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<td>Alpha/Omega, Dwalin is Fili and Kili's papa, Alternate Universe - Fairy Tale, Modern Royalty, Modern Tolkien, Thorin tries to be a good older brother and King, omegas are the females of this world old traditions make for great loop holes, loop holes that Fili and Kili exploit, Fili and Kili are starting up college, Alternate Universe - College/University, This kind of sounds weird, but it is a fun story, so read it, ENJOY IT, leave comments, bug me about it, I'll probably change the summary as the story develops, Captivity, Kidnapping, Rape/Non-con Elements</td>
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**Castle Dance**

**by** [Werecakes](#)

**Summary**

Frerin was not used to the royal lifestyle. He was used to being normal and mundane, but when his Presentation day comes he's forced to realize how hard it can be to play the part of what his brother, the King, wishes of him.

When he finally chooses an alpha it comes as a troubling shock as to who it is and how the modern world could cope with the startling fact over the love affair it becomes.

COMPLETE
"I can't believe it." Dis smiled as he ran his hands through his long hair. He was gathering it up into four parts to weave into a more complicated braid than most omegas wore. But then again Dis was no ordinary omega, he was a prince and his two alpha sons are in the line for kingship if his Alpha older brother did not produce an heir.

"Shut up." Frerin growled as he leaned over his vanity, checking out his trimmed beard. He picked up some scissors and trimmed a few stray whiskers. He knew exactly where this was going and it was not an attempt on his sibling’s part to ease his riled nerves.

"My lovely brother is finally going to publicly Present after how many years of being sequestered away in the castle?"

Frerin grunted. "It's the twenty first century, Dis, not the dark ages."

Dis got up and crossed the room, flopping against Frerin's back causing the other to quickly jerk the scissors away from his face. "Watch it!" Dis ignored his brother's protest.

"Who do you think will come to the party? How many do you think will come sniffing you out?"

Dis grinned as he ground a finger into Frerin's cheek.

"God! Will you stop? It's like you never knew an unbound omega before."

"Oh I have known them, but when we were teenagers, you're like what going on mid thirties?" Dis pulled back, looking down at Frerin's butt. "You should wear something more appealing, show off that ass of yours."

"Dis!" The blond was about to punch his brother, just because Dis ran off to marry at an early age and have kids sooner than most omegas didn’t mean that Frerin was some old maid that needed to be shown how to catch a man. “I remained unbound because there were no one I wanted to be around."

"What about that pretty omega you were with for a while?"
Frerin scowled.

Dis sighed. "Sorry. I should have kept my mouth shut about that."

Frerin dropped his scissors and picked up some chapstick. "You think?"

"Don't be an ass."

"I'm not! You're just being a fucking jerk, Dis. This is hard for me! People don't know I'm omega, hell most people don't even know I'm a Durin. I spend most of my time here in this stupid mansion because Thorin won't let me go anywhere without some alpha escort and that narrows it down to him and now that they're of age one of your sons. I can't even go out and talk with Dwalin! Dwalin, Dis, DWALIN!"

Dis shrugged his shoulder, picking at the clip he had put at the end of his braid. "So, he's scary. And Thorin thinks that you're delicate."

"He's your husband! And there's nothing scary at all about him. It's like being afraid of a teddy bear that has a leather jacket."

Dis smiled. "I still remember you first seeing him, god, talk about no fear. I was scared to hell over him, as he stood there against his big, black, motorcycle in high school. Covered in tattoos and glaring, and he had my backpack over his shoulder and you just went right up to him and demanded my bag. He didn't give it so you threatened to key is bike."

"Got your bag back. And if I’m not mistaken you married him straight out of highschool with Fili already a year old." Frerin smirked. "Speaking of the boys, I heard from Fili that Kili did something similar in Jr. High but actually did key the kid's father's car and then kicked the door until it dented. What was that over?"

"The punk said Fili was an omega whore."

Frerin laughed. "Man, I love those boys."
Something glinted in Dis' eyes. He turned and headed for the door. "Just so you know they won't be at the Presentation."

Frerin frowned, still looking in the mirror and inspecting his done up, gold, hair. "I didn't expect them to be..." He turned around now curious. "Why did you say that?"

Dis bit his lip, contemplating on saying what was on his mind. He shrugged his shoulder, "Just so you knew, that's all."

He stepped out of the room feeling an odd sinking feeling in his stomach. He knew how much Frerin loved his nephews. Adored them really, but most of what he knew about Fili and Kili was through letters and pictures. Dwalin and Dis had lived in Erebor with Thorin most of Fili and Kili's lives, they had moved there from the Blue Mountains. But Frerin had stayed to take care of their ailing mother. He only had been in Erebor for a few years and it was easy for the omega to see that his sons were practically bewitched by their unbound uncle. It disturbed him. So when Frerin finally was convinced by Fili -of all people- to Present it made him worried. Fili was the one that had been dashed when Dis told him and Kili they would be staying home. He saw the way his eldest son's shoulders crumpled under the news and saw the pained glint in the eyes, but his protest was the same as Kili's. "What if a bad alpha comes into the grouping? We don't want anything bad to happen to uncle Frerin."

Dis reassured them that there would be plenty of bound alpha's, including their father to be there and that the young men needed to focus on the fact that they had beginning classes in college the next day so they needed their rest, not some party to attend to. It didn't help the omega any that this whole situation only seemed to be escalating with the fact that Frerin was completely oblivious. He hugged Fili and Kili too much, nudged them as if they were best friends and it was translating all wrong to the younger generation.

"Please, Mahal, please let this go without a hitch." He grumbled as he went down the hall to check up on the party preparations. Tonight had to be perfect. It was Frerin's big day after all.

Frerin had been sitting at his vanity trying to get his hair to stay put. It wasn’t working. He dared to put on his silk, white shirt and his hair decided it needed to explode in every which direction. So he finished pulling on his rose quartz colored vest, buttoning up the the high collar that was dusted with diamonds. He slipped on his long skirts that reminded him more of mages from video games than traditional omega clothing. It was straight with several layers embroidered with the Durin royal insignia. All in the light pink color with blossoming rivers of white to mimic the gemstone. It had infuriated Thorin to no end that Frerin didn’t go with the color of a precious metal or a rare jewel but Frerin was not a gaudy person. He never had been. When he dressed up it wasn’t something spectacular, it was always comfortable and something that would not stand out more
than his company.

He heaved a heavy sigh as he put gold and pink eyeshadow on. He hated this whole thing. Back in the Blue Mountains it was easier to present. Just have a regular party, alpha and omega alike come around and you just have a good time. Nothing nearly as fancy as this.

He looked down at his makeup kit. Feeling a heaviness. He was average back in the Blue Mountains… In Erebor he was royalty. And apparently his looks bordered on the exotic among the people of Erebor. There were not many blonds, let alone blonds with dark eyes. It set Thorin on edge, worried that someone would target his precious little brother. It was the whole reason why his brother had placed an escort on him whenever he left the grounds.

There was a knock on the door. The nob jiggled a little before the door was pushed open enough for a familiar head of dark hair peeked around the corner.

“Hey, Kili.” Frerin leaned his elbows onto the tabletop as he tried to figure out the enigma of his hair.

“… you uh… wow, you look good.” Kili said as he stepped into the room.

Frerin smirked with a tiny laugh. “Thanks for lying. God knows I’m a living mess right now.”

“Pfft, you’re too hard on yourself.” Kili come up behind Frerin. “Trust me, you look great.”

“Thanks.” Frerin felt his cheeks heat up. He turned in his seat. “So, uh, what brings you here?”

“Wanted to wish you good luck and give you a little present.”

The older Durin turned his head away a little, narrowing his eyes in suspicion. Kili was not one to give gifts unless it was Durin’s Day or a birthday, and even then he had to really like you.

Kili quickly threw up his hands. “It’s not a prank. I swear.” He dug his hands into his pockets trying to find what he wanted. He checked through a few pockets silently cursing at himself before
pulling out an emerald hair clip that had a few diamonds fixed into the dark band of green. He picked off the pocket lint. “Sorry about the lint.”

Frerin’s eyes widened as the trinket was placed into his palm. “Oh wow.”

Kili grinned wide. “Knew you would like it.”

“Now if I could only figure out my hair I could wear it.” Frerin laughed with embarrassment.

The dark haired alpha grinned. “If I knew how to do all that fluffy hair stuff I would help you out.”

“You and me both.” Frerin grimaced. He really prefered simple braids. He turned back to the mirror and went back to trying to figure out how many bobby pins went where. Luckily Kili stayed and helped him by looking at the back of his head and held things in place. They talked about their rattled nerves. Frerin’s big night, Kili’s first day of college tomorrow. It helped both of them as they tried to finish the large project that was Frerin’s hair.

Finally it was gathered up and swept to one side, twisted and pinned, braids wound over fancy shell curls down the side of the omega’s neck and clipped with Kili’s gift.

When they were done they stayed still, looking into the mirror at each other. Kili gripped Frerin’s shoulders. The blond reached up and placed a hand over one of the alpha’s.

“...You don’t have to choose an alpha tonight.” Kili said softly.

“I know.”

“And don’t let Thorin pressure you into accepting one that you don’t want.”

“I won’t.”
“And stay away from the clams and the shrimp puffs… they… they make your stomach upset.”

Frerin smiled a little, his thumb rubbing over Kili’s hand. “I’ll leave them alone.”

“Fili is making sure they have goat cheese and shrimp for you. And ale instead of champagne.”

“Thank you.”

“He-he’s also making sure that Dad has a list of alphas to keep a close eye on. I-we…” He took a deep breath. “We want you to have a good time. Okay?”

“Okay.”
Presentation Party

Tradition of an Omega Presentation ran back centuries. The only difference from the time of dragons in the skies and fairies in the forest and modern era was what kind of party it was. Initially it was mostly omegas that danced together, each sending out their scent as they had fun and waited for an alpha to actively seek them out. Present day it was mostly alphas that would come to gather around a few omega, their own scents filling the air and allowing the omega to pick and choose which one was compatible. It was easy enough to find out as the omega would slip into heat soon after getting the biting claim of their new alpha. The new couple would be allowed to leave to the privacy of a room where they would mate and bond.

Unfortunately, being of royal blood meant that the breeding pool was very slim for Frerin. He could smell all the different alphas and most of them made him attempt to not choke out loud. A few had to be escorted out of the party as Frerin couldn’t even stand the smell of a few of them, so revolting their scent was to him that he had to hide behind Thorin or Dwalin in attempts to keep away from those particular ones.

The party was getting increasingly annoying to him. As per tradition he had already danced with each alpha, talked to him, tried to see if the scent was something he could live with or not. He even danced with a few omega that came as well. It wasn’t too uncommon for omegas and alphas to mate each other, but as he had learned from his previous relationship, he didn’t want an omega. All he wanted was a kind alpha. Someone he could call his partner, an equal, not someone that was above or below him. So far he had just that, alphas that wanted to dominate his movements and omegas that wanted to know what he wanted them to do. It was endlessly frustrating. He had to remind himself several times of Kili’s words. “You don’t have to choose an alpha tonight.”

Frerin rolled his eyes for perhaps the millionth time that night. His mascara was starting to stick his lashes together. He made sure to use a lesser grade than usual so he could use it as an excuse to leave and touch up his makeup whenever an alpha just got too much.

The guests were all sons of politicians, some even from the biggest corporations in the world and all Frerin wanted to do was get the hell away from all of them. He knew a corrupted smile and a twisted sense of ego. He didn’t want anything to do with any of them. It didn’t help that none of them were aging well besides a tiny handful.

When he chose a mate he wanted one that could keep up with him, keep up with a child or two. But if they all looked as if they would have a heart attack from just sitting up because they were so fat or too old then he could skip over them. It was mostly this reason why the alphas were made to wear masquerade masks along with their black suits. It made it harder for an omega to choose on looks alone and forced the omega to get to know the alpha better. As per usual the omega, was
dressed in a bright jewel or gem colored dress like a prize for the alphas to compete to win.

What wasn’t taken into account was that Frerin could recognize most of them, masks not required. He was a quick study and knew who the people Thorin trusted and the ones that his brother didn’t, Frerin wouldn’t give them a second glance.

The blond sighed once more, running his hands over his pink skirts. His gaze glided over many of the men, mentally check off things that he didn’t like.

Obese and rude.

Obese and a slob.

Balding.

Smelled weird… almost sick.

Sleezy.

Creepy.

Stalker creepy.

Sleezy and already has two omegas and a total of six children between the two false marriages.

He physically winced when one looked at him. That alpha, he knew from introductions was the one Thorin actually had in the line of people he told Frerin to look at. An alpha that was much too thin, looked as if he would get pneumonia from the slightest gust of wind. It didn’t help that he coughed a lot into a handkerchief and seemed to have a perpetual runny nose. He was certain no children would come from that one and he wanted at least one little terror to bring into the world.
“How are you?” Thorin asked, coming up beside Frerin. “This is your party, should you not be out there mingling?”

“I have been mingling.” Frerin took a corner of a tissue and brought it up to the corner of his eye. He dabbed it as to catch the makeup that was bothering him without smearing it. “God, Thorin, this is boring. You should have invited Fili and Kili.”

The well dressed king raised a brow in response.

“They’d figure out how to make this more interesting, I’m just saying.”

Thorin ventured a tiny smile. “That they would… They had already dipped their fingers into the making of this party. Most of the catering was changed thanks to Fili. I had managed to change a few things, thankfully.”

“Which is a disappointment, I wanted almond chicken.”

“Perhaps another day as we needed finger food not a full course meal.”

“You’re such a party man.” Frerin let out a long sigh. “But in all seriousness, I’ve looked at each one of these guests, danced with each of them, twice with the ones I thought may be of any interest. None of them are good.”

“Well, what about him?” Thorin nodded in the direction of a new comer.

He wore the typical black suit, tailored with coat tails. He had white gloves on unlike the other guests. His mask was well sculpted with black feathers and a beak to mimic a rook. His hair was dark, slicked back and tied into the simplest of traditional braids of a single alpha that was looking for a mate.

Frerin raised a brow, this person was more than just new to the party. He couldn’t recognize the man from the way he walked, but the way his squared off his shoulders was familiar. “At least he’s younger.”
“You never did fancy an alpha that was much older than yourself.”

“You say that as if you do.”

Thorin looked at his brother, he stepped in front of Frerin and adjusted the thick braids and curled hair roughly making sure it was all gathered to one side. He pulled too hard making Frerin hiss as he took his brother’s silent punishment for being mean to him. But the rare smirk on Thorin’s lips was worth the abuse.

“Go meet your new guest, maybe this one will be the one you want.”

“Fucking Cinderella, fairy tale bullshit.” Frerin grumbled. “Why can’t I just say hi and leave?”

“Because you’re not rude, you’re a Durin. Now, take him into a dance, I mean it.”

“Fine!”

Frerin walked over to the new comer. He tapped his shoulder to gain his attention. He gave a brief greeting as he was struck by beautiful blue eyes that were framed by the black mask. Frerin opened his mouth to say something but closed it with a sharp snap of his jaw. His cheeks flushed as he realized he was speechless. He needed to invite the guy to a dance and he was just staring at those eyes as if there was nothing else in the world that mattered.

“Sorry, I… uh…” He tried to recover but only managed to fumble. “Shi-I- fu- wouldyouliketodance?”

Why had that been so hard to do?

The stranger smiled and offered his hand. The omega swallowed and took the offer, slipping his palm into the gloved hand. He was pulled easily into a dance. The alpha was shorter than him. He slightly squeezed the shoulder feeling hard muscle underneath. Even though the man had slick black hair and a clean shaven face there was something familiar about him. Something in the back of his mind was telling him he should recognize him but he was coming up with a blank.
“So… I’m Frerin… and you are?” he tried to get some conversation going.

The alpha only smiled and glided Frerin across the dance floor, not willing to speak a word. It was a sedate pace, something that was meant more to feel each other out with than anything else. But Frerin was used to being in the lead, mostly because he had never been properly taught how to dance. At times he would pull when the other did and they would stumble and trip slightly. It made the omega smile with embarrassment and bow his head against the alpha’s shoulder with a blush.

“This is… kinda fun.” He admitted.

Now that he was so close he could smell past the masking scent of cologne. It was so familiar. He pressed his nose against the alpha’s neck, taking in a deep breath.

He liked this scent.

It must have looked as if he was presenting himself for a compatibility check because the sounds of the room fell silent. The tingle of being watched raced up Frerin’s spine and he was certain all eyes were on them. He held still as the alpha shifted so that he could do the same of smelling behind Frerin’s ear.

The omega visibly shivered from the rush of air that was pulled over his skin. The hot press of lips as the alpha tentatively asked for acceptance. Frerin swallowed.

This was it. Soon as he allowed it he would be marked, he would be taken and bonded for life.

He licked his lips, his face so close to the alpha’s neck that his tongue pressed briefly against skin. He nodded, then tilted his head to the side, his long hair slipping off of his shoulder. Everyone could see now.

The alpha reached up and carefully unbuttoned the high collar to Frerin’s diamond encrusted collar. He pulled it back gently, giving the omega every chance to change his mind and pull away. He then took care to cradle Frerin’s head with one hand, the other pressing against his waist as he bit down on skin hard enough to break the skin. The markings of his teeth were his claim. No one could take that away.
Red blood beaded up. The alpha pulled out a handkerchief, his tongue was hot and sent the most delicious feeling throughout Frerin’s body. The mysterious alpha lightly kissed Frerin’s wound before pulling back fully and placing the handkerchief against the wound. The room erupted in applause.

Thorin and Dwalin easily ushered the remaining guests back to the party. Frerin nervously clasped his alpha’s hand who gave a reassuring squeeze. This was his alpha now… and he didn’t even know his name, nor the sound of his voice. And the next part of the presenting was to happen.

He needed to take his alpha to his bedroom before his heat would ignite and send the other guests into a frenzy.
The Bonding

An omega’s heat can come to fruition in different ways. Most commonly is when their cycle goes through, a few times a year their bodies become ripe for mating and it is easy to produce children at this time. Another is through the unconventional means of pharmaceutical aid. Lastly, the most acceptable in society is when their bonded does something to trigger a heat. Depending on the compatibility of the mated pair it could be as simple for an alpha sending out his scent, and as difficult as spending hours of foreplay to get the omega compliant.

It is common for a newly claimed omega to go into their first bonding heat when given the biting claim. Their mindset already looking for a mate it is not difficult to trigger this. It usually takes a few minutes after the bite which gave the pair time to find a secluded area to mate without interruption. Any way an omega went into heat it would send their mate into a rut. The frenzied mating would last for however long their bodies would hold out.

For Frerin he barely managed to keep it at bay long enough to leave the ballroom. When the main doors were closed behind them the omega had to press his legs together and bite his bottom lip as the familiar pain in his loins started up. He had gone through several heats in his time, knowing when to lock himself away so that he would not mate to a strange alpha while in the haze. He would have laughed at the irony of it all since he was bonding with an alpha he didn’t know the name to, if it wasn’t for the fact that the pains were worse than they ever had been before.

He could already feel the lustful haze ebbing into his mind as his alpha gently touched him. That gloved hand coming up to his neck, gently gliding over skin to his jaw. He was pulled into a kiss, a soft press of the lips that made his heart flutter. He gave a little sound of desperation as he licked at those perfect lips wanting a deeper kiss. A murmur of gratitude slipped from his throat when that mouth opened. Soon as the alpha’s tongue touched his he felt a jolt run through his body. He never had a kiss so wonderful. It made his body tingle from head to toe.

The omega cupped his alpha’s cheeks, pressing up against him firmly demanding more of the kiss. He swiped his tongue into the other’s mouth, feeling out every detail of teeth and flesh. He wasn’t sure if he was still standing or if he was laying on the floor. The world felt as if he was drunk and it was spinning. Hands grabbed at his waist and thigh. The hand on his thigh gave a squeeze, moving up to his butt. The cheek was caressed, the alpha memorizing the curve of the supple ass.

The smell and taste of the alpha was filling Frerin’s head, making it so hard to think. He tried to pull away, they needed to get to his bedroom.

The kiss was broken and the alpha growled. He pulled Frerin tightly against him, his hips rolling forward against Frerin’s thigh.
“F-fuck.” Frerin whimpered helplessly as his neck was attacked with open mouthed kisses. The sting of his wound mixed with the pleasure but not enough to be distracting.

Gloves were pulled off, discarded onto the floor as the alpha started to lift up Frerin’s skirts. Warm palms ghosted up his thigh, dipping around to the soft inner flesh and up. Frerin gave a helpless moan, his knees going weak when the alpha slipped a finger around the cradle of his underwear and pressed into his slick slit.

“Please~” The omega begged.

“What is that liquor lips?”

Frerin huffed out a few panting breaths. That voice… he knew that voice…

That finger in him moved, rubbing against his walls causing him to nearly scream. He only managed to catch himself by biting into the meet of his thumb.

“Fuck!” Frerin grabbed a fistful of the dark hair as he rolled his hips trying to get that finger into him deeper. He pulled his hand out of his mouth. He yanked on the lapels of his alpha’s tux growled against his lips. “Fuck me, fuck me now.”

The finger in him was pulled out and he was shoved back against a wall. Lips claiming his with a bruising viciousness and he reciprocated. The rook mask falling to the floor. He lifted up a leg, hooking it around the alpha’s waist. But the alpha pushed down his leg, pulled away making Frerin want to scream in fury. He wanted his mate, he wanted him now. It didn’t matter who this alpha was, he needed him. His skin was on fire, his mind was suffocating in cobwebs, and his loins hurt so badly.

His hand was grabbed, he was pulled into a near run down the hallways and up some stairs. They curved around to the door of Frerin’s bedroom. The alpha threw it open where Frerin easily ran into. He was already undoing the vest. Lips touched the back of his neck and he gave the filthiest of moans, pressing his hips back against the lap of his alpha.

“Clothes. Off.”
He turned to his alpha who was taking off his tux. Frerin was mostly out of his silk shirt when his alpha pulled at his dark hair, then pulled it off revealing the shock of gold.

“Fili?” Frerin hesitated.

His alpha was his nephew? No. This couldn’t be right.

He shook his head trying to clear his mind. Fili moved forward, strong and dominate like a lion. He grabbed Frerin’s wrist and pulled him close. The smell, oh god the new smell of an alpha about to rut. He squeezed his knees together feeling his juices run down his thighs.

“I’m not about to give you up to an alpha I don’t know.” Fili said softly as he gathered up pink skirts. There was a hard edge to his voice. “I still remember first seeing you. Caught in the rain, carrying heavy luggage and dressed in rags as you kicked a bag across the wet cobblestone trying to get to the door.” His hands slithered up, hooking into the hem of Frerin’s underwear and pulled them down. “You’re were a wet mess. Already sick from traveling for so long not even having time to grieve the death of your mother that you had cared for for so long.”

“Fili.” Frerin whimpered as his alpha knelt down, pressing his nose against the nest of curls that his erection stood out of. The strong scent of the omega’s heat hitting him hard.

“I wanted to fuck you raw from the first time I saw you. I wanted to care for you the first time you smiled at me.” He looked up at Frerin. His fingers curled around the omega’s cock. He growled possessively. “And I will not have another alpha touch you in such a way.”

As if making a point he gave a long lick to the tip of Frerin’s cock. The omega grabbed onto Fili’s shoulders, gripping hard as he tried so hard not to fall over. The jolt of pleasure and pain made him dizzy and leak more.

With his free hand, Fili reached between Frerin’s legs, behind his ball sack to that little slit that made an omega so very, very special. His knuckles brushed up against it, feeling how slick it was.

“I had to make sure no one recognized me, I had to shave and wear a wig.” He kissed the tip of Frerin’s cock, a little bit of precum dribbled out. He looked at it satisfied, “You taste good.”
“F-Fili, please.”

“Please, what?”

The omega nearly hissed. Fili stood up, his talented hands worked off Frerin’s skirts leaving him naked.

He was a beautiful sight, scars littered his upper thighs and even his upper arms. He wanted to know the stories behind those scars. He wanted to know everything about his once uncle, now mate. He reached to trace those scars the skin puckered and pale.

Frerin tried to move away from him. His scars were not things he liked to talk about, nor lavish any sort of attention towards. It upset his alpha, to be denied the touch of such beautiful skin.

Fili snatched Frerin’s arms and pushed him onto the bed. The older blond was still bouncing when the prince crawled over him, kissing his breath away. Fili only pulled back enough to undo the fly of his trousers. Frerin’s renewed heat urged him forward. He slipped his hand into Fili’s pants, fishing out his girth. He looked at Fili who groaned, his mouth hanging open as Frerin pumped his cock. It was heavy and hard. The tip starting to purple from how much blood was rushing into it. It was preparing eagerly to knot inside a warm body.

He whimpered helplessly, giving Fili’s dick a squeeze. He moved away enough to fully spread his legs.

The prince groaned, leaning down and kissing a trail up his omega’s chest. He stopped at a nipple, licking it as he aligned himself. He was gentle for an alpha in a rut, pushing into his mate slowly. Frerin winced. His walls stretched to accommodate Fili’s girth was rather painful.

“Ssshh.” Fili’s voice was quivering along with his body as he tried to resist moving right away.

He stroked Frerin’s hair, resting on the omega, now fully seated inside. All he wanted to do was fuck, to move and plunder and knot. But the distressed sound of his mate made him stop.
“Fili.” Frerin wrapped his arms around his nephew for comfort.

“It’s alright.” Fili kissed Frerin’s cheek, then jaw. He nuzzled him into a lazy kiss, one hand ghosting over the omega’s side. He kissed the side of his darling’s mouth, lips that made him feel drunk and insane from just the barest of kisses.

After a few more breaths he risked a movement, rolling his hips sending the searing heat of pleasure through his spine. Once started he couldn’t stop. He moved faster and harder, plunging into the compliant body beneath him. He could feel the slick of juices, hear the wet slaps of their skin meeting as he grabbed hold of his uncle’s shoulders to give him better leverage. His omega’s hands tangled into his hair as his voice grew higher in pitch the more Fili drug his cock around trying to find the best places that would bring the most pleasure to both of them. then he found a little spot. When he hit it Frerin’s back arched, lifting them both off of the bed as he screamed. His natural fluids gushed around Fili’s cock, his walls clamping down as he came without warning. Fili could feel the omega’s prick jump and spill on their stomachs.

He continued to fuck into his mate. Sweat trickled down his back as he tried to breathe. His heart was hammering so fast and his blood felt like it was boiling. It felt so good, he didn’t want it to end but he knew he couldn’t keep going. His cock was hurting now, jerking as he spilled his seed. He grunted and groaned as his knot pulsed and swelled. He heard the hiss of Frerin as he was stretched even further from the massive knot that formed, binding them together for the next hour or so.

Fili trembled, trying hard not to put his full weight down onto his mate. He looked down at the sleepy face of his golden uncle. Hair and makeup a mess, sweat gleaming across his skin. He was perfectly debauched. He pressed his lips gently against his mate’s. Then rested his head upon a shoulder as they both succumbed to the charms of sleep.
Morning Bliss

There was a pleasant feeling encompassing him. A gentle rocking as warmth rubbed over his back. He sleepily mumbled as he wiggled closer to the source of heat. He was barely aware that he was on his side, his right leg being held up as a hard cock slipped into him. He moaned as hips gently rocked against his, lips kissing his back. His leg was placed down as he was fucked from behind, his cock already at attention from being played with before he woke. It was a slow, languid. A large hand pressed against his stomach, the tip of his curved cock would brush against the back of that hand with each thrust. The other occupied itself by coming up to his chest. Nails slipped through his chest hair, barely scraping over skin as those sinful lips licked and sucked at his neck and shoulder.

The feeling of being so full once more, the smell of his mate. It muddled his mind from sleep straight into heat. Frerin mewled helplessly with nothing but the sheets to grab. He ground back against Fili’s cock, squeezing his walls around that lovely girth.

Fili groaned, moving the hand on Frerin’s chest to a flat splay. He pulled the omega as close as he could to his body. His breathing was hitching as he felt his omega get wetter by the second. The scent of their mating filling the air.

He rolled them over, pushing Frerin’s stomach against the sheets as he propped himself up onto his hands just above Frerin’s shoulders. He rutted into the wonton omega that panted and moaned with the most filthy tones. The older blond tried to move with Fili, make it easy for both of them and to get more of that glorious dick deeper in. The weight of the heavy alpha proved to be difficult to lift as he actively pinned him down at the hips.

The whorish moan that escaped him was beautiful to the alpha. How once painted lashes fluttered and eyes rolled back as he took his time to wallow in the mating rut.

Fili never had been a violent alpha when his ruts came. He never truly lost his head, never completely blacked out from his sense of self as he had seen in his father as well as Thorin and even Kili. He had been sent to the doctor a few times to see if there was something wrong with him, that he was a rare beta but everyone was assured that he was, indeed, an alpha.

Last night was the closest he had gotten to completely losing his mind to the black edges of rutting. The shear idea of another alpha touching his beautiful Frerin, it made his vision darken with rage and he knew he had to do something. Any alpha could come, any alpha could convince an omega to allow them to mate them.
Without meaning to he started to move faster and harder. Anger whirling in his mind as to how close he was last night of losing what he fully believed to being his.

He grabbed Frerin’s hips, pulling them up, forcing the other onto his knees. He pulled out of that warm body, flipping him around and onto his back. The omega shivered under him, hands now free to come to his own aching erection. His skin was flushed red, his dark eyes glazed over as he jerked himself with one hand, the other slipping between his spread legs and shoving his fingers into his leaking slit. His mouth grew dry as he watched his mate fuck himself with his own fingers.

He was beautifully wrecked, the heat radiating off of him as his cock leaked over his shifting fingers. He had pulled his fingers out of his slit, the clear juices making his fingers shiney. He brought his fingers to his lips and sucked on them. His pink tongue darted out between the digits, teasingly slow.

Fili leaned over, taking hold of Frerin’s wrist making his hand stay between their mouths. He licked at those delicious fingers. He met tongue and lips around fingers, reveling at the flavor of saliva and sex.

His hips bucked blindly a few times, trying to find that intoxicating entrance. His head found the edge and he followed along it, sheathing himself once more into his uncle. Legs locked around his waist as he pushed in long, hard and slow.

“Oh fuck,” Frerin closed his eyes as his head fell back against the pillows, exposing his lovely throat.

“You like this?” Fili’s voice shook from the exertion.

Hands bunched into his hair, pulling his head closer. He kissed at Frerin’s neck, slowly laving his tongue over a raging pulse. He barely heard the shuddered, “Yes.”

The continued languid pace slowed more, became softer in the thrusts. Lips danced upon each other as they simply took their time. The climax was gentle, nothing like last night where it practically hurt from having their seed spilled.

Frerin winced as he was stretched once more by Fili’s knot. It was such a large thing.
Now that they were sexually sated the heat and rut started to ebb away with the tide of the afterglow. It was short lived though, as Frerin’s mind finally came back to him for the first time since last night.

Panic started to fill his heart. What had he done?

He had fucked… his nephew…

He was now bonded… with a male that was barely out of high school!

He was… He had…

He pushed himself up onto his elbows forcing Fili up onto his hands, from where he had been comfortably resting on Frerin’s chest. The pull of their hips made both wince, Frerin hissing a little.

He looked at Fili with shock, eyes skimming over the younger. It was no doubt, this was Fili, shaved and bedraggled and thoroughly fucked.

“What’s wrong?” Fili reached up to touche Frerin’s cheek.

Frerin turned his head away. “Don’t touch me.”

Fili gave a small laugh. “That’s kind of hard to do considering everything.”

“Don’t talk to me, don’t touch me, and when you’re knot goes down, I want you to leave.”

The hard words felt like knives in Fili’s heart. “What?”

“This was a mistake.” Frerin felt his eyes mist up. He licked his lips and blinked rapidly, refusing to look Fili in the eyes.
“No, it’s not. Frerin, I’m your alpha.”

Frerin shook his head vigorously, his messy hair cascading around his shoulders. “No. Not by my choice.” He propped his weight onto one elbow as he reached up and wiped at his eyes, sniffling.
A Grand Mess

When a mated pair bond there are only two ways for the bond to be broken; death, and immediate separation. The separation was not a guarantee, if the couple continued to seek each other out within a three month period then their bond was true.

Soon as Fili’s knot was down, Frerin slipped into whatever clothing he could hurriedly fish out. The sweats and pull over shirt were worn and old but they were thick with his own personal scent and helped drown out some of the smells in the air.

“Frerin.” Fili was on his knees on the bed as Frerin jerked his hair free from the shirt. He looked at him pleadingly, seeing what his uncle had in mind. “Please don’t do this.”

The omega barked a sour laugh. “Please? How could you ask that of me?!” He pointed to the floor as his anger boiled. “Do you have any idea what you have done? I’m going to go to jail for this!”

“You won’t!” Fili scrambled to put on his pants as Frerin stormed out of the room.

“The fuck I won’t!” Frerin threw open his door finding the hallway to be desolate. He gave a sound of frustration as he ran a hand through his messy hair, the emerald clip that Kili had given him had been lost in the sheets last night.

Of course no one would be here. Thorin had given the servants the next several days off. He knew that if Frerin had not found a mate then he would have wanted to be left alone and if he did find a mate then it was tradition to leave the mated pair alone for quite some time, something akin to a honeymoon.

He racked his brain for where he might have left his cell phone. A brief memory of him checking his messages last night and Thorin commandeering it.. which meant that he wouldn’t have it back until he saw the king once more. But there was the phone room. An old room, back when the telephone was the biggest craze many rich families had designated a room solely for the purpose of the telephone. It made it more private at the time. And it was something that Frerin had asked Thorin to restore for him in this little mansion that was given to him when he moved to Erebor.

Fili chased after his mate, not bothering to zip up his pants. Frerin’s stride was long and hurried with purpose. He needed to get to the landline and call Thorin, get this mess fixed.
“Frerin, wait!” Fili caught the omega’s wrist forcing him to stop.

“For what?!” Frerin whirled on him, yanking his wrist free. “For you to rub it in my face how you fucked me?!”

The golden heir flinched at the tone, a deep hurt stabbing at him. ...Did Frerin really think he would do this just to hurt him?

“Well you had your fucking fun!” The omega was red in the face, a hand flinging to the side as he spat angrily. “Just fucking leave and keep this to yourself because if you fucking say anything you’re going to-”

He really did think Fili was doing this as some joke. A cruel, terrible joke. The pain of each word stabbed into him and pulsed as if his heart was stung by a hornet. “You think this is a joke?” He stepped closer to Frerin only to have the older man step back.

He was scared. His own omega recoiled from him in fear. Why would he do that?

“I love you.”

Frerin shook his head, his hands clutching at his shirt over his chest as his eyes misted. Large tears pearled down his cheeks as he refused to look at Fili. “No, you don’t.”

Blue eyes widened, staring in abject horror at his mate. Frerin had been so angry earlier… now he was… broken. Showing a raw open wound that someone of the past had tore into him.

He stepped forward again, slower this time, his hands coming up to cup at the cheeks but stopped when Frerin flinched again. His omega… his beautiful, precious omega was scared of him. Of what he would do.

He curled his fingers, brushing his knuckles over the wet trails of tears. Frerin closed his eyes tightly as if waiting to be suddenly struck. There were two heart beats before he pulled away. He took a deep breath trying to calm the heartbreak that was welling up in his own chest.
“I know... I know I deceived you. But what I said last night was true. I’ve wanted to be with you since the first smile you gave me.” He risked it this time, taking Frerin’s face into his palms. “You’re beautiful, heart warming smile.”

Frerin sniffled, his breathing shaky. “You don’t know anything about me.”

Anger flared in Fili’s chest. He shook as he tried to hold it back. “You were willing to throw yourself at an alpha you didn’t know the name nor face of and now you’re saying that I’m not good enough to be with you because I don’t know anything about you?”

“No! That’s not-”

“I know you Frerin! I know you like iced tea more than hot tea. I know you love goat more than you love beef.” Fili moved closer to Frerin, the omega stepped back but Fili kept coming closer. His hands slipped from cheeks to the back of the neck and fisting in the hair. He knew that he was scaring his mate, but he needed Frerin to see, to understand how much he cared. How long he had watched him when he first came to Erebor when Fili was eighteen.

He had watched Frerin. He had not lied, he had wanted to be with him the first time he saw him on that rain slicked night. He wanted to learn his touch, so he encouraged small touches on the arms and shoulders that eventually graduated to hugs. And each hug he found himself not wanting to let go. Every word Frerin spoke he listened to, his voice like a song of old.

He had tried to continue to date the omega he had been interested in before his uncle’s arrival. But he couldn’t. He found himself slowly spending more and more time with his uncle, ignoring the omega until finally he had to tell his boyfriend that he just wasn’t interested any more.

He didn’t realize it until he was talking to Frerin one night, Kili was there, his legs carelessly thrown over Frerin’s lap. Something about it bothered him. It hurt to see how easily the two clicked. How careless they could be around each other. They laughed together, pushed each other around when they played video games. There was no line, no boundary like the one that Fili had built. It was then he realized that he had built that wall between him and Frerin because he loved him.

This love, he just wanted Frerin to see it.

