lady again for
the rest of her life.

‘Hello En.’ Her mother shouted back. ‘It’s been a while since I’ve seen you! But the real question
now is: what do I owe the pleasure of enjoying your presence again?’
Enya sighed. So, the tone of the conversation was set, and it wasn’t going to be a friendly one.
Couldn’t her mother just be normal? Just once? She really needed a shoulder to cry on right now.
Jason just tried to attack her and she was separated from the love of her life…
‘Are my cute brothers and sisters home?’ she asked casually.
‘Nope.’ Her mother replied as she walked around the corner. ‘It’s just you and me, En.’
‘Wow.’ Enya blurted out when she saw her mother again. ‘You’re such a dwarrowdam, mom!
Unbelievable! How could I not have seen it?’

Her mother narrowed her eyes, but she didn’t seem surprised.
She was short, just like Enya. Unusually short for a human. She had wavy golden locks and
mesmerizing green eyes that would make a man do anything for her. She certainly was a female
dwarf. No doubt.
‘What did you say, En?’
‘Your real name isn’t Catherine, is it?’ Enya challenged her.
She tilted her head. ‘No, Enya. You’re right.’
‘Why didn’t you tell me about my ancestry?’ Enya demanded. ‘Why, mother? What did I do to you?
Why did you choose to withhold such a huge part of my life from me? Who am I?’
‘Oh, my dear Enya... I hoped the dragon had given you enough to make you forget about that…’ her
mother muttered.

‘The dragon?’ Enya said. ‘Mom, what is going on? Why did you lie to me?’
Enya’s mother started pacing around the room.
‘Do you have any idea how hard it is?’ she began. ‘Do you have ANY idea how difficult it is to be a
dwarf, in a human world?’
‘You could’ve told me.’ Enya objected. ‘I cannot believe’-
‘No, I couldn’t!’ her mother interrupted. ‘I couldn’t possibly tell you who you were!’
‘Why not? It’s my right to know!’
‘I suppose it is, you’re right.’ Enya’s mother admitted. ‘You’ve been to our homeland, haven’t you?
Have you met your kin?’
‘I have met a couple of longbeards. And someone I love.’ Enya whispered.
‘And he loves you back, no doubt.’ Her mother touched the bead in her neck. ‘It’s a beautiful
courting bead. But why is it on a necklace? Why isn’t it in your hair?’
Enya flinched. ‘Jason came to get me and he forced me to come back here. I must have been
unconscious when he took my bead and tried to burn it. He did a serious attempt to make me lose my
memory of going to middle earth…’
‘He isn’t your one.’ Her mother stated.
‘No.’ Enya sighed. ‘The truth is… I found him with Abbie a few months ago. I broke up with him before I ended up in middle earth.’

‘He cheated on you?! Again?!’ her mother exclaimed.

She sat down on the couch and pulled Enya next to her.

‘Honey, why didn’t you tell me this earlier?’

‘Let’s be honest,’ Enya told her. ‘We don’t get along very well, mom. I was afraid that you would judge me for it.’

‘For telling him to get out when you discovered he was dishonoring you like that?’

Her mother’s face was filled with horror.

‘En… We might argue all the time, but you’re still my daughter.’

‘Then please tell me the truth about me.’ Enya pleaded.

‘Alright.’ Enya’s mother rubbed her eyes. ‘Let me fill the gaps then.’

She took a deep breath.

‘The story begins with your grandparents. My parents.’

‘Emrak and Gigira,’ Enya said. ‘The elven king of Mirkwood told me about them. How grandma escaped the city of Nogrod and how grandpa was unable to follow her.’

‘Yes. Gigi gave you his locket.’ Her mother responded. ‘When I was a child, I wanted it so badly. He was my father and I missed him so much…’

‘At least you KNEW who your father was.’

‘But Gigi couldn’t part from it. And when she did, she gave it to you.’ Her mother mumbled, ignoring Enya’s remark. ‘You immediately were as attached to it as I was. I secretly was glad that the youngest of the Blueheart family got our most precious family heirloom, even when she didn’t know what it meant to us.’

‘Mom. The story.’ Enya pressed.

‘What?’ her mother smiled. ‘Oh yes. The story.’

‘When Gigira came to this world, with only a few nobles on her side, she was pregnant with me. They managed to survive and a few of them settled in Finland, where she got me. She called me Ailva.’

‘Ailva? You lived in Finland?’

‘Yes, darling. I speak Finnish fluently.’ Ailva told her. ‘I grew up there. Those early years in the woods were the happiest of my life. But to avoid suspicion, we had to move every twenty to thirty years.’

‘Why?’ Enya asked.

‘We don’t age as fast as humans do. Remember we can live up to 250 years, En. People would’ve eventually found out and killed us.’

‘How old are you?’ Enya asked.

Her mother smiled. ‘I’m 173 years old.’

‘And how old was Gigi?’

‘She was 265 when she died.’

‘Two hundred and sixty-five…’ Enya repeated. ‘That’s insane.’

Ailva chuckled. ‘Better believe it, hun. Tea?’

‘Yes please.’

Enya followed her mother to the kitchen, and she sat on the counter while her mother boiled some water.

‘Mom, Finnish… I cannot believe it. You actually speak Finnish?’

Ailva laughed.

‘Why is that so hard to believe?’

‘Because I always thought we were Americans…’ Enya responded. ‘When did you leave Finland?’

‘When I was around thirty, I think. Thirty-three, or thirty-four…’
Ailva touched Enya’s cheek. “The thirty’s of a dwarf are like the teenager years for humans. You start to grow up, argue with your parents, start to fancy members of the other sex…”
“Then it’s when I fell in love there you know, for the first time.” She continued. “I met this boy in town and I told Gigi he was my amrâlimê. I knew I could never love anyone as fierce as I loved Matias.”
“But Gigi ruined it?” Enya guessed.

She didn’t want to talk negatively about the dead, but her grandmother could be quite difficult. Although most of the time she had been such a sweetheart, but when you decided to do something Gigi didn’t approve of… well you had gotten yourself into trouble. Gigi would stop at nothing to make things “right” again. Enya smiled. Grandma was a true fire beard princess… stubborn as hell and highly opinioned. As were her daughter and granddaughter. No wonder the relationships between the three of them were so strained …

“Yes, your grandmother decided we should move.” Ailva replied. “She told me I couldn’t possibly fall in love with a human. She wanted to keep the bloodline pure, to make sure another fire witch would be born. Her husbands’ legacy had to live on. No matter the costs.”
“And you stood up to her.”
“I did. Gigi and I quarreled, much like we do these days.” Ailva smiled. “But in the end, Gigi acted quicker than I did and before I knew it, we were on our way to Europe. She told me not to worry, that I would love again.”
“Where did you go?” Enya asked.
“France. And after thirty years we moved to England. You were born in London.”
“London?” Enya squealed. “Mom, If you were only between sixty and seventy when you got me, HOW OLD AM I? WHY DON’T I REMEMBER?”
‘Calm down.’ Ailva commanded and Enya recognized her grandmothers’ authoritarian tone.
“I was 84 when I got you.”
“But…” Enya blinked a few times.
“You just turned 89. You were born in the summer of 1928 in London.”
“But why did I believe, until recently, that I’m 24? MOM?”
“Let me first explain who your father is.” Ailva growled. “After that we’ll come to the part why you don’t remember much of your life.”

Enya took a sip from her tea and frowned. Sure, she wanted to know her whole life who her father was, but she didn’t expect her mother to come up with such a crazy story.

But hey, from the day she fell in middle earth, every day had been equally weird.

“We were living in London and Gigi was pushing me to choose one of the noblemen as my life partner.” Ailva mused.
“How many respectable noblemen did come with her to this world?” Enya wondered.
“Not many. I still hadn’t forgot the cruel way she separated me from Matias and I told her there never would be another amrâlimê for me. So we made a deal.”
Ailva sighed.
“I would let one of the noblemen court me and I would give her the heir she so desperately wanted. After that, I could do whatever I wanted.” Her mother stated. “I think she hoped I would find happiness in one of the noblemen’s arms.”
“But you didn’t.”
“No.” Ailva admitted. “Your father was the son of a mighty dwarf lord. His name was Rudor. Although we liked each other, he knew I wasn’t his one and I knew he never could be mine. Nevertheless, we married in the fall of 1927. After the wedding night I felt so guilty for giving myself to another instead of Matias… I ran away.”
“How romantic.” Enya declared. “I always hoped I was born out of love…”
'We were practically strangers to each other.' Ailva confessed. 'You see, shortly after we came on earth, your grandmother decided that the group couldn’t stick together. It was too dangerous. Rudor and his sisters traveled to Italy and lived there before meeting us in London again.'

'But you’ve could have tried, mom!' Enya told her.

She knew it wasn’t fair for her to say something like that. Because what would she do, if someone told her she could never see Thorin again and she had to marry Jason instead. Enya swallowed hard. She actually would rather die than having to deal with that.

'I’m sorry.' She apologized when she saw Ailva’s hurt expression. 'Did you try to find your amràlimê?'

Her mother nodded. 'I didn’t care that it took me a few weeks to travel to my hometown again. But when I got there, Matias and I weren’t the same anymore. We changed. I had you growing inside of me and Matias was well in his forties. He clearly hadn’t wait for me to come back and started a family for whom he had to provide. He instantly recognized my little baby bump and told me he couldn’t take care of me. I was heartbroken, and on my own again.'

'What did you do?'

'I decided to go back to London. I had no choice. You were on the way and I needed someone to provide for me.' Her mother sighed. 'And when I came back… Gigi was mad with grief. She told me about the great flood that had scourged through London. Rudor had been out all day, trying to save the lives of the poor. Ironically, he died just a week after that from a cold he caught by being in the water so long. He saved so many lives that day, but a feisty flu took his…'

Enya didn’t know what to say. She had fantasized so much about who her father was. Although her mother had told her he died long ago, she always had kept hope. She wanted to meet him someday. How much she resembled him, because she didn’t look like her mother.

'I know it is a lot to take in.' her mother told her.

'Really?' Enya said sarcastically. 'And where is the part where you finally tell me WHY I cannot remember most of my life?'

'I did that for you.' Her mother objected. 'Every twenty years, we had to start all over. We had to say goodbye to our friends, our home… It had broken my heart a few times and I did want to spare you that. So Gigi and I took you to the dragon a few times, to erase and adjust your memory before we boarded the plane again. He ensured us you would be perfectly happy. You could lead a normal life, making friends, having a boyfriend. Get a job. I didn’t want the fact that we’re dwarves would EVER hold you back from doing the things you love.'

'But somehow I always have known I didn’t belong.' Enya whispered. 'You have no idea how much I have hated myself for being different! For not fitting in, but never knowing why!'

'I’m sorry sweetheart.' Ailva apologized. 'I only did what I thought was right.'

'Is that why you hate me?' Enya asked slowly, trying to hide her trembling voice. 'Is the fact that I’m a dwarf the reason why you prefer my half-brother and sisters over me?'

'Don’t be daft.' Ailva muttered. 'I don’t prefer them over you. You’re just more difficult than them, because you’re dwarvish. They only have half the stubbornness you and I possess. You just couldn’t stop searching for your father, and I wasn’t going to tell you. I’d rather wanted you to hate me for it, because then at least you would be safe.'

'Safe?' Enya objected. 'You’ve lied to me for years! How did you pull it off? Really? Do they know? Did Phil know?'

'It’s complicated.' Her mother responded. 'But they all, Phil and your brother and sisters Alicia, Brad and Kaitlynn… they don’t know. Gigi and I were forced to take you all to the dragon once in a while.'

'Please tell me: who is this dragon you won’t stop talking about?'

'A powerful sorcerer in our world.' Ailva explained. 'He’s an expert in deceiving the mind.'

'I don’t like that fact.' Enya hissed. 'You allowed him to meddle with our brains? Really? You
could’ve skipped the lies and told us the truth instead.’
‘Enya, how? How did you think that would work out?’ her mother pleaded. ‘I couldn’t just go back on my decision! All those memories… It would be too painful for you to regain them again! And not just only for you… Think about your brother and sisters… Your stepfather…’
Enya scoffed. ‘I’m sure these painful memories you talk of are better than living a lie…’

Ailva kept silent.

‘You forced me to live with these false in my head.’ Enya muttered, trying to hold in the anger that was resurfacing.
‘I mean: I have recollections about playing with my siblings, but how could that ever be true? I’m 89… and they’re in their twenties…’
‘Enya…’ Her mother stroked her cheek. ‘All your childhood memories are true… they’re just sometimes… a bit modernized and adjusted. In reality you watched your brother and sisters growing up, but your mind thinks it was you that grew up along with them. And they do too.’

Enya didn’t know what to say anymore and stared at her feet.
Ailva pressed her lips together.
‘Enya, I’m terribly sorry about this. Like I said: I did what any parent would do. I gave you your best shot.’
‘You still want that?’ Enya whispered.
‘Of course I do, honey.’ Her mother smiled. ‘I love you, you know. I’ve loved you for 89 years.’
‘I suggest you take me to the dragon then.’ Enya said. ‘Because I need to get to middle earth again.’

The dragon was a tiny, but impressive man. His eyes were, just like his hair, black as a ravens’ feathers. He was wearing bright red Chinese robes with dragons embroidered on it. He watched Enya curiously as they came in. To her, he and his shop seemed all too familiar. The fragrance of spices and incense hung heavily in the air. The peculiar objects exhibited on the shelves along the wall… Although she couldn’t consciously remember it, she knew she had been here many times before.
‘The usual, Ail?’ the dragon firstly inquired, but then hold up his hand before both women could speak.
‘No, you don’t want the usual. You daughter needs me. She wants me to open a portal to middle earth, isn’t it? Strange.’
He paced around the room.
‘Two portals in two days… that doesn’t happen often.’
‘Yes. My ex-boyfriend thought it would be a good idea to go on a “rescue a damsel who’s having a good time” mission.’ Enya told him. ‘He dragged me into this world again, and I need to go back.’
Behind her, she heard her mother backing out the conversation. Ailva started walking around the room, feigning a large amount of interest in the dusty bookcase just next to the door. She was glad Ailva gave her some privacy.
‘Why, my dear? Earth is safer than the world you just came from.’
‘Because I belong in Middle Earth.’ Enya said. ‘I’m a fire witch from the fire beard clan and my kin needs me. I need to slay a dragon.’
The dragon smirked. ‘Not me, I hope.’
Enya giggled. ‘No. Unless you refuse me my portal.’
‘I wouldn’t dare to refuse the future queen of Erebor her right to be in her homeland.’ He said as he bowed before her.
‘But why did you allow Jason to bring me back?’ Enya sighed.
‘I read his mind and his intention seemed clear. He told me he loved you dearly.’ The dragon said and he started pacing before her.
‘But it seems he deceived me. When I sent him through, I discovered that he took one of my strongest memory potions. It must have slipped in his pockets when he waited for his portal.’
‘So you just let him do that?’ Enya blazed. ‘You knew he would try to erase my memory! You decided to wait and do nothing?’
‘I didn’t know this was about you.’ The dragon defended himself.
‘But you can read minds.’ Enya shot back. ‘How could you NOT know this was about me?’
‘You’re smart, miss Enya.’ He admitted. ‘But even I do miss certain things sometimes. Besides, your powers are now stronger than any memory potion I possess. It cannot hold your true self back anymore.’

The dragon walked up to her and looked her in the eye.
‘He hurt you.’ He exclaimed.
Enya nodded. ‘He harassed me today, yes.’
‘And I unconsciously let him.’ The dragon admitted. ‘I apologize for that.’
‘It’s fine.’ Enya responded. ‘Although I would be relieved if you could do something for me.’
‘Anything.’
‘Can you please let Jason forget about me? I cannot risk him threatening the lives of my kin, again.’ The dragon said nothing but just nodded.

Suddenly she felt so tired. The loss and gain of her memory, the fight with Jason, the conversation with her mother… it was all too much. Her head was buzzing with questions… Was there any way to get her memory back? Did she want that anyway? Why did that portal open up to her all those months ago? Did she lose her powers on her way to earth?

‘That portal was meant to be.’ The dragon answered, in a manner like she just asked him that question aloud. ‘I don’t know how you conjured it, but you did. Not one portal looks the same and they don’t appear on their own.’
‘I was singing when it happened…’ Enya muttered. ‘Well, screaming actually.’
‘What did you say?’ the dragon inquired.
‘It’s so hard for me, seeing light at the end of the tunnel…’ Enya answered him.
‘There you go. Your heart knew where you should go. The magic in you did the rest.’
‘You lost me there.’ Enya confessed. ‘My powers are derived from nature, like I’m some kind of modern avatar. But how can I summon a portal?’
He chuckled. ‘Modern avatar. Good one, I should remind that one.’
Enya rolled her eyes.
‘Who says nature doesn’t have the power to open portals?’ the dragon mused.
‘You’re even worse than Gandalf.’ Enya groaned. ‘Why speak in riddles when you can be clear about the things you mean?’
‘Because the truth is never clear.’ He smiled.
Enya sighed. ‘Never mind.’

The dragon laughed.
‘You’re still young, my dear. You don’t have to understand everything. Just experience your life. Live it to the full. Use your powers, but with care. In time, you’ll understand what I told you.’
‘But my powers…’ Enya fretted. ‘They don’t work anymore.’
‘Magic works differently in this world.’ He replied. ‘Your powers are still there. You’re just in the dark how you should use them.’

Enya frowned.

‘I’ll make you a portal.’ The dragon promised as he patted her shoulder. ‘Now go say goodbye to your mother. I’ll be ready in a few minutes.’

Her mother grabbed her into a tight hug.
‘I love you.’ She whispered. ‘I hope you find it in your heart to forgive me, Enya.’
‘Mom.’ Enya breathed. ‘You’re just like your father.’ Ailva cried. ‘You have his eyes, his hair. He was a kind and loving dwarf. I’m so sorry I couldn’t love him like you wanted me to, but I do love you more than I can describe.’

Ailva touched the courting bead on Enya’s necklace. ‘Now go to Thorin, son of Thráin, son of Thror. Be his queen. Go claim your birthright.’

‘How do you…’ Enya began. ‘Gigi mentioned Thorin once. Your grandfather had told her about the quest for the lonely mountain. She said my unborn daughter, princess of the fire beards, would become its queen one day.’ her mother replied. ‘And on that day the longbeards and the fire beards will be united again…’

‘But…’ Enya whispered. ‘Oh, there is so much I want to tell you, but there’s no time…’ her mother interrupted. ‘Enya, your locket… Your locket can do powerful things. When it’s in the right place, it can protect you, and your kin.’

‘But that doesn’t make sense!’ Enya protested. ‘What is the right place?’

‘No time.’ Ailva told her. ‘You need to go. A portal cannot stay open for too long.’

She pushed her daughter away. ‘Step inside.’ The dragon ordered. ‘You have to leave.’

Enya took a deep breath, but then turned around. ‘Mom, I love you too.’ she said. ‘I’m sorry if I hurt you. I didn’t mean to.’

‘I know.’ Ailva responded as she watched her daughter disappear into the golden whirlwind in front of her.

‘I know, my daughter.’ She repeated.

The whirlwind was just starting to fade when the door of the shop burst open and a large muscular male walked inside. ‘YOU LET HER GO?’ Jason yelled behind Ailva. ‘AFTER I DID ALL THIS TROUBLE????’

Ailva turned and she clenched her jaw. ‘If that isn’t Jason.’ She growled. ‘You hurt my daughter.’

‘Is that what she told you?’ he smirked. ‘She was the one that was rude to me today and I intend to teach her a lesson.’

‘Make me a portal, dragon guy.’ He ordered.

The dragon folded his arms. ‘I don’t think so, young man. The lady explicitly said she didn’t want you to follow her.’

‘I don’t care what she thinks.’ Jason told them. ‘I want her. So she’s gonna be with me. Whether she likes it or not.’

Ailva’s fist was fast. It landed on Jason’s jaw and he howled in horror. With a quick whip from her legs he was on the ground. Ailva pinned him down. ‘You will NEVER hurt her again.’ She whispered. ‘

‘Let’s give him what he deserves…’ the dragon said as he handed Ailva a small flask with darkish brown potion in it. ‘I’m not drinking that.’ Jason whined. ‘Please don’t do that to me.’

‘You should’ve thought about that when you hurt Enya over and over again.’ Ailva told him. ‘But back then, you didn’t care about her OR her feelings, huh?’

‘Please let me go.’ Jason tried.

‘No. This will give her the best shot she’s got…’ she hissed. ‘You will be the last one to disturb her happiness… NOW DRINK UP!’

Chapter End Notes
Will Enya end up in middle earth again? Is her portal really taking her back where she wants to be?

Let me know if you want a little detour... Or do you want our characters to finally let go? Maybe things should get a little smutty in the next chapter...

I really need your help with this one guys, I'm torn between the options. So comment down below!

Until next time! xo
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Enya meets her grandmother before she ends up in Laketown again. Thorin is thrilled that she's back. Dolvira isn't that happy about it.

And finally.... our two cuties do what they needed to do a LONG time ago.

Enjoy xo

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone!

I'm sorry it took me so long to complete this chapter, but some personal shit prevented me from writing it earlier. I also struggled writing the smut (please tell me if you enjoyed it, or what I could improve!)

I want to thank the lovely MiriyanThesilverWolf and MadFurryCheshireCat for proofreading my chapter & helping me out. Also a shoutout to my friend miss D, who always reads my drabbles before they end up on AO3 and Tumblr! <3

@Likarian & @DEDEDOTTI: Yes, panties shredding Thorin has arrived. And he doesn't seem to care that Enya's panties are quite expensive :)
@katemc86: hahahaha, yes! I love this phrase xD
@Caroltache & @Gaëlle1603 & @dartanan9 & @Lodriel: Thank you so much, all of you sweethearts! <3 I'm glad you're enjoying this. Let me know what you think of this chapter!!!
@OakenshieldsMimizel: You wanted a grandma detour, eh? ;) . I got you one. And what do you think we should do with Dolly after you read this chapter??? :)

ps.:
âzyungel = love of loves
menu tessu = you mean everything to me
ghivashel = treasure of all treasures
uzfâkuh = my greatest joy
tyllerö (Finnish) = little girl

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was safe to say she hated this new way of traveling. Enya groaned as she tried to lift her body from the floor. God, it hurt. She should remember next time that she had to land on her own damn feet. If there was a next time... she hoped not.

She inhaled slowly and opened her eyes. Well, luckily she landed on a soft carpet.
'Enya. Get up. There’s not much time.'

The voice that spoke to her made her jump on her feet. She turned around.

‘Grandma?’ she cried out.

‘Hi darling.’ Gigi beamed. ‘Come here. I need to hold you.’

Enya flew into her grandmother’s arms.

‘Am I dead?’ she asked. ‘Where am I? Gigi, please tell me what happened! I have to go to Laketown and they might be already gone… and…’

Gigi patted her granddaughter on her back. ‘You’re on your way, darling. Don’t you worry. You’re just making a short stop here.’

‘What is this place?’ Enya said as she let Gigi go.

‘Another dimension.’

‘What?’ Enya demanded.

‘It isn’t important to know where you are.’ Gigi replied in such a tone that Enya understood she shouldn’t press the matter.

‘Then why am I here?’ Enya inquired.

Gigi smiled. ‘You’re always so eager to get to the bottom of everything, my little fire witch! You’ll find out soon enough, when your grandfather arrives.’

‘Grandfather?’ Enya exclaimed. ‘You mean, Emrak? As in, Emrak the powerful fire warlock grandpa?’