“I know your favorite shows. I know you love Batman over any other superhero, I know you prefer
old time radio mysteries to movies. You love books but you can’t read unless everything is quiet around you. You’re amazingly talented with your hands and—” they were jerked to a stop, Frerin’s back now against a wall. Fili pressed up against him, his eyes traced over those lips he wanted to kiss again.

Frerin squeezed his eyes closed, he was scared. But those lips were on his once more.

He opened his mouth upon instinct. Felt the hot tongue work against his own. His insides shook with a coldness as Fili’s hands gripped harder.

Flashes of straight blond hair flooded his mind.

Suddenly he couldn’t breathe.

He shoved at Fili, forcing him away. When Fili tried to reach for him once more he was stopped when the omega screamed, “Don’t touch me!!”

“I’m sorry, I- Frerin, I don’t mean to scare you.”

“Please… just leave.”

Fili looked at him, swallowing. He felt his own eyes heat. He was at a loss. Eventually he nodded. His voice barely a whisper. “Okay…”
Chapter Notes

Poor Frerin, kind of got this PTSD thing going on, but thankfully he's got friends.

Kili was a good brother. He knew how much Fili wanted to be with Frerin and helped culminate a plan. Helped distract their father so Fili could slip into the party in disguise, because as good as he was soon as Dwalin heard his son’s voice the whole thing would have been blown. They would have had to fall back onto plan B which was to either light a fire and cause the party to dissipate or out right kidnap Frerin. But things went smoothly and now he was in the school bookstore laden down with overly priced books and supplies. He silently wished that they could have ordered everything online. His only saving grace was the fact that people couldn’t recognize him outside of a tabloid where he had makeup and professional stylized hair so that he would look good on film and from any angle. With messy hair and expensive clothing he fit right in with all the others that came from high end and rich families. Though… he glanced at an omega that was barely dressed in anything but sweat pants and plastic flip flops, status meant little to someone that was handed everything. One could always pick that type out, they either over dressed or completely underdressed. Trying to make daddy proud or just didn’t give a fuck.

He finally came to the register and put down the books he was buying for himself as well as Fili. It was a miracle that he managed to convince Dis and Dwalin that Fili was with him on their first day of university. Their damn parents were perceptive bastards, it was really hard to pull off.

He felt his pocket vibrate as a rock song came into the air. He pulled his cell from his pocket and flicked the screen before jamming it between his ear and his shoulder. He was busy fishing out his credit card when he heard the shuddering breath of his brother.

The smile he had on all day instantly fell. “What’s wrong?”

“He, um…” Fili took in a long breath as he tried to keep his voice from hitching. “He… doesn’t want me.”

“What?!” Kili dropped his wallet, card and money spilling over the counter and onto the floor. “Shit!” He ducked down trying to gather it all. “What the hell do you mean ‘he doesn’t want you’?!”

“E-exactly what I s-said.”
Kili could hear the sharp breaths. He waved his hand in a rolling motion to the concerned cashier that had paused in his work. He wanted this done as fast as possible. It seemed to take forever to get rung up and grab the bags. Even longer to stuff his wallet into his pocket.

“Where are you now?”

“His front step.”

“I’m coming to get you.”

“Don’t yell at him.”

“The fuck I’m not!!” Kili stormed out of the bookstore with a worker that chased after him giving him his change. “Oh, thanks.”

“Look, Kili, just pick me up, okay?”

(Of course I’m going to pick you up!” He nearly was in a run towards the parking lot to get to his car. “Then I’m going to chew him out for-”

“No!!” Fili shouted loud enough to make Kili’s ear ring. “You will leave him alone. We’re in the wrong here, Kili! We deceived him… If I just told him how I felt then… fuck…”

Kili paused by his car door, the cherry red polish reflected his image back at him and he could see the concern on his own face. He could hear his brother start to cry. “Fili…”

“I really fucked up.”

Fili dropped his phone. His knees pulled up as he wrapped his arms around his head, sheltering his crying face from the world.
Frerin sat under the antique oak table in his phone room. The cable of the old style phone ran down under as he cradled the head piece to his ear. He squeezed his eyes shut tight as the phone rang. He was visibly shaking. He didn’t know how long he had been under there. Soon as Fili was down the hall Frerin had ran. He bolted himself into the phone room and hid as images of his past flooded his mind. All he knew was that it was enough time to let the heat of the day start to come in before his mind relaxed enough for him to have enough mind about him to call for the one person he knew could help him.

“Pick up,” he prayed. “Pick up, pick up, please. Pleeeasse.”

Finally the ringing stopped and a tired, “Hello?” came across the line.

“Bilbo!” Frerin whispered frantically. “Bilbo, I need you-”

There was the sound of a car door shutting outside. He let out a pathetic sound that his friend heard.

“Frerin, did he follow you?”

“Bilbo, I-I need to come home.” He was so scared. He sniffled as his knuckles turned white from his tightening grip. “Can I come home?”

“O-of course! I-” there was scrambling over the line, things knocking over before the sounds of keys being typed into a computer. “I can get you a flight here within a few hours. I’ll pick you up at the airport. Okay?”

Frerin nodded, messy hair waving. “Y-yeah.”

“Aaand there we go, Arnor Air, two hours from now. You don’t have to pack anything, we’ll get you clothes when you get here… Sweetling, can you get out of the house?”
“Yeah… yeah I can.” The blond peeked out of his hiding spot, looking at the window and door to make sure they were still shut.

“I’ll see you in a few hours…”

“Okay.” He sounded like a little boy, scared of the closet monster.

***************

Kili came as fast as he could. When he got to the mansion that Frerin resided in he stomped on his breaks sending out a spray of fine gravel. He angrily got out of the car slamming his door shut.

“You need to tell me exactly what happened.” Kili stormed up to his brother, who got to his feet and met him halfway.

Fili looked at his brother pleadingly. “Can we just go?”

“Not until you tell me what happened.”

The blond looked away, the pain still so fresh in his heart. “He, uh… he thought it was a cruel joke.” Fili rubbed at his forearm, scratching it a little. “He was certain I would just rub it in his face that we had made love… and… and…”

Kili’s brows drew up in concern. He was certain he would hear that Frerin was pissed off because it was Fili that had been in his bed, bitching about how the prince was not good enough for him like other omegas had said to both of them before finding out that they were royalty… though, this would be the first time to actually knot and place claim…

Fili took in a deep breath, “I scared him.”
“Scared him.”

The blond nodded.

“Frerin barely blinks at anything. How the hell did you scare him?”

“We were arguing. He thought he was going to go to jail, and that I couldn’t love him and I started to yell and he started to cry and I tried to touch him but he recoiled.” Fili said in a rush. His lips trembled. “M-mmy omega is scared of me…” He felt his throat tickle with a suppressed sob. It hurt so much to have Frerin scared of him. Terrified of his touch. He would never hurt him, never raise a hand against him.

Kili grabbed Fili by the shoulder. He yanked him hard colliding their chests together. He held his brother tight.

“You certain he wants to try to break the bond?”

Fili nodded, not willing to take his face out of the crook of his sibling’s neck.

Kili sighed. If he tried anything right now then Fili would definitely stop him… but he could try to come back and talk to his uncle after he got Fili home.
Frerin sat on the edge of his bed. His old house held many mixed memories and feelings, but they were things he knew, things he could identify and fall back upon. It wasn’t big. It wasn’t special. It was a normal cabin, in a normal forest, where city lights couldn’t touch the sky and cars could not pollute the air. He felt as if he could breathe, even if they were shallow.

He wiped at his face, trying hard to stop the fresh tears. He had been trying to will himself to calm down since he left Erebor. He told himself all the reasons he was doing this. All the reasons why he couldn’t be with Fili. Incest was illegal; he would go to jail. All of this would be covered up and he would be placed in a dark hole in the ground with is identity changed so no one would know his relation to the prince. There was the chance that Thorin would disown Fili. Even a chance of being tried with treason, if that happened then he would be dealt with capital punishment and Fili… Fili would become something akin to the Man in the Iron Mask.

There was a knock on the door. He didn’t move when Bilbo came in, plastic bags hanging from his arms. He flopped them onto the bed, sparing Frerin a concerned look.

“You doing any better?” He asked softly.

He shook his head in a reply, his hair cascading down his back like a river of gold.

Bilbo sat down beside Frerin. He took the other omega’s hand into his own. He laced their fingers together and patted the back of his hand. “It’s been three days. Talk to me.”

“About what?” Frerin’s voice was a whisper, a raw wound trying not to get damaged more.

“About what happened. You don’t need to tell me who he is but you need to say something to me, anything.”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Then talk about yourself now. What are you thinking about?”
The blond omega sniffled. “How much I hate myself… How much I can’t stop thinking about him… Seeing him smile… glancing over and seeing him reading a book or talking to a group of men that his uncle couldn’t handle. I hate myself because I miss feeling him sit beside him and smelling his musk of cedar and metal.” Frerin pulled his hand away from Bilbo’s gentle touch. He placed his face in both of his palms and wept. “I hate myself because I hurt for his touch. I hate myself because it took my panic of running away to realize that I care for him more than I should. I loathe myself because I broke his heart before I left and I know I can never call him and tell him how sorry I am for all of this, because if I ever did I would give in and tell him where I am.”

“Why is that so bad?” Bilbo reached over and rubbed at his friend’s back.

“Because he would give up everything for me!”

“It just says to me that he loves you.”

“I can’t let him do that! Destroy his own future just because I’m a stupid asshole that can’t control himself? No. No, Bilbo. I can’t.” And before he knew it he was crying with a broken heart. He hadn’t thought he cared so much for Fili. He didn’t think he was watching him through the corner of his eye. He denied each flutter of his heart when the prince had touched his back, shoulder, or arm. The days Fili and Kili were over for dinner, Frerin would excuse the servants so that he could cook himself, spend time with them… watched carefully to see what flavors they enjoyed. He would never see them again. Never heard their thumping stomps because in his home they didn’t have to pretend to be well groomed princes, they could be boys. Boys that were men now, grown alphas, strong and handsome with the gentlest of touches, the most tender voices.

He would never see them again. Fili… or Kili.

*     *     *     *     *

Kili tried his best to keep himself in check. He had to keep this a secret from his parents, Fili’s rejection, Fili’s anguishing suffering all the while trying to keep to his word that he wouldn’t attack Frerin. He loved his brother. His brother had always been there for him, even when they fought and gave each other bloodied noses, split lips, and missing teeth while growing up. He had been the one to help Kili through his ruts. He would aid him, at first it was instructing him on how to masturbate properly, how to concentrate and beat back that blinding rage and instinctual need to mate. When it got too bad it was Fili that did the research on the next step so that Kili wouldn’t hurt anyone. At times Kili was allowed to bury himself into his brother, feeling the warmth of his warmth while he gave him anal. A few times Fili even did oral. Then there were times when Kili couldn’t calm down forcing his alpha big brother to do a show of dominance and mount Kili. Like animals it worked. All of this to help Kili.
The younger prince would never admit that he secretly had a problem with Frerin. A mixed desire to fuck him up against a wall and the jealousy of Fili’s attention being placed on their uncle. Before he didn’t have trouble with any of the omegas that Fili dated. They never seemed to be a threat, but Frerin. Frerin with his smile, with his silver laugh and loving heart. Kili liked him, really liked him. He was so easy to get along with. He filled in a place between Fili and Kili like a bridge and suddenly Kili got to know more about his brother. Things that were more than “this is just to help you.” Fili was worried he wouldn’t be able to satisfy an omega of Frerin’s class. He was more sophisticated than any of the others they met, even their own tharkâl. He had an understanding of the world that Thorin had, but was not as harsh. He was firm, but gentle. He was breath taking to look at and was humble enough to say he was not much to look at. So, Fili and Kili played around with sex. It had been just sex until Fili kissed him. Kissed him so wonderfully. Ever since then Kili wanted more. He couldn’t stop looking at his brother, couldn’t stop tasting him on his lips even after days had past. He broke up with the omega he had been dating, or he broke up with Kili. He wasn’t too sure because at the time he had been distracted by Fili trying to convince Frerin to practice ballroom dancing. That situation should have made him angry but he found it endearing. How Frerin’s cheeks turned such a bright red, how Fili was pushing his uncle and even made jokes about how badly Fili danced. Which was a lie, Kili was the one that couldn’t dance. Fili had a few trophies from ballroom competitions.

But now… now those good memories felt like venom from a bee sting. Fili was a shell of himself, barely able to attend class, hid away in his room. At night Kili would check on him and find him eerily quiet.

Kili sighed as he watched his brother sit at the table. He wouldn’t even put in the effort of picking up his fork to poke at his meal. He just looked around the room periodically as if checking for Frerin, then he would look down at his food with a dead eyed expression.

“Fili, you need to eat.”

Fili shook his head.

“Fili, seriously.” Kili scooted his plate across the table to a spot next to his brother. He got up and rounded the table, taking up the seat beside Fili. He grabbed Fili’s fork and knife and cut everything in tiny bite sizes. “This is getting kind of ridiculous.”

“I don’t want to eat.”

“It’s been a week, and you stopped eating yesterday. You need to eat.” Kili paused, looking his brother over, taking in his pale skin. His loose wavy hair lacked shine and luster, it was flat and
ratty. He was distinctly getting worse, but why? “What changed?”

Fili leaned forward. He rubbed a hand over his face. “My skin hurts, it literally hurts, Kili. Everything tastes like ash on my tongue and I’m cold. I can’t stop thinking of him, his warmth, his smell.” He started to tremble as his chin wrinkled and his lips pulled back. He turned his face away from his brother. His voice cracked the next time he spoke. “I need him. But all I can see is how scared he was when I went to last touch him. How he sounded like a cornered animal and I was powerless to shelter him from it. I wanted to comfort him, to kiss it better but I remembered the scars and I knew… I knew I couldn’t do anything.” He dropped his head into the crook of his elbow, and cried.

Kili sat quietly. He didn’t know that Frerin had scars.

He grabbed Fili by the waist, he yanked hard forcing his brother back against his chest. He kissed Fili’s head, taking hold of his cheek and guiding him into a kiss on the lips. It was wet and awkward as Fili tried to hold back tears. Kili pushed his tongue along Fili’s, urging him to relax and take what little comfort he had to offer.

When they parted Kili rubbed the tip of his nose against Fili’s.

“Kili?”

“I’ll talk to Frerin for you. I’ll do anything I have to in order to get him to give you a second chance, even sell him my kidney.” He smiled a little bit when he felt Fili relax slightly. He pulled back just enough to look Fili in his pretty eyes. He ran the pad of his thumb over his brother’s bottom lip.

“I love you.” Kili swallowed. He said it. It was out there.

Fili didn’t say anything, only grabbed Kili’s shirt. The brunet’s eyes widened. He felt his body jerk as Fili pushed him back then forward. He was certain he was going to be throttled but all he got was kissed. Passionate and needy.

There was a loud banging of a door being thrown open. Sudden panic ran through their bodies. Acting quickly, Kili grabbed Fili’s head and shoved his head down to his chest and started to rub at his back as their father came storming into the room.
Dwalin looked at them with a slightly confused look. “Everything okay?”

“Fili’s not feeling well.” Kili said as his heart hammered in his chest. “He said he feels like he’s about to puke.”

“He’ll throw up on your lap at that angle, lad.”

“Jeans are a small price to pay for my beloved brother’s comfort.” Kili nodded sagely.

Dwalin looked up towards the ceiling, mumbling something about having the strangest children god could create. While he was distracted Fili wiped his face with Kili’s shirt and try to sit up straight, at least Kili came up with a reason why Fili looked like hell.

“What brings you home so soon?” Kili asked.

“You two, have you seen your uncle Frerin?”

They both shared a look, brows knitting. “No.” They said in unison.

“Why, what happened?”

“Nothing to worry about. It’s rather common for it to happen when a mated pair start off to run off on their own.”

“What?”

“You mean, Frerin’s not home?” Fili felt his hands shake.

Dwalin shrugged. “Like I said, it’s normal for a mated pair to run off, kind of like a honeymoon. They’ll do spontaneous things together. Once they calm down I’m certain Frer will call.” He frowned looking how how pale Fili was getting. “I’ll get the kitchens to make you some proper soup, son. You look like death.”
He turned and walked away.

Kili looked at the shock on his brother’s face. He rubbed soothing circles on Fili’s back.

“He left? M-my Frerin left?” Fili sounded devastated.

“Don’t worry… I’ll find him.”
Feening

It was barely two days after Dwalin had informed them that Frerin was gone and Fili was getting worse. It didn’t make sense. He refused to eat, now he was refusing to drink, his skin was clammy with cold sweats and if anyone touched him besides Kili he would wince in pain. Kili tried to get some time to go to Frerin’s mansion to find any clues as to where he had gone, he found his uncle’s laptop and when he got back half the place was a mess.

Fili had been screaming, throwing things to the ground, he actually punched a few servants. He was eventually tackled to the ground by Dwalin and Dis, them thrashing on the ground. It had been a nightmare for Kili to see. He had to help them calm Fili down and while their voices didn’t seem to work, Kili’s was heard and slowly pushed through the blind rut. Their parents gave them some sort of look that he chose to ignore and ever since he was by Fili’s side.

Kili had been smart enough to grab one of Frerin’s shirts and now the heir was fast asleep, his face buried into the fabric. Kili sat with his back against the headboard, Frerin’s laptop on his crossed legs as he ran a search through Frerin’s internet history. His free hand carded through Fili’s hair trying to work out the knots.

He found a few websites, a few blogs, nothing big. Frerin was a rather vague person online, never saying where he lived besides the region of the Blue Mountains. Friends were not called by name, but online handles or nicknames that he didn’t recognize. Frerin enjoyed writing stories, he actually got caught up reading a few of them.

Then he found it, bank account.

He just needed the password… Which… if Frerin was who he thought he was then he was a creature of habit and- He tried the one of two passwords he knew. A few times he had to login to a site for Frerin when he had been busy with things.

A jolt of excitement made him sit up straighter, first try worked.

He quickly went through the transaction history. There were some purchases but roughly a week ago. He didn’t recognize the names to the places. He pulled up another tab typing in the names of the shops. He ran the search.

With a grin he slammed the laptop closed and shook Fili awake.
“Wake up, up up!”

“Wha?”

“Pack an overnight bag, we’re leaving to get your omega back.”

Bilbo was a patient man by nature. He was an outstanding member of society, won the Best Neighbor award several years running. He was the leader of many charities and was going to be running next year for mayor. He knew how to handle a lot of things all at once. He knew how to deal with drug addicts coming from a high, how to help alcoholics, and had all the appropriate connections to get the homeless jobs and low income housing. But he did not know to deal with an omega that was currently taking dishes out of the drain wrack and rather calmly smashing them on the counter after ripping all the pages out of every book they owned, and taking a hatchet to the book shelves.

Frerin was systematically destroying everything he owned.

What worried him the most though, was how sickly Frerin looked. Pale, ratty hair pulled in a lazy pony tail, disheveled clothing, and it wasn’t lost on him that the food he’s been bringing over hasn’t been touched.

“Frerin?”

Crash!

“Frerin, you need to get out of the house.”

Crash!
“Maybe we could go to the pumpkin fields and you could-” Crash! Crash! “-how about the coffee shop? Maybe you could meet another alpha-”

Brown eyes looked up. Bilbo took a step back from the tempest boiling in those eyes.

“A new alpha.” Frerin finally spoke for the first time in days. “A new alpha? I don’t need a new alpha.”

He stormed past Bilbo, the smaller omega quickly scrambled after him into the front room.

“I was just thinking that since you don’t want to be with your current one then maybe…”

“Don’t want to be with him?!” Frerin grabbed an end table. His muscles bunched as if he was going to hit his friend with it. He stomped past Bilbo once more to the large windows. Bilbo had managed to press the right button to make his royal companion snap his mask off. He had to cover his ears as Frerin promptly threw his end table through one of the windows while screaming.

“I don’t want another alpha!! Do you have any idea how much I need him?!”

“Then why are you staying away from him?!” Bilbo shot back. “Look at you, you’re killing yourself over trying to stay away!”

“Because I love him!! Because I deserve this!”

That was it. Bilbo came up to Frerin, reached up and grabbed his pony tail. He yanked the golden locks down as hard as he could causing the other to yelp. Now that they were eye to eye he growled. “You fucking deserve to be happy, Frerin. Especially after all the shit you’ve been through. Now you’re going to get something on your feet, we’re going to a cafe in town, you’re going to fucking eat something. After that we’ll discuss what to do with your sorry butt. You got me?”

To Bilbo, this was a good move. To Frerin, it was exactly the opposite. In retaliation he leapt forward sending both of them to the ground.
The fight was not pretty.

In the end Bilbo did win out and though he sported a black eye, split lip and several bruises on his ribs he still got a good hit on Frerin’s cheek and managed a few bites.

“I fucking hate you.” Frerin sighed as he pressed his hurt face against the cool glass of the jeep’s window.

“I’m your best friend, you don’t hate me.”
Waning

Frerin barely managed to eat a cup’s worth of food the past day and a half. He did change his clothing into something that looked a bit better, though jeans and a hoodie was barely a step up from baggy sweats. Bilbo had cleaned Frerin’s place while the omega slept, then in the morning he took him back to the cafe. He was just glad to see Frerin was attempting to drink something now, though, he had been nursing the same cup of coffee since breakfast and it was noon.

Bilbo got up from his seat, looked through his handbag and dug out his comb. He went behind his friend and gently gathered up the messy hair. He pulled out the hair tie noticing it was nothing but a knot of yarn. His brows pushed together in concern.

“Frerin, you going to drink more of your coffee?”

The prince shook his head, his arms wrapping around his middle as he drew in a shaking breath. He had been on the edge of tears for a few hours, eyes glimmering and sad.

He started to comb Frerin’s hair, some people walking past looked at them with a disgusted curiosity that Bilbo shot a glare at. Just because Frerin looked like a stray and Bilbo still sported a bruised eye didn’t mean that they were not people.

“You have a problem with two friends hanging out?!” He snapped at them. Seeing his friend in such a state, how helpless he was in this situation made his temper flare. He grumbled an insult as the people hurried by, glancing over their shoulders at Bilbo who only glared until they were down the street.

“Bilbo?”

“Yeah?” Bilbo slowly went back to combing Frerin’s rat’s nest, trying to get it to look like hair once again.

“Can I use your phone?”

“Of course, sweetling.”
He put his comb down on the table and went to his handbag. He dug out his phone and handed it over to the care of Frerin’s trembling hands.

For Frerin he felt as if his body was trying to give out on him. Every cell felt like it was shivering with the cold that was deep in his stomach. The clothing he wore hurt his skin to the point he wanted to cry. There was a pressure in his head that threatened to crush his skull and pop out his eyes. His vision had been doubled since he woke up this morning and it was a trial to keep himself from falling over with the vertigo that was plaguing him.

He attempted to dial a number only to have to redo it several times before he was certain he had the one he wanted.

He put the phone to his ear, listening to it ring. He needed relief, just a little relief.

“Hello?”

Frerin closed his eyes, some of that pressure going away from the sound of that soothing voice.

He licked his lips, trying to force out the words that got stuck in his throat.

“Hello?”

“H-hey.”

He could hear the sound of a long breath being let out. In his mind he could see him, shoulders sagging with relief.

“Hey, liquor lips.”

“85004 South West Cedar drive. Ered Luin.”
Then he hung up. He put down the phone. He should be upset, should be ashamed, but all he could think about now was the anticipation.

“Bilbo… I need to go home.”

***************

Kili walked into the shop, a local fashion store that was barely big enough for ten customers at a time. It had a lot of different styles, but all distinctly omega.

“Hi!” The clerk chirped a greeting, brushing some black hair behind his ear. “Looking for something for that special omega in your life?”

Kili smiled. He glanced around seeing all the different patterns and designs. “I wouldn’t know where to start.”

“Well, what does he look like?” The clerk went around the counter, ready to help. “Everything here is locally made, even the fabric, beads, and leather.”

The prince felt his heart soften. This was definitely a place that Frerin would go to. He enjoyed supporting local community shops. “He’s blond, about my height… dark eyes. Round nose. Looks more like a golden retriever pup than a person.”

The omega smiled. “Do you know what he likes to wear?”

“See, that’s the thing. I saw from our bank account that he bought something from this shop and I wanted to surprise him. You see, uh, I’m kind of new to this whole situation.”

“Ah, just recently bonded then? I get ya.” The omega winked. “I was beginning to wonder, haven’t seen you around. Not many people around here with your good looks.”
“Oh?”

“Well, haven’t you noticed? You probably haven’t considering being newly bonded, but there are mostly blonds and red heads. It makes people like us something to oogle at.” The omega said good naturedly. “Just be careful with your mate, being around here and you’ll get a lot of attention and that’ll rub your bonded the wrong way.”

“Thanks for the warning.” Kili looked at a shirt that was splattered with color. “You know, you may know him. Frerin Durin.”

The omega suddenly stiffened. The corner of his lips twitched. “Frerin?”

Kili nodded. “Mm, great guy. We came back to his hometown for a bit, wanted to see where he grew up.” He looked up to the omega. “…what is it?”

“Nothing, I’m just surprised that he bonded after-” The clerk cleared his throat before grabbing a few pants and shirts. “I know Frerin’s tastes, he’ll like these. I’ll toss in a few bracelets for him too.”

“Wait, after what?”

The clerk went on the other side of the cash register and started to ring up the items. He kept his eyes down. “It’s something you should ask him.”

“I don’t want to stress him out. Why don’t you just tell me?” He asked sweetly.

The omega nibbled on his bottom lip, looking up at Kili. “Don’t tell him I said anything to you.”

“Promise.”

“A while back, Frerin was taking care of his mother. That’s, uh,” he tried to search for the word in his head. The local slang for tharkâl in Ered Luin was not very common and it was hard to remember that people that were not local wouldn’t know what it was.
“His tharkâl.”

“Yes, that! See, Frerin’s mom was pretty bad off. Really sick, but wanted to make sure he was still living his life while taking care of him. Frerin had tried dating but it went real sour.”

There was a tightening in Kili’s chest. He didn’t like to hear that Frerin was with someone else besides Fili. “Um… how-how sour was it?”

“Oh it was bad, but it was so gradual no one noticed besides Bilbo Baggins. But what can we do, we can’t hide anything from our best friends, yeah?”

“Of course.”

“So Bilbo noticed but not after Frerin started to… you know.” The omega made a motion with his hands to show a cutting motion against skin. “I’m sure you’ve seen the scars.”

The scars. Self inflicted.

“Why would he do that?” He asked before thinking.

“Because he thought he was stuck with that asshole. Completely conditioned to believe no one could possibly care.”

“What the hell did this guy do to him?”

“Cut him off from everything he cared for. First he stopped coming into the shop, one by one, then coming to town. That- excuse my language- fucking asshole, guilt tripped him every time he stepped out of the house saying he was killing his own mother every time he was leaving. There’s more but… honestly I don’t know it.” The clerk stopped in his movements, looking sad. “I know its a bit cruel to say but… I had hoped he wouldn’t have come back to Ered Luin at all… after what happened. I-I didn’t know he was in town.”
Kili swallowed, deftly paying for the clothing. There was more to the story, he knew it. But right now, he needed to find Frerin. Find him and make him safe. Kiss away the scars with his brother’s aid. He frowned a bit at the new thought. Frerin was Fili’s, not his and Fili’s… just Fili’s.

Fili leaned against a wall as he tried not to fall over. He felt horrible. They just managed to get into the city of Ered Luin and Kili was inside a shop asking for clues as to where Frerin may be. When he got a call on his cell. He had been feeling a bit sick, thankfully being around Kili helped take the edge off. He wasn’t sure what it was exactly, he knew it dealt with being separated from his mate. Though, why having Kili around helped keep it at bay was something beyond him.

He had been worried that finding Frerin was going to take longer but then he got the phone call. Oh, the sweet sound of his omega’s voice. It picked at the tight knot inside his heart, giving it release with every word he spoke, and those precious few words.

When Frerin hung up he nearly screamed. He needed more! But now he had an address.

He ran into the shop, grabbling Kili by the shoulders and pulling him away from the clerk in mid sentence as he demanded. “Where is Cedar drive?”

It took a bit of goading but he got full directions. Grabbed Kili and went to their rented car. He didn’t trust himself behind the wheel as he was certain he would drive like a bat out of hell and get them in trouble with the local police. He had to settle for curling up in the passenger seat as the drive took entirely much too long for his liking.

“Are you sure it was him?” Kili looked at the street names as they passed by before taking a left.

“Yes.” Fili pressed his hands between his knees, trying hard to contain himself. “Are we going south west? It doesn’t feel like we’re going south west.”

“We’re barely on Cedar, the omega at the store said we’ll have to drive for an hour once we get out of town before we get to that address.”

“Which makes me wonder why he knew that.” Fili growled lowly.
“It’s a small town. Three main streets, surrounded by forest, it’s like a Twilight book setting. Everyone knows everyone here.”

“Then how come it was so hard to get information about Frerin?”

Kili tried hard not to say anything. He had been getting information about Frerin, just not where he lived. Information that made his skin crawl, and it was certainly not his place to say anything. But he would make sure to get down to the bottom of this.
Three is Not a Crowd

The cabin was simple, very out of the way, and looked as if someone had tried their best and failed to put plastic over a broken window. Kili felt his brother’s hand twitch before it slipped into his and squeezed. He laced their fingers together for reassurance. Though everything was shut up, the half hanging on plastic allowed the subtle scent of the interior float out. It was thick with the familiarity of Frerin, of christmas spices and nuts.

“Do you think he’s home?” Kili asked. “Everything is dark inside.”

Fili squinted at the cabin. It was so… small, maybe three bedroom at most. From what he could see through the windows the furniture was worn and the walls had smudged spots here and there from years of wear and tear.

His omega had been living here while he got servants and lavished clothing? He was never placed in want for anything.

“How did Thorin let Frerin and grand-Thar live like this?” He asked softly, pulling on Kili’s hand as he took a few steps closer towards the cabin. He bent at the waist, looking up at the awning of the porch. The wood was warped and parts of it sported moss, it needed to be replaced. All of it did.

“I… don’t know.” Kili let go of Fili’s hand, taking the three steps onto the porch to look at the beaten deck furniture. “He gave them a good stipend… right?”

The heir opened his mouth, only to close it and whirl around. His hopeful eyes hoped to catch what his ears did. The low rumble of a car’s engine.

His breath hitched as his heart held still, silently praying that it was not someone else. The noise came closer, slowing down and soon a dark green jeep was within sight. It came closer, and he didn’t allow himself to breathe.

The vehicle didn’t even come to a stop when the passenger door flew open. There was a shouted protest from the driver who slammed on the breaks.

Frerin hit the ground running. His hair was still messy, his clothing looked as terrible as his pale
All Fili could do was open his arms as his omega ran to him. He braced himself when Frerin collided with him, holding onto him desperately. He was trembling, his face in Fili’s hair as the heir rubbed at his back with one hand, the other coming up to cradle Frerin’s head.

Finally, Fili could breathe. He could feel the sickness easing from his body as he gave a simple hum.

“I’m sorry.” Frerin whispered. “I’m sorry.”

Fili peppered kisses along the side of Frerin’s head and jaw. “It’s alright.”

Kili smiled and leaned against one of the support beams for the porch’s awning. He folded his arms to hide his tightening fists. He wanted to run down there. Check Frerin over, hold him close and feel that relief that Fili was currently reveling in. He barely saw the movement of someone else coming out of the jeep. It triggered something inside of him and he moved, quickly. He went past the two lovers and firmly placed himself between them and this stranger.

The stranger jerked in surprise. “Oh, hello.” He blinked a few times before he frowned realizing what the other was doing. He tried to step around Kili but Kili moved with him, completely stopping his advancement. “I’m sorry but could you move?”

“Why was Frerin with you?” Kili felt his cheek twitch as he tried to stamp down on his possessive behavior.

At the sound of his voice Frerin pulled back from Fili, turning to the side to see what was happening. He hadn’t noticed Kili. His whole world had focused on his mate.

“Kili.”

“I will ask you again,” Kili’s voice started to get dangerous. He leaned over the omega punctuating each word that followed. His brain shouted at him, hissed and frothed with an anger that was shoving him towards a rut. Was this the person that Frerin was going to leave them for? Who was this person? “Why was he with you?”

A hand grabbed his. He quickly turned finding Frerin and Fili standing close. Much too close.
His eyes slowly went up and down the two blonds. What was wrong with him? He wasn’t part of their bond, why would Frerin being with someone else trigger a possessive rut in him?

“Bilbo.” Frerin didn’t look away from Kili, his pink tongue darted out briefly. His fingertips ghosted up Kili’s palm making his hand twitch. “I’ll call you tomorrow.”

“But-”

Frerin looked from Kili, his hair falling away from his neck. This side didn’t have a claiming bite. It was smooth and baren. Kili swallowed feeling his mouth salivate.

“I’ll call you tomorrow. I’m okay now.” Frerin, for the first time since Bilbo had seen him in several years, smiled.

“Okay… but if you don’t call by five I’m coming over!”

“Of course.” Frerin raised up a hand and put it on Kili’s upper arm. He wasn’t thinking about his movements as he stepped closer and pressed his chest against Kili’s.

Bilbo gave him a wary glance before turning around and going back to his jeep. He closed the passenger door before climbing in behind the wheel and leaving.

Frerin closed his eyes as he felt Fili’s hand on his ass, caressing as Kili sniffed behind his ear. He could already feel the haze of heat muddling up his thoughts, only feeling the touches of warm bodies.

He rocked back against Fili’s touch. His breath shuddered over Kili’s neck. Fili gave a growl, pulling Frerin back against him fully. He could tell that Frerin was in heat, he could smell it. He could feel it pumping in his blood. And he had waited long enough. He wanted him, now.

He slipped his hand around Frerin’s thigh, broad palm running over the growing bulge in the omega’s jeans.
The older prince turned around, his lips claiming Fili’s. His tongue darted into that welcoming mouth, teasing and loving all that once. He pushed at Fili, almost making him fall over. He hungerly ate Fili’s kisses, hands desperately pulling at clothing to get them away. When they parted, their lips were slick with saliva.

Kili watched with wide eyes. The two pawing at each other out in the open. He felt his cock grow painfully hard in his pants. He swallowed around the lump in his throat as he kept his eyes on Frerin. The omega threw off the last of his clothing, his skin beautifully marred. He dropped onto his knees in front of Fili, fingers easily opening the heir’s pants and pulling them down. He tilted his head, seeing small drips of liquid falling from the omega’s slit. He bit his lip as he undid his own pants to help relieve some of the pressure.

Fili released a filthy moan, he looked down to his precious omega that took hold of his cock. That clever tongue gently lapped at the underside of his girth. Frerin’s free hand reached up and caressed his heavy sack, massaging it as his lips and tongue worked on the rod of flesh. Fili brushed back Frerin’s golden hair watching with intent as the omega french kissed his tip. He watched those perfect lips stretch as a few inches were sucked down into the warm cavern of that talented mouth. He felt a jolt of pleasure go up his spine and straight up to his head making him feel dizzy.

He pulled Frerin’s mouth off of him, the other protesting from being denied his treat. Fili looked down at him, his knees feeling week. Beautiful eyes looked back up at him. He got down to the ground, kissing Frerin once more, tasting a bit of himself.

“Please,” Frerin begged against Fili’s lips between kisses. “I need you- mmm- please.”

Kili bit his lip trying hard not to make a sound as he watched the two. So beautifully tangling together. He reached into his pants and pulled out his hard cock, squeezing it as he licked his lips. Fili was now getting onto the ground, he was pulling Frerin onto his lap. He gasped as he watched his brother bury himself into their uncle. Fili supported Frerin’s back with his thighs, hands splaying over chest. He pumped himself as he watched Frerin ride Fili.

“Fuck.” He whined as he desperately wanted to be apart of that.

The two blonds slowed in their movements. Blue and brown eyes looked to him as they were reminded that they were not alone. Frerin laid down flat against Fili’s chest. He made a show of lapping at Fili’s neck, all the while staring at Kili. Fili wrapped his arms around Frerin, a glint in his eyes. It now became a show.
He bucked up sharply causing Frerin to yip. The omega closed his eyes and lifted himself enough to thud down while flexing his walls as pay back, making Fili arch his back. The two moved like ebbing ocean waves, now making a display for Kili to watch. Mouths sucking on nipples, nails lightly scratching, voices louder than need be.

Kili worked on his cock, breath panting as fast as theirs. He couldn’t look away. He needed to see this, every dirty bit of it.

“Can I suck him?” Frerin asked against Fili’s jaw. “Slip his cock down my throat, drooling around his meat.”

Kili had to take his hand off of his cock or he would cum.

“No.” Fili kissed Frerin once more, letting it make him feel more drunk. He broke the kiss, a string of saliva connecting their lips. His gaze went over his precious love. He knew what had to happen. “Kili, take off your clothes and come here.”

The younger alpha did what he was told, dropping his clothing as he came up to the mating pair. Fili sat up, bringing Frerin up and off of his cock. The omega protested as Fili slipped his fingers back into Frerin. They were nothing compared to a his alpha’s cock. Fili kissed Frerin’s back as he took his slicked fingers up to a puckered asshole.

“Kiss him,” he instructed.