‘Yes, that’s the one.’ Gigi responded. ‘He’s waiting, because I wanted a moment with you alone.’

Enya tilted her head. ‘What did you want to talk with me about? Are you going to burn me at the stake for the fact I told Thorin to get back to his warrior woman?’

Gigi sighed. ‘I can’t blame you for thinking you did the right thing. Dolvira can be very convincing when she puts her mind to it.’

‘You have no idea.’ Enya groaned. ‘But wait, how do you know that? Do you know her?’

‘Not personally. But I know everything you know.’ Gigi said. ‘We’re in your head, after all. You cannot hide a secret from me.’

Enya sighed. She could only hope that her grandmother didn’t know what her dirty mind had been thinking of. The sexiness of Thorin’s butt was unequalled. Besides, if she was going in that direction again anyway, it was not only his butt that was making her lick her lips…

‘I must agree with you.’ Gigi giggled. ‘Thorin Oakenshield does have a fine butt.’

‘WHAT?’ Enya howled.

‘WHAT?’ Enya howled.

‘Sorry. Didn’t want to make you feel awkward, sweetheart.’

‘Yeah, you did.’ Enya huffed. ‘Please just act like this didn’t happen and you don’t know anything about the unchaste subjects that roam around in my brain.’

‘I said no secrets, Enya.’ Gigi teased.

Grandma Gigi touched the courting bead that still hung on the necklace around Enya’s neck.

‘It’s breathtaking. Why isn’t it in your hair?’ she asked.

‘I thought you knew everything I knew.’ Enya smirked.

‘I’m just being polite.’ Gigi winked. ‘But don’t worry, your mother made sure Jason paid for what he did.’

‘She did?’

Gigi nodded. ‘Yes. He now has no memory of you.’

‘Good. But grandma…’ Enya stuttered. ‘Will… will Thorin resent me for this? I know how much hair means to dwarves, to us… and I allowed Jason to touch it…’

‘Of course not!’ Gigi told her and hugged her again. ‘Explain to him what happened. You were unconscious, how could you defend yourself? You didn’t know what was happening.’

‘But…’ Enya objected. ‘I should have known…’
Gigi shook her head. ‘No, dear Enya. Thorin loves you, you are his one. He has waited decades for you. How can he blame you? How can he be mad at you?’

Enya smirked. ‘You have no idea how many times I’ve been the victim of his fury.’

‘You two quarrel a lot.’ Gigi stated. ‘But that’s only because the both of you refuse to do what’s necessary. Resolve that tension. It would make everyone’s life easier.’

Enya knew exactly what she meant and she blushed.

‘It’s not for lack of trying.’ She breathed.

Gigi grinned. ‘Maybe. Maybe not. I’ll let you be the judge of that, my dear.’

She let Enya go.

‘I’m proud of you.’ She said. ‘You knew nothing about your ancestry, nothing about being a witch, and yet you were able to develop your powers. You’re not afraid to be who you’re meant to be. You learn so quickly…’

‘But yet she doesn’t know how to control water.’ A gruffly voice added.

Both dwarf women turned around.

Enya blinked when she saw her grandfather for the first time. She was a copy of him. Although she was somewhat smaller than he was, she possessed the same blue eyes and the dark brown hair.

‘Oh Emrak, she’s trying!’ Gigi stated.

Emrak smiled. ‘I know she does.’

‘I’m sorry I’m failing you, grandpa.’ Enya whispered and she lowered her head.

‘Oh no, child.’ Emrak said and he gently raised her chin, so that she could meet him in the eye.

‘You’re an incredible fast learner, for someone who hasn’t had the advantage of being trained by other warlocks.’ He told her. ‘But water seems to be a problem for you.’

‘I’m really struggling.’ Enya admitted. ‘I tried to calm myself down, but all I get is those damned icicles.’

‘That’s because water is the opposite of the things you are: fire and ice.’ Emrak answered.

‘But why didn’t I have any problem with controlling wind and earth?’ Enya asked. ‘They are quite the opposite as well.’

Her grandfather smiled.

‘She really likes to know everything…’ he said to Gigi.

‘I know.’ Gigi answered. ‘She has that from you.’

‘No, that would be you.’ He replied.

Enya wandered around the room while her grandparents discussed who of them was the more curious one. She rolled her eyes. Emrak was everything she always expected him to be: more than capable of standing up to Gigi, but always respectful to her when he did.

‘To control water, Enya- you must be in sync with yourself. Water is a very sensitive force. It can’t obey you if you’re unstable. It needs a strong, but yet gentle and loving leader.’ Emrak suddenly continued, distracting her from her thoughts.

‘But I am-’ Enya began.

‘Unstable.’ Emrak interrupted. ‘You’re still insecure, but you have to let that go.’

‘How do I do that…’ Enya mused.

‘Accept who you are. Every aspect of you. Every flaw, every strength. Learn to love the darkest parts of your soul.’ Her grandfather replied matter-of-factly.

‘Easier said than done.’ Enya groaned.

‘Love is the key.’ Emrak said.

‘Great.’ Enya sighed. ‘Yes, let’s do that. Let’s go back to the “Gandalf and the dragon clarity”. That’ll help me.’

Emrak smiled. ‘Alright. I’ll ask you this: what’s your darkest secret, Enya? What’s the thing you hate
the most about yourself?"
The question caught her off guard and she hesitated.
‘I don’t know.’
‘You do.’ Emrak said. ‘I know what it is. Please, tell me. We need to hear it.’
Enya sighed. ‘If you two know exactly what it is, why do I have to tell?’
‘You need to, for yourself.’ Gigi whispered. ‘You have to control the fundamental elements before
you can take on the most powerful one.’
‘If you try to wield it before you’re ready, you’ll die.’ Emrak said. ‘So please, let us help you. Tell
us. Tell yourself. Only then you will be able to accept it.’
‘Alright… It’s just that… I… I hate it that I don’t feel worthy enough to be loved.’ Enya admitted
slowly and she lowered her head. ‘I hate the fact that I don’t know who I am. I never felt whole and
because I didn’t know why, I pushed myself to be better. To be perfect. But I never succeeded, and
that made me hate myself even more.’
‘You’re are Enya Blueheart. Princess of the fire beards. The most powerful fire witch that walked on
middle earth. You’re my granddaughter.’ Emrak stated proudly.
‘You’ll be the Queen of Erebor. Wife of Thorin Oakenshield. Mother of the next fire witch and
warlock generation.’ Gigi added.
‘Mother?’ Enya gasped.
‘Of course.’ Gigi winked. ‘You will be…’
She shook her head and laughed.
‘No darling, I already said too much.’
Emrak touched Enya’s cheek.
‘Meditate, sweetheart.’ He said. ‘Meditate and your memories will come back. The dragon told you
that you’re already too powerful to be stopped by memory potions, and that’s true. Such magic can’t
hold you back anymore. Please believe that. Believe, and your memories will be yours again.’
‘Thorin needs you now more than ever, princess.’ Her grandfather continued as he touched the
locket on her neck. ‘Erebor needs to stand a chance against the dragon sickness.’
‘But how?’ Enya asked.
‘Love is the key.’ He simply repeated. ‘And you’ll understand that, in time. You’re smart. Trust your
instincts. Let Thorin inside your heart and you’ll have access to his.’
‘But-’ Enya complained. Again, there was so much information, so many questions she wanted to
ask…
‘You need to go now.’ Gigi said. ‘Remember we love you. And we’re always there.’
‘Come here.’ Emrak whispered and he pulled both Enya and Gigi in a tight hug.
‘I love you.’ Enya whispered as she felt her body starting to fade. The firm grip of her grandfather’s
arms around her disappeared. Their faces became vague. Enya saw Gigi’s mouth moving, like she
wanted to tell her one last thing.
‘We’re so proud! Believe, Enya. Love.’
But Enya didn’t hear these last words her grandma said to her. She was falling through darkness
again.

‘Are you alright, my lady?’ A nasty soft voice asked.
Enya opened her eyes, and this time she was lying face down on a pier. Although her body hurt like
hell again, she smiled and resisted the urge to kiss the wood. Wooden roads and water. It seemed like
she finally arrived in Laketown.
‘My lady?!’ the nasty voice repeated.
‘FUCK OFF!’ Enya yelled and she jumped on her feet before the man that belonged to the voice
could touch her.
‘Ew. Who are you, if I may ask?’ she demanded as she eyed the black-haired human with small
brown eyes and black clothing. He looked like he was up to no good.
‘I’m Alfrid,’ he grinned. ‘I’m the master’s deputy.’
‘Do you know where Thorin Oakenshield and his company are?’ Enya asked. ‘I need to go see
them.’
‘Those dwarves? Yeah I’ve seen them. They are currently staying in the master’s house.’ Alfrid
replied. ‘I can take you there, my lady.’
Enya tilted her head, weighing the risk. Sure, he didn’t look strong enough to force her into a small
alley and harass her, but she wasn’t taking any chances.
‘No, thanks.’ Enya said. ‘I’ll be fine.’
‘Laketown is a labyrinth…’ Alfrid pressed. ‘I don’t think you’ll be able to find it on your own.’
He wanted to grab her hand, but Enya already had expected that move and she took one step
backwards before their hands touched.
‘I said I’ll be fine.’ She repeated, now in a supercilious manner. ‘I belong with Thorin Oakenshield
and if he hears the master’s deputy has been bothering me, who knows what he’ll do… Or what
your master will…’
‘Of course, my lady.’ Alfrid’s mouth curved into a smile, but his eyes didn’t cooperate.
‘I will leave you alone. But if you need my help, I’ll be right there.’
‘Thank you.’ Enya nodded and quickly turned away.
Right, the company was in Laketown, as she expected them to be. Now let’s find them!

Though Alfrid had told her that the master’s house wasn’t easy to find, Enya reached it within
minutes. Biggest house of the town? Check. Fancy stairs leading up to it? Check. She cried out when
she saw Bilbo sitting on one of the steps.
Halfling? Check!

‘BILBO!’ she screamed.
‘Miss Enya!’ Bilbo cheered. ‘You’re back! I feared you would never return!’
Enya laughed as she pulled the halfling into a tight hug.
‘How could I ever abandon my companions?’ she said. ‘And leave you to the mercy of a fire
breathing dragon?’
‘Well…’ Bilbo replied. ‘You’ve been through a lot of crap, so I wouldn’t have blamed you if you
chose not to come back.’
They let go of each other and ascended the stairs together.
‘You have no idea. Being back in my own world was kind of crazy.’ Enya told him. ‘I prefer to be
here.’
‘How so?’ Bilbo asked and he opened the door.
‘I don’t think you want to know…’ Enya winked as they passed through it.
‘MISS ENYA!’ Kíli shouted. ‘You’re back!’
He wanted to get up to greet her, but his face flinched when he tried to move. Fíli softly urged him to
sit down again.
‘Kee?’ Enya asked as she moved towards him.
‘Enya, you’re back!’ Fíli smiled.
‘Yes, I- HEY!’ Enya squealed when the blonde prince lifted her from her feet and gave her a
brotherly hug.
‘Glad you’re back.’ He said and put her down.
‘How’s Kee doing?’ she whispered, while eyeing the youngest prince with concern.
‘Holding up. But he’s in pain.’ Fíli replied. ‘The wound isn’t healing the way it should, but he won’t
let anyone come near him.’
‘Maybe I should-‘ Enya began.
Fíli held her back and shook his head. ‘No. Leave him be. He doesn’t want to talk about it.’
Enya nodded shortly and scanned the room for Thorin, but she couldn’t find him. Neither did she see
that creepy warrior woman.
'Where is our grumpy leader?' she asked.

'Upstairs, having a conversation with Dolvira.'

It was Dwalin who answered.

'Dwalin!!' Enya grabbed the tough dwarf warrior and hugged him before he could protest.

'Leggo lass.' He huffed. 'Let. Me. Go.'

'Ooh, you like me anyway.' Enya cooed. 'Admit it, you’ve missed me!'

Dwalin smirked.

'Oh come on!' Enya tried.

'I missed you!' Bilbo told her.

Enya giggled. 'See?'

'What are you wearing, miss?' Balin said as he eyed her.

Enya followed his gaze.

'Skinny jeans.' She answered. 'They’re supposed to look like this.'

Balin shook his head. 'It’s… a bit…They are ripped… Thorin is going to be…'

He furrowed his brows.

Dwalin groaned.

'Enough with the niceties. You will go upstairs now.'

'Me? I go what?' Enya said.

'Upstairs. In the town masters bedroom. Now.' Dwalin growled. 'Thorin is talking to Dolvira, like you wanted. Now go get him, before he makes promises to that lady, because he thinks you want him to.'

'Bedroom? But…' Enya protested, suddenly feeling very nervous. She wanted to talk to Thorin, but she didn’t want to walk into the awkward scene that undoubtedly was going on there…

'Shouldn’t we… wait? I mean, they need time to sort things out and I don’t want to…'

'Yes, you want to disturb them!' Balin pressed.

'The only ones that need time are you and uncle.' Fíli said, his grin telling her exactly what he was thinking about.

'Yeah!' Kíli added and a dirty smile appeared on his face.

'Now go settle things.' Dwalin ordered.

'But…'

'We don’t want Dolvira as our queen!' Dori said.

'Do I really have to carry you over there?' Dwalin threatened.

Enya bit her lip. 'No, no. I'll be fine. I just…'

She groaned and tossed her backpack in Bilbo’s hands.

'Anyone who touches my stuff…' she threatened while giving Nori a knowing look, 'Will be facing my wrath.'

She turned and ascended the stairs slowly, looking over her shoulder for support a few times. And no doubt to delay the moment that was coming. She caught Bilbo’s gaze and he smiled encouragingly. His eyes told her to stay calm. Keep walking… Thorin may bark a lot, but he doesn’t bite.

'Well, Bilbo doesn’t know that Thorin does bite when the situation calls for it.' Her mind mused.

'You know? When he…'

Enya flinched. Her mind REALLY never knew when to shut up, making things always even more complicated and awkward. Even when it seemed impossible. She sighed, held on the necklace with her courting bead on it, and moved. Before the town masters bedroom (well, she assumed it was the bedroom, because it was the biggest door in the hallway anyway…) she paused. This was absolutely ridiculous. Did her dwarves really expect her to walk into god whatever what was going on behind that door? Bloody hell no!

'It’s all worth it when we’re able to see that majestic body of his.' Her mind said.

'What?’ she hissed.
‘Or his perfect butt. Gigi agrees. Do you know how hard it is to find a guy with a cute butt?’
‘You’re so wrong, Thorin.’
‘I don’t care what you think of the matter.’ His low voice replied.
‘She’s a whore.’ Dolvira hissed.
‘Don’t you dare to-’
Enya whimpered softly before she forced herself to knock. It took ages before she heard Thorin’s husky voice replying.
‘Come in.’
She opened the door just for a bit, just enough to make her presence known.
‘Yeah. Uhm. Hi.’ She said awkwardly while pausing in the doorway.

The situation in there seemed safe. Dolvira was standing next to the bed and Thorin was on the other side of the room, looking through the window. He quickly turned when he heard her voice.
‘Enya.’ Thorin breathed, his eyes lighting up. ‘You came back.’
‘Pretty face.’ Dolvira said, visibly unhappy that Enya was in the same dimension again.
‘Yeah, Dolly.’
Enya smiled as she felt her anger take over the feeling of discomfort. No one could call her a whore and get away with it.
‘I’m terribly sorry I ruined your day Dolly, but this whore is back in town.’
She could hear Thorin heaving a deep sigh.
‘Can’t you two just…’ he said.
‘NO!’ Both women yelled simultaneously.
‘We were just discussing our relationship.’ Dolvira remarked, ignoring Thorin’s furious stare.
‘Oh sure! I hope my presence won’t restrain you! Please, do fill me in.’ Enya purred and she walked into the room. ‘What did I miss? More lies?’

‘That’s it.’ Thorin growled. ‘Stop it.’
‘Stop what?’ Enya asked.
‘Yeah, what?’ Dolvira added.
Thorin shook his head. ‘You two really need to stop causing drama. I’m sick of it.’
‘But we have just begun…’ the warrior woman grinned. ‘I vowed to destroy her happiness. And I shall.’
‘If you two can’t behave, I have to dismiss you from the quest.’ Thorin said, his voice dangerously low.
Enya pressed her lips together. She knew him well enough to know they were treading on dangerous territory. She secretly watched Dolvira’s face. The warrior woman should know this, right? She had to be aware of the fact they were almost crossing a line here. After all, Dolvira knew Thorin longer than anyone in the company. Well, except from Balin and Dwalin…
Enya raised her eyes. Thorin looked so, so furious. He had great difficulty reigning in his anger, squeezing his hands into fists. If Dolvira pushed him just a little more… she would have to face his wrath. Enya hoped the warrior woman wasn’t as stupid as she looked.

‘But we’re nearly there.’ Dolvira remarked. ‘I don’t see the point.’
Enya held back a smile when she saw Thorin clenching his jaw.
Jackpot!

There we go…

‘HOW DO YOU DARE TO QUESTION MY AUTHORITY!’ Thorin roared.
‘I’m a commander of armies. I’m your one. You should respect me.’ Dolvira simply said.

A commander of armies would have known not to cross a mad king. Certainly not one with a short
temper like Thorin…
Wrong answer Dolly…

‘You’re not a commander anymore and you’re DEFINITELY not my amràlimê.’ Thorin hissed.
‘Now leave us.’
Dolvira scoffed. ‘I’m not leaving you alone with that bitch. She’s trying to take your honor.’
‘NO! YOU DON’T GET TO SAY ANYTHING!’ Thorin bellowed. ‘YOU’RE DISMISSED! GET OUT!’
‘YOU CAN’T BE SERIOUS!’ Dolvira cried out.
‘Oh, but I am.’ Thorin said with a gruff voice. ‘You’re no longer part of the company.’
Dolvira blinked, startled by his sudden decision.
‘Thorin, I’m your-’
‘OUT.’ Thorin exclaimed.
‘You’re about to send away the greatest asset you have. I’m the best warrior here.’ Dolvira said.
‘You do realize that?’
‘I don’t need you.’ Thorin growled.
‘I’ve helped you through this entire journey!’ Dolvira yelled. ‘And I didn’t even ask for a part of the treasure!’
‘Entire journey?’ Thorin snorted. ‘I believe it was Enya who has been with us from the start. You on the other hand joined us AFTER Enya saved you in goblin town.’
Enya flinched. In truth, she hadn’t been there the first two weeks of the journey, but Dolvira couldn’t know that. Enya took a little step back as she watched the two former lovers quarrel. She felt awkward.

‘Really Thorin?’ Dolvira said. ‘I’ve been there from the start with you, even before miss pretty face was born! I always fought by your side, and now you’re going to replace me for this cunning…. whore?’
‘NOBODY CALLS MY QUEEN A WHORE!’ Thorin roared.
‘She is no queen.’ Dolvira scoffed.
‘She’s mine, so she will be!’ Thorin countered.
He took a step forward, so he could face the fierce redhead.
‘You tried to kill and intimidate MY QUEEN.’ He said angrily. ‘If I were you, I would leave as fast as you can.’
‘So now that’s suddenly a problem?’ Dolvira hissed as she took a step back. ‘You have watched us fight and you did nothing, Thorin.’
‘I don’t have to answer to YOU.’ He growled. ‘Besides, I wouldn’t have minded if Enya managed to kill you.’
‘You don’t mean that.’ Dolvira howled in horror. ‘Tell me you don’t mean that!’
‘But I do.’ Thorin replied.
‘But… She’s… We’re dwarves… we only can love once, and YOU LOVED ME.’ Dolvira stammered.
‘Guess I didn’t love you after all.’ Thorin smirked. ‘Now. Out.’

Tears welled up in Dolvira’s eyes and she looked Enya in the eye.
‘You will pay for this.’ She said slowly before she rushed out of the room.

Enya took a step forward, not sure what to do next. The tension in the room was unbearable and Thorin wouldn’t be easy to reason with now, so… She probably should leave him alone and let him calm down first.
‘YOU! STAY PUT!’ Thorin ordered before she could take another step.
Enya raised a brow.
‘I’m not a dog, you know.’
‘I told you to stay by my side and you defied that order!’ Thorin fumed, now directing his anger
towards her.
‘I’m not doing this.’ Enya said, feeling quite calm again. Apparently the sight of Thorin sending Dolvira away had soothed her nerves. ‘I’ve been through so much today, I don’t need you yelling at me. I’ll come back when you are calm again.’
She turned around and wanted to make her way downstairs, but she never made it. She gasped when Thorin grabbed her waist and pushed her against the wall.
Enya bit her lip.
‘You know what happens if you push me?’ he asked, his blue eyes burning through hers. Oh no, he still wasn’t done with her and would not cool down before they talked. Enya winced. It seemed like she too was going to pay for the consequences of an angry Thorin…
‘I don’t think I want to know…’ she whispered.
‘I don’t care if you do or not.’ Thorin said.
‘WHAT ARE YOU DOING?’ Enya screeched in surprise as Thorin threw her over his shoulder like she was an ordinary sack of potatoes.
‘OAKENSHIELD, PUT ME DOWN!’ She shouted as he carried her through the corridor.
‘Scream all you want, miss Blueheart. Awake the whole town if you like. Attract the attention of the whole company. Do you really think it’ll hold me back?’

No, she knew it wouldn’t.

‘So, we’re back to the miss Blueheart and Miss Enya thing, huh?’ She bickered, unable to help herself.
Thorin gave her a sharp smack to the ass that made her body beg for more. Yeah, it hurt, but she needed his hands on her body. Right now.
Thorin entered the now empty bedroom again and tossed her on the bed.
‘Stay. Put.’ He repeated, his gaze now burning with lust. He walked to the bedroom door, smashed it into its frame and with a violent force he threw a heavy chair against it.

But Enya wasn’t having any of it. She stood up from the bed, ready to face his wrath.

‘WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING!’ she screamed, now angry too. He could rage at her all he wanted, but to carry her around like some worthless cargo… Yes, that went too far. Thorin didn’t answer, but lifted her from her feet and tossed her on the bed once again. He kicked his boots off his feet before he followed and hovered over her. His body threw off blazing heat like a forge.
‘You never listen!’ he growled. ‘You leave me when I just told you how much I care… You defy me, frustrate me and I’VE HAD ENOUGH!’
‘What about me?’ Enya scoffed. ‘You twist me around, wanting me, but not wanting me, LYING about your relationship with Dolvira! WHY WOULD YOU WANT ME? AM I JUST AN EASY FUCK?’
‘I wouldn’t call you EASY!’ Thorin bit back. ‘YOU ARE FAR FROM EASY! YOU…’
He stopped and touched the courting bead in her neck.
‘Why is it…’ he began.
‘He took it from me.’ Enya admitted. ‘He tried to make me forget about you.’
Thorin clenched his jaw.
‘You allowed him to do that?’ he breathed. ‘Did you allow him to touch you? To violate what’s mine?’
‘I would NEVER.’ Enya hissed. ‘I was unconscious.’

They both paused for a while, staring into each other’s eyes. Oh, she missed those breathtaking blue eyes. His face, the gorgeous features. His beard. She could stare at him for hours… Enya blinked. She really had missed him so much…
His body was so close to hers it made her brain hazy. His lips brushed over hers, his breath tickling
her face. Enya resisted the urge to lunge forward and kiss him passionately, because she knew he wanted to be in control.

'I should have killed him while I had the chance.' Thorin growled. 'Why. Did. You. Stop. Me?'

'He was dangerous.' Enya breathed.

'You have no idea how dangerous I can be.'

'I'm not afraid of you.' Enya proclaimed.

'You should be.' He smirked. 'You have no idea what you’ve unleashed.'

Enya bit her lip hard and Thorin groaned in response. His mouth crashed unto hers, his tongue demanding dominance and curling around hers. Enya let him take the lead and her fingers raked through his thick dark brown hair. Oh yes, she finally had him where she wanted him to be. She wanted to… She needed… His mouth….

As sudden as it had begun, Thorin broke the kiss. Enya let out a protesting moan and dug her nails into his tunic. Thorin immediately reacted by biting her collarbone.

'The things I’d like to do to you, you stubborn breathtaking woman…' he rasped against her skin.

'You drive me mad.'

Enya’s brain stopped functioning and she swallowed hard.

Thorin’s eyes met hers and the usual deep blue color seemed darker than ever before, shrouded with lust. He removed her sweater and grunted in appreciation when he saw the corset she wore underneath. He let his hands run over the swelling of her breasts and the satin material before giving a few quick tugs on the laces. It was enough to loosen it up and get rid of it. Enya kicked her boots from her feet and cursed herself in silence for wearing skinny jeans. Her butt was magnificent in it, but squeezing her behind in and out of it was a challenge…

'I don’t know where you got those unusual pants…' Thorin murmured while he roughly stripped her jeans off her body. ‘But I’m pretty mad about that too. Anyone can stare at your ass and that should be MY PRIVILEGE. MINE!'

Enya couldn’t help herself and a giggle escaped her mouth.

'You think that’s funny?' Thorin growled.

Enya gave him her innocent smile. ‘No, my king.’

Thorin narrowed his eyes, but decided to let this one go. His hands ghosted over the insides of her thighs and he started stroking the soft material of her panties.

'Are you going to remove those undergarments or do I really need to rip them off?' he husked.

Enya licked her lips, distracted by his touch. ‘You wouldn’t da-’

The sound (and feeling!?) of her beloved Victoria secret’s panties being shredded into pieces, set her ablaze again.

‘DAMN IT! THOSE WERE REALLY EXPENSIVE!’ she shouted as she struggled to break free from his firm grip.

'Still trying to fight me?’ he whispered in her ear. ‘Think you can burn me with your fire?’

Enya gritted her teeth. ‘I can try.’

'Good. I like it when you’re all fired up. But I’m still going to make you mine.’

'What if I don’t give you permission for that?’ she challenged.

'Do you really want to play this game, miss Blueheart? You’re already in a disadvantage… again.’

Enya opened her mouth to tell him she wasn’t playing ANY of his games, but Thorin started kissing her neck and she quickly forgot that she had wanted to say something anyway. His beard rasped against her skin, making Enya wanting to cry out in pleasure. She didn’t, because she didn’t grant him such satisfaction. She had to admit that he possessed the ability to make her anger melt away in an instant, but that didn’t mean she would forgive him that easily.

He just had torn her panties apart for god sake!

And it were her favorites.
‘Arrogant ass!’ she cried out. ‘You ruined my panties!’
‘You’re no better, miss Enya.’ He replied, his voice dangerously low again. ‘You ruined my good mood.’

‘Good mood?’ Enya scoffed. ‘Didn’t know you were capable of ever being in a good mood!’
‘Do you ever behave?’ Thorin inquired while kissing his way down her neck.
‘NO!’ she bit back, cursing her body for responding to his actions the way she did.
‘It’s about time you learn.’ Thorin said as he removed his tunic.

Good gods, could that breathtaking bastard EVER STOP OBESSING… over…

She lost track of her own thoughts.
Wait. What?

Enya inhaled sharply and tried to contain herself as she took in the sight of his broad chest, each muscle hardened from the long laboring hours in the forges. Around his navel grew a thick line of dark brown hairs that disappeared under his trousers. He was absolutely gorgeous.
‘Admiring the view again, miss voyeur with burglar ambitions?’ Thorin rumbled.

Enya licked her lips. ‘Yes, thank you. I must say it’s even more impressive from up close.’

Thorin cocked a brow at her, the arrogance written all over his face. He pulled on the ties of his pants, sliding them swiftly down his legs.

Oh.
OH!

Enya bit her lip at the sight of him and she almost forgot how to breathe. Because… oh shit! Thorin Oakenshield in his full glory… was perfect. How could that dwarf be so majestically perfect?!
‘That is the second time in my life I’ve seen you speechless.’ Thorin said softly. ‘It’s a remarkable thing to witness.’
‘Don’t get used to it.’ Enya purred.

She trailed her hands over his broad chest, her fingers outlining the hardened muscles. She slowly lowered her hand, teasingly stroking his stomach. Thorin growled and watched her intently as her fingers encircled his length and she started stroking him gently. She picked up the pace a little, just enough to make him lose it. Her lips brushed over his ears, going slowly down to kiss every patch of skin in his neck. Thorin moaned out loud and his body started to shiver. Enya pushed him over, causing him to gasp. She smiled and she straddled his lap.

‘You’re so intoxicating…’ he murmured. ‘Let me…’

‘No.’ Enya said firmly.

She grinded herself against his hard length, while bending forward to kiss him deeply. Her fingers went through his beard, enjoying the feeling of the coarse hair against her fingertips. Thorin’s hands moved down between their bodies, parting her wet folds and finding…

Enya cried out as his finger slicked inside of her and started to rub that sweet spot that made her see stars.

‘I was in control here!’ she gasped, trying to escape from his grip.

Thorin chuckled as he went on with teasing her. ‘Yes, for a moment you were.’

‘Still am.’ Enya breathed and she used all her strength to get his hands from her body. She pushed his hands on the mattress above his head, pinning him down.

‘What now?’ Thorin grinned as he eyed her lustfully.

‘Behave.’ Enya winked. ‘Be quiet.’

She kissed her way down slowly, feeling his muscles jump and tense under her touch. She flicked her tongue over his nipple before continuing her way south in an antagonizing slow pace. Thorin groaned. Enya bit back a giggle and let her hands wander as her mouth focused on his abdomen. She knew exactly what he wanted, but she wasn’t going to give him that.
Yet.

She kissed the hardened muscles, that jolted in reaction of her movements. Her fingers curled around his base and she started to stroke him along his length. She gazed up, meeting his eyes that were hazy with lust. Thorin inhaled sharply as Enya lowered her mouth and teasingly dragged her tongue over his length.

‘Enya.’ He protested.
‘Yes?’ she breathed as she swirled her tongue around his tip. Thorin groaned out loud and his head fell back on the pillow. Enya licked her lips and slowly took him into her mouth, sucking the head of him.

‘Enya.’ He repeated, his voice strained. She raised her head to meet his gaze. Thorin was watching her intently, his gaze burning through her. Enya knew he had a hard time containing himself. His anger hadn’t faded like hers, it was still lingering under the surface. She shouldn’t push him, but it was way too much fun to resist it. His self-control would inevitably break at some point, so why not helping him just for a bit? She actually wanted him to lose it. To take her. Make her his. She had waited so long for this…

‘Don’t push me further.’ He warned.
Enya tilted her head and smiled in the most innocent way she could think of. Thorin’s breath hitched and Enya bit on her lip.

‘You’re going to be the death of me…’ he groaned.
‘WHAT ARE YOU-‘ she huffed as he tipped her over with ease. ‘If you think you can just-‘
‘That’s exactly what I think.’ he purred. ‘I need to resolve this. Now.’
‘Such a temper…’ Enya giggled. ‘Don’t you think I deserve…’
He interrupted her before she even could finish her sentence.
‘I know exactly what you deserve.’
His low and primal tone was setting her on fire and made her body shiver in anticipation.
‘Please. Yes.’ Enya pleaded, unable to contain herself any longer. ‘Or I’ll die in agony.’

Thorin pinned her wrists above her head with one hand and pressed her body down with his own at the same time.
‘You’re mine.’ He grunted.
His eyes burned through her as his hands guided his thick long shaft towards her entrance. Enya shifted her hips a little, but she still wasn’t really prepared for his size when he thrusted all of him into her.
Thorin clenched his jaw, eyes closed and expression taunted. Enya’s body grasped around him, clutching greedily as it never wanted him to leave her again.
‘So. Tight.’ Thorin hissed before he pulled her into a demanding kiss again.
Enya moaned into his mouth when he started to picking up the pace, leaving her breathless.
‘YOU. ARE. MINE.’ He growled with each thrust.
The aggressive tone and deep strokes made Enya’s toes curl.
‘Don’t deny me what’s mine.’ He hissed.
Enya wanted to answer she wouldn’t, she would never deny him like this, but her brain was too hazy to find the words. She closed her eyes and savored the feeling of his entire length stroking inside of her. She dug her fingers in his back and tried not to whimper when she felt she was on the point of no return.
‘Thorin!’ she begged.
He kissed her roughly, pouring all passion and desire in it. Then he moved down to her neck again, his teeth scraping her sensitive skin.

Enya cried out as she couldn’t hold back her bodies’ pleads any more. Her pleasure cracked and send her over the edge, screaming Thorin’s name in agony.
Thorin gasped as her thighs clenched around him, squeezing his hips. He let out a low groan and thrust into her one last time.

‘Enya!’ he growled before his body shuddered and he released himself inside of her.

‘Mahal, Enya.’ He whispered. ‘You nearly killed me.’

Enya smiled and kissed him gently.

‘I think you’ll live, my king…’

‘Barely, my queen…’

Enya found herself back in Thorin’s sturdy arms.

‘I’m sorry.’ She whispered. ‘I didn’t mean to push you… I was just so…’

Thorin kissed her before she could say anything else.

‘Please, don’t ever leave me again.’ He breathed against her lips.

‘I won’t.’ Enya promised. ‘I’m afraid you’ll be stuck with me forever, Oakenshield.’

‘Good, Blueheart.’ He murmured, pulling her closer to him. ‘Did I hurt you?’

‘I would have told you if you did.’ Enya answered.

Thorin chuckled. ‘Yes, I believe you’re capable of that.’

Enya started giggling when she realized something.

‘Did you just say please?’

‘Don’t get used to it.’ Thorin groaned and Enya laughed when she saw the corners of his mouth twitch a little.

‘I missed you.’ She admitted. ‘I have missed you so much…’

‘I know that feeling.’ He said. ‘When you left this world for yours, you took my heart with you.’

‘I didn’t want to go.’ Enya stressed. ‘I didn’t want to leave you the way I did. But I felt… like I had no choice.’

‘I know.’ Thorin muttered.

Enya nuzzled her face in his neck, enjoying the feeling of his beard scraping against her skin.

‘What was it like, being in your world again?’ Thorin inquired softly.

Enya sighed. ‘It sucked.’

‘I know that feeling.’ He said. ‘When you left this world for yours, you took my heart with you.’

‘I didn’t want to go.’ Enya stressed. ‘I didn’t want to leave you the way I did. But I felt… like I had no choice.’

‘I know.’ Thorin muttered.

Thorin chuckled. ‘It sucked? Is that an expression from your world?’

Enya blushed. ‘It means that it was terrible. I don’t want to go there ever again.’

‘So all the modern luxuries that you missed… the ones you complained about during our journey…’

‘I didn’t complain that much!’ Enya countered.

‘Yes, you did.’ Thorin rumbled.

‘No, it wasn’t as satisfying as I expected it to be.’ Enya muttered. ‘Besides, I didn’t have time to fully enjoy the benefits of my world.’

Before Thorin could respond, Enya rolled on top of him and quickly changed the subject.

‘But let’s not wander there. Let’s discuss something far more important.’

Thorin heaved a sigh, immediately sensing where the subject was heading to.

‘Thorin.’ She pressed.

‘We finally got some time alone, and you still feel the need to discuss a person we both dislike?’ He remarked.

‘Yes.’ Enya responded. ‘Because I need to know. And also…’ She paused.

‘Because I need to apologize. I should not have believed her, and I feel terrible for the fact that I did.’

Thorin smiled and stroked her cheek with his hand.

‘I told you I loved you.’ He said. ‘Why would you doubt that?’

Enya winced, not wanting to tell him the truth, but she knew she had to. She had to be honest, opening up her heart to him.

‘Because I’m… me. I don’t… I…’ she stuttered.
‘I want you to be my queen. Why would you doubt me?’
‘I don’t doubt you.’ Enya whispered. ‘I doubt myself.’
‘Why?’
Breathtaking blue eyes were gazing into hers, searching the answer.
Enya took a deep breath. ‘For a long time, my memories have been erased and altered, because my mother believed by doing so, she was giving me my best shot.’

She told him everything she knew. About Gigi, arriving pregnant in this weird, foreign world. How her mother grew up in a quiet town in Finland, how she herself was the product of an attempt to keep the bloodline pure. The told him about the length her mother went to erase her memory. How it happened numerous times. The moving across countries, to stay hidden. Her real age.

‘Your memories will come back to you, Enya.’ He breathed. ‘I’m sure they will.’
‘I hope so.’ Enya whispered. ‘I sometimes have no idea who I am.’
‘I do know.’ Thorin told her as his lips caressed her neck.
Enya shifted herself a little and kissed him gently.
‘I love you, âzyungel.’ She whispered. ‘Menu tessu.’

The smile she got in response was the most beautiful thing she’d ever experienced in her life. It captivated her, lifted her from her feet. His eyes lit up, telling her everything she wanted to know.

He loved her.

‘I thought you didn’t speak Khuzdul, my ghivashel…’ he breathed and with ease he flipped her onto her back again.

‘My mother taught me a few things while I was at home.’ Enya confessed. ‘But I’m still struggling.’
Thorin caressed her hair and smiled. ‘I’ll teach you, uzfakuh.’
‘Sure you’re up to that?’ Enya teased. ‘I hope you’re able to handle my temper. I’m curious to see if I’m still your greatest joy after a day of trying to teach my stubborn ass some Khuzdul.’
Thorin sighed dramatically. ‘Maybe it’s best if I ask Balin then.’
Enya bit her lip, trying not to giggle out loud.
‘I thought you liked a challenge.’ She purred.

Thorin shook his head but couldn’t help to smile.
‘I do, but I’m afraid both of our stubborn asses would bring the mountain down around us...’
Enya laughed as Thorin bit on her collarbone.
‘You have a serious lack of control.’ Thorin breathed as his lips started to roam over her body.
‘You’re no better, Oakenshield.’ Enya countered. ‘Your behavior tonight showed me that.’
‘What do you mean?’ Thorin rumbled, still kissing his way down.

Enya wanted to reply, but cried out when he nipped her hipbone.
‘Stop it!’ she giggled. ‘Or I’ll want you again.’
‘I don’t see why that should be a problem…’ he said, looking up at her. His eyes were darkened with lust again. This was going to be a long night...
‘She told me that you promised her a place by your side. As your queen. She insinuated that you made love to her.’ Enya told him.

Thorin scoffed. ‘She made that up. Dwalin was there the whole time, he can vouch for me.’

He took a deep breath before he continued.

‘It happened long ago. We just settled in the Blue mountains. There was a feast that night and I ran into Dolvira. I hadn’t seen her in years, so I asked her how she was faring.’

He frowned. ‘She was drunk, and I had a few drinks myself. I can’t deny I didn’t flirt with her…’

‘Nothing happened, eh?’ Enya teased.

‘Nothing of any importance.’ Thorin corrected her and he kissed her cheek. ‘I told her about my plans of reclaiming Erebor and I promised her she always would be a welcomed guest.’

Enya pressed her lips together.

‘We spend the evening talking and flirted a bit more. Just before I left, she kissed me.’ He said.

There it was. Enya held her breath, trying not to feel insecure about these revelations. It all happened a long time ago, and he sent Dolvira away tonight.

‘I told her we closed that chapter long ago, but she didn’t seem to believe me.’ He mused. ‘And it was true, there were still some unresolved issues between us.’

Enya stared at the ceiling, unsure if she should answer.

‘I knew I never could forgive her for betraying me the way she did, even after hearing her true motivations.’ Thorin sighed. ‘There was still that part of me that cherished the memory of her.’

Enya swallowed. It took everything in her not to fret about his confessions (because, did he really still have thing for that bitch when they met?), but she managed to stay calm and even steadied her breathing. If she ever wanted to be a powerful fire witch, she really had to keep herself together.

Besides, Thorin was honorable and sincere. He wouldn’t betray her in any way Jason or Dolvira did after he chose to be with her. The thought calmed her down and she exhaled slowly.

‘But then I met you.’ Thorin smiled, unaware of her ponderings. ‘And the intensity in which I love you, makes me wonder if I ever truly cared for Dolvira like I thought I did.’

He splayed his hands across her lower back and pulled her into a passionate kiss.

‘Thorin.’ Enya breathed. ‘There might be a problem.’

‘And that is?’ he purred, his low voice seducing her body again.

‘I need you again.’ Enya admitted.

In the early morning they decided to head downstairs. It didn’t took long before they got harassed by two mischievous princes. Enya tried not to look guilty, but she knew it was all written over her face.

Everyone knew what they had been doing tonight. Thorin actually seemed quite unshaken about the whole situation. His arm was around her waist and he looked like he was damn proud everyone knew she was finally his.

‘Can we call you auntie now?’ Kíli grinned wickedly.

‘Yeah, the old rules state that we’re one big happy family now.’ Fíli added cheerfully.

Enya groaned and turned to Thorin.

‘I’ve made a mistake. I can’t be aunt to these two monsters.’

Thorin couldn’t help but to smile. ‘Too late now, amrâlimê. You are.’

Just when Enya wanted to say something witty, her vision blurred. She blinked, trying to regain her sight, but a thick fog surrounded her. Enya inhaled slowly to clear her mind, but it refused to cooperate.

What was happening?

‘Come back, tylleör!’
A familiar voice of a woman called her. The clattering of horse hooves drummed in her ears. People around her were shouting, the accent sounding British, but it was not exactly the same as she was used to… Enya grimaced when a vile smelling odor reached her nostrils. Where the hell was she?

The fog suddenly cleared and Enya gasped when she saw herself. Little Enya was sitting on the ground in a small alley. She held a wooden toy and looked angry. Enya pressed her lips together and tried not to laugh. It appeared that even back then she had quite the temper.

‘Tyllerö, please! Let’s go. I need you inside.’ Ailva appeared in one of the doorsteps of the small houses and picked little Enya up.

‘It’s dangerous outside, sweetheart.’ She told the child. ‘Come on.’

‘Mum?’ Enya whispered, but her mother didn’t hear her. She was too busy fussing over her stubborn five year-old. Her clothing was… old fashioned, like…

Enya put her hand before her mouth in shock. Ailva’s clothing wasn’t old fashioned, it was the most trendy dress of the summer. The summer of 1933…

Enya blinked a few times when the memories of her first years started to come back to her. This was one of the first memories she had of her long life.

1933.

London.

Chapter End Notes

What did you think of this chapter? I hope you guys enjoyed the smut!
And what should happen next? Will we see our lovely lady commander back?

Let me know.

Until next time!

xo
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Enya relives a memory, which makes her unsure about her skills as a fire witch. Thorin doesn't want her to fight with Smaug. But will she ever listen...?

Chapter Notes

So, uhm. Hi again.

It's been a while since I updated this story, and I'm really sorry about that. It breaks my heart that I left all those amazing people who took their time to follow my writings hanging... :( I was dealing with some mental health issues and it left me with no motivation or energy to continue Enya's journey. I'm still not where I used to be, but I try to be kind to myself and take the time to write. I don't pressure myself anymore to deliver chapter in a quick pace. I need to be happy with my chapter before I put it online, and this chapter took me 2 months. Well.. if turtle writing mode will get me back into the saddle... I'll take it.

But, enough about me. This story is back on track and I promise y'all that I WILL complete it! I'm shipping the Thorin x Enya romance waaaaay to bad to ever stop. I'm even thinking about doing some one-shots about them when I finish this fic! *grins*

Thank you lovely people for commenting on my story, it really brightens my day when someone tells me what they think about it! <3

I do hope you all enjoy this chapter!

Until next time.

xoxo

P.S.

*A little mouse that was a princess is a Finnish folktale. tyllerö (Finnish) = little girl ázyungel = love of loves uzfakah = my greatest joy

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

'It's dangerous outside, sweetheart.'

Little Enya was in Ailva’s arms, not daring to look into her mothers eyes. Oh yes, she was mad, but crossing her mom wasn’t an option. She remembered the consequences she would have to face for being rude only too well... Her butt still hurt from the punishment she received yesterday. And only because she called mrs Adams from next door a whale. Enya couldn’t understand why her mom had been so pissed about it, it wasn’t like she told a lie?! She had been perfectly honest. The woman just
looked like the whale in her picture book, and Enya had told her that. Needless to say, she would never do that again…

‘Come on.’ Ailva cooed while she carried Enya inside.
‘Mom I’d like to play.’ Enya protested weakly, not liking the fact that she had to stay indoors for the rest of the day.
‘No tyllerö, you’re going to help me make dinner.’ Her mother replied.
‘My name is Énya.’ She remarked, feeling a bit annoyed that her mother insisted on giving her all kinds of nicknames.
Ailva chuckled. ‘I know that, tyllerö.’
Enya crossed her arms. ‘Why did you call me Enya then? I don’t like it.’
Ailva heaved a sigh. ‘Do you know what tyllerö means baby?’
‘No.’
‘It means little girl…’ her mother touched her cheek and smiled. ‘It’s Finnish. I grew up there.’
Little Enya nodded eagerly. She might not like the nickname her mother gave her, but she did love it when her mother told her about Finland. She adored the stories about the ruthless Vikings, the demigods and the fairies that hid in the beautiful landscapes. Once she was all grown up, she would visit it one time and find out if fairies really lived in hollow trees, like Ailva told her.
‘Can you tell me about the little mouse that was a princess*? ’ she asked.
Ailva laughed. ‘Of course I can.’
She put Enya on the kitchen counter and began the story. Enya listened intently, like she never heard the fairytale before. She watched her mother peel the potatoes and cut them into pieces.
‘Of course I can weave! Said the mouse.’ Ailva recited. ‘It would be a strange thing if Veikko’s sweetheart couldn’t weave, wouldn’t it, Enya?’
‘Yes!’ Enya answered. ‘And what did she do next?’
‘Don’t you remember?’ Ailva teased. ‘I’ve told you this story at least a hundred times!’
‘But maybe it’s different this time!’ Enya countered. ‘What if Veikko lost the nutshell with the cloth? Then he couldn’t show it to his father…’
‘Do you want Veikko to lose it?’ Ailva inquired.
‘No!’ Enya said hastily.
‘Alright!’ Ailva replied as she put the pan filled with potatoes on the brand-new gas stove. She put on the gas and got a match-box to lit one, but it wasn’t cooperating.

No spark. No fire.

‘The little mouse rang a tiny silver bell and-’ her mother stopped mid-sentence and frowned. ‘Wait, why isn’t it working? I thought that… Has Gigi dropped the matches in the sink again and didn’t tell me about it?’
Ailva tried to lit another match, but still to no avail. ‘Enya, can you go and ask your grandmother why she bought those cheap matches again?’
But Enya wasn’t paying attention to her mother. Her little hands were shaking violently and she felt a burning pain in them.
‘Mommy…’ she complained. ‘It hurts…’
‘Not now, baby.’ Her mother muttered. ‘I’m trying to…’
Little Enya started to sob uncontrollably as fire flames shot from her palms. It hurt so much and she wanted it to go away, but she didn’t know how! She flapped with her hands in an effort to cool them down, but it only made the flames fly into the room. Ailva took a surprised step back when suddenly the gas stove was on and then yelled when she realized her dress was on fire too. With a quick move she threw the content of the pan on her dress, the water successfully extinguishing the fire. The potatoes rolled over the kitchen floor.
‘ENYA WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING?’ she shouted when she saw flames coming from her daughters hands. ‘ENYA??!’
Enya jumped from the counter and ran outside, sobbing. She didn’t understand what was happening to her. But above all… she didn’t understand why her mother was angry at her, again. What did she do wrong?