Frerin looked at Kili, the two hesitating. Kili tilted his head, leaning forward until their breath was mingling. Frerin’s tongue darted out, brushing against the brunet’s bottom lip. Kili closed the distance, sucking on Frerin’s tongue. He grabbed a handful of lush hair as he felt his body tingle from head to toe. Their tongues played as he scooted forward, slipping his legs under Fili’s so that Frerin was between the two of them. Fili took this opportunity to slip a finger into Frerin’s ass, his free hand reached around and found the omega’s cock. He gave it several pumps while inserting another finger, scissoring and stretching.

The smell of all three of them made his cock leak. The sound of Kili moaning into Frerin’s mouth, the brushing of Kili’s hand against his forearm as he worked their omega to relax enough to accept a third finger, it was perfect. All of this was perfect.

Once he was done stretching Frerin, he let go of Frerin’s cock and tugged on Kili. Kili broke the
kiss, dizzily pressing his cheek against the omega’s shoulder as he looked at his sibling.

“Help me raise him.”

Kili nodded and helped lift Frerin enough for Fili to press the head of his cock against the other blond’s hole.

“Ready, liquor lips?”

Frerin reached back, taking hold of Fili’s forearm and nodded. The brothers took care to rest their uncle down onto Fili’s cock. Frerin trembled with a mixture of pain and pleasure. He gripped Kili’s shoulders for support as he got used to the new sensation.

“Are you okay?” Kili asked softly.

“Y-yeah.” He whimpered when a pulse of pain went through his slit for being ignored. He silently cursed his heat, how it made his loins hurt if they were not having attention immediately on them. The more he waited the more it hurt. He hissed as he moved a little. The new type of pleasure with having Fili buried in his ass was good but he needed a cock in his slit!

Blindly he grabbed at Kili’s cock, leaning back against Fili. He made the most obscene noises when the head of Kili’s dick pressed against his entrance. He ran one hand over Kili’s back, the other slipping down over Fili’s thigh as his first lover waited patiently.

The brunet slowly pushed in, grabbing hold of one of Fili’s shoulders so they could stay up right. Both buried deep into the body between them. He rubbed his thumb over Fili’s skin, resting his forehead against Frerin’s neck. For the first time in his life he could think during his rut. Think about how right this felt, how this was what he had been looking for. Perfection in being bonded by two people, his lovers… his… all his.

Fili was pressed up against Frerin’s back, his breath panting over sweaty skin. What Kili felt was shared by him, this was perfect, blissful. He ventured with a steady and hard buck, forcing Frerin’s hips to rock up. The sound that came out of the oldest of the three, it was so wonderful. The way his hands scrambled for purchase on Kili’s back, trying hard to go down on both of them, it set Kili’s skin aflame and all he wanted was to claim. He looked at his brother over Frerin’s shoulder, his mouth slowly coming over the skin of the omega’s neck. He had to make sure, this was Fili’s mate first and foremost. His instincts told him that he needed permission.
Fili breathlessly smiled, scooting closer making it easier on all three of them. He touched Kili’s face before gathering all of Frerin’s hair to the side. Kili bit down on the side of Frerin’s neck that was free of Fili’s claiming bite. The omega jerked, writhing between them as Kili drew blood. The brothers licked at the wound, both fucking up into Frerin as hands caressed.

Frerin was crying now, barely able to beg for more. “Knot me, both, knot me,” he whimpered helplessly.

Fili took charge, pulling out and guiding them onto Kili’s back. He kissed them both, enjoying their hums of loving approval. Then he whispered, “This is going to hurt, are you sure?”

Frerin nodded frantically. “Need it, need you both, now.”

Fili knelt behind Frerin, he took two fingers from each hand and worked them around Kili’s cock, trying to take time to stretch. He leaned down, licking at Kili’s cock and up to the rim of Frerin’s folds. Kili groaned, bucking up as Fili continued his administrations, greedily eating at the two of them.

“Fili, please!” Frerin screamed against Kili’s chest.

The alpha pulled his fingers free, lined up his cock against his brother’s and pushed. It was difficult, Frerin’s passage was so tight. Kili tried to calm the omega with stroking his back and kissing his head as Frerin tried to take as much of Fili in as he could.

Fili took a hold of Frerin’s hips and gently rocked him, slipping his slick passage over the brothers’ cocks working them in deeper. He moved him faster and faster as the omega moaned against Kili’s chest, barely able to aid with the movement. Kili groaned, placing his hands over Fili’s and helping him. The air filled with the combined sounds of the three panting and groaning, the slapping wet sounds of sex.

Frerin was quivering, before his body tensed. He screamed, cum squirting from his over stuffed hole, gushing around Fili and Kili’s cocks triggering the two to climax, their knots swelling and fixing them inside.

“Ssshhht, ow.” Frerin whimpered when Fili put his full weight down on Frerin’s back.
“S-sorry.” He tried getting himself up.

“Not that, you’re both fucking huge. Shit, ow.”

“For me it’s that, can we get on our sides?” Kili wheezed.
Fili tried to find anything in the kitchen but all he could find were empty cupboards and an equally empty fridge. He rubbed at his tired eyes, stepping around in a tight circle hoping he had missed something. But it was how he found it this morning, empty, perfectly empty. His stomach clenched in protest from a full night of straight sex, with only an hour or two of sleep between long bouts of love. He was certain Kili and Frerin were just as starved as him and since they were asleep he was going to at least start a pot of coffee. So he thought, but there wasn’t even a coffee maker.

He scratched at his naked hip, trying not to yawn loudly as he dragged his feet into the front room where the furniture had been tossed around in one of their trysts. He grabbed a leg from an overturned coffee table and lifted it off of the phone book. He looked around for a phone and realized he would have to go outside to his discarded clothing to find his.

Leaving the door open, he slipped outside to the gray colored sky. The chill of autumn rain was in the air biting into his bones as he hurried to the dirt covered front lawn. He grabbed up all the clothing he could find before remembering the stuff Kili had gotten was still in the car. He fished out the keys from Kili’s discarded pants and got into the trunk.

By now his feet were frozen and his body shivered violently with the need to run back inside and out of the elements. He quickly grabbed the shopping bags and his and Kili’s overnight packs, then shut the trunk with a loud thump.

“What are you doing out here?”

“Oh Jesus!” Fili nearly leapt out of his skin from the sudden sound of Frerin’s voice.

The omega sleepily smiled from where he was on the porch, a throw blanket wrapped around his naked shoulders.

“Don’t scare me like that.” Fili heaved a breath as he hurried towards the cabin.

Frerin pulled off his throw and wrapped it around Fili. “Sorry.”

“Freyr, you should be asleep.” Fili slipped inside, his lover following him. “And keeping yourself warm.”
“Warm? You kidding me? This is speedo weather, and I’m fine.”

“Oh?” Fili dumped the pile of clothing and sacks onto the nearest surface. “So you usually walk with a limp and wince then? I must have missed something all this time then.”

Frerin fell silent. The heir didn’t seem to notice as he went about finding his cell phone and wallet. He dug out a credit card and looked for the phone book. The older blond waited quietly as Fili called place to place before he got a hold of a few restaurants that were open at that hour and would deliver as far out as they were. Frerin tuned out the copious amount of food the orders were, he didn’t mind leftovers and he knew Fili and Kili didn’t either. He left the room, quietly sneaking into his room where Kili was still snoring away on the bed. He pulled out some clothes and slipped them on.

He went quietly left the room and went down the hall and out the back door. There were some worn down chairs there, set in the dirt next to the cabin. He sat in one and pulled up one of his feet. A long sigh left his lungs as he scratched at his head.

It was quiet outside, didn’t smell like his alphas, and… He felt something drop down on him. He looked up at the gray sky as it started to rain. He closed his eyes, face turned upwards as he let the cold rain wash over him.

He screwed up… again.

“Liquor lips, what are you doing out here?”

Frerin hummed as he only leaned further back into his seat. “Thinking.”

“Thinking about getting pneumonia?” The rain stopped beating on his face, a shadow taking its place.

He opened his eyes this time. Fili was fully dressed, holding a light jacket up over his head and arms to shelter Frerin. He was so handsome, so kind… so loving.

“Thinking about what to do.” Frerin motioned to a chair beside him. Fili shook his head and kept to
where he was.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, incest is illegal. I mean, I fucked up because I got a hold of you.”

“We were looking for you, or have you forgotten it takes several hours to fly here?”

Frerin glared up at Fili. “That’s not the point Fili. Not only did I rangle you into this mess now I’ve gone and done the same to Kili!”

“You didn’t ‘rangle’ me into anything!” Fili snapped. “I was the one who deceived you. Hell, Kili even helped me sneak into the Presentation party.”

“I should have known it was you!” Frerin got up to his feet. “I should have recognized your scent. I should have been able to say no. I should have been able to keep my head on straight when I felt…”

“When you felt what?” Fili challenged. “Because so far, none of this is on you.”

“It’s all on me! I should have known… from the moment I looked at your eyes…” He sagged his shoulders feeling a sad defeat. “No one else in the world has eyes like yours… and when I touched…”

“Touched? Touched what?”

“When we danced… when I touched your shoulders… Gods so familiar. I should have known.” He rubbed at his wet face. “Now I’ve screwed everything up.”

“You haven’t screwed up anything, Freyr.” Fili felt the fight start to leave him. “We’re not doing anything illegal.”

“Of course we are!”
“We’re not. The law stipulates that if a mated pair cannot remain separated then, incestual or not, it’s to be protected and sanctified. It’s the Journyman’s Law, it was instated back in 1894 because mated pairs forced apart were going insane. They were killing people and themselves to the point something had to be done.”

Frerin’s lip curled in confusion. “How the hell do you know this?”

“I… well, Kili and I looked it up.”

“Why?”

“Because I realized I loved you… and I couldn’t stand the thought of you being with someone else. With… with someone else’s child growing in your belly and you smiling at them as if they were your whole world when—” Fili blinked rapidly, feeling his heart breaking over the mental images he had painted for his own self torture when he realized he was in love with someone that possibly could never love him back.

“When?” Frerin felt his heart flutter.

Why did he need to hear this?

“When I should have that. Have your smile, be the one you run to for protection, to love and support you and… I want all of it, okay? All of you.”

“And Kili?”

Fili smiled a little. “What can I say, I’m a greedy bastard and I’m not going to let just anyone have him.”

Frerin ran a hand through his damp hair. “Joking aside, please.”

“What do you want me to say?”
“I’m already fucking up one of you! I can’t… I can’t do it to both of you.”

“Frerin, for the last time, you’re not fucking up anyone! Kili and I have been having sex for years now. His ruts are pretty bad and I’ve had to dominate him since the beginning… we just… I don’t know…”

“Let it continue?”

“Let it develop… Frerin, I love you both. Like I said, I’m a greedy bastard and even if I have to fight tooth and nail I’m not going to give either of you up!”

“Then what’s your plan for Erebor? Because I’m pretty damn certain that Dis and Dwalin are going to kill all three of us and Thorin is going to bury me under the damn tower steps of the castle!”

“Me and Kili will handle them!” Fili reached out, caressing Frerin’s cheek. Happy to see his omega leaning into his touch. “Trust me, liquor lips.”

“Why the hell do you call me that?”

“Because I get drunk from kissing you.”

“And Freyr?”

“Norse god of beauty, vitality, sun and rain. And before you ask, it’s because I love you.” Fili smiled as he pulled Frerin flush against him. He hugged him tight, rubbing his hands up and down the omega’s back to try to urge some warmth into him. “I love you, so much.”

“I love you too.” Frerin kissed at Fili’s cheek. He pressed his lips against the stubble rimming smiling lips.

“Say that again.” Fili rubbed his nose against Frerin’s
“I love you.”

Fili smiled, rocking the both of them in a gentle sway, no at all bothered by the cold day. His mind filled with warm thoughts, his eyes on a brilliant, shy, smile, and his heart beating steady as a drum.
To Know Each Other

Kili found them sitting in the hallway, on the floor, by the back door. Fili had his legs splayed out, Frerin with his knees drawn up with his arms resting on them, a drink dangling from his hand. Cartons and sacks of takeout were littered around and untouched. He rubbed at an eye as he tried to dodge the haphazardly placed food. While they were fully dressed he had dug around Frerin’s drawers for a shirt to wear and some sweat pants that fit strangely.

“Morning.” Fili smiled. “Feel like eating.”

“God yes.” He flopped down onto the wooden floor, completing a triangle. “What’s left?”

“Everything, Frerin wouldn’t let us start until you got up.” He nudged the omega with his foot. “We’ve been surviving off of coffee because he also wouldn’t let me wake you up.”

“That’s because he’s an angel and you’re a warped bastard.” Kili stifled a yawn, looking around for some coffee. When he didn’t see a paper cup for him he reached over and took Frerin’s.

“An angel you steal from.” Frerin said half heartedly.

“What’s yours is mine and what’s mine is mine.” Kili sipped at the coffee.

Fili snorted a small chuckle. “You’d give the world for us, don’t even try to play the tough guy.”

“Blah, blah, Fili, that’s all I hear. …” He glanced around again. “So… where are the plates and forks and stuff?”

“Bilbo stole all my cutlery and I broke all my dishes.” Frerin said as he busied himself with some styrofoam cases.

“Why?”

Frerin shrugged one shoulder as he popped open the lids and started to set things within reaching
distance. He reached up and tucked a lock of hair behind his ear, making sure not to make eye contact. Fili reached over, fingers brushing over the back of Frerin’s hand making him still his activity. He hesitated, looking up to see a reassuring smile. He turned his hand, gripping Fili’s.

He had to remind himself, these were his alphas. He was safe with them.

“Tell you what,” Fili spoke up, pulling his hand from Frerin’s. “A truth for a truth. We’ll make it a game.”

“A game?”

“Yeah, get to know each other better, us with you and vis versa. We’ll go from subject to subject and each one of us has to say something truthful.”

Kili shrugged as he grabbed a mess of cheesy eggs between two fingers. “Sounds good to me.”

“I’ll start…. Subject is… school. So far, I really hate the business major.”

Frerin burst out laughing.

“What?” Fili grinned.

“You’ve been in school for a few days and you already hate your major? Talk about a bad choice.”

“Oh, ha ha. I gotta know some of this stuff. Thorin insists. What about you, Kili?”

Kili licked his fingers, swallowing down another mouthful of eggs. “I hated high school.”

“What? I thought you loved it, dating all those omegas.” Fili found some toast that he was currently trying to figure out how to use as a shovel for some hashed potatoes. He stiffened when he heard the disapproving hum coming from Frerin. The brothers looked up at him from their meal, seeing that their omega was not pleased in the slightest to hear this. “I mean… it was…”
“Oh, no, please do tell me how many omegas our Kili has had. I am curious as to how many you’ve had as well, Fili.”

“Does it matter, it was high school!” Fili snapped.

“It matters because you’re mine!”

“Whoa, whoa.” Kili piped up. “Both of you, chill.”

Frerin snorted and flopped back against the wall, folding his arms and not willing to look at Fili. Fili only ducked his head down and glared at the blond across the hall. The two of them were both so horribly possessive it was stupid.

“So, yeah, I hated high school.” Kili nudged Frerin’s knee. “I had dated a lot, and this will sound sappy but I was looking around for my mate, for you and Fili.”

His honest words helped relax some of the tension. “Now you, beautiful. A truth about school. Then you get to choose a subject.”

Frerin sighed and adjusted himself. “I was a complete fucking idiot in school. School itself, the classes, easy. College, easy. I was just so socially awkward that the only way to make me not look more like a moron in everyone’s eyes was if I came to school each day in a Halloween costume.”

“Tharkâl said you were the heartthrob of high school.” Kili said.

Frerin snorted. “More like pitied.” He reached over and took back his coffee. “Mom got sick when I was in Jr. High. Dad had companies to run, Thorin had a kingdom to be groomed for… Dis was never home… he couldn’t handle it. I got my driver’s license as soon as I could and I took mom to and from the doctor. Dropped out of High School several months at a time and only graduated because Dis could get me my home work. On the better days I went to school, or if mom was in the hospital.” Frerin’s mouth twitched into a bittersweet smile. “I wasn’t a heartthrob, Dis was just painting a picture for you… made things easier for him to handle things if he gave things a little embellishment.”
The hallway went silent. The two alphas slowly realizing they knew little about their omega’s past. Frerin wasn’t very talkative about his past, and the more they found out, the more they felt bad. They had such privileged lives, but Frerin… Why was Frerin’s like this?

“Okay… mmm… next subject; things people think you are but you are not.” He sipped his coffee. “I’m not ticklish. Everyone expects me to be, but I’m not.”

“You serious?” Kili smiled, “Not even behind the knee or the bottom of the foot?”

Frerin held up his foot for Kili. “Feel free to try. I was an adorable little bastard as a kid so everyone tickled me to the point I couldn’t breathe. For self preservation I developed a resistance.”

“You couldn’t have been that cute.” Kili teased.

Frerin didn’t say anything, just got up. He went down the hall and went into a room and came back out with a photo album. He flipped it open to a plastic covered page and flopped it into Kili’s lap.

“Holy shit you have ringlets.” Fili’s eyes widened. “You looked like a victorian doll!”

“With less teeth,” Kili grinned. He leaned over for Fili to see the picture better. “Oh god.” He flipped a page to some other pictures. “No one should be this cute. Damn man, what happened to you?”

Frerin swatted Kili’s arm while he laughed.

“Funny. Fili, your turn.” Frerin found a breakfast steak that he started to tear up and nibble on.

“Things people think I am but I’m not…” Fili mulled the challenge over in his mind as they ate. There was so much he could say to that. He wasn’t brave. He wasn’t honest. Despite everyone’s confidence in him he was certain he would make a terrible ruler. But most of all… “I’m not smart.”

“Bull-”

Fili shifted where he sat. “I’m not… smart. Kili was the one that figured out how to find you, Kili was the one that concocted the plan for me to sneak into the Presentation party…” He looked up at his brother. “I’ve never had to help him with his home work, it’s always been the other way around… I’m terrible at math. I’m horrible at politics, the only thing I know are tactics. Lay out a map and tell me how many soldiers I have and I can conquer a battle field but… what use is that? We’re in peaceful times…”

“You’re smarter than you give yourself credit for.” Kili flicked some potato at his brother.

“Bah. Your turn, bean pole.”

“My turn… does sight count?”

“Sight?” Fili and Frerin asked at the same time.

“Yeah, like… um… eyesight.”

“I suppose so, why?” Frerin licked the pad of his thumb.

“Because I need glasses.”

“What?” Fili looked confused.

“I need… glasses. I, uh… I haven’t been able to see clearly for a few years now.”

“But you never squint when you read or… wait is this why you drive so slow?”

Kili nodded. “Unless I know the roads, yeah. I can see things up close just fine, but things farther away, not so much. They get blurry and all I can tell are colors and not shapes… like a painting that’s too close.”
“Kili, why didn’t you say anything?”

He shrugged a little. “It was so gradual that I never thought it a big deal.”

“I have to admit, you with glasses, that’s kind of a hot thing to imagine.” Frerin shoved an empty container into a sack.

“It’d look weird.” Fili wrinkled his nose.

“Not as weird as your face.” Kili frowned.

“You’re both handsome, get over it. Kili, your turn.”

“Kinks or fetishes.”

“Wow, I’m glad you took the time to think that one out.” Frerin smirked.

“Hey, I’m curious. Now mine, I really like leg and arm warmers.” He looked over at Frerin licking his bottom lip in thought. “Seeing you in nothing but pink wools, feeling the softness of them as you wrap your legs around my waist. Fili in a black pair, your head cradled on his lap. You cling onto him while I suck on your nipples.”

Frerin’s breath hitched, he could feel his sore loins start to stir as Kili’s words washed over him like a siren’s song. He bit his bottom lip, his gaze was transfixed on the brunet.

“Your turn.” Kili whispered.

The oldest of the group had to force himself to look away. He cleared his throat a few times before he could find his voice. “I’m going to say this right now; I’m not going to let you sex me up for today.”
“Aw, why not?” Kili pouted.

“You try taking two hung bears in the pussy.”

Fili’s cheeks reddened, his mouth dropping open from the crassness of the omega’s words that Kili easily mirrored. Frerin blinked innocently before he realized what he had said. He brought up his hands and covered his face. “Oh dear god. I’m sorry!”

“Two bears?” Kili’s lips pulled into a bright grin.

“You- ugh, I’m sorry!”

“Come here.” Kili reached over and grabbed Frerin, pulling him over. He hugged him against his chest, resting his legs on either side of Frerin’s hips. He kissed his omega’s temple. “You’re so cute.”

Frerin whined in objection. “Can we just get on with this?”

“Of course. What have you always wanted to do, sexually?” Kili asked, resting his chin on Frerin’s shoulder.

“I, um… I have always had a thing for the outdoors. Not like, have people watch me have sex but… but be outside. Like…”.

“Like yesterday.” Fili supplied.

Frerin nodded.

“Any where in particular you ever wanted to do it?” Kili stroked Frerin’s thigh, trying to keep around the knee to respect Frerin’s boundaries.

“A-a pumpkin patch.” He closed his eyes, losing himself in the feel of Kili’s hand stroking his thigh. “Or a garden. B-be among lush large leafs, feel the cold nip at my sweat soaked skin while I
ride your cock. S-smell the tilled soil mingled with Fili’s musk as I suck him down my throat. Work my tongue along the thick vein, greedily milk him with my lips while you make me moan around his fat cock.”

“Keep talking like that and you’re not going to have rest for that wonderful pussy of yours.” Kili nipped Frerin’s earlobe.

Frerin slapped Kili’s shin hard enough for him to jump. “Behave. Fili, your turn.”

“Honestly… I’m already getting everything I dreamed of.” He shyly looked down to the floor. “I don’t have kinks I just… wanted to be with the ones I love.” He glanced up to two sets of brown eyes. He tilted his head to the side, he smiled seeing how different their gazes were. Kili’s wide eyed innocence, Frerin’s wise gaze. Kili’s were like chocolates, a deep brown while Frerin’s had a touch of gold and green.

“I thought you had a thing for aprons.” Kili said.

“Kind of… more like I have a thing for domesticity. Something about having a beautiful omega at home, cooking meals, sitting and reading by the window, seeing him asleep in my bed.” He got up to his feet. “I don’t find a point in kinks when all you need is to see that and get hard.”

Kili caught Fili’s hand, he pulled him down for a quick kiss. “Then you win this game.”

Fili smiled. He let out a startled sound when Frerin suddenly grabbed him and pulled him down. Holding onto him as he snuggled close, feeling the warmth and love of his lovers.
Bad timing Bilbo

Frerin had dozed off on the porch waiting for Fili and Kili to return. The light drizzle of the lazy storm over head made him sleepy. His alphas decided to go into town and get some groceries and dishes. The large amount of food Fili had ordered had only lasted them till midday mostly because Frerin was completely starved and recovering from barely eating for days. While he waited he had straightened out the front room, cleaned up the bedroom, new sheets and blankets while the others rattled away in an old washing machine. He had tried to read one of the books that he found in storage but ended up nodding off.

His head jerked up when he heard the spinning out of tires that spat dirt and gravel out in front of the cabin. His hand instantly went down, grabbing the legs of the weathered porch table as his heart leapt in his throat. He only relaxed when he saw it was Bilbo’s green jeep.

“Why the hell haven’t you called me?!” Bilbo jumped out of his vehicle.

“Sorry.” Frerin let out a long breath, shoulders deflating. “Got kind of caught up in things.”

“Who the hell were those two?” His friend stormed up to the porch, folding his arms.

“My alphas.”

“Well, I gathered that the blond was your bonded but who the hell was that other one?”

“My alpha.”

“Frerin, did I just not say-”

The blond held up his hand. “They’re both my alpha, Bilbo.”

The shorter man narrowed his eyes in disbelief. No one had more than one alpha. “I’m worried to hell about you and you pull my chain? That’s not cool, Frerin.”
Frerin sighed and gathered up his hair, lifting it up and tilting his head one way to the other showing both claiming bites. One still fresh, the other red and scabbed over. Bilbo’s mouth dropped open, the clank of his keys hitting the ground jerking him into motion.

“What the hell? That… is this why you left?”

“It’s… more complicated than that.”

“How can it get more complicated? You have two alphas, that’s… does that even happen?”

“How the hell should I know? Do you see a computer in my house?!” Frerin rubbed at his face. “Look, Bilbo, I don’t want another argument. I’m still on this stupid roller coaster and… fuck, I’m screwed…”

Bilbo went up on the steps and flopped down into the seat on the other side of the table. “I’m sorry… I’m worried… after what happened. But, who exactly are they?”

“Fili and Kili.”

“Your nephews?”

Frerin nodded sadly.

“But- shit.”

Frerin pressed his lips together as he continued to nod. “Yep.”

“At least the Journeyman’s Law protects you.” Frerin gave him a look and Bilbo twitched his nose. “Well it does. I was going to take you to the hospital yesterday but your alpha or alphas showed up. It was killing you.”

“How the hell do you know this?”
“I’m in politics and I studied law. Of course I know it. ...But…” He sighed heavily. “Frerin, do they know?”

“They don’t know the truth… but people in town talk, especially to two handsome newcomers. Not to mention I’m pretty sure they haven’t told their mom and dad where they are so they’ll fucking flip out.”

“Don’t worry about the people in town. They’re still eating the feed I gave them when you first left… Will their parents come here?”

“No doubt about that. I’m not looking forward to what I have to do.”

Bilbo swallowed, feeling the same weight that Frerin had been hiding away. He looked over to his friend. He didn’t know how he could do it, keep his chin held high after all that had happened. How he could look as if he could take on the world when he was terrified as things warped around him and flaked off like burnt wallpaper.

The two were so fixated on their conversation they didn’t hear Kili’s rented car pull up. Kili opened his door, stopping when he heard their omega’s voice loud and clear. He glanced to his brother who had froze, curious as to the conversation as well.

“That’s not my main worry, Bilbo!” Frerin nervously pulled at a few of his locks. “He’s going to hear that I’m back. It’ll all start again and I don’t want them to be apart of that.”

“What about our King?”

“No!” Frerin hissed. “I will NOT bring him into this.”

“You can’t continue keeping him in the dark about this, especially since you’re kind of bonded to his heirs. He’s going to need to know.”

Fili moved slowly, careful to make as little noise as possible as he opened his door. He held up a finger to his lips to signal silence from his brother. He knew they shouldn’t be listening in, but he couldn’t deny the fact that Frerin was a private person and he was curious as to what had gotten
Frerin so riled up.

“Thorin has done everything for me! I’m not going to spit in his face with this dishonor!!” Frerin shoved himself up onto his feet. He paused seeing Kili’s car. The alphas standing behind their open doors. They looked to him with concern on their faces. He squeezed his eyes tightly shut until they ached. Bilbo was already talking, his words adding weight to Frerin’s shoulders as he knew he was helpless against the truth.

“There’s no dishonor in stabbing the asshole that kidnapped and raped you!!”

“Bilbo.”

“If it wasn’t for Bifur then-”

“BILBO!”

“What?!”

Frerin wrapped an arm around his queasy stomach. “I need to walk you to your car.”

“My car?” Bilbo looked over, seeing the shocked alphas. “Sh-Oh god… I’m sorry. Frerin, I’m so sorry.”

The blond went quiet, ducking his head down. He silently walked Bilbo to his car, careful not to look up at the two sets of eyes that were fixed on him. The shorter omega climbed into his jeep and hesitated putting the keys in the ignition.

“I… I’ll come by in a day or so…” He turned the key as Frerin shut his door. “I’m sorry.”

The woods went quiet after the sound of Bilbo’s jeep was gone. The omega took in a shaky breath, feeling his muscles tighten. His eyes stung as he rubbed at his thigh, feeling the bump of scars under the thin cloth of his pants.
The slam of a car door made him jump. He looked up seeing Fili take some things out of the back seat and start walking into the cabin. Kili stood there, staring at Frerin with a mixture of pity and shock.

“I-I’m sorry, I…” Frerin hugged himself.

Fili came back out, his voice harsh. “Kili!”

The brunet turned to his brother.

“Help unload the car.”

Frerin went to help as well only to have Fili bark out, “Not you. Kili, get a move on.”

The brothers unloaded the car, taking sacks and boxes in as Frerin stood to the side, not sure what to do. He stayed there well after the last thing was taken in. His toes growing cold in the wet ground. His thin shirt was soaked through and he didn’t know what to do with himself. He brought a few fingers up to his mouth and started to chew on the skin around his nails. He couldn’t stay out there… but he was scared to go inside. Terrified to see disgusted looks upon his alphas. They knew how soiled he was, how disgusting it was to have him touch their skin… But… where could he go? The nearest neighbor was three miles away.

Three miles… he could walk it.

He chewed off some more skin. The front door opened up, Kili coming out quickly.

“Frerin, what the hell man? I thought you came inside and was hiding in a room.” He jerked off his jacket, throwing it over his omega’s shoulders. “Why did you stay out here?”

Frerin made a helpless sound, looking back to the cabin. He shook his head. “I-I shouldn’t be here tonight. I’ll walk to the neighbors and, uh, and we can talk tomorrow.”

“Walk to the- the closest house is three miles from here and you don’t have shoes!” Pulled the jacket tighter around Frerin’s shoulders. “You’re crazy if you think I’m letting you do that.”
“I shouldn’t be here. I-” Frerin tried to pull away only to have Kili dip down and pick him up. “Kili!”

Kili ignored the protests, carrying Frerin inside. The omega gave up after the third demand to being put down and rested his chin on his lover’s shoulder. He sniffled, feeling a pressure in his sinuses as tears freely fell now. Fili stepped out of the kitchen and into the hallway, watching the two. Soon as Frerin caught sight of him, he ducked his head in shame. Fili was already looking at him differently… and it hurt so much.
Kili pulled the wet clothing off of Frerin. He didn’t like how Frerin pulled away from him, how he turned so Kili couldn’t see his eyes.

“Kili, I really shouldn’t-”

“-be anywhere else but here.” Kili finished.

“I didn’t want you two to… hear it that way.”

“Sounds like you didn’t want us to know at all.” Kili dug through the dresser finding a large night shirt. “Don’t get me wrong, I get it. Something like that you don’t wanna talk about…” He looked at the powder blue shirt in his hands. “Trust me, I get it. Omega studies really touched a lot on… this, how it screws with your brain… I… had hoped I wouldn’t know someone like that.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry.” Kili smiled a little, it was sad and worried but it was still a smile. “Here, put this on. You probably want to take off those pants too, they’re a bit soaked.”

“I should be sorry.” Frerin bent over, peeling his wet pants off his hips before he sat on the edge of the bed and started to slowly work his legs free. “I didn’t want any of this to be part of anyone else’s lives.”

“Is that why your friend told the town a lie?”

“Mental health issues are easier for people to accept than having a monster living in their backyard…”

Kili swallowed. “I want to know one thing, right now.”

“K-kay.”
The brunet sat down next to Frerin. His fingers brushed over some of the puckered skin on Frerin’s thigh. “Was this you or him?”

The omega twitched away. “Both.”

“Both?”

Frerin hugged the shirt to his chest. A memory of being forced onto his knees, a cock shoved into him from behind as he cried. The cold bite of a broken apart razor stung as his leg was cut into.

He couldn’t breathe. His vision started to dim around the edges as he started to hyperventilate.

“Honey. Honey, calm down.”

Frerin blinked, his head knocking against the wood of the headboard from how fast he jerked away from Kili. His alpha had a hand up, frozen in place where he had been stroking hair for comfort. It took several seconds before Kili moved. He simply took the shirt that was held in Frerin’s white knuckled grip. He went to his and Fili’s packs that was in the corner and grabbed some clothing. He brought it over, quietly urging Frerin into a shirt and pants. They were ill fitting but the smell helped, the smell of his alphas soothed at his rattled nerves.

Kili then pulled Frerin against him, holding him close. He glanced over to the open door, seeing his brother watching them from the hallway. Fili turned sharply on his heel and walked away. Kili sighed.

Fili didn’t go to bed that night. He stayed awake, sitting in one of the old chairs as he watched the shadows of rain dance over the carpet. The fluorescent light halfway down the long driveway was bright and glared into the front room. He had cooked dinner, Kili had taken a plate in for Frerin but came back with it untouched. His brother didn’t talk to him much, Kili was angry with him. He could understand it, Frerin didn’t deserve to be snapped at when things were barely starting to smooth out between them. He blamed himself for not making sure Frerin had come inside out of the rain, but he was so pissed off.

There was the sound of shuffling feet, a door opening and closing. One of them was awake, part of him wanted to put down the feeling that boiled in his breast, another wanted to covet it and nurture it into an inferno. There was a flutter of cloth before he caught sight of a tired omega. Eyes red,
cheeks puffy. He had been crying again. Frerin crouched over, bringing a blanket over Fili.

Neither of them said anything. Frerin kept his gaze from locking with Fili’s.

“Do you know why I’m angry with you?” Fili broke the silence.

Frerin stilled. He sniffled and nodded.

“Tell me why you think I’m angry.” He had such a hard edge to his tone.

The older blond moved back, sitting on the coffee table. He rubbed at his thighs before pressing his palms together and slipping his hands between his legs. He clenched his legs together tight as he rocked forward subtly.

“Because…” Frerin sucked in a long breath. “Because I’m…. damaged goods.”

Fili tightened his hand into a fist, jaw clenching. This was what he thought? That Fili would not want him now because of rape? What else did he think? “And?”

“And…” Frerin swallowed, his throat was raw and painful. “I’m a dirty whore th-that took advantage o-of the family.”

Something snapped inside of Fili. “Don’t you ever fucking say that again! You are none of those things! From what I’ve seen you haven’t taken advantage of anyone! Fuck, Frerin, you’re living in poverty! This cabin is falling down around your ears and you think you’ve taken advantage of people that should have been taking care of you?! Christ!”

“I’m sorry!”

“Don’t you apologize for that!” Fili pushed himself up to his feet, yelling at his frightened omega. “What you should be apologizing for is fucking running back to a town where your rapist is because you were more concerned about my stupid future than your own well being!! You put yourself right into the bullet path because you don’t think! You never learned how to think!!”
“Fili, I’m sorry!”

A hand slapped over the back of Fili’s neck, the squeeze was painful. With surprising strength, a bedraggled Kili yanked Fili out of the front room.

“Kili, don’t hurt him!” Frerin followed.

Kili opened the front door and shoved Fili outside. The blond stumbled to a stop, his sweet brother growled at him. “If you want to behave like an animal then you get to sleep outside like one.” He then slammed the door shut.

“Kili, don’t. It’s freezing out there.”

The brunet stormed into the front room, grabbed the discarded blanket and the car keys. He went back to the front door and opened it up just to throw the items at his brother. “I better see you in the car in the morning.” He shut the door with a slam.

He turned to Frerin, hands coming up to his face. “You okay?”

“Kili he can’t spend the night in the car.”

“Are you okay?”

“He-he’ll freeze and-”

“Frerin! Are you okay?”

The omega paused before he nodded. “Y-yeah.”

Kili pulled him close, holding him tight. “I’m sorry he yelled at you. I’ll handle him.”
“But-”

“Don’t worry the cold will help cool that hot head of his down. He’ll be fine.”

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Dis was beside himself. His sons had ran off like the idiots they were, most likely to chase after Frerin.

“That stupid slut of a brother of mine!” He grabbed a wad of designer dresses that he shoved into a bag. “This is all because he had to show up, wagging that ass of his around!”

Dwalin frowned, his arms folded over his broad chest. His features were etched into a deep scowl. He was just as upset as his omega, their sons running off to the Blue Mountains in the middle of the night. It was Balin who had found out where they had gone because of a casual conversation with one of the chauffeurs. When Balin told Dwalin of what he knew there was only one conclusion to come up with; Fili and Kili were hunting down their bonded uncle.

“I should have kept my foot down and insisted that he stayed in Ered Luin.” Dis hissed through his anger, yanking on the zipper of his bag. “But no, no. Thorin wanted his baby brother home after that stupid bitch died!!”

“Not a very nice thing to say about your tharkâl.” Dwalin finally spoke up.

“He wasn’t my tharkâl, or Thorin’s. Skinny bitch only warmed our father’s bed a few nights and popped out Frerin!”

“He still took care of you three equally while you needed to learn how civilians lived.”

“Don’t give me that. Frerin’ has always been some stupid victim all his damn life and now he’s pulling our boys into that shit.” Dis grabbed his bag, stomping past his husband. “Enough is enough.”
Fili was cramped, his body hurt all over, and he was cold as hell despite the blanket wrapped around him. He shivered as he mentally berated himself. He deserved this. Actually, he deserved being punched and thrown out a window for yelling at his omega like that. Frerin was in a delicate state and he completely lost it.

The driver’s side opened up and Kili flopped in, leaving the door open.

There was a silence that stretched on for much too long.

“Do you know what that angel is doing right now?” Kili asked. He answered his own question before Fili could. “Cooking breakfast, insisting that you have something to eat. He’s also drawing you a bath so after you’re done with breakfast then you can warm up.”

Kili pointed towards the cabin through the fogged up windshield. “He stayed up all night, worried over you. He’s not fucking perfect, but he’s -my- angel. I love you and I love him, but I’m not afraid to put you both in your place. You get me?”