‘Enya! Tyllerö! Come back to me! What have you done?’

Enya opened her eyes. Darkness surrounded her and the sound of clattering hooves and rattling carts made it hard to determine where Ailva’s voice was coming from. It sounded vague… like she was out her mother’s reach. Nevertheless, Enya could hear the annoyance lingering under the surface, the demanding haughty tone that all the Blueheart princesses used so well. Boy, usually when her mother went all royal highness like that, it meant trouble. Although… she wasn’t certain anymore if SHE or her little toddler counterpart had a problem.

‘Mom?’ she called back, not knowing if her mother could hear her reply. The sound of her mother’s voice made her, trouble or not, yearn for a conversation. She wanted to talk to Ailva so badly, to ask all the questions that she had been left with. Her body started trembling as she went over the memory she just visited. Details flooded in her mind again. That beautiful dress her mother wore, with a bright purple color and daring neckline… It was her absolute favorite when she was a kid. She adored how the color complemented her mother’s features. It made her look like an angel. Enya smiled faintly when she remembered that her mother had gained quite the attention with that dress. Gigi of course hated the dress with a fiery passion and didn’t even try to hide her pride when she found out that five-year-old Enya ruined it with her fire. Even if it was just by accident. Enya bit her lip in an attempt not to giggle when she remembered the face Gigi made once she discovered that the fire witch powers finally were showing. Her mother’s outraged screams. Her own confusion, because at the time, she didn’t comprehend why there were flames shooting from her palms…

Wait.
Fire.

Enya frowned. She had been five when her powers awoke. Eighty-four years ago. Gigi had been so proud and had told little Enya on that hot summer day how special she was. Gigi wanted to teach her, to make sure she…

Then how on earth could Gigi have been cool with Ailva erasing Enya’s memories every few years? Gigi knew Enya was the next fire witch in line, she knew her granddaughter had a destination, why would she allow Ailva…? Why? Why would Gigi risk the possibility that Enya wouldn’t discover her full potential when it was already too late? Or even worse: not even learning about her powers. Enya shook her head and let out a deep sigh. The noises around her were making it hard to think. She tried to cover her ears and shut the sounds out, but it was to no avail. The darkness was suffocating, making it hard to breathe. She could feel it invading her body, slowly swallowing all the happiness and love inside of her.

‘Enya?’ Ailva’s voice lifted her up again.
‘MOM?’ she tried again, her voice trembling.
‘Here… Come…’ Ailva’s voice, now feeling a bit closer, replied.

The faint response made Enya spin on her heels. Hope sprung in her chest. ‘Mom? Where are you?’
There was nothing but echoes.

Whispers in the dark.

‘Mom? I’m coming, stay right where you are!’ Enya cried out and she started running. ‘Mom please! Don’t leave me…’

An agitated voice, one she never heard before, made her stop in her tracks.
‘He cannot do that, can he? Gigi said-’ The voice was strained, thick with worries.
A second lower voice answered. ‘Screw what Gigi said! He’s a fire warlock, and a powerful one too. He can’t die. He has to try.’
The first person heaved a sigh. ‘I don’t think he’s ready... He told me himself that he still isn’t as comfortable to accept water as one of his powers... We shouldn’t push him.’
‘Yes, we should!’ the second person insisted. ‘He owes it to our people to TRY! God damnit, where is your gut, soldier?!’

Enya listened carefully and tried to determine where the sound came from. Ahead? She sneaked further and blinked when a tiny light source shone in her eyes. There. Light. Was this her way out of this black void?
‘We should’ve allowed him to leave with the princess...’ the first voice sounded clearer now, close.
‘The city is already lost...’

Enya heard some sounds that looked like a scuffle, and she wondered if the second person had lost his temper.
‘We will NEVER give up on our city, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?! NEVER! WE ARE GUARDS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND WE SWEORE TO PROTECT THEM AND NOGROD!’

‘And the family escaped...’ the first voice muttered. ‘Leaving us here to die...’
‘We should be proud to die in service! It is a great honor!’ the second person said venomously. Enya could hear him loud and clear now, and she took a few steps towards the light. It became brighter with every step, to the point where it almost blinded her. She reached out.

A low hissing sound reached Enya’s ears, making her body tremble. The air around her was blazing hot, steam almost scorched her skin. It deprived her from her sight, but she heard massive boulders being crumbled into dust all around her. Enya inhaled slowly, trying to calm her heart that almost drummed out of her chest. She couldn’t stay here like this. Although she had no idea in what kind of hell hole she had landed now, she knew one thing: even her fire witch powers wouldn’t protect her from this kind of heat. Or those rocks crashing around her. She had to move, and fast. Enya tried to crawl away, but her body refused to function. It trembled uncontrollably and every single muscle felt like chewing gum. She swallowed hard and managed to shift herself a little until she was behind a large boulder. It wasn’t perfect, but at least she was safe from the prying eyes of the person who tried to crush her with stones.

Well... person... Enya’s hands clasped her mouth as it started to dawn on her what kind of creature could radiate THIS kind of heat AND make a mountain come down around it... No... It couldn’t be, could it? She hoped that this inkling was wrong, that-

‘You think you can hide from me?’ A hiss, close by.

Enya’s eyes widened and she pressed herself against the rock as if she wanted to disappear inside the stone. She never encountered such a creature in real life before (thank god), but it was unmistaken what she thought it was.

A dragon.

‘Come out of the shadows... sorcerer...’

A foul breath tickled her face and it almost made her gag. The stench was overwhelming, like five hundred rotting corpses were in there.
‘Jeez... that thing could really use a toothbrush... OR thirty bottles of Listerine, for that matter...’ her mind chatted.
‘Shut up!’ Enya hissed to herself. Why wouldn’t her mind just get lost, just once? She had more serious matters to worry about than how to improve a dragon’s dental health. To stay alive, for example. To find out how she even got in this place, because the last thing she remembered was... ‘How many times did Thorin make love to you, darling?’ her mind asked happily. ‘Because I cannot
remember…’ A twitch went through her lower body, her thighs suddenly yearning again for his touch. Her cheeks flushed in a deep red color when she recalled fragments of their night together. But she couldn’t remember how many rounds they had either…

‘I do recall the speed at which he was ready for a next time!’ her mind grinned. ‘That dwarf king has got quite the stamina! Did I mention before how cute his butt is?’

Enya rolled her eyes furiously, wondering if there ever would be a day her brain… Wait. Whatever the hell she was wishing for, it wasn’t going to happen. Enya sighed and forced herself to focus on her surroundings again. Her inner convo’s were going to be the death of her one day. She pushed herself up a little and peered from behind the rock.

It was unmistaken a dragon. And it was massive, its height easily beating the tallest skyscraper in the world. It stood proudly on top of one of the mountains, golden catlike eyes scanning the area for prey. Its hide consisted of tiny scales in all shades of a bright green color, protecting the soft flesh underneath. Enya looked down and shivered when she saw the huge claws crumbling the rocks the dragon was standing on. Meat hooks, as Bofur painfully accurate described them.

Meat hooks indeed.

Along its spine large spikes ran down all the way to the tail. Although the wings were folded, Enya could imagine how majestic it would look like when the beast flew through the sky. If Smaug was anything like this beast, she was… well… fucked. To say the least. Enya clasped her hands before her mouth when she realized that there was a possibility that this in fact, was Smaug. She had no idea how long dragons could live. Or how he looked like. Could this be Smaug the stupendous?

‘Show your face, you coward!’ the dragon demanded, steam blowing from its nose. Enya swallowed hard. Right. She had to stop hiding and face that thing with…

‘I’M RIGHT HERE!’

The low voice sounded coarse. Enya turned around to see who joined the fight. The dwarf lord stood majestically on top of the other mountain, way out of Enya’s reach. She couldn’t see him clearly, but he had long dark chestnut hair with strands of grey in it, accompanied by a bushy beard. His mouth was curved into a wry smile. He wasn’t wearing any heavy armor, just some leather worn clothing. The blueish color was smeared with dirt and the fabric was ripped. It looked like he had a rough day. For how long had he been fighting this beast? The warlock filled his hand palms with fire and gritted his teeth. Enya held her breath when she realized this sorcerer looked too familiar. Her brain was processing the information slowly, but the idea was daunting on her.

Emrak.

Emrak, her powerful fire warlock grandfather, who died trying to save her kin and their city.

‘Ah! Emrak!’ the fire-drake purred. ‘There you are. Tired already? I thought I finally had you this time...’

‘You guessed wrong, you foul beast. It takes more than that to kill me.’ Her grandfather hissed. ‘You killed my loved ones, my kin! You destroyed my city, and you will pay for that!’

Nogrod.

Enya looked beneath her and saw total chaos. Homes burned to the ground. Piles of ash, that presumably once were living and breathing members of her kin. Enya took a deep breath as she took in the severity of damage that had been done. Nogrod was gone, beyond any repair. How could this beast, this devil do this? Was it really just born and bred with the sole purpose to destroy all life in middle earth?

‘Tsssk.’ The dragon scoffed. ‘Where are your manners? We’ve been fighting for the past few hours, and you never asked me my name. I do have one, Emrak, fire warlock of the firebeard clan. My
name is Shissa, the powerful.’
Emrak scoffed. ‘I don’t care about your name… the spawn of Ancalagon the Black are all the same. You kill innocent people in the name of your foul master Morgoth. You defile our beautiful middle earth with your existence.’
‘Innocent?’ Shissa opposed. Impressive fire flames escaped through her teeth as she talked. ‘You call yourselves innocent? You dwarves are greedy, blind. You already destroyed this beautiful middle earth- as you call it- all by yourselves.’
Enya’s grandfather spread his arms, his face red with fury. ‘We didn’t create this chaos!’ he sneered. ‘We had NO part in this!’
‘Your people were no match for me, no.’ Shissa mocked. ‘And I’m guessing you’re not much better, are you?’ With those last words, the fire-drake opened her mouth and a raging fire scorched over the mountain.
Enya lunged forward in an attempt to shield her grandfather against the flames, but the fire went straight through her. For a single moment, she was utterly confused and stared at the dragon. The beast didn’t seem to notice her… How was that…?
The realization hit her like a bomb. Right. She was reliving a memory. There was nothing she could do, but watch.
Emrak hadn’t noticed his granddaughter as well and laughed as he countered her fire with his own. ‘I master fire into perfection, beast.’ He growled. ‘You cannot hurt me with your flames.’
Shissa smiled, baring her sharp pointy teeth. ‘Dwarves never seem to stop surprising me…’ she purred. ‘Their arrogance is blinding them.’
Emrak moved quickly and as he muttered words Enya could not understand (she suspected Khuzdul), a large whip made entirely out of ice appeared in his hands. Shissa hissed and took a step back, the move making Enya’s grandfather grin.
‘Arrogance, eh?’
‘You think that can kill a mighty fire-drake like me, warlock?’ Shissa growled. ‘You need more than that little rod.’ With her enormous claws she lifted herself off the mountain she had been standing on, spreading her dreadful wings in the sky.
A sharp cracking sound was heard and Shissa roared as the whip wound around her neck and pulled her down. Enya gasped when she saw the fire-drake crashing down in the valley. That had to hurt! The mountains around it shook in their foundations, and rocks broke off the slopes. They tumbled into the void, landing on the now furious dragon. Enya had to admit that the situation was quite hilarious, a livid mighty fire-drake on her back, flouncing inelegantly like a turtle…
This meant 1-0 for Emrak… But somehow she doubted if it was a good idea to fuel the anger of a huge reptile in this way. She glanced over at her grandfather, but he didn’t look concerned all. He just stood there, whip in his hand, and smirked. The fire-drake hissed and turned her neck around, the move successfully pulling the whip towards her. Emrak cursed when he lost his balance and followed his whip downwards. Enya peered over the edge and heaved a relieved sigh when she saw her grandfather had been able to soften his landing by creating a large cushion of soft forest soil. Shissa wasted no time and opened her mouth to release her flames on her. Emrak groaned as he protected himself against her fire with his own burning shield.
‘Fire against fire will never WORK, filth!’ he roared.
The fire-drake answered by shooting more flames at him, but then continued by whacking her claws in his direction. She seemed to have a change of hearth and tried a different approach: getting her grandfather in her claws. Enya bit her lip worriedly when smoke and fog made it hard to follow the fight. She heard the dragon hissing numerous times and Emrak screaming things at the beast. She couldn’t understand what he was saying, but it sounded unfriendly to say the least…
A terrifying yell made her fear for her grandfather’s life. Was he dying? What was happening? Enya howled when a human body flew into her direction. Emrak shouted as he crashed into the mountain
above her. Luckily he was still breathing.
‘Come on, get up grandpa…’ she muttered as she watched him scrambling himself together. There was a wound on his head and he was bleeding like stuck pig.

‘Giving up yet, fire warlock?’ Shissa mocked in the distance. ‘If you surrender, I’ll give you a quick death.’

Emrak didn’t reply, as stood on the top of the mountain. The slope looked slippery from all the blood and damage it had suffered and Enya could see it took all her grandfather’s energy not to collapse and fall down. Her great fire warlock grandpa seemed weary. From the stories Balin had told her, Enya remembered that the battle of Nogrod had lasted more than a day. Emrak had been one of the last ones alive, and his dessert was fighting against one of the biggest fire-drakes alive for hours. He was doomed.

Nevertheless, her grandfather just smiled as he listened to the nearing thunder. Dark clouds filled the skies and lightning started to rip through the air. Enya shivered, her arms suddenly covered in goosebumps. The sky above Nogrod was loaded with electricity, waiting to be unleashed. The world beneath it seemed to hold its breath as it watched the inevitable coming. Enya gasped, as her body reacted to the storm. It called to her, begging her to take its powers and make it her own. A yearning deep inside of her told her that she should give in, to do what she was born for.

A fear of dying because she wasn’t ready to yield this force hold her back, but she knew instantly that Emrak wouldn’t back down. Unpleasant thoughts shot through her mind. The conversation between the guards… They had said that Emrak failed to master water. He too had to be aware that his powers weren’t balanced enough to do this. There was a big chance that he wouldn’t make it, but he was going to try anyway.

He was going to channel the most powerful source of nature. The thunderstorm. Electrocute a terrifying fire-drake.

Blood rushed through her veins and Enya shot up. Fuck the fact that this was supposed to be just a memory. There was no way he was going to do this alone. She could try. She lunged forward and climbed the last bit of the mountain as fast as she could. The storm was getting closer, the very air she breathed felt tensed and loaded. Her body started to shake again, making it almost impossible to coordinate her movements. Enya gritted her teeth. Just a few steps... The odor of sweat and fire hung heavily in her nose and she found herself gasping for air.

‘GRANDPA!’ she screamed. ‘WAIT FOR ME! I CAN HELP, I CAN…’

She almost tripped when suddenly a flash of light struck into the mountain, followed by a blow that made the whole thing shake in its foundations. Enya clung unto the rocks like a lifeline. The thunder clanged in her ears, accompanied by a agonized scream and sinister laughter.

‘GRANDPA?!’ Enya cried out. ‘PLEASE TELL ME YOU ARE ALRIGHT?’

But there was nothing. Enya scrambled herself together and clambered the last few steps towards the top. Smoke once again surrounded her, making it impossible to see what was going on or where she was going.

‘Grandpa…’ she rasped as she crawled on all fours over the top. ‘Where are you? Grandpa…?’

A shiver went down her spine when Enya’s hands detected a solid form.

‘Oh please…’ she muttered. ‘Please don’t be…’ She swallowed hard, her fingers carefully stroking Emrak’s face. Enya whimpered as she felt a sticky fluid running over her hands. That better not be… She started to freak out, because she couldn’t see a damn thing and for all she knew, her grandfather was dying beneath her.

‘Fire witch…’ her mind commented. ‘You are a fire witch, remember?’

Enya bit her lip. Oh yeah. Calm down. Because fire and ice came to her quite naturally, she often forgot she controlled air and earth as well. She closed her eyes, her mind focusing solely on the storm. She imagined herself being a powerful gush of wind, blowing patiently against the dark
clouds until they floated into another direction, making room for the sun to shine upon the mountain top. When Enya felt sun rays shyly shining on her face, she heaved a deep sigh. Her eyelids fluttered open and she looked down.

She bit on her tongue in an attempt not to let a sound escape her mouth. Tears ran down her cheeks. Her breath hitched in her throat. Emrak lied beside her, staring up at the sky. His hands were burned badly, covered in blood and loose skin. Along his neck run a pattern of Lichtenberg figures. Somehow the lightning had left his body at his heart, leaving a gaping wound in his chest. His wasn’t breathing. There was no pulse.

He was dead.

Her grandfather had been electrocuted, and she had failed him. Enya sobbed as she gently closed his eyelids, her heart overflowing with grief. She could have saved him. If she had not doubted her own powers, she could have reached him in time and helped him channel... Surely both of their strengths would have been enough to stand a chance?! A pained cry left her. How could she ever deal with Smaug and save her kin if she wasn’t even able to do this?

‘NO! Shissa, you killed him!’ A high-pitched voice cried out, and the sudden sound startlling Enya. She got up and gazed around her. No dragon.

‘Don’t be a baby, Dracarys!’ Shissa replied, her voice sounding distant. ‘He did it all by himself, little one… I was down here…’

‘No, you were mean! You couldn’t leave him alone!’ The high voice stressed. Enya turned around and saw a tiny green dragon arriving on the top of the mountain. Its hide consisted of dark green scales and the pointy plates on its spine looked impressive, but because the little drake was no bigger than a small dog and its eyes were a friendly dark brown that reminded her much of a terrier, Enya couldn’t fear it. Her hearth swelled with love for this little creature and its tiny feet with cute claws and…

Shissa groaned irritably, like she had this conversation many times before and was done with it. ‘Dracarys, my boy…’ she sighed. ‘We are dragons… that’s what we do… When will you learn?’

‘Then I don’t WANT to be a dragon!’ Dracarys cried as he neared Emrak. ‘I want to be GOOD, not mean!’

‘You are, in fact, a dragon.’ The fire-drake told him. ‘You better behave like one. What will uncle Ancalagon say when he hears about this?’

A shiver went through Dracarys and he looked like he was about to cry. Enya frowned, because it was a weird sight. Animals, especially dragons, didn’t usually cry, right? Right?

‘I’m sorry.’ Dracarys said to Emrak as he sat next to his lifeless body. ‘She didn’t mean to. I know she’s good inside… I tried to stop her destroying your home, but she wouldn’t listen…’

Dracarys reached under his wing and pulled out a beautiful blue rose. He solemnly laid it on Emrak’s chest and rest his front claw on top of it. Enya reached out to lay her hand over his paw, but when she tried she went straight through him. How was that possible again? She had just touched her grandfather’s face just minutes ago!

‘What the hell?’ she muttered when she discovered her body was transparent, like a ghost. The ground under her feet disappeared, turning into a gaping hole that was more than ready to swallow her alive. Enya screamed when she felt the void pulling on her body. This wasn’t right, this couldn’t be. She was wasn’t weightless, but yet she wasn’t…? She tried to hold on to the edge, not ready to be separated from her grandfather yet, but the pull was too strong and send her tumbling into the darkness.

‘ENYA!’ A deep baritone voice pulled her into reality again. ‘Mahal, Enya!’

Enya’s eyelids fluttered open, realizing she was in reality again. But which one? Thorin’s sturdy
arms supported her and his blue eyes were filled with worry.

‘Enya…’ he breathed, a relieved smile opening up his face.

‘I was five…’ she stuttered as her mind revisited her recently gained memories. ‘I was five and I set
my mother’s dress on fire…’

‘You had a memory?’ Thorin asked softly while brushing a strand of hair from her face.

Enya nodded. ‘I did… and then I saw my grandfather…’ She swallowed hard, trying to reign in her
emotions. Although her grandfather died dozens of years ago and she unconsciously knew there was
nothing she could’ve done to save him, her grief was still fresh. The memory hurt.

‘My grandfather…’ she tried. ‘He… I saw him…’

Thorin said nothing, but she knew he understood what she was trying to tell him. He slowly shook
his head. ‘I’m so sorry that you had to witness that, âzyungel. It’s devastating to watch loved ones
die…’

Enya looked up, suddenly realizing that over the course in his life, Thorin had lost so much. His kin,
when Smaug took Erebor. His grandfather, who was slain by Azog in battle. His father that went
missing… All people who he loved dearly. No wonder he went all protective around her during this
journey. He cared deeply about her, and he had made many attempts to keep her safe. A vague smile
appeared on Enya’s face. She understood now why they had been quarreling that much, aside from
the fact that they both were too stubborn for their own good. He had been terrified to lose her and
she had been too blind to see that, though it had been displayed right in front of her.

Thorin gently put her down on her feet, his large hands supporting her. Enya groaned, feeling a bit
unsteady and unsure if she could walk already.

‘How am I going to be able to defeat a dragon?’ Enya whispered to herself. ‘He was the most
powerful fire warlock that ever existed and he died!’

‘You are not your grandfather…’ Thorin told her. ‘You are different.’

Enya looked up, her pale blue eyes gazing intently into the depths of his sapphire orbs. ‘How do you
know?’ she asked. ‘He’s a part of me. What if I…’ She didn’t finish that sentence, nor did she have
to.

‘You’re not going to kill it.’ Thorin said softly. ‘We all will be there.’

Yeah, they would be there. But none of the dwarves carried the responsibility Enya had. None of
them possessed her powers, and no one could tell her if she would be able to do what was necessary.

Of course she should be the one who killed the dragon. She had to protect all of her beloved
dwarves, and she wouldn’t be able to forgive herself if one of them died. She had to prevent that, at
all costs. She paced forward and opened the backdoor to the balcony. She sat down on the balustrade
and closed her eyes. The sharp, cold air calmed her nerves for a bit.

‘Enya.’ Thorin’s hands slid around her waist and he pulled her against him. He wrapped his arms
around her tightly and Enya melted in his embrace.

‘We have to leave within an hour.’ Thorin breathed. ‘We need to be prepared when the last light of
Durin’s day strikes. We cannot afford to lose more time.’

‘I know.’ Enya murmured. ‘Leave without me. I will catch up.’

‘No, you won’t.’ Thorin countered. ‘You-’

‘And I tell you that you have to.’ Enya interrupted him. ‘I want to get myself together before I face
that dragon. I need my time.’

Thorin watched her, his expression pained. His left hand stroked her cheek and his thumb ran over
her lower lip. ‘I meant that you are not coming with us, Blueheart.’ He rasped. ‘You will stay here
and wait until Erebor is safe. I wouldn’t be able to forgive myself if you got hurt.’

‘Oakenshield, we are not doing this!’ Enya protested. ‘The whole point of me joining your company
was that I alone will stand a chance against a fire-drake!’

Thorin shook his head, clearly not impressed by her reasoning. ‘Fili and Kili will stay behind as well.
You’ll be protected here.’

‘But you won’t!’ Enya stressed. ‘I need to-’ She was cut off by his lips that claimed hers and pulled
her into a kiss. It was desperate and demanding. His hands slid down her back and cupped her ass.
Enya’s fingers grabbed his coat and her legs wound around him. Thorin bucked his hips against her and a low growl left his mouth. She could feel her own desire spreading through her like fire, spurred on by his throbbing arousal pushing against her. A disapproving whimper came across her lips when Thorin broke the kiss, but it turned into a soft purr when he turned his attention to the crook of her neck. His beard rasped against her pulse point and the feeling drove her insane.

‘Enya...’ Thorin panted in her ear. ‘I need you, my queen. You have to be safe. Alive.’
‘And I need my king!’ Enya pressed, her hands trailing over his chest. ‘I cannot bear to lose you.’
‘We will defeat Smaug.’ Thorin said, his tone certain. ‘He will suffer for what he did. We will take back Erebor.’

‘Smaug is a FIRE-drake, Thorin!’ Enya exclaimed. ‘And I’m a FIRE witch…’
Thorin clenched his jaw, and Enya knew it was a lost cause. He would not allow her on the last part of the journey. She could try every trick she had up her sleeve, but he wouldn’t give in. She wasn’t coming with them. Well… Too bad for him she matched his level of stubbornness. She would let him go now and follow the company later, like she already planned to. Did he really think that she would allow him to face a dragon without her?
Besides, she felt like it wasn’t his call. She was born to be out there, to face dangerous situations. But first she needed to get herself together.

‘You are also my wife.’ Thorin said and his expression was determined. ‘You won’t put yourself in danger. I will not allow it.’
‘Thorin.’
It was Dwalin’s voice that made an ending to their little rendezvous. ‘We have to go. The master of Laketown has arranged a boat for us to reach the other side.’
The dwarf king heaved a sigh, not ready yet to let go of her.
‘There will be hell to pay if you don’t come back to me.’ Enya told him.
Thorin rest his forehead against hers and a smile went across his face. ‘I know, uzfakuh.’ His hands cupped her face and their eyes met. Enya’s body quivered and Thorin groaned. Their mouths crashed again, his tongue seeking hers. His hands were in her hair, fingers tangled in her locks and pulling her closer to him. Blood rushed through her veins again, making Enya forget where she was and who were potentially watching them. She wanted him, needed him, like she hadn’t been with him at all last night. Talking about being insatiable…

‘Mahal!’ Thorin bit out as he abruptly let go of her. ‘I’m tempted to…’
Enya’s lip caught between her teeth and she blushed, because she knew exactly what he meant. If their kiss had lasted a little bit longer, he would have made love to her right on this spot. No matter who was present. And shameless as she was, she would have let him.
She watched Thorin and the others as they left the house, ready to fulfill their mission. Enya crossed her arms. She hoped she would see all of them alive again.

Enya didn’t go to the docks to wave the company goodbye. She just couldn’t bring herself to watch her one sail away from her. Besides, she too was heading towards a deadline. She needed to feel somewhat stable again before she could go after them. The muscles in her chest tightened when she thought of the fact that she had to battle a dragon within the next 48 hours. Her fire was useless against a drake, so she had to rely on the other elements to stand a chance.

Earth. Air. Water. Enya heaved a sigh. Right. What did Gigi and Emrak tell her about her powers? She frowned. She needed to be in sync with herself. As Emrak told her, water needs a strong yet gentle and loving leader…
Well, that was fucking great and all, but how did she get there? How could she combine those traits together? Absentmindedly she walked to the outskirts of town and paused when she reached the open water. The quietness around her was almost eerie, with only the sign of the blacksmith making a screeching sound. Enya assumed that the inhabitants of Lake town were more interested in seeing a
company of dwarves and one hobbit leave their city than minding their own business. She sat down and watched the water ripple against the dock, wondering how she ever could work with such a gentle and seemingly useless element. As a person she could be described as many things, but gentle… Her approach in life was more aggressive, fiery. No wonder that flames and ice resonated easily through her. Using those forces were as easy as breathing. Even yielding air and earth went without too much thinking, but water in a liquid state… Enya clenched her fists, frustration flowing through her body. She had been meditating every day during the journey and it didn’t help her one bit. She was sick of trying to calm herself down before taking it on… If it hadn’t helped before, why would it now? Her heartbeat raised and Enya gritted her teeth. The lake reacted immediately to her doubt, the water in it becoming restless and splashing against the docks. The waves froze right on the spot, leaving a capricious landmark of icicles.

‘No, I’m sorry!’ Enya cried out. ‘I apologize. Please. Show me how we can make this work…’

Nothing happened.

She didn’t know what she had expected instead, but anger flared up in her abdomen. The urge to jump up and walk away was almost unbearable, but she forced herself to stay on the dock. She steadied her breathing, and lay her hands flat on her lap.

‘Let’s start over.’ She muttered as she closed her eyes. ‘I am Enya Blueheart, the last fire witch of the fire beard clan. I’m a princess of Nogrod and the future queen of Erebor. Thorin Oakenshield’s one. I’m 89 years old, but I spent most of my life on earth.’ She briefly stopped talking and smiled awkwardly, feeling stupid for talking to herself. ‘Before I came to middle earth, I didn’t know about my powers. My mother used to erase my memories every now and then, in a vain effort to give me a normal life. I do not want to, but I’m mad at her for refraining me from my real self. I’ve always felt like a part was missing…’

She swallowed, her mind pondering over all the new information she recently had gained. ‘I think that’s why I told myself not to feel at all. To work harder than anyone else, to strive for perfection… But when I landed here in middle earth, I… I found out who I really am and…’ She shrugged and took a deep breath. ‘I still cannot believe that someone as breathtaking and perfect as Thorin Oakenshield would even look at me, let alone single me out as his queen! My real self is scaring me to death and I’m afraid to fail the love of my life, to fail the world. I resent myself for being insecure and frightened, but I cannot help it. It’s there…’

Something cold landed on her hand palm. Enya hissed from the sudden contact and carefully opened her eyes. There was a drop of water in the size of a coin, resting on her palm. Enya watched it in amazement and a sudden calmness overwhelmed her senses. She let it glide over her fingertips, encouraging it to float in the air. She smiled as she heard the ice in the lake melting down into liquid form again. Maybe if she-

‘Missed me, pretty face?’

Well, fuck! If there wasn’t that annoying warrior woman who just kept crawling back like a cockroach… Enya wanted to turn around and tell that bitch to back off and leave her in peace, but before she even could make a movement she was violently thrown out of balance. She tipped over the dock, almost diving into the cold water, but luckily her fire witch instincts were faster than her bodily movements. Enya groaned as she landed flat on her face on the ice. God damnit, how could that redhead have caught her by surprise? She got up and took a few paces backwards towards the open lake, forcing Dolvira to get on the frozen lake too. A smirk was written on the warrior woman’s face.

‘I told you you would pay for what you did.’ She growled as she reached for her sword. Enya cursed under her breath. She was unarmed this time, unprepared to face an angry dwarrow. She quickly scanned her surroundings, thinking of some sort of an escape route, but she was out of options. Fleeing away over the ice would make her vulnerable to a knife-attack and the only way back to town meant crossing Dolvira anyway. Enya heaved a sigh, preparing herself mentally for
another face-off with the redhead. She needed a weapon, and fast. She cocked a brow as ice appeared in both her hands, slowly growing into two short but solid swords. Enya tightly griped the hilts. At last she was, in a way, united with her sai again…

‘It’s nice to see you too, Dolly.’

‘Stop. Calling. Me. Dolly!’ the warrior woman hissed.

Enya shrugged. ‘Not a chance, my lovely lady commander… Why are you still lurking around Lake town? I thought Thorin had sent you away. As in, for good?’

‘He will come around.’

‘Yeah?’ Enya mocked. ‘I gotta admit that I admire your persistence, Dolly. Even cockroaches know when to back off. He told you to get lost, what of that part don’t you understand?’

‘Gloat all you want, pretty face.’ Dolvira muttered as she took a step forward. ‘But I’m the one who will be his queen, not you. I will protect what’s mine and you will not get away with...’ she paused, hurt crossing her face.

‘Get away with what?’ Enya inquired, smiling sweetly.

‘You took away his honor. You forced yourself upon him!’

A giggle escaped Enya’s mouth, unable to react normally to such an outrageous claim. ‘Me? I can assure you that the desire was mutual, Dolly…’

Dolvira yelled and lunged forward. Their swords clashed with a massive force, metal against ice. Enya was somewhat relieved when she noticed that her weapons were as strong as Dolvira’s. The warrior woman took a step back and waited for her opponent to move, but Enya wasn’t taking the bait. She narrowed her eyes, the muscles in her body tensed as she awaited the next charge. Dwalin had taught her many things about battle, and a skilled warrior shouldn’t lose her temper in fights. Go in with a clear mind and take the advantage. Dolvira would definitely try to overpower her again, so she instead of measuring up to that, she had to be smart this time.

‘Care to repeat our last fight?’ the redhead asked.

‘Which one?’ Enya scoffed.

Dolvira growled and jumped into her direction. Enya dodged the attack, striking the redhead effectively in her back with one smooth move instead. Dolvira groaned and fell down, the ice cracking around her. Enya smirked and took a few steps back.

‘Did I hurt you, Doll?’

‘SHUT UP!’

The warrior woman got up, the ice under her protesting against her movements. She muttered something under her breath, but Enya couldn’t make up the words.

‘You what, Dolly?’ she inquired as she inspected her sai. The ice shone brightly in the sun, almost reflecting her image. They were remarkable, almost as perfect as the ones that she lost in Mirkwood… Maybe she could persuade Thranduil to give them back to her...

A low battle cry from Dolvira made Enya came into reality again. She shook her head and felt a little ashamed because she had lost her focus far to easily. Dwalin would kill her if he ever found out…

‘I should’ve killed you while I got the CHANCE!’ the redhead screamed as she stormed at Enya again. Enya’s body stiffened, her muscles tensed as she held her sai before her. She grunted as their swords clashed again and she used all her strength to counter the attack. Dolvira revealed her teeth, pushing her blade a little bit harder against Enya’s. Enya cried out in frustration when she realized there was no way she was going to stand against Dolvira’s strength. She let go and ducked to the side, escaping the swing of the warrior woman’s sword just in time. Enya panted as she scurried a few paces away from her opponent again, and tried to catch her breath. So far for being in an excellent shape… Sword fighting was relying on a different kind of endurance.

‘You fool!’ Dwalin shouted in her head. ‘What are you doing, Blueheart? You should be outsmarting her, instead of challenging her strength! Don’t be an arrogant lass, will ye?’

Enya groaned, knowing he was right. She narrowed her eyes as Dolvira was approaching her again.
A grin was displayed on her face.
‘Tired already?’ she purred. ‘What kind of fire witch are you?’
Enya didn’t reply, but instead glanced down at her feet. She was standing on the cracked ice where Dolvira had lain just minutes ago. She licked her lips and steadied herself on the crackled ice, not having the luxury to repair it in time. She had to trust that it would hold her, that it wouldn’t break…
She screamed when Dolvira lifted her sword again, coming straight at her, the blade zipping through the air and ready to slice her open…

Everything seemed to happen in slow-motion. Enya almost saw herself jumping away from the trajectory of the sword, floating in the air. Dolvira’s face, that was reddened with anger as she came about to realize that she had failed to injure Enya. The warrior woman’s sword that crashed into the ice, cracking it up further. How the gravity pulled Enya towards the cracks. Her weight being too heavy, falling right through the ice and the water sucking her down into the darkness.
Enya gulped a vast amount of the stone-cold water and she panicked as she was pulled down. Air, she needed air! She struggled to get to the surface, the heavy water not allowing her to move swiftly. But it seemed the closer she came to it, the faster the ice grew back again. Her eyes widened, her brain not being able to comprehend what was happening. How could it grow back? How was that possible? Who did that? Dolvira?
Enya finally reached the surface and put her hands on the ice. It was thick, thicker than before. She moved her hands over it, trying to melt it down, but it only made more ice growing against it. Enya yelled in frustration.

She was doing this herself!

She had to make this stop, but there was no time. How could she get calm in a situation like this? Enya lost herself and smashed her fists on the ice, anxious to be able to breathe again. But she couldn’t break it. The ice wouldn’t give in. Her mind blabbered nonsense to her, totally being blocked by the fear of death. Her lungs burned as her breathing reflex made her swallow more water. She couldn’t breathe… She couldn’t get out. The water was so cold…

Was this how she was going to die?

Suddenly her fighting response disappeared and an overwhelming sense of acceptance invaded her body. Enya slowly blinked and her surroundings became hazy. She laid her hand on the ice again, asking Thorin to forgive her for being weak. She smiled when a warmth spread through her body, like she was melting. Like the ice was melting too. But it didn’t matter anymore… She was suffocating.

Everything went black.

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He was just walking towards his home after he had seen the dwarves taking off when he saw her.
She was laying on the docks. He frowned when he noticed that she wasn’t moving. She was a small woman, her fine curves being complemented by her strange clothing. The man carefully approached her and kneeled beside her. She was dead-cold, but she still seemed to breathe. The man sighed, torn between his options. He could just left her here to die, because he was done with aiding strangers. The dwarves he had helped out the other day had caused nothing but trouble. No doubt they would bring Smaug upon his people in the next few days…
But on the other hand… She was a living being, probably innocent. She wouldn’t survive without him. He stroked the hairs from her face, revealing a strange bead that was tied in her hair. It looked familiar. Didn’t those dwarves from the company adorned their hair with these heavy accessories? The man frowned. She had to be a female dwarf, or a dwarrowdam as they liked to call them. But
why didn’t she have facial hair? Rumors went that all dwarves had that, even females… He remembered the stories his mother had told him all too well.
‘More dwarves then…’ the man muttered to himself as he took Enya carefully in his arms. ‘And I thought they all left this morning…’
He watched Enya’s pale face as he carried her to his house. When he opened the door, his two daughters came to greet him enthusiastically, but stopped dead in their tracks when they saw what he was carrying.
‘Yeah, don’t ask.’ He groaned irritated. ‘I found her at the docks nearby. I know we’re done with dwarves, but she will die without us. Sigrid, will you turn up the heat?’

Chapter End Notes

What should happen next?

What will Bard think of Enya? Will he flirt with her? Will Thorin get REALLY jealous about that????
Also, I feel like the next chapter needs some smut. Who thinks that too?
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Enya meets Bard the bowman. Will he allow her to leave Laketown? And will Thorin be happy to see her arriving in Erebor, or... not?

Chapter Notes

Gelek menu caragu rukhs = you smell like orc dung
Uzfakuh = my greatest joy
Ghivashel = treasure of all treasures

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘Da, she’s not waking up!’

The sound of a honey-sweet voice in distress lured Enya from her slumber. Her body felt wrecked. She clenched her teeth when a burning sensation spread through her limbs, making her hiss softly. Good gods, what happened? She felt like she had a little (alright, a lot) too much to drink last night and then decided to run the marathon. Enya slowly opened her heavy eyelids, her senses still hazy from her recent unconscious state. Her surroundings seemed blurred and it took her vision a few seconds to adjust to the dimmed light.

There was a wooden ceiling above her, the thick beams hoovering over her body. The room was warm though and Enya heard fire crackling in the distance. She was wrapped in a woolen blanket.

What the actual fuck?

The last thing she remembered was practicing her water skills on the docks... What happened? It seemed like she built a new habit in which she accidently woke up in all kind of places; not being able to recall how she got there in the first place.

‘She will wake up, sweetheart. Don’t you worry...’ The voice of a man hushed the little girl.

‘What if it’s the same as with mom?’ she answered. ‘What if she...’

There was a short silence between the two.

‘Don’t talk like that, Tilda. She’ll come around eventually, I’m sure of it. All we have to do is get her warm. Can you get some extra blankets from upstairs for me?’

Enya groaned softly as she attempted to get herself to sit up straight. How many hours had passed? For how long had she been like this? There was no time... The others must have reached the lonely mountain by now. She had to join them. She had to...

‘Hold it, my lady.’

Strong hands supported her sides and gently pushed her upright. Enya hissed again as a sharp pain shot through her spinal cord, a sign of her body to take it easy and let it be. She clenched her jaw, knowing she had to pull through. There was no time. She would kill for a heavy painkiller right now... Stupid damned middle earth!
‘Easy now…’ the man coaxed. ‘You’re lucky to be alive, my lady. You need some rest.’
‘No time.’ Enya replied and looked up to see to which kind villager she owed her life, and probably her dignity as well.

‘Well hello there!’ her mind squealed and Enya bit her lip.
If Thorin hadn’t been her one, if Mahal hadn’t designed them for each other… She would definitely not mind to hit that! This human male was very easy on the eye with raven black long locks and carefully trimmed facial hair. His hazelnut colored orbs were beautiful. The man himself was eyeing her in a friendly manner. He seemed intrigued by her appearance. Enya smiled faintly and sensed there probably was a lot of passion hidden below that kind surface. Yes, he was good-looking… But still… there was no way he could beat Thorin, nor could he best her king’s panties shredding gaze.
’Jeez, how could we ever forget about that intense “sexual predator” stare our king can muster?’ her mind mused.

Well, since Thorin ripped them off her in the bedroom of the master of Laketown… Probably there. What if the master looked under his bed and found that shredded, lacy piece of underwear…

Oh god no.
She could only hope the master didn’t know what panties were… Or never found the need to search under his bed. Or be sexually active for that matter, because who would…? A giggle got stuck in her throat and pressed her lips together. This was no moment to get all jolly, god damnit.

‘Thank you.’ Enya murmured softly to the man as she tried to regain her composure. ‘I believe I owe you my life.’

The man shrugged. ‘It was nothing my lady. Allow me to carry you closer towards the fire.’
‘I’m fine, I can walk.’ she muttered, scrambling herself together. The man inclined his head and took a step back. Enya took a deep breath and carefully lowered herself from the table.
‘See? I’m’ she began, but then her surroundings became quite blurry again, making her grasp the table behind her.
‘No, you’re not fine. You’re as white as a sheet!’ He established. ‘Please…’
Enya nodded shortly, not liking the fact that this stranger was right. There was no way she was gonna walk towards the fireplace without collapsing down on the floor. She needed a break to catch her breath again. The man lifted her up and took her in his arms.

‘I found you on the docks. You were freezing cold and for a moment I thought you were dead.’ The man told her as he lowered her into a chair next to the hearth. ‘To be honest, I was a bit surprised to find a dwarrowdam like you. because I was under the impression all the dwarves of Erebor left this morning. Are you part of the company of Thorin Oakenshield?’
‘Oh… Yes.. I-I was delayed.’ Enya answered, a little distracted by the fact that stranger knew the name of her one. ‘I meant to go after them as soon as possible, but something went very wrong.’ She stared in the distance and her brows furrowed together as she tried to remember what happened to her.
‘What’s your name?’ the man inclined as he studied her curiously.
‘Enya Blueheart.’ She said. ‘Princess of the firebeard clan.’
‘I am Bard. Or Bard the bowman, as they like to call me around here.’
‘Bowman? Now that’s an interesting name. What is your trade?’
‘I’m a bargeman. I enable the trade between Laketown and the Woodland realm.’
‘So where does the bow come in?’
Bard smiled faintly, not really looking forward to share his painful family history with a mere stranger. A dwarrowdam even. It puzzled him that this dam seemed genuinely interested. Every local was familiar with the story. Didn’t she know…?
‘The story is widely known around here, my lady.’
'I'm sorry.' Enya said. 'I didn’t mean to insult you. I grew up in…' she paused, trying to figure out how much she wanted to share with this man. 'The land I grew up in differs from here. I didn’t even know about my own heritage until I came to middle earth.'

'So you didn’t know you were a princess?' Bard asked.

Enya laughed. 'Up until recently I believed I was a human. It was quite a shock when I learned that I am, in fact, a dwarf with royal background.'

'Nogrod…' Bard muttered as he vaguely remembered something about the firebeard clan and the awful way they met their demise. It was a gruesome tale in which the last fire warlock of the clan died fighting a foul creature that served Morgoth: a dragon.

'Miss Blueheart…' Bard began as he handed her a drink. ‘May I ask how you ended up here?’

'Please, call me Enya.' Enya replied and took a sip from the ale he had given her. 'It’s a long story, I wouldn’t even know where to begin… Also…' she grinned. ‘You successfully dodged my question about the bow, but that doesn’t mean I forgot it. Why the bow?’

‘Alright. If you tell me your story, I tell you mine.’ The bargeman gave in.

‘Deal, but you start.’

‘My family consists of a lineage of bowmen, but the people, or rather the master and deputy in this town like to call me by this name to give offend. My grandfather was Girion, the lord of Dale. He is the human who failed to take down Smaug with the precious black arrows when that wretched evilness came to take the lonely mountain. The city of Dale was destroyed because of this failure.’ Enya sensed the deep resentment Bard had for his forefather, but she decided not to pursue the matter. Instead she gave him a bright smile. ‘Mine died fighting a dragon too.’

‘The warlock…?’ Bard immediately asked. ‘But your family was…’

‘Yes. My grandfather was Emrak, the last fire warlock of the firebeard clan.’ Enya said, choosing her words carefully. There was no need to tell him more than he needed to know right now. Black holes, another dimensions, witch powers, memories that had been wiped away… it would be too much for a man who basically lived in the middles ages. Even a kind one.

‘My grandmother escaped from our city and got my mother elsewhere. I grew up thinking I was human.’ She laughed when she saw a frown appearing on Bard’s face. ‘A very tiny human.’ She added. ‘I just thought that my family was… different.’

‘So you never met a dwarf before?’ Bard questioned, clearly puzzled by her story.

Well, shit. This one was clever, too.

‘All inhabitants in my country are men.’ Enya admitted. ‘Except for me and my family, of course.’

‘What is this country you speak of?’ he asked.

‘It’s called America.’ Enya replied matter-of-factly.

‘A-me-ri-ca?’ Bard repeated slowly. ‘I’ve never heard of such a realm in middle earth.’

‘And that’s why my grandmother Gigi chose to live there.’ Enya grinned. ‘Very few know of its existence. It’s quite a small country, and safe too.’

Lies, of course. Oh well, it wasn’t like Bard knew she was telling lies. She just alternated… the truth.

‘Whooooooop guuuurlll!!!!’ her mind cheered. ‘We dodged that question with style!!!!!’

‘When I found out about my ancestry, I went looking for my roots.’ She continued. ‘And I ended up in the company to reclaim their homeland.’

Bard nodded, seeming to find her story reasonable enough, at least for now. ‘Yes, I heard about this quest. You support their mission?’

‘I think they’ve got a noble cause.’ Enya smiled. ‘But something tells me you don’t.’

‘No, I don’t.’ Bard agreed. He tried to keep his facial expression clear, but there was a flicker of anger in his eyes. ‘I seem to be the only one in this cursed town who thinks straight and thinks Thorin Oakenshield cannot enter the mountain. I tried to reason with the master but he wouldn’t listen.’ He ruffled his fingers through his hair, clearly upset by the subject. ‘The master is only thinking about the wealth that lies beneath those rocks, but he won’t consider the safety of his
people. The dwarves will awake the dragon, I’m certain of that… and then what, Enya Blueheart? No one will be able to stop that evil thing. You and your company will die trying, leaving Laketown vulnerable to bear the consequences of their greed.’

‘This is not about greed!’ Enya countered fiercely. ‘Erebor is their home, it’s the place where they belong! They just want to live in peace, don’t be-’

‘As do we.’ Bard interrupted her. ‘Everyone in this town has lost someone that day in Dale. We don’t want any more trouble.’

Her blood started to boil as she heard this complete stranger judge the dwarves she had grown to love. He was harsh. He didn’t know how much they suffered, how much they were longing for their home…

‘But he lost things too.’ Her mind mused. ‘I bet he dreads the fact that our little journey towards Erebor will more or less force him to take his grandfather’s place. He’s just terrified. Cut him some slack.’