Fili nodded.

“Good. Get your ass inside before Frerin comes out to see what’s taking so long.”

The brothers went inside. Fili dragging his feet, trying to think of what he’ll say to Frerin. He needed to apologize, but the words of “I’m sorry” seemed so shallow. Kili grabbed the blanket from him as they went to the kitchen. The brunet moved easily up to their omega who was dressed in leather cigarette pants that had lace sides. He wore one of Kili’s band shirts, pulled to the side and placed in a knot. His hair was sloppily pulled up and held in a clip. He wore a pair of frosty green colored high heels that were made out of lace and wrapped around his ankles. Kili ran a hand over Frerin’s well sculpted butt gaining the omega’s attention from the sizzling fry pan.

Kili leaned up and kissed Frerin.

“Is he in?” Frerin asked softly.
“Yep. Everything is all squared off.” He gave Frerin’s behind a gentle pat. He went around the small island in the kitchen to the table. “Still want to go to town?”

“Yeah, I, uh, I would…” he trailed off catching sight of Fili. He quickly looked away, his hair bouncing from the movement. He took the pan off of the heat and slipped the large omelette onto a platter that was rimmed with toast. He turned off the stove. Rubbed his palms over his thighs while licking his lips. “T-time to eat. C-come on, Fili.”

He picked up the platter and brought it over to the table.

“Thank you for cookin, angel.”

Frerin smiled a little, leaning over and kissing Kili’s lips softly. He took his seat and waited for Fili to slip into his before pouring himself some coffee.

“This… this smells wonderful, Frerin.” Fili tried to talk.

The omega smiled a little more. He pointed over his shoulder. “There’s um, there’s a bath for you too, so when you’re done you can wash up and get warm.”

“Th-thanks… Frerin… I’m sorry for what I said last night. I didn’t mean to scare you or imply that you’re stupid I… I was angry and scared and acting like a stupid child.”

Frerin’s tongue darted out, licking his lips as he squirmed in his seat. “It’s okay… I really should have told you… It’s just… hard to talk about.”

“Talk about it when you want.” Kili grabbed the serving spoon and Frerin’s plate. He started to dish out equal portions for the three of them.

“I… I want to talk about it now.”

“You don’t have to.” Fili said quickly.
“I want to.” He sighed, wrapping his fingers around his coffee mug. “I don’t know where to begin though…”

“How about start of with this place.” Kili suggested, trying to make it sound as normal of a conversation as he could. “All three of you are royalty, you, Tharkál, and Thorin, so why live here as kids?”

“My mom. Lived here. Well, not here, here. Thorin’s family had this big mansion that mom and I stayed in for a while until they moved away and we were given this place.”

Fili frowned. “Thorin’s family, but you’re family.”

“Half.”

“What?”

“Dis… didn’t tell you?”

Kili was in the middle of pouring some orange juice. “Tell us what?”

“I’m only your half uncle. I, uh… I’m a bastard child.”

“You’re a product of an affair?!” Kili shouted, eyes growing wide.

“Thanks for putting it that way.”

“Sorry, but… wow. But wait, Thrain always said that grand-thar was from here.”

“He loved mom. He was with his queen because he had to be, when she died when Dis was five mom was asked to take care of Thorin and Dis. By which, Thorin and Dis were sent here to learn how the common folk live, if you were wondering about that. Grew up with them as my brothers.”
“Why did you have to leave the mansion?” Fili asked.

“That… is a whole new can of worms.” Frerin sighed. “You see, Dis was close to his tharkâl. Pampered little princess. His world went upside down when she died and thought mom was trying to take her place. He never let go of that. After dad passed away Dis was placed in charge of our stipend because Thorin was too busy with the kingdom. By this time Dis had you, Fili, and I guess blamed a lot of the stress that had been on dad on mom so Dis took revenge where he could. He dried up the stipend as quickly as he could. We only had enough for medical bills after that. I got a part time job and since Dis couldn’t kick us out he gave us this place. Which I’m grateful for. Seventy acres of land, few years back I had some houses built and rent them out.”

“What the fuck, tharkâl?” Kili wondered out loud.

Frerin shrugged a little. “He’s rather passive aggressive. He’s always been that way. I’m not going to blame him for what he did, because honestly, I have no claim to any of that money.” He looked at Fili. “That’s why I feel like I’m taking advantage of Thorin… he’s kept giving me money even after everything. Thorin’s always been there, but when he had to leave with Dis, Dwalin… you… I was alone. That’s when… things got bad.”

Fili reached over taking one of Frerin’s hands. “You want a break?”

“No. I really want to get this out and over.” He looked to Kili. “I’m not going to tell you who he is, but I’ll tell you what happened.”

“As long as we get to know who he is at some point in time.”

“Fair enough… so, um…” He pulled his hand from Fili’s. “So, it started off as harmless talking. Finding out we were interested in the same things. Went on a couple of dates, thought that he was an okay guy but then… things got weird. I started to see him in the shops I frequented, he started to buy the same food as I did. A few times I had seen him with a basket filled and when I passed by he would back track and put everything away only to bump into me and get me to talk and each time his basket would fill with things identical to mine. Then…” he reached up and brushed a lock of hair behind his ear. “Then the phone calls started. No one on the line, heavy breathing. I-I used to have a computer but every account I had got hacked into and messages left for me. I had to get rid of my computer and start using the one at the library from time to time. After that I found dead… dead…” he pushed his fingers against his lips trying not to throw up. “Dead rodents on my porch, s-sometimes nailed onto the fence. I didn’t know who it was at the time so I told him about it, it scared me closer to him thinking that he would keep me away from the sicko doing it… then Bilbo noticed some weird things. Nothing too big but enough to make him keep a closer eye on the
guy. One night Bilbo caught him b-b… beating a plastic shopping bag against a t-t-tree. Bilbo f-followed him to my house where he caught him taking rats out of the bag and throwing them onto my p-porch.” Frerin suddenly got up. “I’m going to throw up.”

Fili and Kili quickly followed after. Frerin threw himself onto the floor of the bathroom, barely making it to the toilet to throw up coffee and bile. Kili grabbed up the loose strands of Frerin’s hair, keeping it out of the way. Fili went to the kitchen and grabbed a glass of water and brought it into the bathroom. Frerin was retching so hard his back arched and tried to force his knees off of the ground.

“It’s okay, let it out.” Kili whispered, rubbing at Frerin’s back.

Frerin heaved his breath, his vision swimming with glittering spots. He sat back on his legs, accepting the glass of water from Fili as Kili flushed the toilet.

“We’re done talking about this for now.” Fili insisted.

The omega nodded. “Okay.”
Frerin slept in the back seat of the car. Arms wrapped around a stack of books. Before they went to town he had changed his shirt to an oversized, beige pullover that fell past his hips. The large collar rumpled like a scarf, his chin buried in the soft yarn. They hadn’t been in town long, only a few hours looking into fabric and knick knack shops. Fili had broken off at one point to buy a new cellphone for Frerin as he didn’t have anything at his cabin. They finished at a bookshop, where Frerin’s eyes brightened. He knew the owner of the shop, a happy young redhead named Ori. He was slowly taking over the family shop after his brother got married last summer. Fili and Kili had hung back as they watched over their omega chat with an old friend. The two couldn’t look more different, Ori with a t-shirt printed with witty text and baggy slacks. His bowl cut and thick rimmed glasses made him look like a nerd fresh out of class in high school. Then there was Frerin that looked like he walked off of a fashion avenue. Ori had helped Frerin with finding the books he wanted and placed orders for some others that they couldn’t find in the stacks. All of them were invited to a family get-together of the Ri family that was coming up. While Fili and Kili were a bit cautious about this Frerin seemed a bit excited and agreed.

Fili looked at Frerin’s sleeping form in the rearview mirror. “He’s pretty tuckered out.”

Kili looked over his shoulder, he fished out his cellphone and took a picture. “I’m surprised that he didn’t fall asleep while standing up. Little sleep, even less food. The guy’s had it hard since his Presentation.”

Fili cleared his throat. “About that… I.. never thanked you.”

“That’s right, you haven’t.” Kili leaned back in his seat, smug smile. “Let’s have it.”

His brother grinned. “I’m trying to be serious and you get all smug on me.”

“You know you love it.”

“Charming.” Fili looked both ways before turning down the dirt road that would take them to Frerin’s driveway. “I’m saying, thank you for more than just that. You didn’t have to help get me to him and you shouldn’t have to keep me in check when my brain is all-” he held up a hand and shook it. “-scrambled. I know I had done him wrong and I’m glad that you stopped me before something else could happen.”
“You wouldn’t hurt him, Fili, if that’s what you are thinking. You’re both yellers but you don’t get physical without being pushed too far.”

“I don’t want to risk it. If I yell at him again, hit me or toss me out or whatever. Promise me that.”

“Think I already did this morning.” He reached over putting his hand on Fili’s knee, stroking his leg.

“I wanted to talk to you about something else.” Fili took a hand from the wheel to settle over Kili’s. “A few things actually, but one will have to wait.” He flickered a glance into the rearview mirror, seeing Frerin adjust in his sleep, smacking his lips softly.

“Same here… I think we need to call Thorin before we call dad and tharkâl.” Kili said.

“My thinking exactly. Tactically speaking, we need to have him backing us tharkâl and dad are going to flip after they find out what we’ve done. I hate to admit it but Thorin was the one that Frerin always turned to, at least from what I’ve seen in Erebor. With him behind us I believe that dad and tharkâl will have to back off.”

“Hey may have us separated to test the bond.” Kili squeezed Fili’s knee. “Seeing how badly it affected you, seeing Frerin in this state… I don’t want it happening again.”

“The may but Frerin’s friend, Bilbo, he can attest to Frerin’s state. We had a whole mansion witness my degression for proof, we may not have to go through it at all. And I may have actually called him while I was at the cell phone shop. And I may need to pick him up in a few hours because he’s rushing over. I need you to keep it secret from Frerin, I don’t think he wants his brother to see the place.”

“I’ll tell him we’re having a guest show up when you go.”

“The other thing I wanted to talk to you about is when we get back to Erebor. I want to move in with Frerin.”

“Why not bring him to the castle?”
“Because we need to be with him, in a home, Kili. The castle has too many servants, to many mouths to whisper about us and we’re already going to have a hell of a time with the tabloids. Frerin’s main fear was what would happen to our future what people would think about us and how it would affect the kingdom. We’ll need to exercise the Journeyman’s Law to its full extent and make sure people know they can’t take him from us, or you from me.” He picked up Kili’s hand and kissed his knuckles. “We’ll ease our way into the castle. Keep the press as far from Frerin as we can, eventually it’ll cool down. Or…”

“Or?”

Fili’s brows drew together as he took his hand away from Kili’s in favor for gripping the wheel and turning onto the long driveway up to the cabin. “Or we flaunt it. Desensitize everyone, show we’re not ashamed and let the slander explode. It’ll be tough at first but it would die away faster.”

“You know me,” Kili leaned back in his seat, rose up a foot and put it on the dashboard. “I love a challenge.”

“Good, then you can handle dad and tharkâl.”

“I said a challenge not a mission impossible.”

They pulled up to the cabin, Fili had to reach between the seats to shake Frerin’s knee to get him to wake up. The omega yawned loudly, nearly falling out of the parked car. The brothers shared a chuckle as they grabbed the last of the things in the car as their omega went inside.

“You want some lunch?” Kili called after the blond that was disappearing into their bedroom.

“Sleeeeeeep.” Frerin moaned loud enough for them to hear.

“You want to check up on him?” Kili asked Fili.

“Ah… no. You go ahead and do it.”

Kili looked his brother up and down. Taking in his stiff shoulders that he had sported since the
morning. “How long are you going to sidestep him?”

“Until I can trust myself alone with him again…”

“Fili, you would never hurt him.”

“You don’t know that.” Fili hissed looking Kili in the eye. “I thought I could never yell at him like that, never insult him and treat him like he’s lesser. But I did and I’m not going to risk losing that control again.”

“You have more control than you think!” Kili barked in a whisper, hoping his voice wouldn’t be carried down the hall.

“Only because you were there!” Fili matched his brother’s tone. “I was so angry Kili that I couldn’t think of anything but that anger! I couldn’t see him scared. I could smell his distress and I didn’t care! I was so pissed off that someone did that to him, that he’s been silent about this and hiding it thinking that he’s some street hooker and manipulating others. I wanted a punching bag to vent that someone would touch -my- omega like that and I didn’t care who the punching bag was… and if you didn’t show up… it could have been him.” He blinked rapidly, his chest felt like it was on fire. It was hard to breathe and his eyes stung with unshed tears. He looked up towards the ceiling. “God, what if you weren’t here?”

In the face of his brother’s distress words failed Kili. He wasn’t sure if he should pull him into an embrace or leave him be. The question was valid and it was a scary one. Fili’s fear combined with his alpha instincts was a volatile mix, it could explode or do nothing. Kili wanted to tell him that it would have never escalated to that point, but he knew what it was like to have that mixture. It messed with your head, it blinded you and all you could do was lash out. It didn’t matter who you hurt just as long as you could cause a fight and feel the sting of pain and the rush of violence. He had been secretly relieved that Fili didn’t have frenzied ruts, that he wouldn’t have that taste for destruction that would soothe the chaos in the mind. Now he had it.. he had it and it it was a very real fear that he couldn’t sweep under the rug.

Kili slowly slipped a hand into the silken mane of gold. He pulled Fili into a kiss, licking at lips; asking for admittance. Fili pressed closer to Kili, easily opening his mouth to delve into the comfort of the kiss.
“Frerin, wake up.”

Kili’s voice was soft, his breath brushing against the shell of the omega’s ear. Frerin had been so tired that he had simply flopped onto the bed fully dressed, his shoes still on. Kili rubbed his hand over Frerin’s butt. “Come on, wake up.”

Frerin turned away from Kili, grunting. He was not ready to wake up.

Kili ran his hands down the backs of Frerin’s legs to his lace heels. He untied the fronts and pulled the shoes off. They clattered loudly to the floor. He sat down on the edge of the bed, taking one foot onto his lap. His fingers worked over the toes, flexing the joints. Frerin instantly jerked his foot free from his lover. “No!” He protested, face burying into the blankets.

“Get up or the other foot gets it.” Kili grinned, grabbing hold of Frerin’s ankle.

“Don’t you dare!” Frerin yanked his foot free, tucking his knees under him, putting his butt in the air.

Kili stuck his fingers under Frerin’s butt, tapping at the still exposed toes. “I can still see them.”

“Leave my toes alone, your fucking mother used to crack my toes all the time when we were kids.”

“They are adorable toes, I can’t blame him.”

“I can. It hurt.” Frerin flopped onto his side, he brushed a large mass of hair out of his face. “Why do you want me to get up anyway?”

“Fili left to pick up a guest for dinner and I need your culinary expertise since I can barely make coffee.”

The omega frowned. “A guest?”
“Speaking of which, that Bilbo guy, you should invite him over too.” Kili leaned back onto the bed. His gaze traced the front of Frerin’s pants. “But I think you should change first, you have those on for much longer and I’m going to be forced to take advantage of you.”

“Pffst.” Frerin flopped back onto his belly. He groaned. “Fiiine. I’ll get up.”

“How come whenever I hit on you it never works out?”

Frerin frowned into the blankets. His brows knitted together at the question. He pushed himself up onto all fours. “Wait, how many times have you hit on me?”

“For about a year now, honestly. But pretty hard core at your Presentation,” Kili got up onto his knees behind the omega, he slipped his hands around the round waist, dipping in front and playing with the button to the leather pants. He popped the button, slowly pulling down the zipper next. “Or have you forgotten the hair clip?”

“No, I have it.” Brown eyes slipped closed once more as clever hands found their way into his pants, rubbing his cock through the lace panties he wore.

“You have it, here?” Kili hooked his thumbs around the hem of the pants, sliding them down to Frerin’s thighs. He groaned at the sight of the hollow waisted panties, the back was open and perfect for him to slide right in. His mouth fell open after he licked his lips, his cock twitching against the confines of his own pants. He could smell Frerin’s body getting ready for him.

“O-only thing I b-brought wi-with me. D-do we ha-ave time f-for this?”

Kili moved back, suddenly flipping Frerin onto his back. He leaned over the blond, “We’ll make time.”

He dipped his head down, kissing his omega with a slow passion. His tongue lapped against Frerin’s, seeking out to memorize the texture of the tongue that played back. Arms wrapped around him, pressing him closer. He broke the kiss only to have the blond’s hot mouth come to his jaw. Lips and teeth worked over his skin, going down to his neck making him breathless. His body tingled with every touch, every slide of hands on his back. The brush of leather clad knees brought his attention back to the fact they were clothed.
Kili pulled back, he took off his shirt, pulling it up over his head. It was barely off when that clever mouth was on a nipple. Tongue soothing over the nub before sucking softly. His breath hitched as he let Frerin move him to the side. The omega got to his feet, pulling down his leather pants, he stepped out of them, kicking them to the side. He deftly grabbed at Kili’s pants, popping open the button and pulling down the zipper. He kissed at Kili’s chest, working slowly down to his navel. He pulled pants and underwear off of his dark haired alpha. Kili’s hard cock rubbed up against Frerin’s knitted sweater, making him moan and buck his hips up against the woolen fabric.

Frerin grabbed the straining cock, dipping down his head to puff hot breath over the red tip. He tenderly licked over the tip, sliding down his fingers to the base as he took his time to taste Kili properly. His free hand came to cup Kili’s heavy sack, rolling between fingers as Frerin listened to Kili’s panting and breathy moans, finding the right touches. He licked under the mushroomed tip of the thick cock. He pumped Kili’s meat while tasting all he could, urging out a beading of pre-cum. He purred out a hum, wrapping his lips around the alpha’s cock, enjoying the taste.

Kili’s hands bunched in Frerin’s hair, he tried hard not to thrust right up into that torturous mouth. He rolled his hips a little to try to relieve some of the pressure building up in his loins. He gasped when Frerin relaxed his mouth, flattening his tongue and moved with Kili’s hips taking a bit more of the cock into his mouth. It encouraged Kili to rock up again, Frerin moved with him. He hummed around Kili’s cock, vibrating it with his muffled voice.

“Fuck!” Kili bucked up making Frerin pull back, panting.

He grabbed a fistful of the knitted sweater and pulled, stretching it as he hauled his lover up. He claimed opened lips, tasting a bit of himself on that mix of spice and nuts. He felt dizzy and all he wanted to do was bury himself deeply into that wet pussy he could smell. He ran his hands down Frerin’s back, cupping his ass. He sought out a good opening in the lacy underwear that was already slick with juices. He found what he wanted and Frerin tilted forward, reached between them and took hold of Kili’s cock. He guided it in as Kili held open the panties and lowered him down onto his lap.

Frerin shuddered, settling back fully giving a few experimental thumps before he picked up a rhythm he enjoyed. Kili gripped Frerin’s thighs, eyes rolling back in his head as he reveled in the feel of the omega’s slick warmth. The softness of the lace rubbing against his lap, the brushing of the long knit sweater as Frerin rode him, it all felt so good.

His omega was whimpering out his name, muscles tightening, showing he was close to orgasm. Kili slipped his hand under Frerin’s shirt, fishing out of the lacy underwear the straining cock. He stroked it in time as he pushed up, trying to get farther in that lovely body. He arched his back, shooting his seed deep inside his lover. Frerin screamed as his body seized over to climax.
He swayed a little, Kili’s broad hand rubbed over Frerin’s stomach. The alpha’s knot already swelling and fixing the two together. The two were panting, their pulses slowing in the quiet of the room.

“You’re beautiful.” Kili whispered.

If it wasn’t for the flush of sex he would have seen Frerin’s cheeks brighten with a blush. Instead the omega averted his eyes and ducked his head a little. Kili smiled. He ran his hands over hips and down thighs.

“I mean it.”

“K-Kili… can I ask you something?”

Kili gave a playful buck of his hips. “Go for it.”

Frerin whimpered from the movement. “S-stop. I’m being serious.”

“I’m not really one for serious talk after sex.” Kili admitted.

“Just indulge me… Why… why did you give me the emerald clip?”

It was Kili’s turn to look away. “Not sure what you’re asking.”

“I know you, you don’t give gifts randomly. I’ve only seen you give things to family on Christmas and Birthdays and even then sometimes you skipped… except for Fili. You never missed a birthday with him, never missed a holiday… so… so why give me that?”

Kili licked his lips feeling the warmth of the afterglow seep away from him. He didn’t want to admit that he had been in love with Fili since his first rut. He didn’t want to confess to being blindly jealous when Fili’s attention was first torn from him and focused on Frerin, that it took him to see the happiness in his brother to give Frerin a chance. That Frerin pulled at him unknowingly
and settled in that exact same spot in his heart that Fili was in.

“I… I wanted you to remember me.”

Frerin looked at him confused. “Remember you?”

“You were… you were going to get an alpha and Fili and I had a plan but it… it was not a guarantee that you would go with Fili and I…” He took a deep breath and let it out in a rush. “You would leave with him or Fili and I would be left behind and I wanted you to remember me.”

A silence fell over them.

It pulled on for what felt like an eternity before Kili confessed. “I loved Fili before you. I wanted him happy and he wanted you. I figured… I couldn’t make him that happy so I became determined to at least be able to supply it some how. I was jealous and wanted to get him away from you, because despite his dates and my own we still would find each other in our ruts for relief. But he pulled away from me.” Kili rested his arm over his eyes so he couldn’t see Frerin’s face. This was why he didn’t like being serious after sex, it always felt a thousand times worse than it was.

“He… wanted you so much… then I found you to be so…” he ran his hands over his face trying to grasp the words. “So beautifully broken, that you were perfect. I found myself wanting you as much as I wanted him and I… I knew he could take care of you like you deserve. I would step back and hope you both would remember me…”

The silence came back, this time feeling heavy making it hard for him to breathe.

“You have a scar on your left calf from archery class, someone misfired when you were in jr. high and they shot your leg.” Frerin’s voice was tender and warm. “You enjoy spicy food but it burns your lips so you always have to drink milk with it to soothe the burn. When you’re angry to the point you’re about to get violent you get hot and you tie up your hair.” Frerin placed his hands on Kili’s chest, rubbing gently. “You hate half of the things I have tried cooking for you but you still smiled and said it was good when you were over. You love playing first person shooter games and have a strong opinion on modern day cartoons.”

“Why are you saying this?”
“Because I could never forget you. E-even if I was with someone else I would always remember you and your brother…” He took one of Kili’s hands threading their fingers together. “Even if it was just me and Fili, I wouldn’t want you out of my life.” He pulled Kili’s hand to his chest, resting it over his heart. “I didn’t know you didn’t like me at first… but I’m so happy that you gave me a chance.”

Kili let out a strained laugh. “That was sappy even for you.”

Frerin smiled softly. “But true.”

“Why is it so easy to be with you?” Kili pulled at his omega, laying him on his chest. “You fight with Fili and he’s usually so mellow.”

“Fili’s…” Frerin searched for the words. “I think, his morals are so strong that he’s affronted by other’s actions. You’re both young and don’t know the half of it. You try to flex with the tide while he was taught to be a rock, and rocks crumble. God I’m not making sense.”

“You are… but that doesn’t answer my question.”

“…It’s because I don’t have to hide from you.” Two brown gazes lock.

“And you have to hide from Fili?”

“No. I have to be strong for him. Be a shelter when he needs it.”

Kili pressed his lips against Frerin’s. He understood now, they were three elements that relied on each other. Fili needed Kili to keep him in check, but he needed Frerin’s gentleness to remember his own humanity. Frerin needed Fili’s reliability and Kili’s acceptance. And Kili… Kili needed Fili’s durability and Frerin’s wisdom.

**************

Thorin didn’t have a bodyguard or an escort. He had boarded his private jet and hurried over to the Blue Mountains as quickly as possible. He had Balin arrange everything else, keeping his arrival
quiet so that he could deal with this business. Ever since Fili had contacted him his face had been pulled into a dark scowl. He had tried to get a hold of Dis and Dwalin only to find out that they too had left earlier that day. He silently prayed that he had time before his brother and husband found Frerin.

Fili had told Thorin over the phone everything from being secretly in love with Frerin to how he was now bonded with him… and Kili was bonded with him as well. It was not common, the last three that bonded were two omegas to one alpha from the kingdom of Mirkwood. In the end the relationship proved poisonous as the omegas fought to become the first to become pregnant. They had gone insane and killed each other, one had stabbed the belly of the other that had been two months pregnant, the alpha acted upon instinct and killed the omega attacking his pregnant lover. In remorse he killed himself. It was not a case spoken to the public, it was something that Thrain had to aid in to help cover up in the media. The case before that the three had been separated in hopes to create a normal bond of just one alpha and one omega…

Thorin looked down to the folder on his lap. It had been the most horrific case of torture.

When he was able to disembark he did so quickly knowing that Fili would keep to his word and pick up Thorin. When he stepped off the plane he was not disappointed, seeing his nephew illuminated by the bright airport flood lights. A cold, autumn wind swept past him as he descended.

“Uncle.” Fili said softly, apprehensive.

Thorin didn’t look at him, only marched to the car Fili was standing next to. “Take me to him.”
Thorin's Concerns

Frerin sucked on his thumb, getting off some of the cream from the desert he had just made. He had called Bilbo, who was excited to come over. He had prepared dinner and it was currently in the oven filling the house with the smell of sweet roast and cloves. He had made a pumpkin pie filling, using the stovetop on a low heat to cook it, having to stir it around every once in a while. When it cooled he had a thick whipped cream that he mixed with it, beating it with a whisk. He scooped the things into chocolate cookie pie crusts before drizzling some chocolate fudge on top with some wedges of graham crackers and a strawberry on top.

He smiled when he caught Kili with his head practically in the bowl, licking at the edges.

“Are you okay there? You need to come up for air?” He asked.

Kili waved his hand with a sound that may have been an attempt to agree or wave Frerin off. Frerin bumped Kili to the side with his hip, slipping on some oven mitts while he fished the dinner out of the oven. The crisp roast sizzled with the onions and carrots. He took off the mitts and picked up the roast with a serving fork and knife. He put it on a platter circling it with the onions and carrots.

“Kili, take this to the table. Kili…” Frerin tapped the bowl. “Kili, honey.”

The boy pulled his head out of the bowl. Creamy pie stuck to his cheek and nose. He licked his lips looking wide eyed. “Hmm?”

Frerin leaned over, licking Kili’s cheek. “Take the roast to the table for me?”

“Mmm, for a kiss I will.”

Kili puckered his lips only to have the tip of his nose kissed, the pie filling licked off. “Roast to the table.”

“But my kiss.”
“You got it on the nose.”

There was a knock on the door. Frerin went quickly to the door, throwing it open with a bright smile expecting Bilbo. His smile dropped, the tall figure of his brother stood before him, dark and looming in the night. He tried to shut the door, only to have Thorin quickly block it with his foot and arm. He pushed against the wood over powering his brother. The omega stumbled back he almost fell if it wasn’t for Thorin quickly grabbing him above the elbow.

Frerin’s heart raced, eyes wide. His breathing started to quicken, his gaze darted to the movement behind Thorin, fear clutching at him. If that was Dis then he was dead meat.

But it was Fili.

His fear started to be replaced with hurt, betrayal. He looked up at Thorin then back at Fili. This was the guest that Kili had mentioned.

“Fili?”

The blond alpha looked away.

“Fili?” Frerin tried again only to be shook by Thorin.

“Don’t look at him, I want you to look at me.” Thorin’s grip squeezed. His free hand came up trying to touch Frerin’s face. The omega tried jerking back, his heart still hammering. “Let me see you.”

Frerin squeezed his eyes closed. “Thorin stop!”

“What’s going on?” Kili came out of the kitchen.

“Frerin, look at me.” His thumb pulled on Frerin’s cheek, just under his eye.
“FILI!!”

“Thorin, that’s enough, you’re scaring him!” Fili said.

“Shh, shh,” the king’s grip was harder as he tried to calm his brother. “I’m not going to hurt you.”

He loosened his grip, sliding his hand up to Frerin’s cheek looking at him. He brushed fluffy hair out of the way to look at the pale face. He stroked Frerin’s hair back, he didn’t mean to scare him, his gentle hearted sibling.

“It’s okay.” He leaned forward, wrapping his arms around his brother’s shoulders. His voice died down to a whisper. “I’m sorry I scared you.”

He squeezed Frerin so tight that the omega’s head was forced back, chin on his broad shoulder. He let go, running his hands up and down the blond’s arms. His little brother looked startled and confused. His usually smiling lips pulled into a deep frown. Soon as his hands were lifted Frerin hurried back several steps. His gaze flickered from Fili to Thorin.

Frerin’s voice was quiet, hesitant. “... What... are you doing here?”

“He’s here to help.” Fili said softly.

“Help?” Frerin looked to his alpha.

“Thorin,” Fili spoke up. “You need to step back from him. You promised that we would sit down and talk.”

The king straightened himself out. He did promise that. After all he needed to have them level headed while he told them about his research. He took a few steps away, slowly moving to where Kili was standing, he looked at his nephew who obverted his gaze before going through the open threshold that lead to the kitchen.

“Did he hurt you?” Fili reached for Frerin’s arm.
Frerin quickly moved away. He tried persisting on touching his omega but Frerin only moved his arm out of reach with a firm. “Don’t.”

He passed by Kili his step heavy and fast, not looking at him nor Fili.

“Frerin.” Kili called out softly.

“That goes for you too.”

Frerin busied himself in the kitchen, setting the bowl of mashed potatoes out, getting the gravy and making a salad. His alphas sat at the table on the edge of their seats expecting some sort of outburst that they would have to endure. While they looked uncomfortable Thorin seemed to be quite different. He didn’t have to square off his shoulders and sit up straight. He took off his coat and hung it over the back of his chair. He uncuffed his long sleeves and rolled them up and easily helped himself to some of the carrots sitting in the salad that sat next to the roast. He looked around the room spotting the pies on the counter.

“Is that?”

“Chocolate pumpkin cream pie.” Frerin said harshly. He was pissed off and with every item he put down it was with more force until everything rattled when he slammed down a pitcher of iced water that sloshed onto the table. “And don’t you even think about it, you’re going to have to wait.”

“I’ve only waited twenty years to have another one, I can wait a few more minutes.” Thorin tried to sound convincing.

“Then stop looking at them.” Frerin grabbed the serving fork and the carving knife and started to cut the meat into sizable chunks.

“Hello?” The sound of an all too welcomed voice floated in. “Frerin? Your door is open… I’m coming in.”
“We’re in the kitchen!” Frerin snapped out.

Bilbo came in rather quickly considering his small legs. Three alphas turned to look at him, one particular blue gaze traveled from him over to the side. Confused he looked over to where the pies sat. He smirked. Something Tookish awoken inside of him and he wasn’t sure what it was aside that he wanted to mess with the stranger sitting at the table. He wanted to rile him up and see him in movement.

“I see you made you pies.” Bilbo put down a bottle of red wine much too close to the pies. He helped himself to Frerin’s cupboards pulling out wine glasses. “Which kind?”

He found the corkscrew and uncorked his bottle as Frerin continued to dish everything out. The normal conversation was welcomed by the blond, the surety and strength of his oldest friend, helped wash some of the negativity off of him.

“Chocolate pumpkin cream.”

Bilbo had put the cups much too close to the pies. He started to pour the red liquid and made sure to make it look like it might slosh onto the tasty treats. This caused Thorin to flinch, he actually tried to reach out only to pull back his hand and curl his fingers against his lips as he restrained himself. Oh but it was a delicious reaction.

Bilbo brought the glasses over to the table, giving one to each person beside Frerin, he never did enjoy wine.

“So, who else is coming.” Frerin said with a bitter tone, taking his seat.

“Dis and Dwalin had already left when I got… informed of your situation.” Thorin said carefully.

“Informed, of course.”

“Frerin, you haven’t put anything on your plate.”
“I’m not hungry. Now, everyone, eat,” he put an elbow on the table while everyone hesitantly started to eat. He rubbed at his face trying to keep himself calm. He has had one hell of a rollercoaster ride the last week and a half and he really just wanted a moment to breathe before he would be slammed with a whole new problem. But as his luck was of a strange breed he would not get that reprieve.

It was a few minutes of silence, only the clatter of silverware and scrapes against porcelain.

Fili put down his fork and knife after only a few bites. Frerin looked so tired. A guilt settled in him that added to his previous self blame. He should have talked to him, should have let him know what he was doing… not spring it on him. Frerin didn’t deserve to feel scared in his own home, be terrified of his own brother upon first seeing him on his door step.

Fili looked down at his plate. Such a good meal had been prepared in anticipation for a good time only to have it ripped away and stifled by deceit.

He was a terrible alpha.

“So, um… I’m Bilbo Baggins.” Bilbo spoke up politely. “I work in the mayor’s office for the district attorney here in Ered Luin. I moved here, how long ago?”

“12 years.” Frerin took Bilbo’s glass of wine and took a sip, grimacing at the flavor.

“I met Frerin in the library looking through gardening?”

“The hobby section I think. I was looking for knot work books and you wanted gardening.”

“Ah, yes, yes. Been friends ever since. By the way, they just finished signing off on a budget increase for the library so it’ll get expanded.”

“Really?” Frerin almost sounded interested.

“They’re getting a whole new floor. By the way, delicious as ever. How do you cook so well?”
Frerin shrugged. “Never was allowed to have much of the life of luxury, had to learn everything myself.”

“But at the Blue Mansion you ate with us.” Thorin looked at his brother.

“When I was allowed to.” Frerin adjusted his seat so he could cross his legs. “Growing up wasn’t honey pie and sugar clouds, Thorin. When Dad came over he usually had business partners with him or some duchess or some high society jackass. I was never allowed to eat with you when that happened. I was introduced as one of the servants.”

Thorin swallowed thickly, he was ashamed to say it. He had forgotten. He liked to focus on the good memories, the ones where Frerin would get scared during a thunderstorm and crawl into his bed. The memories of telling him about the boogieman and having the boy scream and run out of the room and laugh at him whenever he stayed away from closets and would jump off of the bed so the monster under the bed couldn’t grab his ankle. He chose to see the past when Frerin was not labeled a privileged servant in the mansion and was the kid with bright yellow hair and a winning smile running on the school playground. He had forgotten the teasing, the pulling of hair, rich kids throwing Frerin on the ground when they found out who he really was and calling him hurtful names while kicking him. He had forgotten how he had to hide away when anyone that knew their family came around, how he had to pretend to not love his brother. He had tried to lose the sounds of late night crying, bloodied noses, and the sad, sad eyes in the darkness of his mind.

He looked at Frerin, how he gathered up his hair, twisting it around and pulling it over a shoulder. He was so pale, so tired. He had never seen him in such a state before. Thorin, if he was honest with himself, was going to tear into him. Yell at him for being with two alphas, both related to him. He was going to demand a separation for them to break their bonds, but the hollow man next to him put things to a grinding halt.

“I had tried to break the bond.” Frerin finally stabbed into the subject that needed to be had. “Soon as my heat left and I could think… I didn’t want Fili’s future to be fucked up because of me.” His lips twitched as he looked across the table to his two alphas. He got up, grabbing the wine bottle off of the counter. “Too bad, huh? Managed to screw up both of them.”

“You didn’t screw anything up!” Kili protested.

Frerin turned around, leaning against the counter. “Let’s pretend that, okay? Because knowing Thorin, he came here to educate us so that we know exactly how bad of a situation we’re in. Am I right?”
“I… do have some things to discuss, yes.” Thorin admitted.

“So, let’s hear it.” Frerin drank several gulps of the wine. Everyone at the table watched with a mixture of horror and disbelief as he chugged.

“Frerin, sit down.”

“I rather not.” He put down the bottle, licking his lips. “God, Bilbo how can you drink this every day?”

Bilbo shrugged his shoulders. “Different people, different tastes.”

Frerin folded his arms over his chest. “So out with it, Thorin.”

The king got up he was addressing his brother more than his nephews. Throughout their lives Fili and Kili had always listened to Thorin, upon instinct he knew they would take in the information he was going to say, but Frerin… Frerin, he needed to have him understand. He was his precious little brother, the one person he felt as if he had always wronged because he couldn’t protect him enough when they were growing up. He knew that Frerin was tough, he could take a beating and keep going, but there was only so much a person could endure.

“Wait, this is Thorin?” Bilbo’s eyes widened as he pointed at the king with his fork. “Our King, Thorin the Second.”

“And my two alphas Fili and Kili.” Frerin sighed, flicking a finger at his alphas. “Now that’s out of the way, Thorin.”

“Frerin, I have a concern. I won’t lie, I first wanted to come here to insist that you separate. Break your bond. But if your bond was true I needed to know if it posed a threat and it does.”

“To who?! This won’t harm anyone!” Kili stood up.
“It hurts all three of you!” Thorin grabbed his coat, digging around for the large inner pocket. He pulled out a folder. He shoved it into Frerin’s hands. “Having three bonded together is not unheard of, it is rare though. In the Mirkwood case… our father helped cover up the murders it had caused.”