‘I understand you, I really do.’ Enya said, exhaling slowly to keep herself from yelling. She was in his home, after all. She’d better suck it up. ‘But don’t be harsh, you shouldn’t underestimate the dwarven race. We found a way to kill Smaug without him leaving Erebor.’

Bard shook his head. ‘I doubt that. Smaug is said to be huge and terrifying. And you’re telling me there is a way, INSIDE the mountain, to deal with such a great fire-drake?’

Enya tilted her head and her lips curved into a smile. ‘I’m certain of it. And I promise you I will do my best to make sure Smaug doesn’t leave Erebor, unless chopped up in pieces.’

There was a short silence between them, as they both pondered about the discussion that just had taken place.

‘What kind of weapon other than a black arrow can pierce a dragon’s hide?’ Bard mused while drinking his ale. ‘Do tell me: what does Thorin Oakenshield possess that is THAT powerful?’

Enya smirked. ‘I can’t tell you. It’s confidential.’

‘Oh come on!’ Bard laughed. ‘It’s not like I’m going to tell Smaug about it.’

She pursed her lips. ‘Nope. I’m not spilling the secrets here.’

Bard shrugged and held up his cup of ale. ‘Alright, if you won’t tell this poor man how you plan to kill that fire-drake, let’s make a toast instead. To our grandfathers. Our ancestry.’

‘To success.’ Enya approved and the cups clanked as they clashed against each other.

‘Thank you for saving my life, Bard.’ Enya repeated. ‘I don’t know how I can ever repay you for that.’

‘You don’t-’

‘Da, is she a REAL dwarf?’

Both Bard and Enya almost jumped from their seats as a little girl appeared next to her, viewing her meticulously. She had the same brown eyes as her father, but her hair was much lighter; a more dark blonde color. She wore a blue dress and held a few heavy blankets in her arms. A teddy bear peeked from under the folds. She couldn’t be older than ten and Enya found her adorable. Bard wasn’t as taken with his daughter as Enya was, and he heaved a sigh.

‘That’s impolite, Tilda. You cannot ask that.’

‘It’s okay.’ Enya reassured him.

Bard smiled apologetically. ‘This is my youngest daughter, Tilda. Tilda, this is Enya Blueheart, princess of the firebeards. She belongs to the company of Thorin Oakenshield.’

‘But.. where is your beard? And why isn’t it fiery?’ Tilda inquired. ‘Da always says that ALL dwarves have beards!’

A giggle escaped Enya’s mouth when she saw Bard’s humiliated face. ‘I know. But thank god, beards don’t run in my family.’

‘Why not?’
‘That is a very good question.’ Enya replied as she stood up, ignoring the pain in her back. ‘I will ask my fellow dwarves when I see them again.’

‘I really think you should rest, because—’ Bard began, but he was interrupted by his daughter.

‘Where are you going?’ she asked as she stared up at Enya. ‘You just arrived here! I brought you blankets! Can you please stay and tell me more about your family?’

Enya shook her head. ‘I’m sorry Tilda, but I really have to get going. I’ve got things to do.’

But Tilda wasn’t having any of it and folded her arms, a haughty demanding expression displayed on her face.

‘Will you get back?’

‘I might.’ Enya answered. ‘I can’t promise you anything.’

‘But I never talked to a princess before!’ Tilda sulked.

‘Well, you talked to her just now.’ Bard told his daughter while sending her a warning glare. ‘Miss Blueheart has to be somewhere else, she doesn’t have time to chat with you.’

‘I’m sorry, da.’ Tilda murmured.

Enya tilted her head. ‘You know what, Tilda? When Erebor will be restored to its’ former glory, you are a welcomed guest and then I’ll show you all of my dresses.’

The child beamed. ‘Really?’

‘Yes.’

‘Alright, then that’s settled.’ Bard said and turned to Tilda. ‘Will you put the blankets upstairs again?’

As the child ran upstairs the bowman eyed Enya curiously.

‘Do you even own a dress?’ he asked.

‘No.’ Enya granted. ‘But I have no doubt I will, in the future.’

‘Let me get you one.’ Bard offered. ‘I still don’t think it’s wise for you to leave right away, but if you must… please let me find you other…’ A frown appeared on his face. ‘clothes.’

‘Thank you, but I think I’ll be fine.’

‘No, you’re not.’ Bard pressed. ‘Your clothing is still soaked and you’ll get sick if you travel like this.’

Hm, she knew he was probably right. Her skinny jeans hadn’t recovered yet from her recent adventure, and she doubted that they ever would. She knitted her brows together as she tried to regain the events of the previous day. She knew she had been practicing her water skills at the docks. And then something interrupted her, disturbing her. Wounded her.

But what?

The room started to spin around her and Enya took a deep breath as she tried to steady herself again.

‘You’re probably right.’ she muttered. ‘That would be most kind of you—’

A gasp left her mouth as Bard broke her fall by catching her in his arms.

‘See?’ he told her. ‘You’re exhausted. You’re not going anywhere before you have something to eat and I’ve found you some decent clothing to keep you warm.’

‘There’s no time…’ Enya spluttered.

A grin rose on Bard’s face, his eyes sparkling. ‘You’re not gonna kill a dragon like this, miss… Patience is a virtue.’

Finding her way towards Erebor was easy. The dark-brown colored breeches that Bard had given her were a bit too big, but one of Bain’s belts prevented them sliding down from her hips. The loose grey shirt and a blue coat she had put on weren’t perfect either, but it worked. Bard hadn’t been keen on the idea that Enya would have to cross the town like this, and he insisted she should wear some sort of dress above her clothing. He told her that the climate in the town already was unstable and that the master wouldn’t be too happy to find out that there still were dwarves in his territory. On the other hand, Enya insisted that she was fine; she could handle any situation. For a moment it didn’t
look like they were going to find a satisfying compromise, until Sigrid came in and turned out to be a very resourceful young lady. She had wrapped a skirt around Enya’s breeches to mimic the presence of a dress.

Enya shivered as the cold wind howled against her. It was surprisingly cold around the mountain and she suddenly felt very grateful that Bard had insisted on her wearing some sort of dress. Although it made the process of climbing the slopes a bit more complicated (she never wore those things anyway), she luckily didn’t have to worry about getting sick.

She groaned as she lifted her skirt for the hundredth time to conquer the hill towards the old overlook where the company was supposed to meet Gandalf. If they still were there…

During her visit at Bard’s she learned that he had been very kind to the others in the company by smuggling them into town and delivering them some weapons. She didn’t understand why the town master and his creepy deputy Alfrid had decided to scrutinize the poor man’s every move. Although he was wrong about the quest- he was a generous man, loyal to his neighbors and a hard working widower. They probably didn’t like him because he was a sight to behold, and they were… well… ‘Butt-ugly.’ Her mind commented.

She smiled as she remembered Bard’s goodbye words as they parted their ways on the docks.

‘I do hope you succeed, Enya Blueheart. If you should fail, I’ll promise you I’ll take my grandfather’s place on the wind lance and shoot the last black arrow.’

It was a generous promise, because he didn’t owe her anything. He had done more for her than needed. In fact, her female intuition told her that Bard had been a little bit too kind. Enya shrugged away the thought. A groan escaped her as she finally reached the overlook and found it to be empty. The dwarves were nowhere to be seen, and even Gandalf (who was known to be notoriously late) wasn’t there. Had they managed to get inside Erebor? Enya closed her eyes and tried to remember the outline of the map Thorin had carried with him. She wished she had paid more attention to the destination of the journey instead of the dwarven king’s gorgeous features.

Well, at least it wasn’t entirely her fault. She couldn’t help it that her one was excruciatingly beautiful. Even Dolvira had noticed, right?

She continued her path northeast, making sure to keep the ruins of Dale on her right hand. Apart from the wind, a deadly silence reigned the slopes of the mountain. Enya almost felt like the bull in the china shop. What if she accidently woke the dragon?

‘That’s impossible.’ She huffed. ‘I’m pretty sure you’re less loud than thirteen dwarves…’ Well, to be fair that actually depended highly on her mood. She could, in fact, be a lot louder (screaming and cursing came to mind) than the others. A smile went across her face when she remembered Fíli and Kíli’s faces when they learned she was able to swear like a sailor. They weren’t that shocked though, they mostly seemed impressed anyway. She bit her lip. The rascals even asked her to learn them a few. In turn she learned some Khuzdul swearing words that had left even Bifur shocked.

‘Gelek menu caragu rukhs’ she muttered with a smile. ‘No… No.. don’t go there.’

She stopped dead in her tracks, her mouth falling open in awe. A giant stone dwarf-soldier stood proudly against the mountain, carved directly from the mountain slope. It was magnificent in its own right, but once you looked closer… you could see the stairs carved in it. Enya gasped. Jesus, that was brilliant. Scary, but brilliant nevertheless.

‘I AIN’T CLIMBING THAT!’ her mind screamed. ‘I REFUSE! BLUEHEART, YOU’LL DIE IF
Enya heaved a sigh. So much for stunning self-confidence, eh? She walked up to the soldier and
looked up. It was a pretty long distance to climb, and since she hated heights she probably should
give the fire witch way of traveling a chance. She sat down on the rocks, making herself as
comfortable as possible. She closed her eyes, focusing on the kilometers of earth stretching out
beneath her feet. And all that she had to do was getting it to move upwards. She took a deep breath
and smiled as there was something stirring under her.
‘Grow.’ She whispered. ‘Bring me to the platform I ought to be.’
The ground started shaking and she felt herself rising.

‘WE’RE GOING TO DIE!’ her mind howled. ‘STOP! STOP IT! OPEN YOUR EYES!’

Enya resisted the urge to do what her stupid inner voice suggested. There was no need to panic. She
was totally safe, totally…

‘ENYA!!’ The voice of Dori happily greeting her reached her ears.
The peeked through her eyelashes, and was relieved to see a platform. She quickly got on it and gave
Dori a hug.
‘Glad to have you back again.’ He said with a big smile. ‘It’s a bad idea to try to kill a dragon
without our fire witch…’
‘You had instructions, Blueheart.’ Dwalin stood there watching her, his arms folded.
‘Well…’ she winked. ‘I’m bad at listening to my king anyway. I’m sure he’ll overlook the matter
after he calms down.’ She looked around. ‘Where is he anyway? And where’s my favorite halfling?’
‘Bilbo just went inside, but Thorin went in earlier.’ Balin replied, his face expressing genuine
concern.
‘Are they both looking for the Arkenstone?’ Enya inquired.
Dwalin shook his head. ‘No. Thorin went to the east wing, had to collect something before we go
down.’
‘But he’s gone for quite some time now, brother.’ Balin pressed, his tone worried. It seemed like they
had been arguing about this subject for a while now. Dwalin gave his brother an ominous glare.
‘I still think we should go looking for him.’ Balin continued.
‘NO!’ Dwalin countered. ‘He told us explicitly not to follow him. He’ll be back. He’s our king and
we should listen to him!’
‘Which way?’ Enya mouthed at Balin while Dwalin continued yelling at him.
The dwarf smiled at her and gestured with his head.

Turn right.

She nodded and slipped past Dwalin, through the secret door. She turned right and took a little sprint
to make sure the dwarven warrior wouldn’t come after her to drag her back outside. Time to find her
king.

‘Blueheart.’

She had wandered through the narrow corridors of Erebor for about twenty minutes when she heard
his low voice calling her. It resonated through her body and evoked pleasant shivers that ran down
her spine. She cocked a brow and turned around.
‘Oakenshield.’
He stood in the doorway of one of the many chambers in the hall, his arms leaning casually against
the doorpost. The tension between them sparked and immediately became unbearable, the sparkles
shooting between them almost visible to the naked eye.
‘Balin was concerned about you.’ She began. ‘He thought we should start looking for you.’

‘I should have known that you would end up here anyway…’ Thorin grumbled, but his eyes twinkled as he spoke. ‘You never listen.’

‘Mmm… You’re dodging my question, sir.’ Enya purred as her hands caressed his face, the coarse facial hair scratching her fingertips. ‘But alright… Does my presence here in Erebor make you mad?’

The dwarf king closed his eyes and sighed. ‘Yes. I want to protect you, I need you to be safe. And you won’t let me.’

Enya smiled and kissed him gently, earning a soft growl in return. ‘I was born to do this, Thorin.’

‘I know.’

‘And I can look after myself.’

‘I know, but…’ His arms wound around her, pulling her closer to him. His lips brushed faintly over her cheek, finding their way to the pulse point under her ear. His breath tickled her neck and Enya’s brain, once again, stopped functioning. It was too easy for him to seduce her… Far too easy.

‘But what?’ she dared him, her voice sounding heavy with lust. She felt him smiling against her skin and she bit her lip.

‘But I want to take care of you.’ Thorin whispered in her ear. ‘You cannot deny me that.’

‘I wouldn’t dare…’ she hummed softly against his lips. ‘Please take care of me.’

A low chuckle escaped his mouth, a faint smile opening up his face and his blue eyes already darkening with desire. He knew exactly what she meant, and it seemed that he had no problem with that at all.

‘Right here, my queen?’

A deep pink blush rose on her cheeks.

‘Yes.’

Thorin wasted no time and lifted her up, his arms sliding around her and his big sturdy hands covering her bottom. Their mouths clashed, hungrily taking in each other; like they had been apart for ages instead of twenty-four hours. Enya’s hands wandered over his torso, struggling to take off his heavy belt that held his clothing together. Thorin groaned and with one arm he steadied her against him, while leaving his other hand free to pull at the strings of her shirt. Enya pushed herself onto him, grinding against his hard length and Thorin hissed in response. They both gasped in surprise as the belt gave in and sprang open. It slipped down his body, landing on the floor with a loud clank.

‘Who gave you this clothing?’ Thorin inquired matter-of-factly, but the slightly tense undertone in his voice made Enya smile. Oh, she couldn’t help herself when he did the whole protective and jealous lover thing… It melted her heart. As if he ever would have to fear competition from others… Though it was really sweet to see how much he cared.

‘Bard.’ Enya replied, while kicking off one of her boots.

‘The bowman?’ the dwarven king muttered while knitting his brows together.

‘Oh Thorin, don’t be ridiculous!’ she giggled as she dropped the other boot on the floor. ‘I met him this morning in Laketown. He seems to be a nice guy.’

Thorin narrowed his eyes, but said nothing.

Enya shook her head in disbelief. ‘Thorin…’

‘As long as he doesn’t think you’re nice.’ He growled. ‘I will not—’

Enya put her lips on his before he could tell her the consequences the poor male would suffer for simply being kind to a future queen.

‘Are all dwarves this jealous and protective?’ she teased.

‘Yes.’ Thorin stated. ‘We are. And you’re no better.’

‘No better?’ she countered. ‘Who says I’m—’

‘Very.’ Thorin said in a low voice. A shiver went through her body and Enya bit her lip. He carried her into the room, towards a desk that stood in the corner of the room and put her on it. The dark-brown wood was cold against her bum and Enya was vaguely aware that the room must have been a
private library once. The walls were covered with bookshelves and in the corner of her eye she saw a fireplace with a cozy chair, but. At that moment she didn’t care where the fuck she was. Thorin was holding her and she needed him. She stripped him of his thick woolen vest and threw it in a corner. Her own blue coat followed seconds later.

‘And you… You stir things in me…’ He confessed while staring down at her, setting his hands on either of her sides. ‘Which makes thought of him eyeing you in ways he shouldn’t unbearable.’ His jaw was set in a harsh line, his lips pursed together, and his blue orbs were watching her fiercely. The red and blue undershirts he wore complimented him, the low V-necks revealing some bare skin and chest hair.

The sight was mouthwatering. Thank god her panties got lost hours ago, because with him looking like this, they would’ve come down on their own accord.

Enya couldn’t help herself and her hand traveled from his neck to his broad chest, her fingers unbuttoning the blue shirt. Thorin eyed her intently, his gaze fixed on her movements. She rucked the piece of clothing up and pulled it over his head. The red fabric followed the blue one on the floor shortly after. She bent forward and kissed him softly. Her nails trailed down over his abdomen, the muscles jolting under her touch. Thorin inhaled sharply as her hands went further down and cupped him through his breeches. A mischievous smile was displayed on her lips as she proceeded by undoing the laces and letting one her hand slip inside, stroking him slowly. Her other hand palm caressed his strong jaw, while her mouth left a pattern of kisses along his throat. Thorin’s head fell back and his lips formed a perfect ‘o’ shape when a moan escaped him. Enya dipped her tongue into his collarbone and trailed her way up to his jawbone. Thorin buckled his hips in response, pressing himself further in her hands.

‘Mesmerizing vixen!’ He hissed as his mouth searched for hers again. ‘Let me-’

He grasped her with force, but was alarmed when she whimpered in pain.

‘Are you alright?’ Thorin asked and he loosened his grip on her, careful not to strain her further. ‘Did I hurt you, uzfakuh?’

‘No, not you. It happened… earlier.’ She said absent-mindedly as she gnawed on her bottom lip. His bared chest was very alluring to her, making the simple task of forming words difficult. Or remember the vague pain in her back. All she wanted was to go back to kissing his muscles, the scars, the…

‘Do enlighten me on this subject.’ he interrupted her train of thoughts.

‘Oh…’ Enya replied. ‘I hurt my back when I took a tumble from the docks into the water. That’s why I got other clothes…’

Thorin heaved a sigh while eyeing his queen with a soft smile. ‘And I thought you would be safe in Laketown…’

Enya laughed. ‘I told you- you’d better keep me close.’

‘Perhaps I should…’ Thorin whispered, his breath tickling her face. Enya licked her lips in anticipation as he leaned in slightly, their lips almost touching. The air around them was so loaded, so strained, it made her head spin. He’d called her intoxicating many times before, but she was certain he himself was more tempting than she ever had been.

‘Let me do the work…’ He grumbled against her mouth. ‘You take it easy here.’

‘You know that’s not in my nature…’ she hummed. ‘I’m not gonna take it laying down, if that’s what you mean.’ Her mouth curved into a smile. ‘In fact, I remember something you said about me being allowed to torment you once we’d be in Erebor…’

Thorin chuckled, lifted her up and on the other side of the room he lowered her on a soft rug before the fireplace. Enya moved her hand and five flames shot from her palms, ready to devour the carefully stacked logs that had laid there for… ages.

Thorin hovered over her, his lips ghosting over her collarbone and making their way south in an antagonizing slow pace. His coarse beard caused her skin to burn slightly and his kisses left a tingly sensation. Enya’s cheeks reddened, her breathing changing rapidly.
‘I said that?’ he purred. ‘I don’t recall…’
‘That damp prison wall we almost made love against…’ Enya blurted out.
‘Almost, yes…’ Thorin agreed. ‘But I think we caught up with that a few days later, don’t you?’
‘Aye.’ She replied, as her mind went back to the long night in Laketown. Especially that round in which he had her pinned against the wall, slamming his hips against hers… The mere thought was enough to make her legs turn into jelly again. It had been perfect, he was simply perfect. She could’ve died a happy dwarrow that night…

Her thoughts stranded as Thorin pushed her shirt up, pulling it over her head and dropping it carelessly on the floor. His fingers loosened the skirt around her hips, stripping the cloth off. He undid her belt and slid her breeches down her body. He then kicked his own boots off and got rid of his trousers.

‘You’re so beautiful…’ Thorin murmured, his hands traveling over her bared skin. ‘Mine.’
Enya groaned and their mouths met in a passionate kiss again, tongues swirling around each other. Her hands raked through his hair, tugging on the braids, her fingers memorizing the beads tied in it. Thorin broke the kiss but went on by caressing her face and leaving small bitemarks in her neck. His tongue journeyed south and dragged over her chest, flicking over both nipples before sucking on the sensitive skin. Her eyes rolled back when she felt his thick hand shoving between her thighs, parting her folds. One finger entered her while his thumb grazed her clit.

A soft hiss escaped her mouth. ‘Fuck!’
Thorin sat up and with his free hand he lifted her right leg. Enya cried out as he kissed her foot and worked his way up; his beard deliciously scraping over her skin and leaving her with a slightly burning sensation. It was too much pleasure; his one hand still working her up and his mouth coming closer and closer towards her heated core… Her legs started to shiver in anticipation.

Oh god.

His hand pulled away from her, and her body arched up involuntary. Thorin chuckled and the low sound vibrated against her thighs, leaving her aching for his touch even more.

‘Oh god.’ She murmured softly. ‘Please…’
He leaned forward, placing featherlight kisses between her legs. She whined as the world stopped spinning, every nerve in her body focusing on the movements of his mouth. She cried out in agony as the tip of his tongue slipped briefly over her clit, the feeling leaving her begging for more. Thorin groaned softly as his hands moved under her ass, his fingers digging in the flesh of her buttocks. Enya bit back another moan as she felt him moving between her thighs, his beard setting the sensitive skin on fire. That damned beard was an absolute turn-on, a-

Her breath hitched when his tongue lazily dragged over her entirely, swirling back to flick over her sensitive nub. Her fingers tangled into the rug beneath her, desperately seeking something to cling unto. Her teeth sunk in her lower lip as she gave in to all the remarkable pleasure he was giving her. Boy, he never stopped to amaze her. He knew exactly how to work her up and then to cool her down just enough to get her all crazy in seconds again. Her mind briefly wondered how he had become such a-

She lost track of her thoughts when Thorin purred against her, the sound against her setting her off. Her body started shivering and Enya knew she wouldn’t survive long. Of course, she wanted more, in fact she wanted him to stay between her thighs forever, but she also wanted to last. And her treacherous body.. it would come undone far too soon for her liking, it had proven her that before.

‘Thorin, I NEED you!’ she demanded. ‘NOW!’
With ease, he pulled her on top of him.

‘Your pace. Ride me.’ He rasped as his fingers trailed over the curving of her hips. ‘Take me, my queen.’

‘Your wish is my command.’ She breathed in his ear. ‘Alas I changed my mind… YOU can easily
wait a little longer…”
‘Cheater.’ Thorin husked while delivering a sharp smack to her ass.
Enya shot up, her mouth opened wide in shock and her cheeks burning bright.
‘Excuse me sir!’ she exclaimed. ‘What do you think you’re doing?’
Thorin cocked a brow, arrogance all written over his face. ‘You asked for it.’
‘Did I?’ With a smile she placed soft kisses on his neck, traveling down to his chest. She swirled her tongue over his nipples and playfully tugged on them with her teeth, earning a loud groan from him. Then she trailed further down south, her hands massaging his abdomen and her tongue delving over his hipbone. She then took his thick shaft in her hand and swirl her tongue over the head.
‘Enya...’ Thorin panted, his blue eyes wide open as he was watching her movements. Enya smiled coquettishly, her gaze burning though his while she took him in her mouth. Thorin made a strangled noise and his head fell back against the rug. The warm light of the fire brushed over his skin, making him even more irresistible. Enya went down on him, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked him hard. She flicked her tongue over the head, and her hands traveled just further down to caress his balls. A harsh, Khuzdul word left him and the sound echoed through the room. Enya smirked, feeling quite certain she was well on her way to drive him as insane as he had done to her before.

But it was not enough. They craved each other, the feeling of being united once again. She straddled his lap, lowering herself just enough to touch him. Her breath hitched as she grinded herself against him, the friction causing sparks of pleasure through her body. Thorin moaned, his hands gripping her hips and kneading the soft flesh. Their eyes connected as she allowed him to enter, his girth deliciously stretching her. Her eyes fell shut as she took in the feeling of him being entirely inside her. It was a powerful and addictive sensation, satisfying but then always leaving her hungry for more. She never knew she was even capable of being insatiable like this, but then she met Thorin, who’d easily complied with her wishes for hours… there were no limits. She never had wanted someone this badly, but he was her aphrodisiac, her life.