Frerin’s brows drew together seeing the photos of the dead bodies. He shuffled them to the side to see the police report they had been paperclipped to. He quietly read it as Thorin continued. “The Langlys, they were forced apart. They grew violent and incarcerated, driven mad as the families tried to wait for the standard three months to make sure their bond was broken.”

“What happened?” Fili asked.

Thorin looked at him sadly.

Frerin thumbed through the other report. “They… started a riot, died by the hands of inmates.” He went through the other reports, turning to the counter and dropping the folder. He scattered the papers around. “Broadbeams, murder suicide. Proudfeet, two dead, one committed. Huntsman…” He covered his mouth. “Burned. Hattens, gunned down in hostage situation.”

“All have died.” Thorin said softly. “They grow unstable within the first year of being together.”

“This won’t happen to us! We love each other!” Kili protested.

“Are you exactly exempt?” Thorin said sharply. “From what I’ve seen your omega is deathly pale and under fed. He’s easily terrified and from what I’ve heard there has already been plenty of arguments.”

“How much have you told him?” Kili looked at Fili.

“As much as he should have!” Thorin barked.

“Then what do you think we should do?! Frerin and Fili tried separating and Frerin nearly wasted away. Fili went into violent outbursts. I’m in the mix now so we don’t know how that’ll change things.”
“I think we need to take you to the hospital. We can put you in a drug induced coma for three months so-”

“No!” Fili shot to his feet.

“-your bond will break safely this way!”

“You can’t do this!” Kili growled.

“Would you rather have guard posted with you at all time and risk going mad or killing each other?!” The room fell silent. Thorin’s voice was stern, “I will not risk losing any of you…”

“Thorin.” Frerin spoke up.

“What?”

Frerin’s voice stuck in his throat. The hurt in him wanted to agree, to pay back the feeling of betrayal he had. He looked over his shoulder to Fili and Kili. They were so young… they were only making stupid mistakes. Only mistakes…

Fili swallowed, seeing Frerin’s sad and tired expression. He shook his head pleadingly. The omega looked away.

“I would like to say something here.” Bilbo stood up. “I believe that more research needs to be done before any decision can be given. Let them talk things through, as Frerin’s lawyer I would like a chance to look over these documents for authenticity and see if I can produce my own evidence to present.”

Thorin regarded Bilbo. “Frerin’s lawyer? When did you have a lawyer.”

Frerin pressed his lips together.
“When he came into quite a bit of trouble a few years back. And if you do not allow that, King or no, I will take you to court over human rites.” Bilbo came up beside Frerin, putting both hands on Frerin’s arms, pointedly glaring at the three alphas. “Now if you excuse us I’m going to kidnap him for a night and let the three of you realize how horrible you really are.”
Fili sat on the bed, he could smell the musk of sex on the sheets. He rubbed his hands together trying to get his thoughts in order. Kili was outside in the front room, curled up on a chair and Thorin had not left the kitchen when Bilbo took Frerin. He had a lot to think about.

He was so used to being with just Kili. His world had been nothing but him and his brother. Omegas came and went, none of them were good enough to keep. Then Frerin came and Fili became smitten. He became obsessed with wanting him in their precious bubble he never for once thought that Frerin would not know how they worked. How all he had to do was look at Kili and his brother understood. It was left untouched as a problem that Frerin may actually not know how Fili thought, where his heart laid. But worse was his own actions. He assumed that Frerin knew everything about him. Assuming that the person he fell in love with would instantly follow his rules, merge into his way of thinking, and stop being themselves.

Blue eyes looked down to dry hands.

His omega had been scared when Thorin showed up, he shouted for Fili to help him and he barely helped him. He buckled under the dominance of his uncle.

What if Thorin had not been as gentle?

What if it had been his own father, Dwalin? Would he even have stopped him?

His instincts told him, “yes, you would! He’s your omega, you love him.” But he had to stop that leap of ego and think about it. He was intimidated by his father as much as he loved him. Would he be able to do it? And if he had to question this much… how much did he really love Frerin? Was he only wanting him because he was a pretty creature, nothing more than a toy for his young heart to focus on? And if that was the case then did he have any right to be Frerin’s alpha? The young heart was fickle. What if he gave him up because he lost interest?

He put his face in his hands, feeling his body trembling. He didn’t want to do that. He wanted to keep hold of Frerin, covet him, show him how precious he was. He wanted to see him smile every single day, fill him with child and rub swollen ankles and talk to the big belly. He wanted to wake up in the middle of the night to the cry of a baby and let Frerin sleep and he would take care of their baby.
He felt his stomach churn… Did he just want Frerin because to breed? Was that the core of their relationship?

As Fili sat and thought Kili was in the front room. Staring out the plastic that covered the broken window. The world was dark outside, soon the leaves will start changing. In Erebor it never did much more than rain at this time, there were no leaves to change, all tall evergreens settled in thick morning mist.

It was odd, how quiet it was here. In Erebor there was always noise, always something that he could focus on beside his own thoughts. He had a tv, computer, radio, anything to keep his mind from delving deeper into the things he had quieted.

He had been useless with offering protection for his omega. He let Thorin cow him, scare him… but what was worse was the sound of utter betrayal in his voice when he told Fili and Kili to not touch him.

Kili rubbed at the side of his head, scratching at his scalp. He should have made Fili talk to him. He should have protested sooner when Thorin told them what was going to happen. He should have told Frerin that he was sorry. He should have said, “Frerin, I love you.” when Bilbo took him. He only stood there, like an idiot.

Then there was the realization that he knew next to nothing about him. Frerin… referred to as a servant, bullied in school… on top of the half story of his kidnapping…

How come he couldn’t be strong like that? Probably because he had never been kicked into the dirt. He never had to pull himself up and continue running, continue fighting. He had everything handed to him.

Kili’s tongue darted out, licking his lips.

He was so young… And Frerin… he was practically half his age. They were from two different worlds and only Frerin knew what it was like to feel the mud in his face.

A thought run across him… He jerked forward as the thought brightened in his mind turning brilliant. He got up out of the chair, he went into the kitchen where Thorin was. The king was sitting at the table, two empty pie tins in front of him, the roast dwindled down to a sliver of meat. Kili hesitated. He had never seen his uncle do this before. He was currently stuffing some potato in
his mouth.

“Thorin?”

The king’s shoulders stiffened.

“You… ate a lot.” Kili slowly came to the table. “You stress eat?”

Thorin wiped at his mouth, swallowing. He grabbed a glass of water and drank. He licked his lips before cutting into some roasted carrots. “Some times.”

“Thorin… I… I’ve made a decision.”

“And?”

“I don’t want to leave him… I can’t do it. I was thinking about it and I’m young, I don’t get half of the crap that happens because you’ve made sure I didn’t have to want for anything… but I think that’s the problem. I don’t know anything of how to be on my own. How can I help understand our people if I’ve never felt what the majority of them have gone through?”

Thorin looked at Kili. “Don’t sugar coat it Kili. Tell me the real reason you want this.”

Kili swallowed. “I… want to know him. I’ve always been special and treated as such, but Frerin… he’s been treated as if he didn’t matter and I can’t relate to that. We’re from two different worlds. Only he understands me and I don’t get him at all. I-I want to meet him halfway.”

Thorin turned his attention back to the food on his plate. “... Would you think lesser of me if I wanted this for you? For him? But I still have fears.”

“I know and it would actually be a relief if you didn’t think I was some sicko trying to get into your brother’s pants.”

The king gave a small chuckle. “It did come as a surprise, but after seeing you and Fili around
Frerin… I had hopes that it was a passing fancy.” His humor died. “We will let this Bilbo character
do his research, let Frerin stay with him. I’m afraid that I scared him more than I had intended to.”

“…Thorin, why is he so scared of telling you anything?” The question was heavy as it left Kili’s
mouth without him thinking.

Thorin bowed his head. “I’m afraid… it’s because I am too much like you and Fili. He’s always
carried my heart and my head.”

“What-” Kili cleared his throat. “What do you mean?”

“I’m…. ashamed to say Frerin’s always been the… caregiver and the glue for the family. My first
heartbreak Frerin was there to help me through it. When my tharkâl died Frerin had been there
more than my father. When I thought I couldn’t do something he always pushed me, encouraged
me, got me going and I found that he was right. Dis would have trouble with Frerin’s tharkâl,
Frerin would take his tantrums so I would not be bothered by the troubles of our brother who
couldn’t come to terms with how things have changed.” Thorin put down his utensils. “You see,
for me, Frerin has been the only constant in my life that has not been perverted by politics and petty
squabbles of indifference. He’s kept my mind clear and my heart healthy. Despite being so far
away from him, his letters always helped. He’s my brother, nothing more, but in that very meaning
he is everything beyond. He’s precious to me in a way that words can’t describe beyond a bond of
reliance and dependence. And it should be the other way around.”

“I want to take care of him…”

“I know you do lad. But… before allow or deny you anything, please… wait for Frerin’s words
first.” Thorin reached over and took one of Kili’s hands. “He has listened all his life and have been
quieted by others… just listen to him.”

“… Why didn’t you listen to him today?”

“Unfortunately that’s part of being siblings, the lack of communication happens much too often.”
Thorin frowned a bit. “Which never happened in your adult life, which makes me wonder how
long you and Fili have been together.”

“Um…”
“Since his first rut.” Fili’s voice came from the doorway.

The two brunets looked to him. Thorin with a scowl, Kili with an expression of shock.

“Well it’s true. His rut was so bad no one could do anything. I did some research on domination during a rut and I didn’t want a random guy to do it, so I did.” He pushed himself off and came over. “Sometimes he gets more violent than you… and domination was all I could do to help. It developed from there.”

“Fili.” Kili hissed.

“No, Kili. We need him to understand.” Fili said in a hard tone, arms folded over his chest.

“And Frerin? Does he understand?” Thorin asked.

Fili fell silent.

Frerin laid on the bed. His knees tucked together and pointed to the side. His hands rested on his stomach as he sighed through his nose. His mind was perfectly blank allowing feelings to swirl around in the sea of chaos inside of him. Part of him wanted to agree to Thorin’s terms, another screamed “no”, another just cried. Brown eyes blinked, the only movement in the room beside his subtle breathing. Bilbo was just as still beside him, tucked under the covers while Frerin laid on top of them.

Everything felt surreal, a waking sleep that fed dream after dream, slipping into a nightmare to toss him around before allowing him to gasp for breath before he’s pulled back into a restless slumber. He wanted to fight for his relationship with Fili and Kili. He cared for them. How deeply, he wasn’t sure. They had been a part of his life for the longest time. He still had terrible scribbles done by pudgy fingered hands, that developed along the years. Letters that were written in blocky capital letters that turned finer and finer until the most handsome cursive blossomed. And now… now they were a physical part of his life. At first they were a constant presence that made him feel at ease, soothing away the stress and harshness of life. That took a harsh turn, yanking him back into the darkness he had tried to claw his way out of. Yet, when a fear slipped over his heart he still looked towards them. But their youth was a double edged sword that he could not ignore. With
their bright warmth, smile and laughter and safety, there was a cruel foolishness of a world that was nothing but themselves and what was in front of them. He would have to try harder than any other relationship he had ever had, they didn’t know how bad the world could be. He would have to tread a fine line to make sure they would not fall into wanting him to just have a mother figure forever present in their lives. They haven’t learned what a partner was as of yet. They only know of care and tenderness and when something bad happens they don’t know how to react and they lash out in unexpected ways of yelling, as Fili had done, and the cusp of violence, as Kili had shown he was capable of.

Frerin closed his eyes. Pearls of tears gathered at the edges of his lashes.

He didn’t want children to be bonded to. He wanted a man. He wanted someone who he could rely on. He was so tired of taking care of others that he had lead himself to believe that finding an alpha would be the only way to get out from under the heavy weight of the world on his shoulders. After all, Thorin was king that keeps a whole kingdom afloat… but who keeps the king above the sea’s waves?

“Bilbo?”

“Hmm?” The lawyer half grunted. His own mind delving into the situation trying to figure everything out to help his friend.

“I don’t know what to do.” Frerin whispered. He brought a hand up and wiped at his tears.

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know… I just… don’t know what to do.”

Bilbo stared up at the ceiling. A silence pulling between them that was interrupted by the sound of Frerin’s cellphone chiming. The new phone sat on Bilbo’s end table. The lawyer picked it up, silently hoping that one of Frerin’s alpha’s would be smart enough to send a reassuring message. He sighed when he saw the notification of some random minutes that had been added to the service.

“How… well do your alpha’s know you?”
Frerin shrugged. He felt as if they barely knew his name let alone himself.

Bilbo gave a half smile. “I want to put them to a test but… it’ll require for you to dye your hair.”

“Dye my hair?”

“Yep. And shave.”

“Shave?! Frerin’s hands went to his well trimmed beard. “B-but my beard.”

“It’ll grow back. Trust me. I think this will do you a lot of good.”

“I’m not shaving my beard.”

“Listen to my plan first. We change your look, completely. Dye your hair, shave your beard, stick you into clothing that you usually don’t wear and ask them to meet you in the park during a real busy time. We’ll pick up some perfume or something to suppress your scent. Have them find you. If they can’t then you know that you’re nothing but superficial to them. That they only want you for breeding instinct.”

“How will that prove it?”

“Because… if they find you they’ll recognize you from the little things; how you stand, how you walk, the simple feel of just being around you. Maybe they’ll remember the way you stir your coffee or how you drink it… because when you lose someone, it’s the little things loved ones remember. It’ll show that they care more for you than just sex…” Bilbo turned his head, looking at Frerin’s profile. “Sleep on it. Give me your answer in the morning.”

With that Bilbo rolled over onto his side and tried to sleep. While Frerin stayed awake, staring at the darkness that painted the ceiling.

In the morning. Bilbo woke to find a slumbering best friend beside him. He slipped out of bed to set the teapot to boil. He was digging out some eggs for breakfast when he heard Frerin’s feet shuffling.
“Morning, precious.” Bilbo set the eggs in a pot to boil. “Having eggs and soldiers today, if you want something else you can complain all you want but that’s all I’m willing to make.”

Frerin rubbed sleep out of his eye. His lips curled into a half smile. “You’re such a wonderful host.”

“You know it. You think about what I purposed last night?”

“Yeah…”

“And?”

“…and I want to do it. I can trade my beard for peace of mind.”

“That’s my boy.”
Lost and Found

Frerin’s palms were sweating. His hands shook and he couldn’t bring the palm full of shaving cream to his face. Bilbo smiled a little. It wasn’t sad or rueful, it was understanding. Where he grew up, in the Shire, it was normal for omegas to shave, but in the kingdom of Erebor (which included many places) it was not. The beard was a symbol of pride. It defined you as how you were. Alpha and omega grew them happily and only a few would choose to shave themselves clean. This beard of Frerin’s was his link to every memory since he got his first whisker. It was special and he took very good care of it.

“Here, let me.” Bilbo made Frerin face him. He took the cream from Frerin’s palm and smoothed it over. He took his razor and carefully began to scrape the golden beard off.

“You know… Fili shaved his beard because he didn’t want me to recognize him either… when we first bonded.”

“Is that so?”

“He’s been slowly growing it back, already has more than the five o’clock shadow that seems to be permanently grafted onto Kili’s chin.”

Bilbo continued to work, making it as quick as he could. He rinsed the blade now and again and before Frerin could think of anything else to talk about he had finished.

“I really hope this goes well.” Bilbo said as Frerin washed the last of the cream off.

The blond looked up at the mirror, seeing his baby face. He always looked as if he was in his twenties since he was sixteen and now… now he was in his mid thirties and looked as if he could walk around a high school campus during graduation day and people would think he was waiting for his HS diploma. The beard had made him look more his age… He rubbed his chin, briefly wondering why looking his age was so important.

“W… when do you want to call them?”

“No call, text. And I already sent it from your phone asking them to meet you at the Blackrock Park at 5:20. I didn’t tell them where you’ll be, and that’s the point, they have to find you.” Bilbo
placed a hand on Frerin’s back. “I’ll be on the phone the whole time, you won’t be alone in this.”

“But… what if this is my only chance with them and I’m screwing it all up?”

“Frerin… you deserve so much more than to just ‘settle’ for something or someone. You deserve the world and more.” He pressed against Frerin’s shoulder, bowing his head and touching his temple against an ear. “If anyone should know what they’re talking about, it’s me. I didn’t know anyone when I came here. I didn’t have a place to stay and you rented me that little cabin just outside of town for cording wood while I tried to establish my career here. When you found out that my cupboards were bare you shared your meals with me, you filled my cupboards, and put blankets on my bed. You put up with whispered rumors because I was an outsider to the town and you smiled through all the scandals people were cooking up in their heads. You’re a garnet heart wrapped in gold. You’re more precious than anything in this world because there are so few people like you.”

“You’re sugar coating everything.”

“And yet I don’t hear you telling me to stop. You know… now that I think about it I know what color you should do your hair. Get your shoes on, I’ll take you to the salon. And don’t even think about paying for anything on this expedition, it’s mine to fund!”

Frerin groaned. “You know I don’t like people spending money on me.”

“Too bad.”

Fili wrung his grip over the steering wheel as he waited for the light to change. It was almost five thirty and the traffic for such a small town was the most horrible thing he had ever seen in his life. It was crawling. It would stop frequently, and he was about to just park the car in the middle of the road and walk. His gaze flickered over to Kili who had his face practically plastered to the window. He glanced in the rearview mirror where Thorin sat, looking as normal as Thorin can look.

Fili didn’t sleep all night, Kili got maybe an hour’s worth and Thorin… He thought Thorin got some sleep because he disappeared for a while then showed up looking as pristine as usual.
The heir spent all night thinking about himself and what to do, after he got the text he spent all morning pondering on what to say to Frerin. How could he possibly apologize for his behavior? How could he talk to him at all?

He knew Kili was in a similar boat but he already figured out a something. Then again, Kili always did have more conviction to do something than Fili. Fili usually waited until he had all the facts before acting, making him significantly less reckless.

He saw a movement through the corner of his eye and looked to Kili who was fishing out his phone.

“Text?” He sounded so hopeful.

“No…” Kili looked over the text again. “Still don’t know where in the park he is.”

“It’ll be easy enough to find him.”

“Easy for you to say. There are so many shades of blond around here that it all blends together for me.” Kili rubbed at his temple. He meant it literally. His bad eyesight and so many colors that were so similar, it all mucked up and it made it hard for him to keep track of who was who.

“Don’t worry about it.” Fili said with a swallow. A sigh rushed out of his lungs as he finally pulled into the parking lot of the park. He found a spot and threw the gear shift into park and pulled up the brake. “Finally, we’re here.”

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Frerin fiddled with the cuff of his shirt. Bilbo was certainly not joking around when he said he was going to have Frerin wear something that he usually would not. He was in a white button up shirt with cufflinks. He had a waist coat that was a deep red and embroidered with gold thread with a black back. Business man grade slacks and shiny black shoes. His long hair was now a deep garnet color, feathered and layered and put back in a single loose braid. He had already had to turn down several alphas that had been on a jogging path, stopping to look at the rare dark haired beauty.

“Stop it. Traffic is hell and the park is big.” Bilbo’s voice went into his ear from the headset that he wore, the cord tethering into a pocket that was tailored once to hold a pocket watch but now could
The omega jolted, he looked to the platinum blond alpha that was leaning against his the handlebars of his bike. Frerin promptly ignored him while going through his music options, his hands trembling from his nerves. He started up a list and began walking down the jogger’s path.
The biker leaned back, gripping the handles and slowly rolling after Frerin.

“You do know it’s rude to not greet someone back, right?”

“And you know it’s rude to flirt with someone who’s not available.”

The man tilted his head rolling up beside Frerin. “I don’t see a ring.”

“And I don’t see you taking the hint.”

The alpha shrugged his shoulders. “I’m a bit persistent. Guess I get that from my dad.”

“Good for you.”

“He’s a great guy, my dad. I’m trying to follow in his footsteps, study hard, work hard, play hard.”

Frerin picked up his pace. The guy didn’t seem to notice one bit, talking and flirting, trying to get Frerin to give in and flirt back. After all, he was taught to never let anything he set his eye on slip away. He was so focused with trying to ignore the guy that he didn’t notice Fili and Kili until they passed by. He stopped, turning a step when he realized it. He watched their backs as the walked at a brisk pace, looking everywhere but at him.

His heart sank to an impossible depth.

“You know them?” The persistent alpha said.

“... no… they had just reminded me of something.”

“Of what?”

“A better time… I’m sorry but I really would like to be alone right now.” The omega looked to the
He shook his head, his braid swaying against his back as he pulled his chin up. He would not cry in public.

“You sure?” The alpha’s voice turned in tone from confident to worried. “You… don’t look so good.”

“Will you-” Frerin choked on his words, sadness and anger welling up. He took a deep breath. “Just leave me alone. Please.”

“Okay… but hey,” the guy reached over and took Frerin’s phone, messing with the settings to input his number. “My name’s Legolas, and if you want to go out for a drink or coffee or whatever, just give me a call.”

He gave back the phone and a small smile. “You’re beautiful, you shouldn’t be frowning. Smile, precious, smile and keep going.” He kicked off his bike before shouting over his shoulder. “ Seriously, call me!”

Frerin looked at his cellphone. He pressed the power button and took out his ear piece. This was all a bad idea...

“Where is he?” Kili whipped his head around, seeing the blurring of the green of the park. He squinted trying to see all the different blonds. “Fuck! Where is he?!”

“We’ll find him.” Fili swallowed feeling a dread settle like a stone in his stomach. “He has to be around here. Call him, maybe we can hear it.”

Kili jammed his hand into his pocket, nearly dropping his cell as he pulled it out. He fumbled with the numbers. He put the device to his ear, chewing at his nail as it gave the typical pause before attempting to ring only to be sent to voicemail. He cursed under his breath, hanging up.
“What is it?"

“He’s got to have it off, it went straight to voicemail.”

“Shit!” Fili ran a hand over his hair. He stepped around in a tight circle. “W-where do you think he would most likely be? What kind of areas does he like?”

“He likes walking, we already know that, that’s why we took the jogging trail.”

“He’s not here!”

“I know! I’m just as freaked out as you are! He’s no where to be-” Kili’s voice stuck in his throat, his face going pale as a thought occurred to him.

“What? What is it?”

“W-what if… it wasn’t him that sent the text.”

“It came from his phone it-” It dawned on Fili want Kili was thinking. What if it had been the stalker. What if he had seen Frerin back in town? What if he saw his chance and took the omega to finish what he had started?

Fili grabbed a hold of the front of Kili’s coat with one hand, the other pointing at his brother as panic set in. “No!” He growled out. “Don’t you think that. Don’t even suggest it!”

Kili grabbed hold of Fili’s elbows. “But he’s not here. We-”

“No!” Fili pushed away from Kili. “Frerin!!” He called out, walking at a pace that was so quick that it was practically a jog. “Frerin!! Where are you?!”

Kili quickly joined his brother, both hollering as fear gripped them.
Bilbo was eating maybe his eighth hot dog now. He tried calling Frerin and got his voicemail, that wasn’t a good sign. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea.

“If you eat any more your stomach will pop.”

The small omega jumped, whirling with his mouth open, filled with food at the deep voice that came from beside him. He gaped at Thorin who was sitting on a park bench.

“How-” Bilbo had to quickly chew and swallow. “How long have you been there?”

“For at least four hot dogs and three of your phone calls.” He seemed rather peaceful on his face. “Where is my brother?”

“In the park.”

“Where in the park?”

Bilbo sat down next to Thorin. “That would defeat the purpose of this. They need to find him, not you.”

Thorin slowly scanned the area, hoping to see a glimpse of his brother. “...You’re playing the lantern game.”

“You know of it?”

“Aye. I do. But from what I recall it’s a game played by children in the Shire, and with actual lanterns not people.”
“Look, I get who you are. I respect you, but I owe Frerin a lot and he’s my best friend.”

Thorin huffed a laugh. “Which means you’re not intimidated by authority.”

“Not in the slightest.” Bilbo took another bite of his hot dog. “God I shouldn’t have gotten extra sauerkraut.”

“Try mustard and dill relish.”

Bilbo’s brows rose. “You eat hot dogs?”

“I have what my brother, Dis, calls a ‘guilty pleasure’ for common folk food.”

“That makes two of us then.”

“Master Baggins… when will you call this game off?”

“When Frerin asks me to. Any more questions?”

“Aye. Why are you leaning against me?”

Bilbo blushed, straightening himself out. He hadn’t noticed he had been doing it. He cleared his throat and gave a nervous laugh before wiggling his nose and falling silent.

It was starting to get dark, automatic lights flickered on the jogging path. Frerin had been sitting on a bench for what felt like hours. Countless people had passed by him, all clammering and chatting. Now it was still and quiet.
Fili and Kili hadn’t recognized him. They didn’t even give him a second glance…

He played with the phone in his hand, the screen black. He should call Bilbo… have him take him to Thorin and agree to his terms.

His chin wrinkled as his bottom lip quivered. He brought up a knee, resting his heel on the edge of the bench. He hugged his leg, pressing his mouth and nose against his knee. He closed his eyes as a few tears rolled down his cheeks. He had really wanted this. He had wanted to be loved, just once… just once actually be loved. He had wanted it so badly that he was willing to live in a lie.

He sucked in a shaking breath. He tapped the edge of his phone against his head as he tried to make the tears stop.

He may have loved them but it wasn’t mutual. They had each other and they didn’t need anyone else. He had just been a shiny new toy, now cast aside and soon will be forgotten. Swept under the rug like the dust of memory.

Fili had split up with Kili an hour ago. He was now doubling back. Soon as he met up with Kili, if Frerin wasn’t with his brother then they were going to go to the police. He slowed in his pace as a man on a bench caught his attention. The hair wasn’t right… such a dark color, clothing not recognizable, but how he sat. How he subtly moved…

Fili squinted, his feet picking up pace as he got closer. He watched the man uncurl and wipe at his face. Clean shaven… He looked…

No… But…

He was within ten feet now. A silent prayer repeating in his mind. It had to be. It had to be him.

“Frerin?”

Those beautifully brown and green eyes looked up. Eyes that Fili would always love and adore, windows to the purest soul.
Fili rushed over, grabbing hold of him, clutching him close at an awkward angle. He pulled back, petting back fluffy garnet bangs. “Are you hurt?! Are you okay?” He pulled Frerin up onto his feet, checking him over.

“I-I’m okay.” Frerin felt hollow in his shock. Fili recognized him… Fili… found him.

“Don’t you ever do this again!” Fili grabbed Frerin’s face. “You hear me?! Don’t you scare me like that ever again!”

“I-” The apology was cut off by a kiss. Their lips pressed together with a bruising pressure before Fili abandoned the kiss in favor for a crushing hug.

“Never again, you hear me.” He mumbled.

“I’m sorry… never again, I promise.” He didn’t know what to do with his arms, he let them dangle. He didn’t know what to think. He was in the midst of despair when the best thing in his life happened. He had no idea how he should react.

He pulled back, he pulled out his cellphone. “I gotta call Kili, let him know I found you. If he hasn’t run to the police station yet.”

“Why would he go to the police?” Frerin asked genuinely curious.

“Are you kidding me? We were looking everywhere for you! We thought your stalker got a hold of you and sent us a taunting text using your phone. What the hell else would we- Kili? Yeah, I found him.” There was an audible sound of relief over the phone. Fili grabbed Frerin’s hand, lacing their fingers together as he pulled his omega along. “We’re coming to meet up with you right now.”

He hung up and pulled Frerin along until they were running hand in hand. It was a good distance away, both panting by the time Kili came into sight. They slowed to a stop, the brunet pushing himself harder to dash up to them. He grabbed onto Frerin’s shoulders.

“Are you okay?! Are you hurt?!”
“I’m fine.”

“Are you sure? Did you fall down and couldn’t call for help or did you have to hide because of that freak?!?” He padded his hands over Frerin’s body, bending over to lift up his pant legs to look at his ankles.

“I’m okay, really.”

“Then why was your cell phone off?!” Kili yelled. “Why the hell would you send us a cryptic text and put us through this?!”

“I…” Frerin looked from one alpha to the other. His expression falling into sadness. “I needed to know you really loved me. So… Bilbo came up with the idea to change my looks and have you find me. He said you would notice the little things like how I moved if you cared for me beyond being… a breeding toy. And after last night… I…”

Kili pressed several hard kisses to Frerin’s face. “You stupid, stupid, idiot!” He said between each kiss.

“Of course we love you.” Fili bit out, hugging Frerin from behind. “We… we’re just young and stupid.”

Kili slid his arms around Frerin’s should and hip, working around Fili. “We’re real stupid.”

They felt their omega tremble, heard his choked weep and held onto him as he cried. “But you’re my stupid alphas.”

“All yours.” Fili said as he rested his cheek against Frerin’s shoulder.

“Forever and ever.” Kili kissed Frerin’s wet cheek and the top of Fili’s head before resting his chin on the omega’s free shoulder. “And Thorin’s plan… we’ll fight it.”
“We’ll fight for as much time as we can to have with each other.” Fili concluded.

All three of them stood there, the alphas taking in the relief of finding their omega safe, and the omega finally knowing the depth of the love of his mates.
Thorin had tried to drive them to Bilbo’s place so they could pick up Frerin’s things, really, he did try. The three bonded were in the back seat, Frerin stuffed in the middle of Fili and Kili who wouldn’t let go for the life of them. The three of them whispered to each other sharing a conversation that was strictly just for them.

“Turn left.” Bilbo pointed.

“There is no left.” Thorin turned his attention from the road to the side.

“It’s a sharp left. You’re going to miss it!”

“There is no road to go!”

“There is! Right there! You missed it, again! How bad are you at direcetions?”

Thorin pulled over and looked at Bilbo. “Do you want to drive?!”

“I would love to! At least we’ll get to my house before dawn.”

“You’re a little snot.” Thorin said as he opened the door to switch drivers.

“And you’re a big oaf that doesn’t listen!” Bilbo shot back as they passed by each other in front of the car.

Meanwhile Kili pushed his face against Frerin’s shoulder trying hard not to laugh.

“You think they’re going to figure it out?” Frerin asked as they watched the king and the lawyer stop to yell at each other.
“I… have no idea.” Fili’s brows pushed up with amused concern. “But they do seem to have an attraction that can’t be explained beyond bonding.”

“Has Bilbo ever presented before?” Kili asked.

“Not that I know of.” Frerin snorted a laugh when Thorin threw up his hands as Bilbo barked something and pointed at him and said something about hot dogs. “What the hell do hot dogs have to do with anything?”

“I have no idea. Maybe you can convince Bilbo to present and we can throw Thorin at him.” Kili mused.

“Nah, they just need the tension broken and they’ll start fucking.”

The conversation died back into whispers as Bilbo and Thorin finally got back into the car.

“I never said I was lost!” Thorin shot out.

“But you don’t know your way around, it’s the same thing!”

“It is not. Fili-”

“Do not bring me into this!” Fili quipped.

“Regardless, we’re on our way.” Frerin said softly. “I don’t care who’s at the wheel or how long it takes to get there. I would really like to sleep in my own bed for longer than a few hours. So tomorrow, Bilbo, you’re going to have to entertain Thorin. Maybe even these two brats.” He jerked his thumbs at Fili and Kili.

That created a whole new sort of chaos.
Dwalin looked at the house… it wasn’t even that… maybe a shack? He understood it was supposed to be a cabin but compared to what he has lived in this was more of a tool shed than anything else. The front door was unlocked and Dis was going through the house trying to find Fili and Kili. He found some of their clothing, a laptop in a bag but no Fili and no Kili.

“God damn it!” Dis threw Kili’s empty bag down onto the bed. His bracelets chimed as he brought a manicured hand up to his brow, rubbing at it in frustration. “Where the hell are they?!”

“Dis… Are you sure this is where Frerin lives?”

“Yes! For the last time YES!” He turned to look at his husband, his temper put to a halt by the dark scowl. “What?”

“Thorin gave you finances to take care of your brother, not let him live in a place that has mold in the bathroom.”

“Hey! I gave him what he deserved! More so. I didn’t have to-”

“What is wrong with you?” Dwalin looked at his omega in disbelief.

“Wrong with me?!” Dis stormed out of the room, heels clacking on the wood floor as he made his way back to the front door. He turned around before he could reach the door, yelling at Dwalin who was now in the hallway. “I gave that little bitch exactly what he deserved! Always the victim, he was, and still is! Oh poor, Frerin, bastard son to the king. Poor Frerin, has to live with the servants. Poor Frerin, being bullied on the play ground. Poor poor FRERIN with his dying tharkâl who didn’t know when to keep his slit to himself!!”

“What- the hell- did you just say?”

Dis whirled around meeting the eyes of several people. He had been so busy, lost in his own anger that he didn’t notice when Frerin came home. He didn’t hear the door open and being caught in his
dirty talk he balked. “I, uh… I…”

He swallowed, stepping back, taking in Frerin’s dark red hair and his unusual attire. “Did you shave your beard?”

“Dis.” Frerin growled in a warning tone. He could put up with a lot but not this, never this.

“Tharkâl…” Kili started but found that the words that wanted to follow died on his tongue. How could his own bearer say such mean things? He had hoped that what Frerin had told them about Dis was exaggerated. From what he had seen the two of them got along well.

“Kili!” Dis pushed past Frerin, grabbing hold of her youngest and squeezing him tight. Soon as he saw Fili he repeated the action. “Oh thank the gods you are both safe. Don’t you run off like that again! I had no idea where you were!”

“We’re sorry,” Fili said softly. “But we had to make sure Frerin was okay.”

“That’s none of your business Fili! Frerin’s is a grown omega with a new mate, you should have left him alone!”

“I couldn’t.” Fili swallowed. He had to tell his parents…

“Yes you could! Both of you!” Dis hissed. He turned to Frerin. “This is your fault! Shaking your ass in front of them when they haven’t even adjusted to being adults! They’re still practically babies but does that concern you?!”

“Wha-” Frerin’s jaw clenched as Dis continued.

“You were the shiny new toy for them to fight over and you knew it! You liked the attention, and you never thought to tell them to stop!”

“Tharkâl, you need to stop right now.” Fili said sternly. “I’m warning you and I will not tolerate you speaking to my omega like that.”
“Your— no, Fili! He’s got a mate!” Dis pointed behind him to Fili as he yelled at Frerin. “See what you have done to my son?! He’s infatuated with you!!”

“I love him and Kili and I are his mates!!” Fili barked loudly.

There was a moment of silence before Dwalin stepped forward. “What did you say, laddie?”

“Frerin is my omega.” Fili fixed his eyes on the main troublemaker of the room, his own bearer. “Frerin is Kili’s omega. All three of us are bonded and I won’t let anyone insult them or try to make our bond break. So you better suck it up, and fucking deal with it.”

Dis’ mouth hung open. Eyes wide with horror as he gaped. He looked to his two sons, Kili with just as grim of an expression as his brother.

This couldn’t be happening. Not this. His boys… His boys were with… his brother? All three bonded… then that means that Fili and Kili… were screwing each other as well. They…

Dis whirled, his fist punching Frerin in the mouth. The omega stumbled back a step, Fili and Kili surged forward only to be grabbed by Thorin and Bilbo from behind. Dwalin hurried past to help restrain the two alphas.

“You sick son of a bitch!!” Dis screamed at Frerin’s face as the omega touched blood from his broken lip. “I was you wasn’t it?! Convincing them to fuck each other so you could watch them! You disgusting whore!!”

Frerin licked at the blood that dripped from his lip. He felt numb inside, a dark part of him, the part that was used to abuse said that he deserved it. But the part that Fili and Kili have been nurturing said, no. He wasn’t sure what to do but let Dis punch him again, this time his cheek was assaulted. The punch made his teeth cut the inside of his cheek making more blood come out of his mouth. He heard Thorin shouting over the struggle to keep the princes restrained.

“After everything I’ve done for you, and you fucking twist my sons?!!”

That was the pushing point. “Done for me?”
Frerin took out the cufflinks, one by one, straightening his back, blood dribbling down his chin. “What the fuck have you done for me Dis?” He stuffed the cufflinks in his pockets. He unbuttoned his cuffs and started to roll them up.

“I gave you this place. I took care of the medical bills! I let you be part of my sons’ lives! I-”

“Let me?” Frerin laughed. “You have so much compassion in you. When I had my first heartbreak and dad was comforting me, what did you do? You chopped off all my hair that night. When I got pushed into the -dirt- at school and kicked while I was down and I called for help, you only came over twice. TWICE Dis! Most the time you just watched or ran off!”

“I was getting you help! Most the time they wouldn’t hurt you badly!”

“Don’t even try to make an excuse! It was in Junior High that you fucking started the rumor I was sleeping around and don’t even try to deny it because I know it was you!! And why?! Because dad fucking took me and my mom with him on a three day vacation without you and Thorin!” Frerin flexed his fingers. “But that’s not even the worst of it. When I tried to call you for help when I had that stalker after me, what did you do?”

“I-” Dis backed up. He was fine with calling out others on their faults but hated it when someone called him on his own. “I called the police.”

“Did you?” Frerin’s voice dipped dangerously low.

Thorin’s attention quickly snapped over. Stalker… he didn’t know about a stalker… “Dis?” He felt Fili go rigid in his arms. He could only imagine how cold Kili and Fili felt now with their veins being chilled by the twist of events.

“What stalker?” Thorin felt his arms loosening.

“The one that kidnapped and-”

“Bilbo!” Frerin snapped making his friend shut his mouth quickly. He turned his attention back to his brother. “Tell everyone what you did.”
“I-I didn’t do anything.”

“Enough lying!” Frerin finally broke, he threw a punch right into Dis’ nose.

Dis’ head snapped back from the blow, his hands came instantly over his face. The shock of Frerin attacking his brother made Thorin drop his hands. Dwalin moved to help Dis but Fili stopped him as Frerin grabbed a fistful of Dis’ hair. With a hard yank he was now shouting at Dis, speckles of blood hitting his brother’s face.

“Tell them!!”

“I called the police!!” Dis confessed, pain from his broken nose making him cry.

“And what did you say??”

“I said you were just seeking attention and to ignore you! I-I didn’t think it would- I’m sorry!!”

Frerin leaned in whispering with anger. “Sorry won’t even begin to help you get out of this. You and your fucking mommy and daddy issues. I chose to overlook all the times you fucked with me because you’re my brother and I love you. But that… that I can’t forgive, because you have no fucking clue what you did to me.”

He yanked on Dis’ hair making the omega scream. He shouted over the screams as he dragged Dis around Thorin and out the front door. “And if you can’t take a punch, then don’t throw a punch!!”

With a heave he tossed Dis forward making him stumble and trip off of the front porch and onto his face making him scream and hold his face once more. He looked back into the house where everyone was quietly watching, the struggle had stopped soon as Frerin had shown he could defend himself.

“Out of the house, Dwalin.”
The alpha looked to his sons. He opened his mouth to say something only to have Frerin shout. “Good night, DWALIN!”

He pushed past Fili and Kili and ran outside where he went to Dis’ side. Frerin turned around and went into the house, slamming the door. It was evident that his compassion had been used up over the turmoil of the past week and a half.

“Hey, Frerin.” Bilbo ran after his friend.

Frerin slammed open the door to the guest bedroom. “You and Thorin can stay here. And don’t fucking bother us.”

“Yeah,” Bilbo didn’t seem to be concerned that Frerin looked as if he could light the walls on fire with a look. He easily reached up, grabbing Frerin’s shoulder and gave him a little shake. “I’m glad you gave that bitch what was coming to him. Get some ice on that cheek before it swells, okay?”

“Yeah.” Frerin’s shoulders sagged, the fight leaving him. It always paid to have a good friend that was never scared of you.

“Thorin, come along. It’s time for bed.” Bilbo said as he went into the bedroom.

The king easily followed the command. His mind whirling and going numb from what had just happened. He stopped by Frerin, looking at his brother. He tried to form words in his mind but nothing came out. He pressed his lips together and slipped into the bedroom and carefully closed the door.

There was a sudden rush and Frerin was grabbed, he was shoved into the bathroom where Kili grabbed a towel and wet it down. He started to clean Frerin’s face when Fili came in with an icepack, gently putting it against the omega’s cheek.

“What the fuck was that all about?” Kili growled. “Fucking hell.”

“I’ve never seen, tharkâl like that before. Never heard him… I’m so sorry, Frerin.” Fili ran a hand over the omega’s head.
“You say it as if I would be angry with you.” Frerin smirked causing more blood to seep out of his lip that Kili quickly dabbed at.

“If we only knew-”

“Knew what? How much we pretend to get along? How screwed up is between us? Because even after all that shit I still love the fucking retarded asshole. And before you even get on me about the word retarded I’m using it in the literal sense of ‘to stunt the growth of’ because he kinda does that.” Frerin leaned more into the ice pack. “Plus he punches like a baby, a muscular baby, but still a baby.”
It wasn’t common for Thorin to ask for anything, he never really had to before. Most of it was supplied to him before he even had the thought of a use for such things, that and Frerin seemed to have a sixth sense when it came to family and before most questions could leave his lips Frerin had already explained or shared or given the answer. And oddly enough it seemed to be a trait that Bilbo Baggins had as well.

“Well, are you coming?” Bilbo asked as Thorin sipped on a cup of black coffee.

The king had been mulling over how to ask the lawyer on a ride to town to give Frerin some space. Though he wished to stay by his brother’s side he also knew that things needed time and yesterday’s actions showed that Frerin needed exactly that. He needed time to unwind and slow down the speeding clock in his mind. How could Thorin expect him to make an educated decision that he would not regret if he was rushed into it? Plus, he wanted to talk to Dis. He was more than upset with his brother. He had trusted his youngest sibling with the love and care of the most unlucky of their family and that trust had been used against him to create a shroud of ignorance that was thrown over so many eyes.

“Aye.” Thorin said softly, his gaze locking onto the omega’s. “If you would like my company.”

“Like it or not, Frerin needs his space.” Bilbo shifted his weight and put out his hip, resting a fist on it. “The guy’s got a lot of issues and mostly not of his own volition. But he’s too kind hearted to tell people to fuck off.”

Thorin smirked. “You’ve got quite the mouth on you.”

“I make a living off of lashing people with my tongue. I need to keep it well exercised.”
The king chuckled, the deep sound filling the lonely kitchen. Bilbo felt his cheeks heat up. It was a beautiful rumbling sound, delicious and deep. He watched Thorin raise his cup of coffee to his lips and pull a long drink from the dark liquid. He was mesmerized on the bobbing of Thorin’s adam’s apple as the king’s head slowly tilted back as he drank the rest of his coffee in one go.

“Holy…”

“Hmm?” Thorin put down the cup, now feeling a buzz of caffeine.

“I-uh,” Bilbo’s usually smart mouth failed him. Why the hell did Thorin drinking coffee seem so erotic to him?! “I’ve… never seen someone drink coffee like that before.”

“We are in a hurry, it was only warm and,” Thorin pushed himself off of the counter he had been leaning on. “Thomas Hammer is a guilty pleasure that the Durins all indulge in. So, shall you be leaving a note for them or should I?”

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Kili woke to the feeling of fingers dragging over his arm. It was hard to pull his eyes open, greeted by the sight of red hair. He could barely make out the finer lines of a crown of gold and blue eyes looking at him over Frerin’s sleeping figure. Fili’s hand caressing him before ghosting over their omega’s back and side and returning to the parts of Kili that he could reach.

“Morning.” Fili whispered.

“Mmmorn.” Kili pulled his arm off of Frerin and rubbed at his eyes.

“How did you sleep?”

“Terrible.” Kili flopped his hand back over Frerin before cuddling closer to the omega. “Had a nightmare.”
“What about?”

Fili bumped the omega that was between them until Frerin gave a protest and rolled onto his side allowing Fili to snuggle in closer so he had better reach of his brother. He settled himself so his chin was above Frerin’s head so it was easier to talk with Kili. The brunet wiggled up a bit more to mirror Fili. He instinctively held Frerin closer to him as he mulled over the right words to use.

“I…” He squeezed the omega even tighter, his voice barely audible. “I had been looking for Frerin, but I couldn’t… I couldn’t find him.” His breath hitched at the memory of the blur of colors that bled into darkness. How he was padding around with arms outstretched and calling over and over again into a world of nothing. He swallowed trying to will the words past his lips. He had to clear his throat several times before he could continue. The whole while Fili rubbing at his shoulder and arm in comfort.

“We did find him Kili.”

“That’s the thing… I didn’t, you did. I couldn’t even see well enough to spot him.” Kili shifted, looking down at Frerin. Golden stubble with his garnet hair, so lovely and beautiful and yet he couldn’t even see him.

“Kili. Look at me.”

Brown eyes glanced up.

“Does he blame you? Did he push you away when you came running up?”

“No…”

“Then don’t blame yourself.”

“…….”

“That’s not the last of the dream was it?”
Kili shook his head. He returned his gaze back to Frerin’s face, the purpling bruise on his cheek was angry and seemed to be a hateful reminder how much of an inept alpha he was. He couldn’t protect his omega from his own tharkâl.

“What else did you dream?”

Kili’s chin wrinkled as his eyes misted up. He didn’t want to think about it. Hear the sounds repeat in the waking world of Frerin thrashing and screaming for help and he stood there, stood there and allowed it.

Fili reached over, placing his hand on his brother’s cheek.

“What is it?”

“I-... I dreamed of tharkâl... he-he took Frerin and s-sold him and I let it happen.” He held impossibly tighter to Frerin, pressing his cheek on the top of the omega’s head. “I heard him screaming so vividly. Thrashing against tharkâl, his hands felt so real when they grabbed a hold of my arm and I didn’t react as he begged for me to help. I didn’t move. I didn’t do anything as he was taken away and shoved into the arms of someone with no face.”

“You didn’t let anything happen, Kili.” Fili stroked back some hair from Kili’s face. “I think you were just having a nightmare of what you’re afraid will happen.”

Kili shook his head. He felt responsible somehow. Dis had been treating Frerin like some kind of leech this whole time. He had even told the local police that Frerin was only an attention whore which lead up to their omega’s kidnapping and... If he looked at Frerin’s letters more thoroughly from back then... he was certain he could see a cry for help that he dismissed. If he had just seen it then he could have talked to Thorin, had someone who actually cared help Frerin.

Fili felt for his brother, knowing what path his thoughts were taking him. His own had taken him down the route of the past, wanting to live in regret and whisper toxic words into his ear.

“Kili... we can’t change the past...” He rubbed his thumb over a stubble covered cheek. “And the present is just as unpredictable as the future... but we made a decision last night and that decision doesn’t allow for regrets and what ifs.” He offered a smile when his brother looked up at him. Fili propped himself up onto his elbow. He touched Frerin’s hair. “We promised ourselves and him that
we’re going to be a family. We’re going to provide for him, keep him safe no matter what… and when the time comes…” He slipped his hand between Kili and Frerin making Kili relax his grip. He made a show to his brother of rubbing Frerin’s clothed stomach. “…when the time comes he’ll bless us with children, all different color of heads running around, filling our house with a living rainbow. And they’ll be yours and they’ll be mine. And I won’t allow that dream to go away, Kili. Nothing will take that from us… We have -now-, Kili. And we’re going to build that future, not because it’s expected of us or because we don’t know what we’re doing and it seemed good at the time. We’re not going to let Dis, or Dwalin, Thorin or anyone else influence this future of ours, because it -is- ours, not theirs. Do you understand?”

Kili hesitated, letting the words wash over him. He didn’t know what to think. Fili had a point. The past was the past, it couldn’t be changed but they could learn from it, use it so their future was better.

“You’re happy with me and Frerin, right?”

“Of course!” Kili shouted before repeating it as a hiss when his yelling almost woke Frerin. “Of course.”

“Then all will be well, brother.”

Fili leaned over, claiming Kili’s mouth in a tender kiss.
Bilbo sat by the window. The weather of the day had gone from a porcelain blue sky to rolling black clouds within hours. It didn’t surprise him that it had been like this, the weather of the Blue Mountains had always been unpredictable. There was a private joke amongst people who lived along the mountain range, “Give it 15 minutes.” It was a simple joke that would confuse anyone else but locals. When it was the changing of seasons it did take only 15 minutes to turn from bright and sunny to a gentle rain, 15 minutes for thick fog to fill the streets, and 15 minutes to fill the roads with ice and snow. But they did have a pattern to them, such as snow kept to itself until late autumn and winter, rain always came no matter the season, and the sun will come out to play, especially if you are complaining about the heat.

He watched the water drops tack against the window, the music of the shop drowning most of the natural sound of the storm out. Thorin was still wondering the shop that was adjacent to the cafe that Bilbo was settled in. A thought was nagging at him, pulling at the back of his mind.

He had to tell Bifur that Frerin was back in town. It was for his own protection, but from how Thorin waxed on any time Frerin became the subject it would be difficult to go to the chief of police and not have Thorin demand information and as King… they would have to give it over. And seeing the cold hard facts of the case…

Bilbo looked down at the steaming bowl of soup and the warm sandwich that sat in front of him.

Facts were heartless.

Facts could be dismissed…

Facts were only part of the truth.

He touched his sandwich, gently picking it up before putting it back down. He knew what he had to do… but he didn’t like it and it was messing up his appetite.
The shower water was warm, pouring over his skin as a searing hot tongue pressed against his shoulder. Hands on his hips pulled him back against a lap, the heavy cock slipped between his butt cheeks, sliding with small thrusts as a hand slid around his hip to grip his fleshy rod. Fili groaned as Kili’s hand pumped slowly, his thumb coming up to pull at the foreskin before helping it slide fully off of the sensitive tip.

Already there were small pearls of pre-cum. He leaned forward, pressing his hands against the wall of the shower stall. He could feel the scratch of Kili’s stubble in such stark contrast of his velvety tongue and silken hair. The water might as well have been cold compared to the feeling of heat that burned from his groin up to his cheeks.

He shuddered, letting out a loud groan as he moved his hips back against Kili.

How long had it been since they had been together like this? Just the two of them locked together in passionate embrace, touching, exploring. They had been careful with kissing, kisses always made things too personal but now, now they could kiss all they wanted and it always sent a shock through his system. To have Kili’s mouth on him like this, it made him whimper with need.

Fili bowed his head as another moan pulled from him, Kili took a step back so his clever fingers could probe at Fili’s rosey bud. Water ran rivets down Fili’s cheeks, framing his mouth and dripping off of his lips and chin.

Kili had grabbed some lube before they ventured into the shower, leaving their sleeping omega to get as much rest as he needed. As for the alphas they needed some much deserved relief. A simple shower, perhaps some quiet sex to not disturb Bilbo and Thorin. But Fili had found the note when he had gone to the kitchen for a glass of water. Quiet was out the window and shower sex became a loud adventure full of sloppy kisses and clothing thrown in a trail from the kitchen to the bathroom.

The brunet reached up, angling the shower head away so it wouldn’t wash the lube away as he put a gracious amount over his fingers. He pressed a finger into Fili pumping it slowly.

“How does this feel, brother?” He panted.

“G-good.” Fili pushed back against the finger, wanting more.

“Would you like more?”
Wet hair waved as Fili nodded vigorously, “Oh god, yes.”

Kili worked a second finger in, taking his time to scissor and pump. He placed a kiss on Fili’s spine, humming deeply making his brother thrust back. He smirked. “You like that?”

“U-u-huh.”

Fili felt his world spinning as Kili pressed his throat over the lay of his spine and hummed deeply again. He cried out as Kili found his prostate, touching it at the same time as his accursed humming. Fili’s cock twitched wickedly as a large pearl of cum slipped over his tip.

“K-Kili, please!”

“I want to make sure you’re ready for me.”

“I’m ready, I’m ready.”

Kili scissored his fingers as he thought. He would certainly feel more assured in taking Fili if he had adjusted to a third finger. He kissed Fili’s shoulder. “One more finger, okay?”

“Okay,” Fili bit his bottom lip as he tried to resist turning on his brother and taking his cock by force. He felt the stretch of another finger being added. The burn was easily ignored as Kili pushed his middle finger in to touch his prostrate. The brunet hummed against Fili’s back as he worked three fingers into him making the blond’s knees shake and threaten to buckle.

Kili wrapped his free arm around Fili’s waist, still gripping the bottle of lube. He continued to stretch his brother, it would do neither of them any good if they hurried and caused tearing. That had happened before once. Fili had been very discreet about it so their parents did not find out but the hospital had been full of questions that they simply refused to answer.

When he deemed it good enough, he pulled his fingers out. He wrapped both arms around Fili’s waist and squirted some more lube onto his hand before letting the bottle drop. He shared the lube between each hand, moving back just enough to slick his cock. Without warning he aligned himself and pushed in. The initial restraint of the ring of muscle was laxed due to his preparation. He
moaned loudly, pushing into the tight heat, settling Fili onto his lap. His free hand took hold of Fili’s cock making his lover cry out from double stimulation.

“Kili~mmnh.” He panted, wiggling his butt in a whorish way. Oh god, his brother’s cock felt so good in him.

“You feel amazing,” Kili grunted, already starting to rock his hips giving Fili shallow thrusts.

He brushed back wet hair to kiss at the long column of Fili’s neck. The shower barely managing to mask the sounds of their wet sex. Kili pulled out almost fully before snapping his hips forward, his balls rocking forward getting nothing but air. He pushed down Fili’s shoulders, angling him so that when he went forward his sack knocked against his brother’s making Fili grasp the edge of the small standing tub of the shower stall.

Fili mewed like an omega in heat each time Kili’s balls spanked against his, sending a jolt of pleasure through the cock that was being viciously stroked.

“Fuck, this is good.” Kili groaned as he continued to pound into his brother’s hole. Then he stilled making Fili protest.

“Why did you stop?” Fili hissed.

“Because I know how to make it better.” He pulled on his brother, biting lightly at his shoulder with a hungry growl. “How would you like me to beat into you while you fuck Frerin’s pretty pussy?”

He squeezed Fili’s cock for emphasis. “So much better than my hand, feeling our omega mewling for your milk like a kitten. Would you like that brother?”

Fili’s heart fluttered in its already erratic beat. God, the thought of Kili hammering into him from behind, the feeling of being buried deep in Frerin. There would be nothing like it in the whole of the world and now he wanted it. The thought of it made his thick cock twitch with excitement.

Kili grinned, nipping Fili’s earlobe before pulling his cock out. He rubbed at Fili’s ass giving an appreciative hum.
“Let’s go wake him up, brother.”

Frerin, at this point was barely awake, shuffling through the kitchen with only a large shirt on and underwear. His hand was going for the refrigerator door when it was suddenly grabbed into a wet grip. He jerked with a start, his heart leaping into his throat. He barely had enough time to register that it was Fili and Kili, naked and wet before he was pushed onto the tiles of the kitchen floor. His mouth was captured in a searing hot kiss, making his head spin as two pairs of hands rid him of his clothing.

When the kiss broke he was left panting, that lovely mouth trailing licks down his chest to his stomach, a calloused hand gripping his awakening erection to fully bring it to life. One set of hands massaged the area where his legs joined to his hips and his inner thighs while the other set spread his legs, massaging at the knee and the calf.

He looked at his alphas, Fili was focused on worshiping every bit of skin as he made his way down to taste Frerin’s moistening slit as Kili simply ravished them both. His tongue darted out to lick his lips. He obviously was the instigator of this.

“K-Kili~?” Frerin moaned. He pulled in a gasp, eyes opening wide when Fili swallowed down his cock in one go. He arched his back, hands instantly going to Fili’s wet head of hair.

“Morning, angel.” Kili purred it was interesting to see how easily Fili was thrown into a rut when it concerned Frerin. His hands slipped from Frerin’s legs to Fili’s back. He ran his palms down Fili’s back as he leaned over his brother, pressing his cheek against his, feeling the fullness of the cock that Fili sucked. “Can I taste?”

Fili made a disgruntled noise.

“Just a little taste? Please?” He gave a pleading kiss to Fili’s hollowed cheek.

Fili lifted his head slowly, sucking till the very tip. He turned his head, gripping Frerin’s cock and lapped at it with long slow strokes. Deliberately showing off. His eyes half lidded as he considered the request.

“Fine.” He whispered, the tip of the cock pressed up against his lips.
Kili moved slowly, licking up the saliva coated cock. He felt a jolt of happiness and pride when one of Frerin’s hands went to the back of his head. The sounds the omega was making was like music to his ears. He could smell the musky scent of need coming from their lover, if he was judging it right, Frerin was on the edge of going into heat. When Kili got to the tip he slowly lapped at the tip that beaded with precum. He closed his eyes, enjoying the flavor.

A slick tongue pushed up against his, lips meeting his as Fili kissed him around the tip of Frerin’s cock.

“F-Fili, Kili!” Frerin bucked up into their mouths, his back arching.

They continued their slow kiss, feeling his hands fist their hair. Kili brought up his fingers, gently running them over the weeping slit that nestled just behind the omega’s nearly non-existent sack. He stroked it, then brought his fingers up for Fili. His brother broke the kiss in favor for latching his lips onto those coated digits. He sucked and lapped, as he brought his own fingers up to Frerin’s slit. He pushed them inside feeling the texture and warmth that he wanted to shove his dick into.

He couldn’t stand it any more. He bit Kili’s fingers making him pull off of Frerin with a yelp. He was about to yell at Fili for biting him when he was attacked with a vicious kiss and a pull on his cock. Fili was in a full blown rut and he wanted to be fucked.

“Okay,” he managed to say with his lips smashed against Fili’s. “Let me get in you.”

Fili easily moved fully over Frerin, the omega dazed and panting. Frerin lazily wrapped his arms around Fili’s shoulders. He rubbed his thigh against Fili’s hip, the sole of his foot ghosting playfully over the alpha’s calf and ankle. He whimpered a plea for a cock to be in him, his slit hurting from the lack of girth.

“Easy, Kili in me first.” Fili whispered.

“But I need you.” Frerin’s heat intoxicated brain didn’t care what order they went in, he just wanted to be fucked.

Fili rested his elbows on either side of Frerin’s head, shuddering as Kili gripped his hips. With a swift snap of the hips the brunet was buried deep into his brother once more. He pushed Fili down,
reaching around and guiding his brother’s cock into Frerin’s slit. The pleased sound coming from their omega was sinful at best. It was a moan of pleasure that made Kili’s cock twitch inside Fili. Without meaning to he started to move hard and rough as if trying to fuck Frerin through Fili. His skin prickled with excitement from the approving touches and keening from his lovers. Frerin grabbed one of Kili’s hands, lacing their fingers together as he could feel his wetness drip down the crack of his ass on onto the floor. His other hand bunched in Fili’s hair as his legs fell as open as he could leave them.

“Oh god, oh god! Kili, Fili!”

He was helpless under both of them, his mouth wide and drying out with each heavy pant.

“You like this?” Kili ground out over Fili’s whorish keen.

Both Frerin and Fili nodded in answer. Kili reached down and grabbed one of Frerin’s legs by the knee. He pulled it up changing the angle. The omega screamed, writhing under them as he suddenly came long and hard. The only reason why Fili’s prick was still in him was from Kili’s heavy thrusts that forced him to stay in, making the squirting juices run around Fili’s cock onto his lap and the floor. It was a few more thrusts before Fili shot his hot seed into Frerin. His orgasm a loud groan as he clenched down around Kili. Kili filled his brother, pulling out before his knot could fix him in place. The last spurts of seed creaming Fili’s backside.

Breathlessly he slumped over to the side, his fingers still loosely laced with Frerin’s. The three of them waited for their racing pulses to calm down, their breath to catch up with them. Frerin moved to kiss Kili first only to be stopped by Fili’s growl. The two blinked and looked at the alpha, his blue eyes half lidded as he watched them. Frerin went again to try to kiss Kili and Fili growled louder. The omega kissed Fili first and this time when he went to kiss Kili there was no objections. He nuzzled the brunet, who was not rutting. It was easy to forget that Fili was the dominant alpha in this relationship. When his rational mind was muddled by the rut he was to be the one first regarded. As long as this kept established it seemed he didn’t have a problem as he watched Frerin give Kili linguid kisses.

“Kili.” Fili said with a tone that may be a little more harsh than normal.

Kili pulled away from Frerin’s lips. “Y-yeah?”

“He’s thirsty.” Fili stated, happy to not move his knotted cock at the moment.
“Right,” Kili got up and looked in the cupboards for a cup.

He head a yelp and turned around quickly to find Fili pulling Frerin up and sliding under him so the omega could straddle his hips as they were still connected. He smiled softly as Fili brushed back garnet hair and whispered an apology. Kili got two glasses of water and brought them over for Frerin and Fili to drink.

Fili quickly gulped down his, handing it back to Kili. Frerin took more time, letting the water slip over the corners of his mouth and run down his neck and chest. Once he was done he asked for another one that Kili quickly got as well as refilled Fili’s cup so that he could get something to drink, himself.

“How you feeling, liquor lips?” Fili purred as Frerin unconsciously started to rock his hips once more as he finished his second cup of water.

“G-good.” Frerin reached up and gripped the counter, his other hand grabbing Fili’s shoulder. He licked his lips.

“Still thirsty?” Fili groaned between kisses to Frerin’s throat.

“N-no. w-wanna- ah!” He ground his hips down getting Fili’s swollen knot in deeper.

Fili bit at Frerin’s collarbone. “Want what?”

“W-wanna suck Kili.” Frerin’s pretty eyes looked over to where Kili was, eyeing his knotted penis.

Fili whispered into Frerin’s ear. “Then have him feed you that pretty prick of his.”

Frerin reached over, “Kili~”

Kili smirked, pushing himself off of the counter he had been leaning against. He moved forward, pressing his legs up behind Fili’s back. While Frerin gently bounced on Fili’s lap he took hold of Kili’s cock. It was red and slick, swollen and glorious. He wetted his lips with his tongue once more before bringing the sensitive tip to his mouth. He couldn’t get the full thing into his mouth,
he knew that, so he settled on sucking the shaft. Laving his tongue over the contours and bumps working his hand and lips over him as best as he could to give the whole thing attention.

“Shit, angel, that feels so good.” Kili moaned softly.

Frerin whimpered a parrot of his words, “So good.”

He could feel his body coiling for another release from the drag of Fili’s hard knot inside him and the taste of Kili’s in his mouth. After this orgasm he wasn’t sure if he could stay awake, but it was worth it as he drooled on his treat.

He doubled his efforts getting Kili to grip on the counter and buck against Frerin’s lips and hand. It was a little too soon after his first orgasm to be able to shoot a load on that pretty face, and oh how he wanted to see that. Frerin was whimpering through another orgasm, looking up at Kili, his mouth open, panting and wanting. Kili squeezed his fingers around the base of his cock, just under his knot and pulled encouraging his body to do one last spray of cum. His balls drew up and forced out two ropes of seed onto Frerin’s nose and mouth.

“Fuck!” Kili, trembled having to come down onto his knees as Fili hissed out his own orgasm.

He watched with hazy eyes as Frerin took the cum in his mouth and shared it with Fili in a passionate kiss. He hissed in pain as his cock throbbed at the sight.

Why had he been cursed with the two hottest lovers in the world? His dick couldn’t take this kind of abuse.
Frerin had always known he would like sex. He had sexual education at a young age, as any omega to help take down the numbers for teenage pregnancy. He was a whole six years old when he first learned the “blessings” of the cycle that omegas would have upon puberty. Most of it was lies. It was not a few tablespoons of blood, and it was not painless. It was a crippling monstrosity that medicine needed to figure out how to eradicate. He was eight when he learned what procreation was and what to do with an mate’s penis. All the little omegas in the class were confused as to why they were shaped differently from alphas and Frerin really didn’t care. He just knew he wanted to know what to do to have a child some day, when he was ready. When puberty hit he had writhed on the floor in burning pain with the need for an alpha’s cock to be stuffed into his slit. His fluffy hair matted with sweat as he quivered with need. He pressed his face to the wooden floor trying desperately to cool his feverish skin, rolling over to a new spot every once in a while. The pain was so horrible, worse than any cycle. He was certain he scared the wits out of Thorin when he came to check up on him, hit with a wall of scent and a string of long curses that he had never heard from Frerin before. Thorin had run to Frerin’s mother, Frerin was taken to the hospital and put in the omega ward. His wrists and ankles strapped down onto a bed as he screamed and flailed between shots of medicine that made him sleep through his first heat. When he got out Thorin had been the first one he saw, his big brother pulling him into a protective hug and asking if he was alright. Since then he was able to control himself when his heat came, simply pressing his legs together and willing himself to ignore it until it went away and ushered in his cycle. Then… he had sex with someone else, an omega that was just as powerful as an alpha. He had worked his way between Frerin’s legs and it had been all wrong. It wasn’t pleasurable, everything had to be about the other and Frerin had no satisfaction. Then… the rape happened. The turmoil it had caused was stuffed into a box deep inside and left on a shelf in Frerin’s mind. He focused on his dying mother, making him comfortable as he passed away from a combination of cancer and pneumonia.

Then Fili and Kili entered into his world in a way that he didn’t think possible. They pleased him, made his skin alight from every touch and word. He had tried so hard to keep a lid on himself, taking up Fili’s advice to present to find an alpha and move away from his nephews. Only to have them conspire and become his alphas. The road was hard but it was very satisfying.

He didn’t have to worry about getting himself off by himself. He didn’t have to pretend to like someone and force a smile on his face. Their touches and caresses were like answered prayers, words of love a healing balm. He no longer had to suffer through a heat, bearing the pain of it and locking himself away. All he had to do was kiss one of them and say, “please” or “I need you” and they would easily fill him up with a hard cock. Their bodies rocking in blissful harmony for however long his heat decided to be around.

Frerin smiled across the room at Fili and Kili who were sharing a sofa, kissing each other. Another thing he enjoyed was the fact that they were young enough to get it up for a packet of ketchup. Being desirable was one thing when compared to the lover’s prowess.
At this point it had been a week since Bilbo had left with Thorin. They had time to themselves and most of it was spent without clothing. As of right now Frerin was sporting nothing, not even underwear as he curled up in a large chair with a knitted throw over his shoulders. A book was on his lap and it struck him oddly comfortable to have his day like this. Fili and Kili enjoying themselves, him in the calm of quiet that was only punctured with small sounds of kisses and little moans.

He looked down to the words on the book. He asked himself; Is this what home is like? Is this what it feels like when you don’t have to fight every day for every little thing?

He closed his eyes as a renewed drum of rain could be heard on the roof. His smile stayed on his lips. This was perfect. Just the three of them, just like this… it was home.

Beautiful, perfect, home.

“It’s raining again.” Kili stated in a hushed whisper, looking up at the ceiling.

“The weather is more mild here.” Fili said as he ran his hand over Kili’s thigh. “Wet, but not very cold.”

“I think Frerin fell asleep.”

Frerin of course was not asleep. He remained still when he heard his alphas get up and come over to him. They marked his place in the book and put it to the side before he was eased into a pair of warm arms. He moved closer, rubbing his face against the fuzzy chest. Kili.

He played possum as he was carried into their room. Fili pulling back the blankets, the two whispering to each other. He could do with a nap.

He was gently laid down, lips brushing against his own.

“Love you, angel.” Kili said softly.
The blankets were pulled up over him, Fili’s lips now coming to his. “Rest well, Freyr. I love you.”

They whispered to each other about looking at some of Frerin’s books, finding a cookbook to figure out what to make for lunch and dinner. Their voices floated out of the room as Frerin snuggled down into the sheets and pillows. For the first time in longer than he can remember, he had a good dream.

When Fili and Kili went to the front room they looked at the line of books in the built in shelves. There were a lot. Apparently everything here were the things that Frerin couldn’t put in his bags and bring to Erebor. Bilbo had been a good friend and had kept the place up as much as he could for whenever Frerin had the want to come back.

Fili bent down, sliding on some clean pants. He hopped a little in place getting them fully onto his hips. “He’s got a lot of mystery… or is it fantasy?”

Kili squinted. “Fantasy, mystery, young readers…. new age.” He sat on the floor before Fili dropped a pair of pants on top of his brother’s head. “Hey.”

“Put them on, you don’t want to get grease on your junk.”

“My junk is not junk, thank you very much. They are family jewels.” Kili grinned.

Fili rolled his eyes with a smile. “Which I’ll always treasure so protect them… do you see any recipe books?”

“Not really… damn, he does have a lot of new age.”

“What exactly is new age?”

“That guy from the… uh… that one place, he had red hair, knew Frerin, invited us to some family gathering.”

“Ori. When was that supposed to be? I know Frerin wanted to go.”
Kili looked around, he crawled on all fours over to a coffee table and picked up his cell. He flicked the screen looking at the date. “Uh, day after tomorrow.”

“Okay, we need to make sure he gets to that. And get you an eye appointment.”

“Pfft, I’m fine.”

“You’re squinting at your phone. You’re getting the appointment.”

“Can we get back to the subject of recipes?”

“Actually we were talking about new age.”

“Oh yeah. So new age is all like spiritualism. Like, I saw my dead grandthar in a dream with a message. Or I talk to beings of energy and light through my liver or something.”

“Yyyyeah, I have a feeling I shouldn’t ask you for advice in the future.” Fili grinned.

“Shut up, you asked. I tried to answer your question with what I know there for you should not criticize.”

Fili sat down on the floor at the large section of books. “He’s got a huge selection of all of these… ghost books. “Ghost Hunting”, “Ghost stories of Ered Luin”, “Weird Blue Mountains”, “Monsters of the West”, “Mountain Monsters”…” He smirked. “He’s got kids books in his research section.”

“On what?”

“Dwarfs, Wizards… and Tales of Valor.” Fili’s smile faded away. The more he looked at their bent spines he started to slowly see. They were the ones most used, all of these strange books. There was one in particular that was worn down and tattered. He pulled it out seeing a headless horsemen on the front. “The Lore of Ghosts.”
Kili pulled himself up beside his brother, looking at the books. His blurry sight could still pick up some of the titles, the condition of the books. He looked up seeing how the books progressed from nearly untouched at the top and grew more used as they went to the bottom.

“I don’t think all of these are his.” Kili said.

“And the ones that are his… he was looking for something.” Fili rubbed his thumb over the book cover. “Why else would someone like him look for ghosts within pages? He’s not actively looking for them, he’s not looking for evidence…”

“He’s looking for reassurance… that there is life after death.”

“Can you blame him?” Fili put the book back. “With what he’s gone through. Imagine trying to take care of someone you love until they couldn’t hold on any longer. That long stretch of time… a torture of its own device… I would want to know there was something more than this.”

“There is.”

Fili looked at his brother. “How do you know?”

Kili shrugged. “When grandpa died… I don’t know… when we buried him it didn’t seem like him any more. Just this… shell. I don’t know how to explain it, but I felt as if he was no longer there.”

Fili bowed his head. “Yeah…”

“What is it?”

“I just… remembered Frerin wasn’t there… at the funeral.”

“That’s right…”

“Well this is beautifully depressing.”
“Isn’t it always?” Kili joked.

“Shut up. Find a recipe book.”

Bilbo knocked softly on the door. He waited quietly before he heard the shuffling from behind. The door slowly opened showing the king of the land with greasy hair and dark circles under his eyes. His heart felt for him, after all, he knew what it was like to cherish family and find out they had been deceiving you. For the better or for the worse it still hurt, it was why he left the Shire. No longer able to look at Lobelia who had kept his marriage a secret from Bilbo because he thought Bilbo wouldn’t be able to condone the type of alpha Lobelia had settled down with. He had missed the engagement, missed the marriage, and missed the first baby born all because Lobelia was scared that Bilbo would reject him. Because of this deep distrust Bilbo left, signing his family home over to his closest cousin.

“Hey.” Bilbo said softly.

Thorin kept his eyes to the ground. “What do you wish of me now?”

“I… I just wanted to make sure you were okay… it’s been a while since you’ve come out of the hotel room.”

“And you would know, why?”

“It’s a small town.” Bilbo gave a sad smile. “I’m friends with practically everyone… You, um… you talk to Dis yet?”

Thorin shook his head. “Only through the phone.” He moved away from the door, allowing Bilbo to slip inside. “I made him return to Erebor. I love both my brothers, I cannot risk making rash decisions in a fit of anger.”
“Well,” Bilbo shut the door behind him. “This will simply not due.”

“What do you mean?” Thorin did an interesting walk between a shuffle and a stomp.

Bilbo sucked in a long breath before surging forward and shoving at Thorin’s shoulders. His voice came out loud and clear as he shouted. “What happened to him should have never happened!! That bastard should never have gotten away with it!!”

He saw Thorin’s eyes grow wide as Bilbo’s eyes filled with tears. He had been holding this damn secret for so long and all he wanted to do was scream and shout with someone with how justice couldn’t be served because of a simple piece of paper. He wanted Thorin to scream, he wanted him to be outraged! Not silent and requesting time alone!

Bilbo’s voice broke with pain as memories flooded his mind. He tried to push words out only have them to die in his throat. He hit Thorin’s chest with a fist choking on a sob. He pushed away from Thorin. He could feel the hold of hands on his elbows.

The king pulled him close, resting his head on his shoulder. A large hand pressed to Bilbo’s head as he finally cried against someone that knew the truth. Thorin twisted him gently at the waist, just barely, in a rocking motion.

Thorin pulled Bilbo down the small hall, past the bathroom to the little living room area of his suite. He sat down with the omega, arms wrapped around him as Bilbo wailed against his shirt.

“It’s okay.” Thorin said softly as he rubbed Bilbo’s back. “He’s still here with us.”

The crying only got worse, hands fisting the silk of Thorin’s shirt. The king sighed through his nose, resting his cheek on the top of Bilbo’s head. He would let him have this moment. To cry all he wanted. To hold something like that in for so long… he deserved to let it out. Relieve himself of the poison that fear and trauma caused. He told him the truth backing it up by taking him to the chief of police who had the files to show the proof and now, Thorin had to deal with it. If he was honest with himself, he didn’t know how to do that. He simply shut down. He couldn’t hide away like this forever. He would have to face Frerin, tell him that he knew and he dreaded that moment. The very moment he would rip away from Frerin the covers that he had been protecting himself under and expose him once more to the cold world.
A Family Ri-union

It was not a small “get-together” as they had been told. The family Ri mostly consisted of three brothers, as they had been under the assumption of. Instead, after fighting for an hour to find a parking spot at the park, they found almost a full festival in swing. Many colored tents had been pitched as the sun battled the clouds over head for dominance of the sky. There were people manning wooden carts filled with flowers, others with pastries, and some with meats. There was a table with a cake big enough to hide a teenager in as children of all ages ran around screaming. Adults clustered together in groups talking. It was easy to see the fussy hair dues of intricate braids of the omegas and how they were in clumps, some with babies. The alphas gathered together with drinks in their hands mostly around fire pits and grills while some chaperoned the younger generations in their games. There was even a band playing under one of the tents filling the air with songs that varied from pop, rock, and folk.