Thorin huffed, his hips surging forward and his fingers digging into her hips.
‘My pace.’ She growled while lifting herself up and eyeing down fiercely. A dirty smile crossed his lips, his eyes displaying pure desire.
‘I’m yours.’ He agreed. ‘Take me.’
Enya bent down and their mouth crashed. Her hips surged forward, making them both moan into the kiss.

Oh, she liked this, having all the control… Her view was absolutely stunning, her breathtaking king laying under her. She knew it wasn’t easy for him to let go, which made the meaning of their lovemaking so much more intense. A token of trust, of his love for her. She threw her head up when her hips found a circular rhythm that made him stroke the sweet spot inside of her.

It was all too much, and at the same time too little. She watched Thorin under her, his face displaying nothing but sheer pleasure. His eyes were darkened. Over his chest laid a thin layer of sweat, which made him even more desirable. She wanted to tell him how much she cared, how much she loved his stubborn and majestic ass, but her brain short-circuited and left her as a panting, sputtering mess. Thorin lurched up, taking her into his arms as she still rode him. The gesture was intimate, sexy as hell. And his eyes... she couldn’t bear to look into them, or to look away. He was intense, blazingly hot. She needed him more than life itself.

‘Mahal, Enya…’ he panted, his lips brushing over hers. ‘Ah!’
‘Thorin!’ she moaned, rocking back and forth against him. He was incredibly close, she could feel him getting more rigid with every second. His breath hitched, coming in unsteady pants and fanning her ear. Waves of pleasure surged through her and every move of her hips took her higher. Her heart pounded in her chest, her vision became blurred. She was standing on the edge, she needed to… Thorin groaned and his mouth crashed on hers, they hopelessly clung onto each other while both seeking their impending release.
‘Enya, ghivashel.’
The sound of Thorin’s low voice in her ear, speaking in the language of their kin… It was enough to send her over the edge. Her nails dug into his back as she realized she had crossed the point of no return. She cried out as her orgasm peaked and took hold of her, shattering her body and numbing all of her other senses. Thorin stirred. A harsh growl left him as his own pleasure cracked; his shaft pulsated as he spilled his seed inside her.

He laid on his back and nuzzled her against his chest as they circled back to each other.
‘I wish we could stay like this forever.’ Enya whispered.
Thorin smiled and caressed her hair. ‘I know.’
‘How does it feel?’ she asked softly. ‘Being home again?’
‘I can’t wait to show you everything’ Thorin confessed. ‘It’s confusing… For a second I allowed myself to believe that it was alright. There was no dragon, just us… risking to be caught in my father’s study.’
Enya giggled and kissed his jawline, his beard tickling on her lips. ‘Now that would be something…’
Thorin smirked. ‘He’d probably kill us both if he found out.’
There was a short silence between them wherein they let their thoughts wander.
‘I’m sorry.’ Enya muttered. ‘For everything you’ve been through. I’m sorry for being such a pain in the ass sometimes.’
‘Sometimes?!’ Thorin countered while biting his lip in a vain attempt not to laugh.
‘Would you imply that I’m always difficult?’ Enya sniggered and she moved her fingers to tickle his sides. Thorin burst into laughter and it was the most beautiful thing she heard. He didn’t laugh often, and she enjoyed the sound of his baritone voice vibrating through his chest. It was a warm sound, comforting and tempting at the same time.
‘Yes… you are.’ He breathed. ‘But you’re also incredibly sweet, kindhearted, witty and the most beautiful dwarrow I’ve ever seen. Every male envies me.’ He caught her gaze, a stunning smile displayed on his lips. ‘You match my temper, Blueheart. That’s good.’
He cleared his throat. ‘As for me, I owe you an apology. The way I acted towards you during the journey was unforgivable.’
‘Hey’ she said. ‘I would have made myself very clear if you were really crossing hard boundaries. I understand you weren’t all too happy that I destroyed your self-control while you needed all of your strength to focus on the quest.’
‘I kept insisting you were doing everything wrong. I wanted to keep myself sane, but you were so… alluring. Even when you… breathe.’
‘Don’t worry.’ Enya smiled. ‘I understood your tirades as: you’re devilishly charming and I want you but I can’t lose my shit.’
Thorin chuckled. ‘Lose my shit…’
‘I do have unusual ways of expressing myself.’ Enya admitted, biting back a giggle. ‘I assume I have to adjust my vocabulary once I become queen?’
‘Perhaps.’ Thorin mused. ‘Although I wouldn’t mind watching you shock a few annoying and tedious nobles with your language.’
Enya grinned, picturing the scene in her head.
‘We have to go back.’ Thorin told her, his voice sounding full of regret.
‘Yes…’ Enya agreed as she sat up straight and grabbed her shirt. She threw it over her head and shot him a playful glance. ‘Now let’s go kill that dragon…’

Chapter End Notes

Did I give you a smouldering sex scene? Do you have anything to say about it? Please
tell me! :)

I’m planning on writing a few new characters into the story, and it might be fun to write about you, the readers. If anyone is interested, leave your (desired) name, gender and physical description! The characters will appear in a few chapters.

Until next time.

xoxo
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Enya takes on the dragon Smaug.

Chapter Notes

Hello.

I have nothing to say for myself.

PS. Lots of love to my wonderful D&D dungeons master B., for proofreading this and helping me with the plot! You’re awesome. Also kudos to my bestie D., I love you for being the best critic in the world.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘Oakenshield! LET ME OUT!’

Seriously. If Smaug hadn’t killed that stubborn dwarf king already, she definitely wanted the honor. Enya groaned and shoved herself against the marble door. All that talk about accepting her and her powers, allowing her to do her thing and then instead of trusting her on this… LOCK HER UP?!

Enya gritted her teeth. Although she couldn’t see a damn thing in here, she felt her cheeks burning hot with shame. What could have been a faulty door, the lack of Thorin’s presence, his voice promising her to get her out as fast as possible made it all too clear. She felt stupid for walking into his trap, for thinking he would finally stop overprotecting her. She should have known better, but there she was, in the narrow corridor that Thorin earlier had described as the fastest path down into Erebor. And the worst was that this was all due to the fact that her brain had been too infatuated by their earlier lovemaking to pay attention…..

‘Oh girl, but it WAS something…’ her mind mused.

Enya heaved a sigh. Yes it was. She really didn’t need her stupid brain to remind her how fantastic sex with Thorin was, she remembered quite well on her own. But right now, the dim and airless void made her nervous. She never really enjoyed being in the dark, especially not in a hallway that made her claustrophobic. In other words, she had to find a way out. She quickly filled her palms with fire and warm orange light filled the small passage, allowing herself to explore her surroundings. She paced into the direction from whence they came and cursed under her breath when she met a dead end. Great! Thorin must have closed the entrance after her. Enya pushed against the flat marble surface and growled when it didn’t give in. She studied the exterior by tracing her fingers over the stone, in an effort to discover a crack. This was absolutely ridiculous. She came through a door in
this specific spot just five minutes ago. There had to be an opening somewhere!

But there was nothing.

‘Strange…’ she whispered and turned around. Since one access point was Thrain’s royal study, she suspected this passage was made for the Durin family only. And since one Durin locked her up in the first place and the remaining two weren’t around to save her ass, she could conclude that no living soul was going to find her here.

‘Except if Dís shows up in Erebor…’ her mind chatted. ‘But that seems highly unlikely, don’t you think?’

Yep, so just one stubborn dwarven king knew she was here and he wasn’t going to retrieve her anytime soon. Ugh. Those were definitely not encouraging thoughts when you needed your mind to come up with smart suggestions…

Enya looked around. With her flames lighting up the way, Enya discovered the corridor was small, but not as claustrophobic as it had felt a few moments ago. She heaved a sigh. The walls consisted of plain marble stone, but above her head there was a row of richly decorated ones, displaying the royal bloodline and scenes from their everyday life. The ceiling was made out of plain marble again, the surface so smooth one would think it actually was one piece. Enya arched an eyebrow, not daring to think about how it got up there without the techniques of the modern world. Even this little passages like this showed her the mighty skills of the dwarven race.

The floor consisted of a beautiful mosaic image, the bluish colors shining bright in the light of Enya’s flames. She followed its trail towards the other end while revering in its beauty. The image depicted the Durin’s folks’ royal bloodline. Under her feet she discovered Durin I, also called ‘the deathless’, and he was followed by his successors Durin II, III, IV, V and VI. Then there came a Náin I and Thráin I, and after them Thorin I, who (if she remembered this right) decided to leave the lonely mountain to find more fortune in the Grey Mountains. Enya walked along the blue line and admired the craftsmanship. Ah, there was Dáin I, Thorin’s great grandfather, the one who got slain by a cold-drake. She glanced over to the other forefathers and shivered. Too many lives of the line of Durin were taken by dragons. She had to prevent Smaug from putting yet another name on that list…

Finally she reached Thorin’s grandfather Thrór and stood still for a moment. Thrór was the last one on the family tree… This couldn’t be right?! Enya knitted her brows together.

‘Oh! Right, kings.’ She then muttered to herself. ‘Thorin and Thráin weren’t kings at the time the lonely mountain…’

The words lingered on her lips, but she didn’t dare to finish her sentence, suddenly feeling wary it could bring bad luck to speak of those bad events. She bit her lip and got on her knees. She carefully let her flame floating in the air before she started exploring the patterns of stones under her. There had to be a button, a handle, or at least a hint in here. Because, after all, she found it highly unlikely that Erebor consisted solely of hidden doors. She refused to believe that there wasn’t a way out. Her heart stopped a few times when her fingers found a few rough edges, but other than that nothing seemed out of the ordinary. She glanced over the next few meters of floor and established that the change a clue was hidden in the floor, was pretty slim. Maybe the carvings on the walls contained a sign. She got up and began her search.

After what felt like hours of concentrated work she crashed down against the wall and rested the back of her head on the cool marble. This was ridiculous! There had to be a way out, and she currently was too blind to see the obvious. Or… the other possibility made her a bit apprehensive.
What if there wasn’t one and she was going to perish in here? Enya quickly dismissed the thought again and rolled her eyes. Although Thorin was a selfish stubborn bastard, he wouldn’t let her die in here. At least, that was if he hadn’t lost his sanity today. Absentmindedly she stared at her fire crawling back into her hand again, the flames calmly licking her palm. Then her gaze shifted at the image that was carved into the stone above her.

Could that be…?

Balin had told her all about the history of Durin’s folk, and especially the magnificence of Thór’s throne. The throne which contained the Arkenstone. She shot up, a hesitant smile displayed on her lips. Oh, she should have seen this one earlier. She had been a fool after all, and a blind one too. Enya stood on her toes and her fingers found the small oval-shaped carving, gently giving it a push. The stone protested, the tiny mechanism behind it was probably rigid after not being used for a few decades. Enya heard a soft click and prayed that the clever dwarven engineering had passed the test of time. With a squeaking sound the piece of marble before her made way for a moderately sized opening. She took a deep breath and stepped through it.

At that exact moment, the mountain under her came to life. The majestic structure shook in its foundations, almost causing Enya to lose her balance. Her flames shot from her palms into the dark void as she steadied herself against the wall. She frowned when her surroundings lit up. She had expected another (rather endless) corridor, but she actually had stepped onto an old spiral staircase, that stretched down as far as she could see. The stairs were, just like the passage, made from plain marble. Beautiful marble branches that were carved into the railing stretched out before her, inviting her to come along. Enya took a few steps down, enjoying the stone patterns gliding smoothly under her hands. She smiled when her fingers discovered a tiny marble rose, sticking out from one of the branches. To be honest, one wouldn’t expect that dwarves were so fond of nature to take time to create a masterpiece like this. Of course, they were capable of making the most exquisite and delicate things, but more often the inspiration did not lie in the wonders of the wild. She took another step down and peered into the darkness beneath her. The staircase went further down. She heaved a sigh. Well, she probably should-

Another violent roar rumbled through the stone and she clenched onto the railing. The mountain seemed to groan in protest of the events that took place down below her. Enya took a deep breath, a shiver passing through her spine. She knew all too well what was causing this sound, and it certainly was no earthquake. There was no time left to spare, she had to move. She had to be there before all hell was going to break loose.

Dragon.

Enya descended the stairs as fast as she possibly could go, consequently tripping over her own feet. The mountain started to growl around her again and she groaned in response. If she kept going in this fast but yet too slow pace, the whole company would be nothing more than a pile of ash once she finally arrived.

‘Brilliant idea, Thorin…’ she murmured while she regained her balance and proceeded her way down again. ‘Depriving your followers of the one thing that can save their and your rather perfectly tight ass! Splendid notion! If you won’t get scorched by that damned fire drake, then I will-’

A surprised shriek left her mouth as she missed a step and collapsed down the stairs. Her body froze and her hands automatically shot forward, in an attempt to protect herself and break the fall. She closed her eyes and readied herself for the inevitable smack. A crackling sound reached her ears and the air got pushed out of her lungs as she crashed down on the stone steps. A sharp pain shot through
her body as it received the blow and Enya hissed. Her muscles relaxed and for a moment she laid there, her eyes closed and her body still.

‘Babe, instead of getting all worked up, you should probably watch where you are going…’ her mind told her. ‘Or did you intend to study the marble of this specific step?’

‘Oh, shut up.’ she grumbled. ‘I’m so done right now.’

Well, fuck. That hurt.

But not as bad as she had thought it would.

The surface under her was hard and cold as hell, but not quite as uneven as she expected. Enya finally peered through her lashes and heaved a sigh. Her instinct had, once again, saved her from disaster. She was laying, face down, on a whimsical ice sculpture. The ice was dramatically draped across the stairs, a sturdy edge preventing her from sliding any further. She scrambled herself together and got on her knees as she studied her own piece of art.

‘Well, if anyone asks what I was up to today…’ she murmured. ‘I was producing art that would make any sculptor proud.’

She shook her head and heaved a sigh. Alright, she could cross “making a life sized sculpture” off her bucket list, but the real question here was how on earth she could get down without tripping over another thousand times…

A devious smile appeared on her lips when she watched some water trickle down onto the next step. Of course. When life gives you lemons…

You’d better make one hell of a lemonade.

She crawled towards the edge of her sculpture and reached out. Water dripped from her hands, first slowly but then accelerating into a waterfall. Enya turned her hands a little, guiding the water into a stream and freezing the fluid into an icy slope. She waited until she believed her water had moved down enough.

Enya took a deep breath, ignoring the nervous pit that grew in her stomach. It had been at least one (and probably a hell of a lot more) decade since she had gone down a slide, and those structures back home were a hundred percent safe. She peered down her self-made version and made a face. She had no idea where she was going, or if the staircase further down was destroyed. She had to be totally bonkers to do this.

Well. Yeah. Was there really a choice? It couldn’t be worse than going through portals, could it? She just was going to slide down and in the process making around a hundred loops or so. Her icy slide should be safe enough, she had to trust her own engineering on this one. Enya nodded slowly and took another deep breath before lowering herself down on the slope.

Alright. Now all she needed was a gush of wind to keep her going.

She closed her eyes, focusing on the air around her. She exhaled slowly and a soft breeze pushed her forward. Her nails dragged halfheartedly over the slope, a part of her being not willing to let go yet. An unspoken question burned on her lips.

‘What if I will fall?’

‘But oh, darling…’ her mind purred in response. ‘What if you fly…’

After the mountain would be reclaimed and Fíli and Kíli had rejoined them, she would definitely ask them to do this again. She knew those devious bastards would enjoy this at least as much. The wind
blew through her hair and Enya threw her hands up, a light-hearted giggle escaping her lips. This was awesome. The slide took her round and round, swiftly taking her down to her destination. Enya watched the scenery on the railing gradually change. The flowers disappeared and the branches came together into one thick stem, which had a fantastically pattern carved into it. She went too fast to distinguish every little detail of the trunk, but she got the overall idea. The railing seemed to be, in her mind anyway, a tree. And since she only passed the tree trunk anyway, she guessed it was a long way down. She could only hope her handiwork reached that far too.

By the time the railing had shifted into tree roots (that were holding marble rocks and even tiny bones) Enya had stopped already once to peer down the staircase. Her head was spinning from the last 500 loops she just made (alright, it probably weren’t that many, but sure as hell felt like it) and a little break was much needed.

‘So far for my hurry…’ she murmured to herself. Getting there in time was one thing, but if it meant her dazed brain would see three dragons instead of one, she doubted she would be of any aid. She raised a hand and released a large flame into the void. She watched it floating down and tried to establish the number of loops she had to endure.

‘Okay.’ She muttered. ‘At least five. We should be fine.’

She sat down on the slope again and a short blow from behind set her off again. She took a deep breath and counted as she tried to not give attention to this weak feeling in her stomach.

The tree roots on the railing seemed to change, they grew thinner and thinner until most lines disappeared, only to be replaced by rocks and stones. Enya grinned. This meant she was getting closer towards her destination, whatever that may be. Probably not the dungeons, but another place the royal family needed quick access to. The heart of the mountain, the most important place in dwarven society…

Her heart made a leap when her flame, floating just a few loops before her, seemed to stop. At last, her sliding journey was coming to an end! She slowed down and then got up to descend the last few steps on foot. Her legs felt a little wobbly, but other than that, she could conclude this new manner of transportation had more or less passed the test. She motioned her fire to follow her and gazed around the room. The staircase leaded into a round space, again closed off. Enya heaved a sigh and studied the walls, in search for another hidden doorway. But, luckily for her, this side of the passage wasn’t so secret. A massive door, seemingly consisting of the stone from this very mountain, stood before her. Enya gripped the sturdy ring that was hammered into the stone and pulled. When the door didn’t oblige, she threw herself against it and pushed.

Nothing!

She rolled her eyes, wondering if these “not knowing to push or pull” problems were strictly reserved for the beings from her world, or if the women in middle earth came across likewise situations.

‘Probably not.’ Her mind mused. ‘But they encounter other problems like-’

Enya shook her head and focused on the door instead. Maybe with the right amount of force… She inhaled slowly, her senses extremely aware of the movement in the air around her. The hairs on her arms stood up, the atmosphere grew heavy, prickling with anticipation like a silence before the storm. Then she released her power and with a violent roar the door blew open, the hinges squealing. With a deafening smack stone crashed into stone and Enya stepped over the threshold.

Indeed, she had winded up somewhere down in the forges. Four enormous round furnaces stood in a row at the right side of the room. On the left, the space was closed off by a latticework of iron pillars. In the middle of the room stood four dwarves and one hobbit. Enya heaved a relieved sigh. She hadn’t expected to find the company so quickly again, but there they were: looking frightened, but yet unharmed and-
Wait a minute.

Where was their charming leader? And Dwalin? Or Nori? And what about Bifur and Gloin? Where
was everybody? Enya took a sprint towards the company. The area behind the iron latticework
seemed to be a large hallway and in the distance she heard Dwalin shouting Thorin’s name,
accompanied by the smashing sound of an axe into something metal. Her heart skipped a bit.
‘Thank mahal!’ Balin exclaimed. ‘I thought we had to stand up against that vile thing without our fire
witch!’
‘Not a chance in hell. ’Enya huffed. ‘I just took a detour. Where is everyone?!!’
‘We don’t know.’ Dori said softly. ‘We came here separately. I haven’t seen Gloin and Bifur yet,
and Thorin got into trouble with Smaug. I believe Nori and Dwalin are trying to save him.’
‘WHAT?!!’ she shrieked.
‘Enya!’ Bilbo said, sounding as relieved as scared. ‘Thank goodness you’re alright. We need your
help!’ he fretted.
‘Bilbo, what is he doing?!’ Enya interrupted while grasping the halfling by his shoulders. She knew
it was rather rude of her, but right now was not the time to exchange niceties.
Balin merely sadly shook his head, and even sassy Bilbo couldn’t provide her with a sensible
answer. They all looked very shaken.

‘Damnit!’ Enya pushed Bilbo aside and ran towards the other side of the room. ‘What the hell did
he-’
The ground under her shook and from the pit emerged a deep growl. When she passed the iron
pillars into the hallway, she saw -thank mahal- Thorin climbing over the edge of a shaft, aided by
Nori. They ducked when a great fire blazed from the pit just behind them.
‘Go! Go!’ Thorin shouted at his comrades and the trio ran as fast as they could towards the forges,
visibly terrified by the clamor that was coming from the depths. Enya stopped in her tracks, waiting
for them.

Because when the most hardened warriors in middle earth make a run for it, you know its fucking
serious.

‘Enya!’ Thorin growled, grabbing her as he passed by. ‘Get out of here! NOW!’
Oh yeah, let’s pretend she was the vulnerable component of the group. Enya just narrowed her eyes
and folded her arms, grateful that her king was alive, but fuming over the fact he no doubt did some
really stupid and/or risky things without her. Thorin caught her gaze and glared at her, but she didn’t
give in. His emerald orbs, usually full of emotion and giving her a glimpse of his thoughts, seemed
more cold and distant. In fact, there was a dullness in them that she hadn’t seen earlier and it made
her feel quite uncomfortable. She shook off the shiver that shot through her spine and finally blinked.
When she caught his gaze again, Thorin slowly exhaled and it almost looked as he came back to
himself.
‘The plan is not going to work.’ Dwalin said, turning to the both of them. ‘These furnaces are stone
cold.’
‘He’s right.’ Balin agreed as he stepped forward. ‘There’s no fire hot enough to set them ablaze.’

A low groan escaped her lips and Enya sighed. What? Had these stupid dwarves learn nothing
during this trip?! What was the whole point of her tagging along on the journey if they weren’t going
to profit from her powers?
‘Have we not?’ she quipped and paced towards the nearest furnace. ‘Let’s see what I can do for you,
gentlemen.’
She ignored the echoes in the distance getting louder and stretched out her hands. If they wanted a
great fire, they could get it. An explosion of flames shot from her palms, the heat radiating against her
face. The fire engulfed the first furnace and she smiled when it brought to life with a loud rumble.
One down. Only three to go.

But there was no time. The sound of stone crumbling into dust made all of them look between the pillars and they saw Smaug climbing from the pit, his claws crushing the walls. The fire drake crawled over the edge and halted before the pillars. The latticework was huge, but far too narrow to fit a dragon. Enya turned on her heels, locking eyes with the fire drake.

Smaug opened his mouth, ready to pour his flames over them. In the depths of his throat she could see the fire boiling, fuming, ready to be unleashed. But she was ready for it too. Enya shifted her legs further apart to steady her position as her hands reached out to block every single flame that would come from those enormous jaws. She refused to break eye contact and watched as the dragon inhaled.

‘TAKE COVER, GO!’ Thorin shouted to the rest of the company and they made their way towards the pillars to protect themselves from a fiery death. Enya controlled her breathing, braced herself and-

Next thing she knew, she was knocked off her feet by something sturdy and heavy.

‘I tried to keep you safe!’ Thorin hissed, pushing her against the floor as the flames blazed just above them. ‘Please just for one time LISTEN to me!’

‘No, YOU LISTEN!’ she bit back as she forcefully rolled on top of him and kept him pinned down.

‘He can’t beat me at my own game, Thorin. His flames won’t hurt me.’

‘I won’t take that risk!’ Thorin raged. ‘Stick to the plan.’

‘Oh, you mean the plan you forgot to mention to me?!’ She spat. ‘The plan you were going to execute without me? Or do you mean your plan to have me fucking WAIT in an abandoned and not to mention SECRET corridor and pray someone will stay alive to GET me OUT?!’