Fili looked at Frerin from the driver’s seat, Kili wiggled up from the back seat. “You sure this is where we’re supposed to be?”

The omega smiled. It was so bright and soft that it made Fili’s breath hitch. His cheeks heated up, he had never seeing Frerin smile like that before.

“It is. Come on!” Frerin was quick to get out of the car, pouncing a little where he stood waiting for his alphas. “Come on, hurry. Hurry~”

“We’re coming, angel.” Kili laughed as he closed the door behind him. He looked his omega up and down, the destroyed black skinny pants and harrow boots. But it was the soft green peplum that he appreciated. It was a dusty, sage like color, not intense, not faded and easy for him to see. The long sleeves cuffed down the back of his hand allowing him to fuss at it and tuck his fingers inside if he felt a little chilled. But the neck was wide and showed the top of his shoulders. His dyed garnet hair, golden beard starting to come back, he looked like a piece of artwork that came to life. He reached over, taking the two braids that laid behind Frerin’s ears and pulled them forward to rest down his chest. The rest of his hair was in a messy, loose, braid clipped with the emerald clip that kili had given him.

Frerin continued to smile and stole a kiss from Kili while Fili rounded the front of the car.

“You will love them!” Frerin hooked an arm into one of each alpha’s and started to walk at a quick pace. “Dori is a bit of a fusser, Nori is just -brilliant- and Ori, well you met Ori. Mama Ri will want to see you, he’s getting on in years but he’s the matron of the family, gotta pay our respects. Then there is~”
Fili and Kili tried to listen, they really did. But the Ri family was huge consisting of a grand total of seventeen children from Mama Ri, each one have over six children themselves besides one which was the mother of Dori, Nori, and Ori. Most of those children now had children. And the more they found out the more they realized that the family could populate all of Ered Luin by themselves. But most have spread out around the world and every once in a while they’ll come back and a large reunion of family and friends would be arranged.

It became a quick whirlwind of introductions from Elhaym the 7th cousin three times removed to Jarkah the shopkeeper that Kili had talked to upon his arrival of Ered Luin. Then it was to Mama Ri who grabbed Frerin’s face in his wrinkled hands and proceeded to pinch his cheeks until they were almost blood red. Frerin crouched next to the old omega, taking the abuse and listening to him ramble on and on before he found his opportunity to introduce Fili and Kili.

“Mama Ri. These are my alphas, Fili and Kili.” Frerin presented them as if the princes were meeting an in-law for the first time. “They take very good care of me, mama, so please be nice.”

The old omega adjusted his large glasses, his thin lips pulling in and disappearing in his beard as he glared up at them. The stood still, as if movement would trigger the old man to get up and start beating them with his walker. Mama Ri was a little thing, with a thick coat on and several blankets over his lap. His glasses were thick and round making his eyes look bigger than they were, magnifying his glare. Some how, each wrinkle looked like a battle scar and even his silence seemed like a general’s command. To put it simply, he was the most intimidating person they have ever encountered besides Thorin.

Frerin elbowed Fili in the ribs. “Say something.”

“I… It’s a pleasure to meet you.” He bowed down with respect.

“Why are there two of you?”

“I-I’m sorry?” Fili asked.

“Why are there two of you?” Mama Ri repeated. “Does it take two of you to-”

“No, no Mama.” Frerin said quickly. “Fili and Kili are my alphas. Both are my husbands.”
Mama Ri smacked his lips. “I’m a bit thirsty.”

“I can get you something. What would you like to drink?” Fili asked.

“Just some water.”

“Right, water.” Fili looked around. Oh god, why was this old omega so scary? “I’ll… um… I’ll be right back.”

Fili scurried off to find water leaving Kili behind. The younger alpha stepped closer to Frerin who seemed to hold the favor of this unusual creature.

“Don’t be so scared.” Frerin kissed Kili’s temple. “Stay here with Mama, I’m going to see if I can find Ori.”

“No, don’t-” Kili watched Frerin leave. He was alone with this scary old omega.

“And you are?” Mama asked.

“K-kili.”

Mama waved Kili over. It took him a little time before he finally relented, coming a few steps closer. The omega reached up and pulled Kili down, pinching a cheek painfully hard making his eyes tear up. “Good smile on you. But you’re rude, at least the other one said hi to me.”

“I’m sorry, Mama, I won’t do it again.” Kili whined.

“That’s a good boy.” Mama let go of Kili’s cheek.

Fili came running back, casting his brother a worried look from how Kili was rubbing at his face and wincing. “Here you go, Mama.”
“Thank you.” Mama took a sip. “Go on, get out of here, have fun.”

“Right.”

“Okay, bye mama!”

Frerin pushed through the crowd saying hi to people who recognized him while he asked around for his friends. In the end it wasn’t him who found the three brothers, it was Nori. A pinch to Frerin’s butt and the omega whirled knowing it was not the touch of one of his alphas. He was greeted with the foxish grin of Nori who opened his arms wide and grabbed Frerin in a tight hug.

“Hey, beautiful! Long time no see, or call, or email, or txt.” Nori pushed Frerin back. “What’s up with that?”

“I’m sorry, I kind of got caught up in the political life.” Frerin leaned into the omega that was now trying to put him into a headlock. “Thorin really enjoyed catching me up on the latest things of the kingdom, teaching me how to do this and that and who was who and how to read between the lines. Soon as it calmed down then there was this and that and bah!”

“I love your indepth explanation of things.” Nori rolled his eyes. He pulled Frerin along to a small group of tables, one where familiar figures were gathered next to. “Hey, Dori! Ori wasn’t lying!”

Dori turned, his eyes getting big as he started up the movement of the whole group. “Frerin!”

“Hi guys.” He smiled softly. “Been a while.”

“Well I’ll say!” Dori hit Frerin’s shoulder with a hard slap making the other nearly fall over. “You little punk! Do you know how worried we were over you? Leaving right after your mother’s funeral. We didn’t even get to say a proper goodbye to you.”

“Y-yeah, sorry about that…”
“Sorry doesn’t even start to cover it, Frerin.” Ori spoke up, gently bouncing a fussy baby against his chest. “We didn’t know what happened to you, Bilbo had to tell us and a week later you send a letter and nothing else.” Ori leaned in and whispered under his breath. “Mama Ri was -pissed-. He was saying that you-know-who had come and kidnapped you and he was going to get his old ties into this.”

“Mama Ri doesn’t have any ties. He’s almost a hundred years old.”

“Actually he had his hundredth this year.” Bombur said softly as Bofur leaned against his brother as if he was piece of furniture.

“Like the red hair by the way.” Bofur said with a grin. “Different.”

“You didn’t dye your hair because -he- was around did you?!” Dori said indignantly.

“No, no. Bilbo had me dye my hair because of… complications with my alphas.”

The group went quiet. Dori’s mouth hung open as Bombur looked confused and Bofur and Nori looked at him as if he was about to burst out laughing and declare it a joke.

When nothing happened it was Ori who spoke up. “So… um… when you came into the shop you didn’t say anything about that… was it one of the young men you were with?”

“Both.”

“What?”

Frerin started to fuss with the cuffs of his shirt. “B-both. Fili and Kili are both my alphas.”

“Both.” Dori parroted.

“Yes.”
“But… is that legal?”

“I’m bonded to both so… yeah, it is.”

“Fili and Kili.” Nori looked up as he thought. “I heard those names before…”

“Y-yeah…” Frerin cleared his throat. “So, who’s this little guy, Ori?”

“One of our alpha cousins.” Ori smiled. “I offered to babysit while his mom and dad took a nap.” He gestured with his head over to a couple that was asleep in some seats.

“He’s going to be quite the looker.” Nori smirked. “With that black head of fuzz.”

“May I?” Frerin held out his hands.

“Oh, please, my arms are getting tired and he hates being put down.”

Ori stepped up to Frerin, the two slowly exchanging the child. He started to cry when he was being removed from Ori’s chest. His wail was piercing leaving a terrible in the ears. Soon as he was up against Frerin’s chest he calmed down, back into his favorite position of security. Ori took the hand towel from his shoulder and put it over Frerin’s.

“Just in case he spits up.” He explained.

“Look at you.” Frerin peered down at the baby. His voice soft as little hands ventured for his braids. “Hi little alpha, hi.”

It took Fili and Kili over an hour to weed through everyone to find Frerin. The crowds only seemed to grow thicker as more people came around. The two decided it would be a good idea to hold
hands while they looked. It wouldn’t do them any good if they were separated and needed to find each other as well. The stumbled and bumped into countless bodies, people with all kinds of hair colors from bright artificial blue to the sweetest strawberry blond. There was a handful of dark haired people here and there and they would stop in these areas to take a good look before continuing on. When they finally found Frerin the omega was bent over a table being coached on how to change a diaper on an overly squirmy baby.

“You always want to throw a towel over their little privates.” A strange, elderly, alpha was leaning next to Frerin, putting a towel over the baby. “These little guys don’t have control yet.”

“Nori got pee in his eye once.” Ori laughed.

“That’s good to know.” Frerin mumbled as he threw a dirty diaper into a bag and tied it.

“That I got pee in my eye? You’re a real great friend.” Nori took the bag from Frerin and threw the bag into a proper trash can.

“I didn’t mean that but if it makes you feel better then we can pretend that I’m glad you got pee in your eye.”

“Yes, can we please. Because if you’re not then that hurts my feelings.” Nori’s tone of sarcasm was in a league of its own.

“You’re the one that wants me happy about your unfortunate events.” Frerin leaned over the baby and puffed up his cheeks. He wiggled his head making his braids dance over the baby’s reaching hands. He was rewarded with happy squeals before the baby grabbed a braid and stuffed it into his mouth.

“Can we get on with this. The baby has a butt as bare as the day he was born.” Dori huffed.

Soon as he saw the baby and his omega Fili froze. His body stiffened as a shiver ran up his spine. The blue of his eyes became slivers, his pupils dilated. His palms started to grow sweaty making Kili pull his hand free. His brother looked at him as his attention was focused on the domestic scene before him. His heart hammering when Frerin finished changing the baby and slipped his little pants back on over his tiny striped socks.
The omega lifted the baby up and to his shoulder where the infant happily stuffed hair into his toothless mouth. Frerin was talking to Dori about the process of child care, he hadn’t had much experience with it but he had common sense. Hold baby firmly but gently, incline the head when feeding so baby doesn’t choke, make activities flamboyant so the child can keep interest and learn. For changing a diaper it was; take it off, wipe, stick a new one on. With Dori’s guidance he knew the extra steps now and he silently approved of this new knowledge. He didn’t know when or even if he could bear a child to Fili and Kili, but he would like to know these things if it ever happened.

A touch to his back with one hand, a touch to his butt with another. He knew those hands.

“Hello, loves.” Frerin smiled to each in turn as the flanked him. He lingered on Fili, his mouth suddenly feeling dry as the blond looked at him in a way he knew well. It took a lot of effort for him to rip his attention away. “U-uh, Dori. This is Fili and Kili, my alphas. Fili, Kili, this is Dori, that’s Nori, you’ve met Ori. And that’s Bofur and his brother Bombur.”

“And who’s this little prince?” Fili’s voice was like silk as he looked at the baby.

“Naem. One of Dori, Nori, and Ori’s cousins. We’re babysitting while his parents go into a little coma.”

Kili pushed his mouth up next to Frerin’s ear, making sure he was quiet enough for just him to hear. “Fili’s really close to rutting. We gotta go.”

Frerin nodded. He stepped away from the alphas, Kili gripping Fili’s shoulder so he couldn’t follow closely behind.

“We got to go now, but I’ll call you or you guys get Bilbo to poke at me and we’ll get together again, just our group.” He gently handed Naem over to Dori. He put the hand towel on Dori’s shoulder. He stroked Naem’s head and gave it a little kiss. “You be a good boy, little one.”

Frerin said another quick goodbye before Kili grabbed his hand and pulled both Frerin and Fili through the crowd. Unaware of a pair of calculating eyes on them.
The feel of the upholstery was barely there, the discomfort of having his cheek pressed against the edge of the seat was easily overlooked as a powerful hand slid under his peplum top. The material dragged and bunched as his cock was teased. Knuckles brushing against the teeth of his zipper. The fleshy hardness of a well loved dick pressed against his backside, he could feel it straining even through two layers of cloth.

Breath puffed out over his neck and shoulder, making loose red hairs dance up against his cheek. His moan was akin to a whimper, his skin heating from the dry rubbing of a calloused hand and filthy humping.

Lips pressed against his shoulder, tongue pressing against skin.

“I’m going to fill you up with so much cum you’ll never get it all out.” Fili’s voice was sinfully smooth, weaving through his ears and into his very bones. His breathing hitched as Fili rubbed more against his ass. “You want that, liquor lips?”

Frerin gave a helpless sound, nodding vigorously. “Y-yes.” He gasped when his cock was gripped harder, a thumb swirling over the sensitive tip. “Fuck! Fili!”

“Would you like me to breed you, my beautiful omega?”

The omega’s tongue flicked out over his lips, his voice barely a whisper as he rubbed back against Fili’s lap. “Yes.”

The car vibrated, the sound of crunching gravel setting a deep purr into Frerin. They were finally out of town.

Kili had to drag Fili away from Frerin to even get to the car. The dominant alpha, latched onto his brother, kissing and biting all the while hissing out a demand to touch their omega. Kili had pinned Fili against the car, kissing him hard until both couldn’t breath and their heads swimming. When Kili went to go into the driver’s seat Fili’s gaze locked onto Frerin. The omega watched him with a bit of caution as he hadn’t seen Fili with this degree of intensity. The alpha had adjusted his stance, showing the growing bulge in his pants making Frerin feel weak in the knees. Honestly, if it wasn’t for Kili shouting at them he would have knelt down and given Fili a blow right there in the parking lot. But Kili did, and that was how he found himself pinned in the back seat with a very horny
alpha on top of him.

Kili could only get them to a safe place, not all the way back home. He took a side road that was marked ‘private’ and pulled to the side. They were outside of town, away from eyes that may see the beautiful sight of his lovers and he would not have that. It was for him to see, for him to smell and taste.

He opened the door that would let the two crawl out easily to be greeted with the sight of Fili’s golden hair spilling over Frerin’s face. The omega panting with his eyes closed as his back was kissed and marks sucked into his skin. He grabbed at the front of his pants, squeezing his cock that started to hurt.

Why couldn’t he get used to this? Seeing them twined together like a piece of fine jewelry, complimenting each other so magnificently that there would never be a price high enough for someone to obtain them. Yet he had, they were his.

Kili unbuttoned the front of his jeans. He leaned down, brushing hair out of Frerin’s face to steal a kiss. Frerin pushed his cheek off of the seat, up onto his hands so he could get a better angle. The only protest from the movement he got from Fili was an extra hard jerk on his prick that made him yip into Kili’s mouth.

Fili’s hand scraped down his back, around to his hip. The alpha’s thumb hooked under the hem of underwear and jeans. He pulled down exposing one hip. His hand sliding over the soft globes of a perfect ass, working the clothing down enough to expose a weeping slit. He fumbled with his own button and zipper, finding it difficult to do with only one hand. He glanced up seeing Kili’s closed eyes as his brother drank from the omega’s mouth each and every kiss that made goose bumps on the brunet’s arms.

The heir fished out his cock, and without warning pushed into Frerin. One of the omega’s hands flew back, pawing at the curve of Fili’s butt where the thigh met. He squeezed and rocked back showing that he was fine with the golden prince to ride his mount.

“Kili.” Fili panted. “Hold his shoulders. D-don’t want to knock you together.”

Kili did as he was told. He bit Frerin’s lip with a tantalizing growl. Fili gripped the headrests of the front seat, the other hand grabbing hold of the back of the back seat. He used this for leverage to slam his hips forward forcing Frerin forward with a pleased shout right into Kili’s hands.
“You’re so beautiful.” Kili gently rubbed the tip of his nose against Frerin’s cheek. “You take in his cock so perfectly.”

The omega’s voice was lost to him beyond small sounds that consisted of “nh!”s and “ah!”s. With each powerful thrust Fili’s cock rubbed against his walls, pegging a spot deep inside that made lights burst over his vision. Kili’s tongue darted out running over his upper lip as he fought to have breath. His head swimming from the scent of his alphas. He could barely register Kili’s soft word in comparison to the hard movements of his brother thoroughly fucking his pussy raw.

Kili nibbled at Frerin’s jaw, sucking spots over his neck. He lapped and kissed at the scaring teeth marks of the claiming bites.

“Fuck, you two-” Fili couldn’t keep his eyes off of how Kili bathed attention to Frerin. How his brother was so kind and gentle in his administrations when he knew how forceful and hard his brother could be. He kept himself in check even though he could see how Kili shivered with need. Before when it was just him and Kili, Kili would fight for dominance. They would spend so much time wrestling each other on the ground, naked with hard pricks sliding against each other. Grabbing at shoulders and wrists trying to get the upper hand before he would eventually wear his baby brother out and he shoved his slicked cock into Kili’s awaiting hole. Other times Kili would be rebellious enough to gain the upper hand and fuck Fili into the mattress before pulling out and spilling seed all over his thighs and ass. And that was what it was- fucking. It was a release for their raging hormones. Now they had Frerin, the piece in their puzzle that balanced them out. He grounded Kili, gave him his mind during his ruts and showed his true gentle, and romantic, nature. He gave Fili something to fight for, a future that he actually wanted and was not expected of him.

Kili looked up at Fili, his lips kiss swollen. His eyes glimmered with lust as his gaze raked over Fili’s form, how his brother’s shirt stuck to his skin, starting to turn dark in patches from sweat. Down to where sculpted hips snapped forward to pound into Frerin, their pants barely down enough for this to happen. He wanted to lick them, suck on them both and drink all they had to give. He wanted his face slick with their cum and his body taken for a ride.

He swallowed, looking at Fili pleadingly. His cock hurt so much, hanging heavily out of his jeans. He was being patient. He wanted his turn.

Fili leaned down, claiming Kili’s mouth. His tongue darting out as his body shuddered. His hips jerked as he came, spilling his seed with each jump of his cock inside Frerin’s velvety walls. He pulled out before his knot could fully form.

“No~” Frerin whined. He liked the closeness the knot made. He liked the feel of its swell stretching him impossibly wide.
Fili broke the kiss with Kili. He brought up a hand, his fingers pulling Kili’s bottom lip down as he gazed into his brother’s eyes, though his words were for Frerin. “Shhh. You’ll get what you want.”

He pulled back, sitting down with his back against the far door. “Flip over Frerin, he can’t get to you like that.”

Frerin and Kili were amusing to see, the omega more agile than he originally thought as he moved with little effort to get his legs towards the open door. Kili pulled off Frerin’s boots and pants, tossing them to the ground. He shoved his pants down further. He scooped up some of Fili’s cum that was escaping and used it to slick over his raging cock. He knew he wouldn’t last long, having to wait as long as he had, who would hold it against him?

He slid his cock into Frerin’s slit, a shiver running up his spine as legs wrapped around him. Frerin’s arms went up behind his head, wrapping around Fili as he watched Kili.

Kili’s movements were not nearly as hard as Fili’s. Long strokes that rubbed against his walls to press and linger against that special spot inside. Frerin arched his back in a long, moan, his hips moving along with his youngest lover.

Fili hissed as Frerin’s silken hair ran over his swollen prick. It felt so good. He gathered some of the long locks into a hand and fisted it around himself, giving slow pumps to make Kili’s pace. He watched with much satisfaction as Kili pushed Frerin’s shirt up under his armpits and started to suck at the omega’s nipples. One of Frerin’s legs kicked out as he cried out, his hands pulling at Fili’s shirt. The sound he made was pure bliss making Fili jerk himself off harder.

Kili laid over Frerin, moving harder and faster as the coil of climax started to wind tighter and tighter. He kissed under Frerin’s chin as the omega gasped for air. They were both trembling, riding that edge of sharp bliss. He heard his brother grunt. He looked up seeing what he was doing. It was so hot seeing his brother jerking his already sensitive knot with Frerin’s hair while watching them with keen eyes. He lowered his head, rubbing his cheek against Frerin’s and gave a playful growl, his throat vibrating close to Frerin’s ear.

The shout deafened him in one ear, startled Fili and himself and he was nearly bucked off of Frerin as he came very hard. His gushing climax pushing Kili’s cock out of him.

The two alphas stared down at Frerin, the omega panting and red in the face. He blinked a few times before he realized what he had done. His hands flew to his face.
“O-oh my god.” Frerin twisted a little under Kili towards the back of the car seat. “I-I’m sorry, oh god.”

Fili and Kili looked at each other, eyes still wide.

“J-just… finish, Kili. Don’t… don’t mind me.” He sounded so embarrassed.

“Do… do you like growling?” Kili asked.

Frerin curled up into a ball as a reply.

“No, no, Freyr.” Fili gently pulled at Frerin trying to uncurl him. A love struck smile on his face. “It’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Fili has the same thing.” Kili tried to help by taking hold of Frerin’s knees and easing them down and apart.

Frerin whimpered hands still over his face, his pretty eyes peeking out from between fingers. “Nnn….”

“I do.” Fili brushed his knuckles over Frerin’s bangs. “And apparently I share the same thing with Kili about soft things.” He pushed at Frerin for him to see his cock nested in the omega’s hair with more cum leaking from the tip. “Don’t be embarrassed, liquor lips.”

Frerin looked doubtful, unsure. His arms instinctively wrapping around Kili’s shoulders. Kili hummed a reassuring sound. He stroked Frerin’s messy hair, pulling him closer and slipping his cock back into him. The action making the omega relax, showing that their words rung true. That they enjoyed this new fact. Kili rocked into him, silent besides small grunts.

Fili stroked at Frerin’s face and hair, whispering encouraging words until Kili came, his knot swelling and tying him inside.
Frerin kept hold of Kili making Fili drive home. When they got to the little house Kili had to carry the omega inside as he wrapped around the alpha like a kaula. One of his hands found Fili’s and grabbed onto his palm as he hid his face in the mess of Kili’s hair.
the past

The morning yielded another storm. The fall rains were setting in, drizzling down the warped contours of the old building. Frerin barely woke to the feeling of cool, crisp air on his shoulders. He rolled onto his side, mentally checking to see if the need to pee was great enough to have to get up and deal with or if he could sleep for a bit longer. A breeze brushed over his cheek, entrapping a few hairs into his facial hair.

A breeze?

That wasn’t right. He always locked his windows and doors.

Maybe it was just a draft?

He rubbed his face into his pillows. Maybe Fili or Kili was cooking and opened a window. They were trying to learn how to cook from one of Frerin’s mother’s recipe books. It blossomed a flower of warmth in his chest thinking about how his alphas were trying to be independant. They wanted to provide for him. And that felt sweeter than any poetry to ever be whispered in the throes of love.

He smiled against the pillow. Never in all of his dreams could he have hoped for this and here he had it. All of it.

A hand came to his head, fingers gently caressing tresses of hair. He hummed softly trying to move into the touch.

“That feels nice.” Frerin kept his eyes closed. He curled up, bringing his knees up a bit more and pulled his pillow down.

He heard breathing before he felt it puff over the skin of his cheek. “Does it, really, my little whore?”

Brown eyes flew open, a gloved hand slapping over his mouth, muffling his scream. Fingers squeezed so hard he could feel the flesh of his lips press into his teeth. He thrashed out his elbow, thrusting it behind him hoping to catch a part of the body only to be suddenly jerked. He was shaken violently several times before he could hear Fili and Kili’s voice.
“Frerin! Wake up!!” Fili shook the omega’s shoulders.

“Angel, you gotta wake up!” Kili patted at golden stubbled cheeks.

When Frerin’s eyes opened they stopped. His breath came in sharp and short, his body was covered with sweat and he was visibly trembling. He scrambled back away from Fili and Kili with a scream. His head collided with the headboard with a hard thump that caused the alphas to wince as their omega flailed up into a sitting position.

“Frerin, are you okay?” Fili asked softly barely audible over the frantic breathing of the omega.

“No.” Frerin started to throw off blankets and sheets. “No, no, no!” He grabbed at his thighs looking at the scars rubbing so hard the skin fluxed between red and white as he checked himself over. “He was here, he-was here.” He twisted himself looking at his upper arms, doing the same.

“Honey,” Kili tried to keep his voice level though his mind was stricken into shock from the frantic behavior. “No one has been here, only you, me, and Fili.”

“No, he was here. He was in here! He-he grabbed me and he-” Tears ran down Frerin’s face, his teeth chattering from fear.

“Frerin.” Fili took hold of his lover’s wrists. “Look at me. Look at me!”

“Fili,” Kili warned.

But the command made the omega look up, his eyes red from crying, his face painted in the most horrible mask of fear. Fili swallowed, his breath stopping in his throat. He had never seen his beloved like this before.

The fear slowly started to ebb away as Frerin at the familiar face of his alpha. He shuddered, looking over at Kili who wore the same shocked expression as his brother.
“Fili? Kili?” A sob spluttered out of his lips as he bowed his back trying to curl up on himself. “I’m sorry.” He said quickly.

“No, darling.” Fili pulled Frerin to his chest. He wrapped his arms around him, pressing a hand to the back of his head. “It’s okay.”

All he got was the chanting reply of apology after apology.

He shifted the both of them, getting enough room for Kili to slip in behind. They held onto Frerin, letting him cry as the shivers of fear trembled through his body. Both would whisper their own brand of comfort, trying their best to reassure that he was safe and sound. That nothing bad could reach him ever again.

It took a long time for Frerin to calm enough that they could separate. His hands shook as he dug through his drawers trying to find clothing. He pulled everything out, tears periodically dripping down his chin as he sniffled. He found some gray sweat pants and yanked them on.

“Frerin,” Fili’s voice was soft.

“I’m sorry.” The omega said again, pulling on a knitted jumper that was twice his size. He wiped at his face with the cuff, his free arm wrapped around his ribs. He sniffled. “I’m sorry. I-I should have-”

“Shh, it’s okay.”

Kili shuffled some of the clothing to the side. “How about we go and get some coffee?”

Frerin made a helpless sound.

“From the kitchen!” He quickly put out. “Just the kitchen…” He offered his hand. “Only the kitchen. Is that okay?”

The garnet haired omega took Kili’s hand. He was stiff in his movements, hunched over and trying to curl up on himself. He hugged up to Kili’s back when the brunet started to head to the kitchen.
Fili followed close behind trying to offer silent support. He went to make coffee while Kili brought Frerin over to the table to sit him down. While the pot perculated Fili went over to his lovers. He grabbed the back of a chair, dragging it over to sit in front of Frerin. Kili sat beside him, holding one of his hands, their fingers laced together, one hand rubbing the back of Frerin’s hand in comfort.

“Talk to us.” Fili said softly.

Frerin shivered, he rubbed at his forehead. “I… um… I should have told you.” He sniffl ed again, he rubbed at his eyes with his sleeve. “I-I will… sometimes it happens and I don’t know why but it just… comes around and I dream of when I was taken.”

“When you were kidnapped?” Kili asked for clarification.

“Y-yeah.” He couldn’t look at them, feeling ashamed. He sucked in his lips, tasting the salt of tears and some snot. “It’s always so vivid. I can-I can feel his hand around my mouth, pressing my lips into my teeth, smell his breath. Feel… feel him grab me and pull me out of my bed.”

“Darling,” Fili rested his elbows on his knees. He laced his fingers together. He swallowed and looked up at his tender lover. “I think… I really do think that you should tell us what happened, all of it.”


“He needs to tell us, Kili. We had no idea what was going on when he started to thrash in bed. I want to know what happened so we can help him.”

“Pushing him into it won’t—”

“Kili, he’s right.” Frerin squeezed Kili’s hand. “I… I need to tell someone… only a handful of people know what really happened and… and I promised to tell you more…”

“Remember, take it slow.” Fili reached over, taking up the fisted hold of Kili and Frerin’s hands.
“What… what was the last thing I told you?”

“Bilbo caught the guy putting dead rats on your porch.” Kili let go of Frerin’s hand in favor of wrapping his arm around shoulders.

Frerin nodded, leaning forward, trying to curl up on himself again. “Kay… okay…” He took a long breath, then another. He could do this. He had to do this. He was thankful for their patience as it took longer than a few breaths. He would start to say something and feel the words stick, feeling thick in his throat like sludge.

A part of him didn’t want to say it, putting it out there made it real. If he kept quiet about it then he could shove it to the side, leave it be. It would raise up and bite at him but he could handle the occasional nightmare. But Fili was right, he wasn’t alone any more. This was effecting his lovers as much as himself.

“Okay… so… Bilbo found out, he told me. I didn’t want to believe it, I yelled at Bilbo and refused to believe but Bilbo had filmed him on his phone and showed me. I still can’t apologize to Bilbo enough for some of the things I said in the heat of things. And he was there when I broke it off and told the guy to never come near me again. By this time… m-mom wasn’t doing too well. He had ended up in a hospice and I was sent home. I had… been… sleeping, in the very bed we share when I woke up to the cold. A hand w-rapped around mmy mouth. I was hauled up out of the covers and out the window. I can still feel the ice and the jarring of my bones when I was thrown down. He told me to shut up and slapped my face until the left side was purple and I was too dazed to fight back.

“He… dragged me through the woods and threw me into the trunk of a car. I passed out from exhaust and woke up in so much pain. My head hurt -so- bad that I.. I can’t describe it.”

“You don’t have to.” Kili squeezed his hold on Frerin’s shoulders.

“Where did he keep you?” Fili felt the air in his lungs refuse to move past a tiny breath. His heart hammering. His ears were starting to ring from the pressure of his blood boiling from his anger. He was carefully watching his omega. How he refused to look at him or Kili. How he still trembled. His lips were flat against his teeth as he rode the edge of panic, Frerin hissed out several sobbing breaths, some saliva dripping from his mouth as he held out his hands. They were shaking so badly now that he could barely pull up his sleeves.

“H-he, he,” it was almost a laugh. He was terrified. He pressed his fingers together and folded them down at an awkward angle. “He bound my hands like this. So if I tried to get away, I would
break my wrists.” He pulled up one of his bare feet. He pressed his thumb against his sole in the middle of all of his toes showing the flex. “He tapped my feet folded like this with duct tape so they would break if I tried to get up. I was kept in a b-bath tub in a r-renovated barn.”

“That’s enough. We’re done.” Kili said sharply.

But Frerin kept going. “When he wanted me he would c-come in, hose me down b-because I c-couldn’t… get to a toilet and… I-I was stuck there. He would bathe me then take me out and put me on my knees. Then he would shove his dick into me.” He looked at Fili pleadingly. “I told him to stop so many times. I didn’t want any of this. But he would take razors and knives and threaten to kill me and to show he could do whatever he wanted he-he would cut me. And when that wasn’t pleasing enough he would put it into my hands and guide them to cut myself.”

“Frerin, that’s enough!” Kili pulled the omega until they were chest to chest. He held him tight. “That’s enough…”

“I didn’t want to.” Frerin cried into Kili’s shoulder. “I didn’t want to.”

“I know, I know.” Kili hugged tighter. He buried his face into beautiful hair, squeezing his eyes so hard that his eyelids hurt.

Fili silently got up from his seat. He poured some cups of coffee, slipping some cream and sugar into Frerin’s. He brought them over to the table. He went into the front room and grabbed a box of tissues. He looked down at the coffee table and picked up Frerin’s cell phone. He flicked through the different contacts, hesitating over the name of Legolas. He hadn’t seen nor heard of someone named Legolas… Maybe an old friend that Frerin was meaning to contact again… It didn’t matter, he was after a different number. He dialed it and put the phone to his ear. As it rung he brought the tissues into the kitchen and put them down by the coffee mugs. He walked back to the small hallway and leaned against the wall. It was tearing him a part hearing Frerin’s crying. So much pain, so much fear. What could he do?

“Hello?... What’s going on?”

“Hey, uh… Thorin, I think…” Fili swallowed. He had to man up, this was his family now. “I think Frerin needs his big brother right now.”

“What happened?”
“He told us what happened and… I- me and Kili can’t reach him right now. He’s in a bad place and like I said… he needs his big brother.”
Chapter 27

Fili didn’t know what to do with himself. Frerin’s crying ripped a wound deeper in his heart with every choked sound. His voice was getting raw but the tremors that rattled his body was only getting worse as the wails settled down. He tried rubbing his back, tried to say comforting words after Frerin’s voice died down enough for him to hear. But the omega stayed buried in Kili’s hold, not willing to look at either of them.

His hands twitched with the desire to pull his mate to him, he wanted to kiss him over and over again. He wanted to wipe away the snot and tears and tell him how beautiful and strong he was until Fili’s voice was hoarse. He wanted to hold him, hide him in blankets and distract him with anything from a movie to fumbling with sewing needles. But the little dark part in him was coming out, seeing how Frerin didn’t seek comfort from him. It saw how he flinched, not caring that the omega was flinching from everything. It told him that he was only making things worse and that it was best to leave it all to Kili.

Fili removed himself from the room. He waited in the hallway, listening and feeling like an outsider to their once lovely coupling. He didn’t think of anything else but the thoughts of prayer that Frerin would calm soon.

When the knock on the door came he was quick to open it. He let Thorin in, the king coming in with a long stride. He followed and stopped at the entryway to the kitchen. He watched as Thorin knelt down in front of Frerin’s chair, his voice so low that he couldn’t hear it. The king easily touched the omega coaxing him away from Kili’s arms. Fili felt his throat constrict at the sight of Frerin’s face; dark markings under bloodshot eyes, his skin a sickly pale, his face looked more gaunt despite the puffiness caused by tears. He looked like a starved, wounded animal that was tired of trying to live.

Thorin reached over to the tissue box on the table and teased a few sheets out. He rubbed them over his brother’s face with gentle strokes. Fili couldn’t hear them but he could see the movement of Frerin’s lips as he continued to apologize.

A tender touch to his elbow made him jerk. He looked over to see Bilbo.

“How you holding up?” Bilbo asked.

Fili didn’t answer. His eyes fell from Bilbo to the floor then trailed back to the kitchen where Thorin was now standing, pulling Frerin into his arms. The omega looked so small compared to Thorin’s broad shoulders and height. He fit perfectly in his brother’s hold, blanketed by the gentle
darkness of Thorin’s onyx hair and long black coat.

“Thorin said he told you…”

Fili nodded slowly.

Bilbo took in the situation. Fili separated from the rest, the desperate look in his eyes with need to be part of the comfort. He obviously didn’t know what had happened. He didn’t know what was going through Fili’s mind. He was only trying to help, after all this was one of his best friend’s alphas. He was trusted enough to be told the truth, so he was practically family.

Bilbo patted Fili’s shoulder, making his voice as sympathetic as possible. “Don’t take it to heart. He didn’t mean it.”

Fili looked back to him. He took it as a cue to continue.

“Just because he had blond hair and blue eyes doesn’t mean that Frerin sees his attacker in you.” He rubbed at Fili’s tense shoulder. “Let him calm down, an hour or two he’ll be right as rain. He bounces back real well.” Bilbo gave a bitter smile. “Better than me. I still can’t handle it all.”

He… he looked like Frerin’s attacker? He looked like the asshole that did all of this to that perfect angel of a man? He…

Fili raised up a hand, looking at it. That darkness larger now, hissing into the blood that pumped into his ears. He was a trigger. What else reminded Frerin of that man? Fili’s hands? His voice? What if simply laying beside him in bed could be a cruel reminder? He had read that people who have been in abused, tortured, tormented… they subconsciously seek out traits of those who had harmed them. An omega with an drunk father will try to find a mate with an alcoholic. An alpha that had been raped always had one night stands with terrible rough sex. These people didn’t mean to, it was just the human mind that twisted itself along that path of crooked love they had experienced.

Once again, Bilbo mistook what he saw. He meant well, but Frerin was his flaw. He was a good lawyer, always researched everything down to the leaf of paper. But his best friend was not a case to him, he was a person that was more than a list of facts. Bilbo relaxed his observations too much or sharpened them to finely. He came to conclusions that were half truths and teetered himself on the edge of panic when anything bad happened.
He took Fili into the front room, he talked about everything and nothing trying to ease the young man’s mind. Soon Fili couldn’t stand it any more and got up. He went to the bedroom and changed his clothes.

He pulled on his coats and put on his shoes. Silently he walked out the back door and into the woods. He found a trail that he walked along, smelling a combination of dry air and the misting rain that had the occasional fat drop. He stuffed his hands into his pockets, not willing to look up from the path he was treading.

He needed to think. He needed to decide what would be for the best.

He knew he couldn’t break his bond with Frerin. It would kill one of them and drive the other insane with an equally traumatized Kili. He could, possibly, spend a few days in town. Stay at a hotel and let things calm down before coming back. He could… encourage Frerin to go to a therapist and maybe he could see that Fili wasn’t this guy and maybe Frerin could love him.