Thorin closed his eyes and she knew she really was trying his patience. Enya heaved a sigh. Maybe this exact moment wasn’t the best place for a hot-headed fight.

Besides, with a dragon and fire witch in the same area, there was already enough heat present to blow up the entire mountain.

‘What do you want me to do?’ she inquired softly.

‘Distract him.’ Thorin murmured in her ear. ‘And don’t—’

They both gasped as another wave of heat (or in Enya’s case, a lukewarm breeze) blazed right over them, the pressure coming of it pushing her firmly against him. She heard everyone in the company yell from the heat and pain that was poured over them. Thorin’s hand traveled up to caress her cheek, his roughened thumb trailing over her jawline. His eyes glistened with deep passion. How could he have looked so empty to her just moments before? Her own mind must have deceived her, because right now the dwarf that lay beneath her, loved her more than he loved life itself.

‘Don’t get roasted.’ He ordered gently.

Enya shrugged and a small smile appeared on her lips. ‘Not happening, and I expect the same from you. If you let him get you, I’ll kill you.’

Thorin shook his head. ‘I think you’ll find that very difficult, uzfakuh’

‘I mean it.’ She told him. ‘Now go.’

They parted ways rather quickly to prevent another attack. Thorin started shouting orders and Enya she stepped through the iron latticework. Smaug had his eyes on her and his foul breath hissed in her ears, but she didn’t bother to directly look at him she strutted towards the middle of the passage. If the fire drake could smell her fear, any of it, she would end up as dinner. The ground shook as the dragon followed her on foot, his claws destroying the surface. Enya made her way to the other half of the hallway. She exhaled slowly and tried to control her trembling body. Then she finally turned on her heels and faced her opponent.

He was a lot closer to her than she would like him to be, his school bus sized head was scarcely ten meters away from the spot where she stood. Smaug had a long snout, pointed nostrils and his jaws
consisted of rows of deadly, sharp teeth. The gleaming golden eyes that she had faced just minutes ago, were curiously watching her every move. The rest of his body was huge and she suspected he measured at least sixty meters from head to tail. This fire-drake was clearly designed for destruction, his hide consisting of vibrant reddish golden scales that seemed impregnable and pointed spikes running along his head down to his spine. The pointed and sharp claws were enormous, ready to slice any creature that was stupid enough to cross its path open. The wings did remind Enya a bit of batwings, but then far more deadly of course.

But although Smaug was indeed huge and terrifying, he was definitely nothing compared to Shissa the powerful, the great fire-drake that her grandfather had faced. Shissa certainly had been ten times bigger than the dragon that now stood before her. Also Smaug didn’t possess the sass and badass attitude of his ancestor. Oh yes, he was evil and angry, but that was just that. No more layers.

‘Oh. Didn’t see you there.’ She said, making sure she sounded bored as hell. ‘So you’re the one they call Smaug the… terrible, is it?’
‘Who is asking?’ the fire-drake rumbled while sitting up straight to show her himself in all his grand mightiness. His voice was low and the purring undertone he used was clearly designed to feign kindness. Nevertheless the hairs in Enya’s neck pricked, her whole body was on edge. She couldn’t help but feel like a deer being pounced by a great tiger. One wrong move and she was done for it.

But whatever she did, she couldn’t let him show her fear.

‘An equal.’ She spoke curtly.
‘Equal?!’ Smaug snorted, visibly amused by her arrogance. ‘That surely sounds interesting. Tell me, who is so bold to assume she can exceed the might of me?!’
‘Enya Blueheart.’ She replied.

The dragon’s face twisted in a revolting grin. ‘Well, my my. One of the Blueheart family. I’ve thought you all were extinct, but yet here you are. I’ve eaten a lot of species, but I’ve never had the chance to taste a princess.’ He stretched his neck, smelling her from close by. ‘Yes, a dwarven princess... But what’s that other rather strange odor you seem to emit?’

Enya wrinkled her nose when the foul smell of at least a thousand years of bacteria buildup burned through her nostrils. She waved her hand in disgust. ‘I might tell you, but only if you close that foul muzzle of yours.’

‘For a so-called princess you’re not very polite, are you?’ he hissed.

Enya grinned and curtseyed quickly. ‘What can I say, I wasn’t brought up to be one. Excuse me for my manners, oh Smaug the stupendous.’
The fire-drake narrowed his eyes, not believing her shallow civility. ‘Flattery won’t save your life.’ He told her. ‘But I must say I’m rather curious about your origins, so speak.’
‘I come from a land without magic, or dragons.’ She gave in. ‘A place where the race of humans exclusively survives.’
‘The human race?’ Smaug said. ‘But how does a princess of the fire beards end up there?’

‘Because your ancestors drove us to earth, you hateful piece of filth!’ she thought. But instead, she feigned a smile and shrugged, not willing to provide him with the answer he undoubtedly wanted to hear. ‘Recently I came back to middle earth.’

‘So you claim to have come from a land without magic.’ The fire-drake summarized, his eyes fixating on her neck. ‘But yet you carry something so valuable. Something that comes from the deepest pits of Nogrod.’

Enya’s hand closed around her locket. ‘What about it?’
‘You don’t know?’ Smaug taunted her. ‘Your family never told you of the locket of the equitem?’ She straightened her back. There was no way in hell Smaug would just casually provide her with valuable information. She knew he was just messing with her, trying to catch her off guard and hurt
her, but somewhere in her brain the name sounded awfully familiar. ‘Equitem.’ she repeated carefully. ‘Of course I know of it.’

‘Oh yes.’ The fire-drake mocked, closing his eyes and his snout curved into a mean smirk. Enya gritted her teeth, not liking the way this conversation was going. That monster was enjoying this far too much.

‘So what does it do, Enya Blueheart? Did they tell you that?’

‘What of it? Why should I enlighten you, of all creatures, on this subject?’ she bit back. ‘Do you want it for yourself? Is that it?’

‘Let me give you an hint. It’s much more useful once it’s opened up.’ Smaug nagged, ignoring all her questions. ‘Inside is something far more precious…’

‘It can’t be opened.’ She hissed. ‘And even if it could, I would rather die than let you have it.’

‘Oh see, but that’s where you are wrong…’ Smaug told her while creeping closer to her and Enya involuntarily took a step back. ‘All you need, Enya Blueheart, is a little… fire.’

Everything happened so fast. Smaug lunged at her, opening his big mouth and unleashing his fiery breath on her. She held out her hands to protect herself and the raging fire came to an halt just inches before her. Like she was holding up this invisible wall.

All that energy had to go somewhere. The fire seemed to bounce back to its creator, raging against Smaug. The pressure of the flames must have been huge, since Enya saw the dragon being pushed a few feet backwards. The great fire-drake growled angrily.

‘You can’t beat me at my own game, honey.’ She scoffed.

‘So it seems.’ Smaug replied, his eyes still fixed on her locket. ‘But so can’t you…’

‘ENYA!’ Thorin yelled at her from the forges. ‘NOW!’

That was her sign. Enya ducked out of the way as Smaug lunged at her and she jumped between his front paws, ran under him and exited at his hind legs, nearly escaping a smack from his tail. She blindly shot a stream of water backwards and an enraged growl told her she had hit her mark. Once she passed the latticework again and made it into the forges, she took one moment to catch her breath. Thorin, Dwalin and Nori were on the opposite of the room, beneath the stone dwarven warriors that kept an eye over the furnaces. Thorin was instructing Bilbo to pull a lever on a mount several meters away. She saw Bombur hanging from a chain, working the bellows that were heating the lit furnaces. Balin, Dori and Ori were on her left, busying themselves with stacking pottery carefully into a pile.

‘He’s coming!’ she warned, but her yell was being cut off by a loud thump behind her. Smaug was battering his head against the latticework. Although it was a strong structure, it hadn’t been made to hold against a dragon. The iron pillars already started to bend inwards. They all watched in horror as the pillars gave in to Smaug’s magnificent strength, the latticework finally splitting open. With his claws the fire-drake pushed the battered ironwork out of his way and barged inside. For a fleeting moment, the monster stopped in his tracks to analyze his surroundings, but then his eyes fell on Bilbo. The dragon hissed and moved forward, fixed on the poor halfling that stood trembling on the mount, his hands reaching for the lever.

But then from the corner of his eyes, Smaug detected Thorin. With a loud growl he went for the dwarf king instead.

‘NOW!’ Thorin shouted and Bilbo jumped to pull the said lever.

The stone dwarven warriors above them opened their mouths and a tsunami of water poured over the dragon, taking him by surprise. He gurgled and spluttered as he was consumed by the vast amount of water, trying to hold his ground but then crawling slowly backwards. The room was covered in steam as the cold water reacted to the boiling heat in Smaug’s stomach.
Enya shot a glance at Thorin, who was anxiously checking the furnaces. He was trying to melt something, but for what? She looked up when jets of water set the watermill into motion, which allowed the two rope conveyer belts to start operating. Some of the buckets hanging above them were still full of ores and precious stones.

Smaug hissed and charged Thorin again, but stopped when a bomb (and another) was smashed against his snout. Dori cheered when he hit the intended mark again, but although the effort was valiant, it didn’t really seem to damage their opponent. Smaug merely flapped his wings angrily and shot a wave of fire towards them. Enya jumped in the way and with a mere flick from her hands, the fire lashed backwards. She then blew a storm of snow and ice into the dragon’s direction, containing sharp icicles that almost hit him in the eyes. The fire-drake snarled and used his wings to cover himself.

Above them, Gloin emerged from one of the buckets on the conveyer belt (so that’s where he had been!) and cut the cord of the belt under him. Various buckets loaded with heavy stones came crashing down on Smaug’s neck. The creature cried out, now more angry than ever, and he started bustling around to free himself.

Thorin suddenly moved quickly towards one of the furnaces and pulled on a chain. Melted gold dripped from the furnaces into the troughs in the ground.

‘Lead him into the gallery of the kings!’ Thorin bellowed while grabbing a wheelbarrow and running towards a main trough. He then jumped into the gold, using the wheelbarrow as a raft.

Smaug managed to free himself and went into a frenzy. He tried to follow Thorin and stomped over a small entrance at the base of the mount where all the troughs of gold joined and were lead from the room. But Thorin had already disappeared. Smaug roared after missing his mark and went after the poor halfling who was still standing on the very same mount.

‘Bilbo!’ Enya yelled while running towards him. ‘JUMP! NOW!’

But the halfling was trembling as a leaf and hesitated for far too long. Enya felt obliged to help him out. A sudden blow tripped him over the edge, but luckily he was caught midair by an icy slope that brought him towards the end of the forges. Enya ran after him and grabbed him by his coat. Together they fled through the exit, not even caring if it lead to where they should be.

Turned out it did. They ran straight into another hallway, this one even more massive than the last. It was adorned with banners, each single one hundreds of meters tall.

‘Is this—’ Bilbo panted, but he was cut off by an explosion on the wall above them, accompanied by the very fire-drake they tried to outrun. Enya pushed the hobbit forward and redirected the flying rocks as best as she could. Once she discovered that a banner was knocked off the wall, she couldn’t prevent Bilbo being caught under it.

Luckily it was just some heavy cloth.

Smaug leapt onto the floor at a crossroad in the middle of the hallway, the true entrance of the lonely mountain to his right. He roared angrily.

‘You think you can deceive me, barrel-rider?’ he snapped. ‘Or you, nasty little Blueheart princess?!’

Enya stilled and saw the cloth near the dragon move, but the latter was too engrossed in his own thoughts to notice.

‘You two have come from Laketown!’ Smaug established. ‘This is some wicked scheme between those filthy dwarves and miserable fishermen! Those fools with their longbows and… black arrows!’

He turned to the entrance of the hall. ‘Maybe I should pay them a visit.’

Enya shot forward and Bilbo crawled from his hiding place, simultaneously screaming: ‘NO!’

‘It isn’t their fault!’ the hobbit pleaded. ‘You cannot go to Laketown!’

‘Ah.’ The dragon grinned and turned around. ‘So you care for them? Good! Then you can watch them die.’ He spread his wings and-
Everything happened so fast that Enya couldn’t recall why she came up with this, but there she was, strangling an immense dragon, with a whip. It was made out of soil, which made it soft and unyielding at the same time. It was a bold move, mad even, but to her astonishment the earth withheld the powerful creature from taking off. Her fingers dug into the handle, the lash bending and stretching easily as she brought the great serpent down. Enya’s heart was pounding in her chest and she was high from all the adrenaline, but she never felt so much more alive.

Ha, who would ever have thought that soil was actually an asset during combat?!

‘I don’t think so.’ She hissed while giving the lash a sharp jerk. ‘We have some unfinished business.’ The fire-drake’s eyes were glittering with anger as he neared the place where she stood. The whip was still wrung tightly around his neck and although Enya couldn’t see any markings yet, she knew even a dragon would have to feel very uncomfortable.

‘Very well then.’ Smaug spoke. ‘You can die first.’

‘Another empty threat?’ Enya inquired as she saw Bilbo fleeing from the hall towards the balcony on her right. The fire-drake had seen it too and opened his mouth, flames already sweltering inside his throat.

‘Really?’ Enya snapped. ‘Pick someone your own size, you bloody coward!’

The dragon snarled.

A wave of fire met a storm of snow and ice, both elements roaring violently as they clashed. Icicles flew through the air but failed to reach their mark as the fire-drake crushed them with his claws. He then lunged forward.

His mouth was wide open, ready to devour anything in his path. Enya snapped her fingers and a gush of wind whirled around the room, flying straight into the dragon’s jaws. Her hands flicked gracefully and with a soft thump, what previously been air changed into its true form.

The eyes of the dragon almost jumped from their caskets once he realized what she had done. He roared aggressively and with a deafening cough he spat a pile of dirt into the hall. Enya quickly jumped behind a row of pillars on her left to evade the tornado of wind and soil. She crept along the balcony towards the junction and bit her lip in an attempt not to laugh. Once she got there, she glanced over the room and weighed her chances. Smaug was on her right, still spitting out dirt while the smoke was fuming from his nostrils. The passage on her left was, compared to the gallery, not very long and far from finished. An enormous statue of what looked like a warrior stood at the end, the vast stone masonry still evidently under construction as it was held together by wooden scaffolding.

Her heart skipped a beat. On the shoulder of the figure stood a dwarf, holding himself upright with a chain.

Thorin.

But what on earth was he doing there? Where was the rest of the company? Enya quickly crossed the passage to get to the other side of the gallery. She felt Thorin’s eyes prickling on her back, but she refused to make eye contact. This was her fight and she wanted him to wait with whatever his plan was until the last minute. She held out her hand and blew a gush of wind his way. The whisper floated through the void, delivering her message to her One.

‘Stay put. I got this.’

‘You dirty little witch!’ Smaug boomed, but the frog in his throat made his voice go up and down in an unbelievable funny manner.

Enya giggled and the dragon growled furiously. ‘Where are you?! You have no honor.’ He hissed.

‘I’ll make you suffer.’
'And you, my lad, just ate dirt.' Enya told him, reappearing behind him. She smirked when the dragon turned, but then barked again. 'Need cough syrup?' she asked.

Fire met fire. An explosion thundered through the room, the blazing heat scorched past her body and the pressure of the two forces coming together almost swept her off her feet. Enya gritted her teeth and she pushed the flames forward, entrapping the dragon in a fiery pit. But the fire-drake merely laughed devilishly, the flames not hurting him. ‘You can fight me all you want, little witch.’ He belittled her. ‘But you’ll never kill me. You don’t have the strength.’

Enya exhaled slowly and the flames around the dragon disappeared. Her hands arched a little and with that, a violent wind howled through the hall. The wind grew louder, stronger and the fire-drake spread his claws to steady his position, but he couldn’t help but slip away.

‘Oh honey, but that’s where you’re wrong.’ Enya bellowed above the sound. ‘See, my ancestors fought off far greater fire drakes than you.’ She took a step towards him. ‘And you, my friend, you have a serious superiority complex.’

Maybe Smaug didn’t really know what that meant or maybe he did, because he flapped his wings aggressively, the movement messing up Enya’s hurricane. Enya clenched her jaw and eyed the dragon while calculating her next move. Her palms filled with flames.

Smaug snorted. ‘So tell me, Enya Blueheart.’ He rumbled. ‘The longer I am in your presence, the more intrigued I become. You possess a bit of power, but yet you’re here, biting off more than you can chew.’

The only sound in the hall was the crackling of fire. ‘What’s in it for you?’ Smaug taunted, spurred on by her silence. ‘What did Oakenshield promise you?’

Enya gritted her teeth. It was obvious the dragon tried to provoke her again and whatever she would say, it wasn’t worth it. ‘Did he offer you a share of the treasure?’ the fire-drake needled.

Ugh, she couldn’t help herself. ‘I’m not as superficial as you, thank you very much.’ she finally snapped.

‘Oh… then it must be love that has driven you on this foolish quest!’ the dragon nagged while moving closer to her again. ‘You think he loves you.’

Enya scoffed. ‘Oh and I suppose you’re the one who can tell me everything there’s to know about love, you despicable serpent?’

‘Love is for the weak, my dear princess.’ Smaug purred, lowering his head to meet her face to face. ‘And the only thing Oakenshield’s in love with, is the King’s jewel.’

Her hands acted out before she registered the meaning of the vile words spoken to her. A flood of water flew into the dragon’s snout and he shot up with a disgusted growl. Enya’s fingers twirled and a solid rope wound itself several times along the fire-drake’s legs and claws. Smaug hissed and tried to break free, but every time he managed to cut one cord, another one grew back.

‘Maybe you should stop talking and start paying attention.’ Enya told the dragon. He was sitting up straight, like a circus lion, and glaring at her.

Pff. If looks could kill…

She crouched down and touched the floor with her hands. Little frost flowers appeared and Enya watched as they formed a trail towards her opponent. The ice got thicker as it proceeded. Cracking
sounds filled the air as the snow crystals grew over the dragon’s front claws.
‘Beautiful. But worthless.’ Smaug scolded with a revolting grin, while watching the ice. ‘Your efforts are fruitless, little princess.’
‘Oh honey, everyone has got a weak spot.’ Enya retorted. ‘And I’ll find yours in no time, no worries.’
‘Do you really think you can stand a chance against the lure of the Arkenstone?’ the fire-drake continued, ignoring her remarks. ‘Trust me, you’re nothing compared to the King’s Jewel…’

‘NO! ENYA!’

Thorin’s call made the grip of the rope falter and the ice retreat an inch. And in that fleeting moment, that second she lost her focus, the dragon ripped himself free and lunged at her.

‘Eat shit, you fucking narcissist!’ Enya yelled while jumping aside to evade his mouth. Smaug roared in anger and another wave of fire blasted through the room. Enya braced herself, her fingers bending into claws as she blocked the fire with an icy wall. The two elements sizzled as they met and blazing steam filled up the gallery, masking the fire-drake from her view. Enya waved her hands and the fog floated another way, but it already was too late.

She didn’t see the tail coming.

‘My dear Enya, please wake up.’ A soft voice spoke. Her eyelids fluttered, the voice slowly pulling her from her slumber. A dark blue sky filled with greyish clouds came into vision. There was roaring in the distance. Humans were screaming, followed by the deafening sound of wood, bones and stone being crushed into nothing. A thick smell of smoke and fire penetrated her nostrils. For a moment Enya felt like she was floating in the air and although she was acknowledging the incentives that were invading her senses, she didn’t really feel a part of her surroundings.

Then a kind and familiar face came into view. Chestnut brown locks. Piercing blue eyes, just like hers. A hand held out in front of her.

‘Oh my god! Grandpa!’ she cried out while scrambling herself together. ‘How is this possible…?’ she looked around, eyeing the fire and devastation that was going on down below. She blinked. She appeared to be outside the mountain at the old overlook, looking down at the chaos. She hesitated before speaking the words she dreaded to ask.

‘Am I dead?’

Emrak gently pulled her up on her feet. ‘No, you’re not. You’re just unconscious. Bilbo will be able to wake your body up in a few minutes.’

‘Again?!’ Enya grumbled while massaging her temples. ‘That happens a lot to me lately.’ Her grandfather shrugged. ‘Well, it’s the hazard that comes with the job. Things will try to hurt you and if you’re not careful enough, bad things will follow.’ He heaved a sigh and glanced down below, where the dragon Smaug was wreaking havoc to Laketown and its poor inhabitants.

‘Oh, fuck me!’ Enya cursed. ‘I’m so stupid! I didn’t see his tail coming at me!’

‘Fighting a dragon is no easy task, even a tiny exemplar like him.’ Emrak mused. ‘I personally had a hard time keeping track of the whereabouts of all those limbs.’

‘Oh my god, I failed!’ She fretted. ‘I let him get to me and now I failed all of you. People will die because of my stupidity!’

‘They would have died already if it wasn’t for you, little one.’ Her grandfather replied while putting an arm around his granddaughter. ‘We’re no gods. All we can do is our best to protect our people.’
Enya didn’t reply, but just stood there, momentarily enjoying the presence of her long gone grandfather.

‘Thorin saved you by distracting the fire-drake.’ Emrak filled her in. ‘Then Bilbo ran from his hiding place to heave you up to the balcony and keep you hidden.’
Her heart swelled for her One and her favorite hobbit.
‘They’re both alive and well.’ Her grandfather continued. ‘But now it’s your turn to finish what you started.’
‘How?’ Enya exasperated. ‘I tried fire, but he’s immune to that. My water and ice are definitely annoying the life out of him, but not enough to kill him instantly. What am I supposed to do? Blow him into a ravine? He was wings! Throw dirt at him? Strangle him again? He doesn’t care!’
Emrak smirked. ‘Then it’s rather obvious, isn’t it?’
‘We’ll go for the dirt then.’ Enya sighed and bit her lip. ‘I feel like I’m short-sighted, that I’m not doing enough to-’

She froze in her tracks when she heard a mighty rumbling in the distance.

‘No, I can’t.’ she mumbled. ‘You were so fucking powerful and even you died, how could I possibly survive?’
‘Yes, I was powerful.’ Emrak agreed. But so are you, and you’re nothing like me. You’re strong, kindhearted, witty and gentle. You know your weaknesses and you’re not afraid to speak about the things that haunt you. You’re finally able to see how it feels to be loved, truly and wholly.’
‘But how does that make me-’
‘You’re getting in sync with who you are, my granddaughter.’ Emrak said, beaming. ‘And we’re so proud of you. Your grandmother and I are delighted that we’re able to guide you on your path. We’re so honored to see you grow into the fire witch you’re meant to be.’
‘But-’ Enya whispered. ‘I’m-’

Emrak smiled, tears welling in his eyes. ‘You’re doing perfectly fine, Enya. You’ve always done what’s right. You won’t make the same mistake as I did. Now, MY only regret is that I wasn’t alive long enough to see your mother Ailva and after her, you, growing up.’
The tears were rolling down her cheeks and Enya pulled her grandfather in a hug.
‘I’m so sorry you couldn’t save Nogrod.’ She whispered.
‘Nogrod was beyond repair.’ Emrak replied. ‘But Erebor isn’t. Destroy the dragon and protect your destiny. Then head for Nogrod and take the locket of Equitem with you.’
‘It’s always with me.’ Enya said.
Emrak grinned. ‘Good. And so are we. If you ever doubt yourself again, look inside.’ He pointed at the locket on her chest.

Enya had hundreds of questions, no a thousand even, but before she could open her mouth her grandfather was gone.

And she knew what to do…

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading my humble story. It brings me great joy to learn that there are people who seem to enjoy my ramblings.
Feedback is always welcome.

Until next time, and I hope that's soon.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!