His feet stopped suddenly.

Did Frerin really love him?

He looked over his shoulder towards the cabin. With everything that has happened… with the crazed struggle to stay together… what if all of it was really just a bond strictly for mating? That would explain why Frerin would go to Kili for comfort but to Fili primely for sex.

He sniffed, feeling his eyes sting as that dark doubt burbled inside of him. It reassured him he was right. That Frerin didn’t love him, convincing him that their bond was chemical and the only emotions between him and the omega were all on his own. It played over the memories of all the times he saw the joys Kili brought Frerin, selecting the ones with himself to being the ones of them having sex and just arguing.

He took a hand out of his pocket and ground a palm into one eye, sniffling again, coming to a realization that even if Frerin came out and told him that his only use in the omega’s life was to be a good fuck he would take it. He was a dog trying to seek scraps from Frerin and he would sit and beg until he would get a glance.

He felt a coldness against his cheeks when the wind blew. He rubbed at his cheeks with his sleeve.
“Pathetic…” He mumbled to himself. Here he was crying while his mate was inside and drowning in misery. What kind of alpha was he?

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Thorin’s strength was always a source of comfort to Frerin. He never had much of a father, very rarely did he get to see Thrain, rarer to spend time with him in a father son kind of way. But Thorin, he had been there every chance he had. He would hold Frerin’s hand when he was too scared to go further through the woods. He would hold out his arms and tell him to trust him when the omega climbed up a tree and couldn’t get down. He always caught him, always encouraged him.

The king was a safe place for him. Untainted by petty hatred by Dis, he wasn’t marred with Frerin’s dirty life like Fili and Kili. He was strong and would chase all the bad thoughts away. He would make the pain in his soul bearable because he wasn’t a “servant”, he wasn’t a “whore”, he wasn’t “useless”. He was a brother.

Frerin tried to sniffle passed his overly stuffed nose. His eyes felt dry, no longer to shed any more tears and his throat hurt. His cheek, pressed against Thorin’s arm felt itchy from the wool coat but he didn’t want to be separated from his brother just yet. He was drinking in the calm, and the warmth that only Thorin could offer. His chaotic mind was now blissfully empty, too worn out to think of even the smallest thought. The only thing that registered was the ache in his body from being in position for too long. He closed his eyes, pushing the discomfort away in favor of focusing on the thick fingers going through his hair, gently combing.

“How are you feeling?” Thorin’s voice rumbled bringing forth the fact that Frerin now had a headache from crying for so long.

The omega pulled away from his brother and grabbed some tissue. “Like an idiot.”

The onyx haired alpha waited after his sibling was done blowing his nose before asking softly. “Why do you feel like an idiot?”

“Because I just broke down and I should have kept it together.” Frerin rubbed at his temple keeping his voice low. He looked up to Kili who was still in the kitchen, his back to them as Bilbo stood next to him, both working on something together. “They didn’t need to see me like that.”

“No, they did.” Thorin rubbed circles on his brother’s back. “They’re young and they need to see
that you’re not god. You can’t hold up the whole world on your back, Frerin, and not expected to break. Especially when it comes to certain matters.”

“Certain…” Frerin frowned as his mind slowly started to click back into functionality. His eyes grew wide before they narrowed as he realized what Thorin was implying. “Who told you?”

“Don’t get angry.” Thorin kept his calm. “Bilbo told me before we went to Bifur to let him know you were in town a while back.”

“Bilbo-” He leaned into the king so that Kili and Bilbo couldn’t hear him. “He had no right.”

“And I suppose that it was your right? Because from where I’m standing I do believe that you would have never spoken a word of this to me!”

“Of course I wouldn’t have!!” Frerin shoved Thorin, the outburst grabbing Kili and Bilbo’s attention.

“Concerning who had done that to you and the pure fact that you’re my little brother, I would imagine it would be more than just my ‘business’, Frerin!” The Durin temper and pride flared between the both of them, the omega’s emotions still compromised and the king’s finally allowed to push out. He grabbed his brother’s arms. “Just because Ered Luin is a place of neutral diplomacy doesn’t excuse what was done to you!!”

“And if you really know who did all of this you know that-”

“Shut it!!”

Kili’s voice boomed over the two. Bilbo started next to him, feeling his sensitive ears ring in the silence that fell over the room. He pointed at Thorin, “We’re done with arguing, we’re done with bad shit today. You, go and help Bilbo.” He pointed at Frerin, “You, with me.”

When one looked like they were going to move he stomped over, grabbed Frerin by the wrist and pulled him out of the kitchen. He took him to the bedroom and slammed the door. He threw the lock into place. He kept his back to his omega, taking in several deep breaths. He pressed his brow against the wood, taking a moment to collect himself.
“Kili, I’m sorry, I-”

“Don’t… don’t apologize.” He pulled away from the door. He ran a hand through his hair. “I get it. A lot of this is hard to handle, and you’re in a delicate state. Fuck, I’m in a delicate state, Fili is too, wherever the fuck he disappeared to. You’ve been crying for over two hours straight.” He looked up to Frerin. “It’s a lot to take in, angel and I know you’re scared and hurt but starting up an argument with Thorin is only to make you cry again and I… fuck, I can’t see that again.”

Frerin’s eyes fell to the ground. He didn’t mean to cause more trouble.

Kili came up to him, his hands cupping Frerin’s cheeks. “Don’t be like that. I know what you’re thinking and you’re not causing me grief or any trouble. Remember, I’m young, I’m stupid. I don’t know the half of it. But what I do know is that I love you and Fili with all my heart and I can’t see either of you torn up like this. I don’t want to see either of you cry, I don’t want to hear either of you yelling. Because I love you. You got that? I love you, angel. Nothing is going to change that.”

Frerin couldn’t help it, a few hot tears escaped as he sniffed. “I love you too.”

“Love me enough to give me a little smile?”

Frerin’s lip twitched, “M-maybe not that much.”

“Your words betray your actions.” Kili smiled.

“When did you become a poet?”

Kili stroked Frerin’s cheek with his thumb, “Since you made my soul sing.”

The look on the redhead’s face made him laugh a little, “It’s okay, you don’t have to figure out if I’m joking or not. I mean it.”
It was getting late when Fili came back. The sun was starting to set. He heard his name being called when he was still in the woods, he stepped into the clearing that served as a back yard seeing Kili squinting from under an umbrella. He called his brother’s name again not able to see to the distance that Fili was standing.

“Fili!!” Kili shivered as he hugged one arm to himself. He squirmed before hopping in place trying to warm himself. “Fffuuuck! Fili! Get your ass home!!! It’s cold and I can’t feel my nose and I’m completely lonely and bored!”

“I love your reasoning for having him home.” Fili felt his lips pull up into a smirk as he came into Kili’s line of sight.

“Finally! Where have you been?” Kili hurried over to meet him halfway. “Shit, you make a drowned rat look like a supermodel.”

The blond looked at his brother. How the hell was he supposed to reply to that? He decided to change the subject. “Why aren’t you inside with Frerin?”

“Because he made me stay home while him and Thorin and Bilbo went out looking for you when it hit the third hour mark. I wanted to go but Frerin, being ever so helpful made me stay behind because as he put it ‘we need someone here in case he comes home before we do’. When I protested he slammed me with my bad eyesight card.”

“You have told us how bad it is.”

“Fuck that, next time one of you go missing I’m going to be out there looking.”

“Then get glasses.” Fili opened the back door, slipping into the warmth of the house.

“Fili… what’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“That’s a lie.” Kili shook his umbrella before fully coming inside. “You went off on your own for hours on end, you’re being quiet and kind of a snappy ass. You get like this when you feel like you have no choice in some matter.”

Fili paused in peeling off his soaked jacket. His eyes on the floor. He didn’t have a choice. He loved Frerin… he thought about all the different ways he could ease this relationship without hurting either of them and he couldn’t figure out anything. He had to live with the fact that he looked like the man that did those monstrous acts, that every time Frerin even glanced in his direction could set him off into a relapse of fear only seeing that pig and not being able to see Fili.

“Fili.”

The blond moved back into motion, snapped out of his thoughts. “I think we should move back to Erebor as soon as we can.”

“I agree.” Kili took hold of Fili’s coat when it got stuck, he helped his brother get it off. “I get it that Frerin came here because it was a familiar place when he was scared, has friends here and all that, but… far as we know the guy is still running around.”
“Yeah… Plus I think tharkâl is going to foam at the mouth if we don’t go back to school soon.”

“Seriously don’t need more unnecessary fights to build up between him and Frerin.” Kili heaved a sigh as he followed Fili into the bathroom to slop his wet coat in the hamper. He leaned against the wall and folded his arms across his chest. “Which brings up another thing. You know Dis is not going to let us move out without a fight.”

Fili felt something lurch inside of him. He didn’t think of that. He had been preoccupied with so many other thoughts that the one about moving home had slipped to the back of his mind. He swallowed. It could… provide him with what he needed. Space to think, space between him and Frerin so he could protect his lover. He could come over at any time when the need became too much, have the contact that would calm his nerves and he could go off again. He looked at Kili over his shoulder. Kili would keep Frerin safe, he kept Fili sane when he was separated from Frerin.

“I think we’ll have to ease him into it. Tharkâl, is a force to reckon with and I think having both of us jump ship will only make things worse.”

“So what do you suggest.”

Fili’s tongue darted out, wetting lips. “You move in with Frerin. We’ll slowly move my stuff in and I can settle tharkâl’s nerves.”

“Fili, no-”

“Fili, yes. Listen, I can come over and visit often, I can settle my lessons and still go to meetings with Thorin, I can still go to school. We won’t have a large flight between each other. It’ll be fine.”

Kili bit his lip, worrying it between his teeth. He didn’t like the sound of this. But… it did make sense. Fili was the most busy out of all of them, plus, Frerin would be frequenting the castle anyway since Thorin rarely has a meeting without his brother.

“Fine, but… I want you moved in with us after two months, shouldn’t take longer than that.”

“Of course.” He said it too quickly. A part of him was appalled for even thinking of being away for that long while the other part was saddened that he believed it was necessary.

“Um… I don’t.. think today is the best day to make many decisions.”

“Yeah, we’ll,” Fili took a deep breath. “We’ll talk more tomorrow. I think right now I just need a warm shower.”

“Yeah, yeah. I’ll call the others and let them know you’re home.” Kili pushed himself off of the wall. He hesitated before running his warm hand down the back of Fili’s wet shirt. “I love you, you know that right?”

Fili smiled a little. “I know. I love you too. Just… a lot to think about, to absorb and all that.” He gave a long sigh, his eyes falling away from his brother. A small confession slipping out. “I just… don’t like being in a situation where I don’t understand everything.”

“I know.” Kili pulled on Fili until they were facing each other. He pressed his lips against Fili’s, letting the touch linger. He rubbed his hands affectionately up and down Fili’s sides. “Get yourself warmed up, you’re shivering.”

Kili left and Fili took his time to take the rest of his wet clothing off. He stepped into the shower
and started up the warm water. He concentrated on the feeling of the heat chasing the cold from his skin, with it went the dark thoughts and left him hollow inside. Nothing there but the sound of the shower and the wet trails of silk from his hair clinging to his neck and cheeks.

He wasn’t sure how long he was in there, just that the water started to cool down. He washed his hair and briefly rubbed his body down with a bar of soap before stepping out. He heard talking coming from down the hall towards the front room and kitchen.

“We’ll talk about this tomorrow.” Frerin’s voice floated down to him, making him hesitate in grabbing the door knob for the bedroom.

“We will, I’m not going to let you squirm out of this again.” Thorin huffed.

“I’m not squirming out of anything! I want to make sure everything is fucking calmed down before we start climbing another fucking peak of this damn rollercoaster!”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Oh my god.” Frerin walked into the hallway from the kitchen, rubbing at his brow. Thorin was quickly following.

“Frerin, decisions have to be made and quickly! When we get back to Erebor you know the media will have a field day with the development of your… our situation.”

“And I said we’ll deal with it tomorrow!! I just had- you know what, I’m done. Today, I’m done. You get to shut up and I get to shut up. WE ALL GET TO SHUT UP!!”

“What is the matter with you?”

“I just had to tell my mates how fucked up I am! You think I really wanted to do that?” Frerin’s voice lowered so that Kili couldn’t hear, but Fili was still in earshot and was not yet seen. “Do you really think I want them to know how bad it got? Do you think I want to tell them the reason why that asshole is still wandering around free? Why I have to be quiet about all this and let people believe that I just mentally broke when in fact I was-” Frerin shook his head. “Give me a night, alright. Just a night, to recover and we’ll fuck shit up again tomorrow.” His voice sounded drained and weak. “I’m done for today.”

Thorin softly sighed. “Alright…You, uh… you want something to help calm your nerves?”

“Aside from you shutting up?”

“Funny. I meant like ice cream or chocolate or tea or something like that.”

Fili bit his lip. He knew Frerin didn’t like ice cream, he wasn’t the biggest fan of chocolate and tea… well tea was something he had to be in the mood for. If it was anything that would calm Frerin down with comfort foods it was goat cheese and crackers, pumpkin pie and coffee, and on occasion fried chicken and potato salad.

“It amazes me with how much you care and don’t at the same time. Care enough to want to calm me down while not caring enough to know how.”

“Give me a break, I’m an older brother, not a priest.”

Frerin cracked a smile. “A priest? Really? That’s the best you can come up with?”
“I could quote Black Books if you want.”

“I’m so glad you run a country.” Frerin rolled his eyes and continued on, Thorin trying to crack a joke and only stumbling over it to get into his brother’s good graces.

Fili slipped into the bedroom and crawled into bed. He curled up in the middle feeling that hollowness in his chest fill with darkness. What could he do? Frerin still thought himself to be damaged goods, to being so messed up he was poisoning everyone he loved. And Fili? What could Fili do?

Nothing.

He only made things worse, because he looked like Frerin’s attacker… And he couldn’t change that.
Something bothered him when he woke up, it was a smell that he was familiar with but tainted with hormones that he was not. It took him a while to pull his sleepy mind to the forefront of his brain and register that what he smelled was blood. He heard a mild curse and felt the bed bounce as someone left his side. Fili pushed himself up onto his hands, seeing a flash of the fading red of Frerin’s hair turn leave the room. He rolled onto his side, lifting up the blankets with intent to find out what was wrong when his knuckles brushed against something wet on the sheets. It wasn’t much but it was enough to grab his attention. He pulled back the covers completely to find small spots of blood. Instantly his heart leapt into his chest, choking him with every beat. He scrambled out of the bed, nearly falling onto the floor. He ran out of the room, looking both ways in the dark hallway. He heard the shower start, giving him a direction.

He grabbed the door knob and swung open the door.

“Frer-?” His voice stopped at the sight of his omega bent over, paused in taking off his pants and underwear. A deep red stain had bled through the clothing and was currently running down the insides of Frerin’s thighs.

“Fili!” Frerin hissed. “Knock, would ya?!”

“But-I- the blood and-” Fili was stammering, face blushing a deep red realizing that Frerin’s cycle had unknowingly came.

“Could you get me a change of clothing please? I’m kind of making a mess all over everything.”

“Y-yeah!” Fili turned away before he came back and shut the door.

Frerin sighed he had been wondering why he had been more moody than usual. Everything had been so hectic around him that he had forgotten that his cycle was due any day. Now he had been blind sided with it in the middle of the night. He continued to undress and throw his dirty clothing into the hamper before climbing into the shower. He barely had hold of the soap when there was a knock on the door and Fili was letting himself in.

“I didn’t know what you wanted to wear so I grabbed some sweats… though I’m not sure they are yours or Kili’s.” Fili mumbled.
“Either is fine, just as long as you got some underwear in there.”

“Got those.” Fili came up to the shower curtain and pushed it back. His face going pale as he saw the blood mixing with the water, swirling with rust colored suds as Frerin tried to clean himself. “Rinse off, rinse off now. I’m taking you to the hospital.”

“You don’t need to take me to the hospital.”

“The hell I don’t! Look how much blood you’re losing!!”

“It’s normal.”

“That can’t be normal!”

“Fili, for fuck’s sake, it’s normal! It’s my first day of my period! I’m going to bleed like a murder victim and tomorrow it’ll be light, it happens every month!”

“That can’t happen every month.”

Frerin looked up as if giving a silent prayer. “Fili… I’m certain you’ve dated omega’s before and have been present when their periods started. Trust me, it’s normal.”

“But-”

“I’m not going to fall over dead. Now out, I really would like to get clean.”

“But-”

“Fili.”

Fili pursed his lips before pulling the curtain back into place. He left the bathroom only the pace
outside in the hall. Yes he has had dated omegas that got their periods before, yes he had given them chocolates and pain pills to help through the process, but none of them were Frerin, none of them one of his true loves. When Frerin had his cycle back in Erebor he simply wouldn’t let Fili or Kili over. He didn’t know what to expect, was Frerin the type to bleed and bleed until he needed to go to the hospital? Was Frerin the kind that would be fine for a few hours before screaming in pain and vomiting on himself or fainting because the pain was too much to bear? Was he the kind that needed to go to the doctor after a week because the bleeding wouldn’t stop without some sort of chemical help?

He was so busy worrying that he didn’t notice when the shower was turned off. He only stopped pacing when Frerin stepped out of the bathroom dressed in sweatpants and an over sized hoodie with his hair sloppily clipped up.

“You okay?” Frerin asked with a frow, stuffing his hands into the pockets of his hoodie.

“I- me okay? What about you? Are you okay?” Fili unconsciously reached out touching Frerin’s shoulder. A damning darkness pulled his heart down when the omega flinched and stepped back.

“I’m fine.” Frerin looked to the ground. He walked past Fili, “I just need to clean up the bed. I didn’t mean to make a mess of it.”

“You didn’t…”

“Kind of did. Bled on it and all.” Frerin went into the room and shook the bed next to Kili, bouncing the brunet. “Kili, Kili, love, wake up.”

“Mm...mmmph? What? What is it?” Kili didn’t bother opening his eyes, he knew it was late at night.

“I need to change the sheets, I need you to get up.”

“Just stuff a towel over the wet spot, you and Fili can have another round before you have to wake me up.”

“Sorry, not that kind of wet spot.”
Kili took a moment before he opened his eyes enough to squint up at Frerin through a mess of bangs. “What?”

Frerin smiled sheepishly. “Uh, yeah. Best you just get up.”

“Something I should know about?” Kili slowly got out of bed, grabbing his pillow to keep warmth against his stomach as Frerin quickly set to work on ridding the bed of it’s blankets and sheets.

“No.” Frerin said quickly. He bundled up the soiled sheets and quickly left.

Kili shot a look at Fili. “What’s with him?”

Fili shrugged stiffly. “He’s on his period.”

“Ah… do we have enough chocolate in the house?”

“He doesn’t like chocolate.” Fili mumbled.

“He may want some since he’s on his period.”

Fili went quiet. Kili frowned a bit in concern over his brother’s behavior. He certainly had been acting weird since Frerin told them what had happened… maybe he’s still taking it all in. Trying to adjust to knowing about something they can’t change.

Kili’s face split into a yawn, his body shaking. Frerin came back in with clean sheets and quickly put them on mumbling apologies.

“It’s fine,” Kili said around his yawn.

“No, I bled on the sheets, I shouldn’t have bled on the sheets. I only have so many sheets. If any get stained then-” Why was his hands shaking?
“Frerin.” Kili dropped his pillow in favor for leaning over and taking hold of Frerin’s trembling hands. “The sheets don’t matter.”

“But… I…” He blinked several times. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath as he sat on the edge of the bed. “Sorry. I’m sorry.”

“For what?” Kili sat down next to the omega, wrapping a warm arm around him.

“I’m not used to having money and I… I kind of panic each time my period comes around because what if I stained my clothes or stained my sheets? Who’s going to replace them? I sure the hell can’t afford it, Dis won’t give me more money beyond mom’s medical bills and I can’t bother Thorin about it because he’s King and a King has more to worry about than just sheets! And-”

“Shh,” Kili kissed Frerin’s temple. He rubbed his lover’s arm. “It’s okay.” He whispered into soft hair. “The sheets are fine, your clothes are fine.”

Frerin swallowed thickly. “Sorry,” he gave a short laugh. “I, uh, I kind of go into extremes easily before and during my period. Think I… should have warned you about that.”

“You’re doing fine.” Fili said, eyes turned away from the two on the bed, instead he chose to look out the door. “You’re kind of damaged, we get it.”

Frerin went quiet. Kili made an audible choking sound.

Fili, realizing what had just left his mouth quickly turned his head and looked at Frerin. Deep hurt glimmering in those pretty brown eyes. His mind scrambled to try to explain himself. “I mean, you haven’t had it easy! You always kind of had to fight to keep what you got and even then you lost a lot of it which damaged you. But-”

Kili’s eyes went wide as he made a cut off motion with one hand by his neck trying to signal his brother that he needed to shut up.

“What I’m saying is that it’s okay. It’s good that you’re damaged, I mean broken, I mean-” Frerin started to cry. Large hot tears pearling down his cheeks as he stared at Fili.
Oh god he was making a huge mess out of all of this. He opted to quickly shut his mouth and walk out of the room and leave his brother to comfort their omega. Kili seemed to be more intune with Frerin than he could ever be. Kili knew what to say, knew how to hold Frerin without him flinching. Kili knew how to kiss him with gentleness and not demand sex soon as their lips touch.

Fili sighed as he sat on the sofa in the cold living room. The window still needed to be fixed, the night wind making the plastic heave like the cabin was breathing.

He rested his head in his hands.

What was he doing? Screwing up everything, making Frerin cry, running away because he simply didn’t want his omega to be scared of him. How the hell was he supposed to fix this? How was he supposed to live the rest of his life like this?
Fili wasn’t sure when he had nodded off only that what woke him was a heavy pressure that settled on his lap in one of the large chairs in Frerin’s front room. He slowly willed his eyes to open as the sound of muffled music came to him, soft hair pressing up against his neck and cheek. He saw the pulse of blue light beat into the dark room from the base beat, a strange flashing feature from Kili’s mp3 player. His brother was curled up as best as he could on Fili’s lap, subtly moving to pull a blanket over them. He carefully wrapped his arm around Kili’s waist, wiggling his hips to get into a more comfortable position. One of Kili’s earbuds fell out as they got comfortable, Kili’s back pressed up against Fili’s chest.

Kili rested his head back against Fili’s, not saying a word. He didn’t know why Fili was acting weird. Why he had said such hurtful things to Frerin when his true message was of care. He knew Fili loved Frerin, knew he desired to be the one to hold him tight, kiss his tears away and be the strength that their omega needed when things twisted out of control. The trick with Fili was that he never gave up anything willingly. It was hard for him to admit anything that may show that he was weaker, even harder for him to feel helpless. And in this situation there was nothing but helplessness, it was the best thing that Kili could guess.

“Shouldn’t you be in with Frerin?” He heard over his music.

“He’s asleep.”

It was quiet for a while, the only sound that went between them was a song with a mellow tune that easily appealed to both of their desires to go back to the land of dreams.

Kili rested his arms over Fili’s, his fingers ghosting over his brother’s. For Kili, Frerin was easy to figure out. He never really hid anything, he was an open book if you just asked the right questions, but Fili? Fili was a lot like their dad, even Thorin. They didn’t give up information without a struggle or they felt as if there was no other solution and they were cornered. It was a Durin trait that seemed to be most prevalent in their alphas. Hell, even Kili did it himself from time to time.

“Fili?”

“Hm?” Came the drowsy reply.

“I’m here when you need to say something. You know that right?”
“Mm, yeah.” Fili leaned his head up against Kili’s ear pressing against his brother’s to get a better vantage of hearing the music as he started to fall asleep, comfortable and warm.

“I love you.”

“.love you too.”

In the morning Fili woke to numb legs and a stiff neck. Drool spotted his shoulder from where Kili had dribbled onto him. He felt a bit better, having the warm, familiar contact of his brother. The care that the brunet had for him was reassuring, though it didn’t beat the darkness away the simple act of snuggling up to him like he had kept the darkness at bay.

He groaned while stretching out his legs. Feeling a static tingling as Kili shifted on him allowing blood to rush back into his appendages. There was a rather gross slurping sound as Kili woke up realizing he had drool still coming out of his mouth. Fili didn’t seem to care though, it was something that usually annoyed him, people drooling or smacking their lips in their sleep. But at the moment he was strangely content with the world. It was quiet, the mp3 player ran out of charge some time during the night. He was wrapped in warmth and Kili’s scent. He didn’t want to ask for more.

“Your legs must be dead.” Kili said with a voice still thick from sleep.

“Yeah, a little.”

Kili got up slowly, hissing as his back and neck protested from being in strange positions all night long. “Think I need a hot bath before I can attempt anything today.”

“You and me both.” Fili tried stretching a bit more only to feel a sharp pain go through his neck and shoulders.

“You go first, I used you as a mattress last night, you’re probably feeling it more than me.” Kili smiled.

Fili said his thanks through a low murmur. He pushed himself out of the chair with a loud groan.
“Sounds like my two old men are awake.” Frerin’s voice called from the kitchen, sounding much more like his old self. “Should I stop making pancakes and bust out the applesauce and vitamins?”

Kili’s mouth dropped open, he had nothing to say to that! Fili let out a soft chuckle as he rubbed his neck and shuffled towards the bathroom. Kili made his way into the kitchen while Fili took his time to soak in hot water to loosen up muscle and nerves. The brunet plopped down in one of the kitchen chairs dimly noting that Frerin was wearing a new pair of sweatpants and the smell of fresh soap followed him.

“Can I ask something?” He rubbed at his face, trying to will himself to being more awake as Frerin put different powders in a bowl, using his hands as measuring spoons with insane accuracy.

“Sure.” Frerin started to add a mixture of milk, egg and melted butter to the bowl of dry ingredients.

“You said you get extreme around your period. To what degree?”

“I’ll overthink things, go into panic attacks, worry myself sick, lose sleep from stress, get really, really depressed, get angry at a drop of the hat.” He sighed heavily. “Not really something that I like to talk about…”

“…” Kili watched his lover. Frerin had paused in what he was doing, whisk in hand as he stared down at the bowl of unmixed batter. The pretty omega seemed to be looking at something else, like a memory that didn’t want to leave his mind. Kili wanted to help. Pry open his mind and get down to the cores of every problem and clean them out, rid Frerin of all the ghosts that haunted him, but he had to ask the right questions… but… what were the right questions?

Frerin suddenly snapped out of whatever was occupying his senses and went to work whisking the batter with quick movements.

“You want some bacon? We have enough for one more meal.” Frerin asked.

“Yeah, sounds good.” Kili looked away from Frerin. He needed to figure out what he needed to ask. He stared out one of the kitchen windows, watching the branches to tall pines sway in the wind. It would be cold if it wasn’t for the fact that Frerin was heating a pan. The sounds of sizzling soon filled the room.
While he thought the smells of cooking bacon and sweet pancakes washed over him. Time ticking by painfully slow.

Kili was well aware something was happening in their family. Fili was retracting, Frerin was flying off the handle… he couldn’t help but wonder if Thorin was right. Maybe this was all just chemical attraction between all of them but every time he tried to say that the majority of his heart fought back, telling him how much he loved being touched by Fili, hearing his brother’s voice like a lover’s. It told him how much he loved snuggling up to Frerin and kissing him slowly with no rush, only feeling the warmth of love blossoming in his chest. He loved hearing both of them laugh, needed to see them smile and gaze into each other’s eyes. He needed to have them talking with him and sleeping beside him, not being bounced around between them like some sort of caregiver.

For that he had to solidify the base of all of this.

“Frerin?”

“Bacon is almost done, and no you can’t have any until after the pancakes are done.”

“Not what I was going to ask.”

Frerin grabbed the pan of bacon and a spatula, he started to pull the strips of meat out of the large pool of grease that always came with cooking the fatty food. He was just glad he could had a lot, Fili and Kili could eat a whole package each.

“Then what’s on your mind?”

Kili couldn’t see what Frerin was holding. His sight too poor to differentiate before the natural shadows that the morning light was casting over the stove and the dark pan that Frerin was holding. If he knew he would have waited to ask the startling question. As it was he couldn’t see what was going on and feeling a streak of cowardice he looked back out the window as he asked;

“Do you really love us?”

“Wh-SHIT!!”
There was a loud clang. Kili’s attention whipped over to the omega that was hopping back from the stove on one foot, he was quickly yanking off the sweatpants, a large grease spot on the leg showing that the hot bacon grease had sloshed onto him. Frerin fell back onto the floor, the top of his left foot was already blistering, his toes and the ball of his feet hit the hot grease on the floor. He shouted and scooted back, still trying to take off his pants.

Kili was out of his chair and to Frerin’s side within an instant, he grabbed the sweatpants and yanked them off, the cloth scraping over blisters that were already starting to turn white, a few popping. Kili’s eyes grew wide from the large burns that blotched down Frerin’s left leg, the biggest the sides of one and a half of his palms on the inner thigh, large coined sized ones speckled down his knee and shin to the burns on his feet. He went to touch the wounds only to have the omega scream out, “Don’t touch it!!”

“I’m sorry, I-” Kili’s mouth was dry, his hands trembled as his mind went blank from seeing the injuries on his lover.

“What the hell happened?!” Fili shouted, scrambling on wet feet, dripping with bath water into the room.

“Don’t go by the stove!” Kili yelped. Fili looked down to the path he was about to take seeing the spilled skillet and dark grease. Kili shoved himself up to his feet and leapt over Frerin’s form. “I’m calling for an ambulance!”

Fili’s eyes flicked up to behind the brunet. Frerin tried to keep his leg from touching the tiled floor, ugly burns over toes and foot, up a leg. The omega took several hissing breaths as he scooted further away from the stove until his back pressed against the wall.

“How did this happen?!” Fili went around the mess on the floor, hurrying over to Frerin’s other side. He touched Frerin’s head, seeing the omega’s body tremble with shock.

“I was cooking and I dropped the pan.” The omega’s breath was starting to shake.

“What do you need me to do?” Fili asked, his thumb rubbing against the side of Frerin’s brow. He was pretty sure Frerin was in shock, he wasn’t complaining about pain but his breathing was labored and his body wouldn’t stop shaking.
Frerin thumped his head back against the wall, stifling a whimper as the pain only got worse. He covered his face with both hands, fingers brushing against Fili’s wrist and thumb. His body quivered with new tremors and it took Fili a moment to realize that Frerin was crying. Fili pressed up against the omega’s side instinctively. A hand sliding under Frerin’s knee to hold his leg up.

“Why can’t I get a break?” Frerin sobbed. He thumped his head back against the wall, harder this time. “Why?”

“Don’t do that.” Fili slid the hand he had on his omega’s head to the back so he couldn’t hurt himself.

“What am I doing wrong?!” Frerin scrubbed at his face. “I love you. I love Kili, why would he fucking ask that?”

Fili’s heart pressed up into his throat. “Ask what?”

“Ambulance is on it’s way.” Kili came back in with a wet towel and some throw pillows. “They said to put a cold, damp towel on his burns until they get here.”

“What did you ask him?” Fili shot his brother a glare.

“I-” Kili hesitated. His hands clutching the edges of the pillows as Fili ripped the towel from his hands. “I… wanted to know if… But I didn’t know that he had the pan in his hand!! And-

“What did you ask?!!” Fili yanked the pillows from Kili’s hand, he put care in laying them under Frerin’s leg before draping the towel over.

“I asked if he really loved us!!” Kili shot out. Guilt of what had happened tore into him like a wild animal. He hugged himself as he rambled before either could say something. “I had to ask because what if this is all chemical and we’re all going insane like Thorin’s research showed that we would? I don’t want to lose either of you but if it means keep you sane and alive then I don’t think we should be together. And I started to think about it because Fili was pulling away from both of us and… and you were making plans on leaving us! And don’t even deny it because you were the one that said we should move in together but then you said you would stay in the castle! And Frerin, you -are- damaged!! You’re really fucked up and we’re so fucking young that we can’t take care of you like you need.”
“Kili, come here.” Frerin’s voice was eerily hollow.

The brunet hesitated, he bit his lip as he came over and stooped down only to be sharply slapped across the face so hard that his vision went black and white lights sparked. He held his face, blinking widely as he tested his jaw. That was a damn hard hit. He looked back to the omega in time to see Frerin deal Fili the same kind of blow. Fili cursed as he nearly fell back.

“Don’t fucking give me that!” Frerin barked at the blond, the combination of the searing pain in his leg as well as the raging hormones of his period making his temper raise higher than it had been in a very long time. “You were going to fucking leave us?!”

“Not leave you! Give you space! I’m not that stupid! I don’t want either of us going through those withdrawals again!.” Fili shot out as he held his aching cheek. God if his head throbbed from this, just a slap, then what the hell did Dis feel when Frerin punched him?

“Why the fuck do you think I need space?! You’re my first mate, I need you here, with me, with Kili! HERE! Not anywhere else!!”

“Because Bilbo told me that I look like the man who raped you!!”

“You look nothing like him!”

“Blond hair, blue eyes, it can trigger you into a panic attack at any moment! Or have you forgotten that you recoiled from me when we first argued after our first night together?!”

“That doesn’t matter, I was freaking out already because I was scared for your future.”

“My future is nothing without you and Kili!” He grabbed a hold of Frerin’s neck, his thumb pressing up against the omega’s ear as he tried to get him to understand. “I can’t live with the fact that just looking at me terrifies you!!”

“You look nothing like him!”

“But I do!” Why else would Bilbo say so?
“Fili! You look nothing like Thranduil!!!”

The room fell silent. Thranduil. The ruler of a neighboring country. One that the media loved, splashed him over magazine covers even in the lands of their own kingdom. He was admired and adored, and… untouchable.

“No.” Fili made a helpless sound. Both hands started to caress and stroke Frerin’s hair and face. Hope of keeping Frerin safe was quickly being stepped on. Thranduil had been in their kingdom many times. Held audience with Thorin on several occasions. Fili didn’t think of it, didn’t notice the jump in his visitations and diplomatic discussions until after Frerin came. Always staying longer than he should, and after he left Frerin would lock himself away in his mansion and turn away all visitors for days. He just thought that the omega was tired from all the political wear and tear. But this whole time he had to sit in the same room as his rapist. Sit and smile, be perfect and pleasant as he sat across the table from the man that tortured him. And Frerin couldn’t say a thing, not one thing, because if he did there was the potential of insulting the ruler. An accusation of that magnitude, real or not, would cause such an uproar that Thranduil would have every right to “face his accuser”, which meant trials in the Green Woodland kingdom. Frerin could disappear, and if that happened then Thorin would launch inquiries, possibly even push towards war to know where his royal brother was.

“I thought… Thranduil was alpha.” Kili swallowed, his mind running slowly from the last piece of the puzzle falling into place. The whole picture was horrible.

“A strong enough omega can gain alpha status in political positions, especially if royalty.” Fili didn’t look away from Frerin’s honest eyes, trying desperately to find any deceit. He needed this to be wrong. For it to be a lie. He needed to know he could protect Frerin, not hide him away or let him live a life outside in constant fear. There was nothing but honesty and a plea for Fili to not push him away, for the alpha to understand now why he couldn’t say anything.

Fili pulled Frerin close, pressing his lips hard against Frerin’s forehead. He understood now, why it was so hard. Why the omega never seemed to get a break. He understood how his precious lover was so damaged and Fili’s looks be damned, he would not leave his beloved in danger by staying in the castle. He would stay beside him and Kili.

There was a knock on the door that pulled them out of their personal bubble.

“Ambulance is here.” Kili got up.
“I’ll get dressed and find you at the hospital. Kili will ride with you.” Fili kissed Frerin’s brow again. “I’ll be right behind you, liquor lips.”
Fili sighed through his nose, eyes roaming over the unconscious omega in the hospital bed. The burns were second degree, except for one. The large one on his thigh had gotten worse and parts of it had developed to third degree due to how long it took to treat it. By the time Kili and Frerin had gotten to the hospital the omega was in pain that made him grip the railings of the gurney with white knuckles and thrash while screaming. The nurse that informed Fili what had happened seemed to think that Frerin was over reacting, all he could do was bite out at her, “You try being cooked alive some time.”

The doctors had done what they could, giving Frerin so much pain medication that he couldn’t talk right. When Fili and Kili were finally able to see him Kili immediately turned around and left the room. Fili took Frerin’s hand and brushed soft hair out of his omega’s face, the fading red turning lighter by the day as the temporary dye finished its job. Frerin had tried to say something to Fili but the golden alpha only shooshed him. He pulled up a chair and sat, taking back up Frerin’s hand. He kissed at knuckles, fighting back the feeling of terror as Frerin fell asleep. Both of the omega’s feet were wrapped in white gauze and bandages. His left leg was elevated with a white netting keeping bulky gauze patches over the smaller burns. A blue cold pack was wrapped around the large burn and velcroed into place.

He rubbed his thumb over the back of Frerin’s hand. He didn’t know how long he had been there after Frerin had fallen asleep. His back was stiff and his neck was still sore and throbbing from last nights sleeping position. He pushed himself up with one hand, leaning over Frerin and pressing a tender kiss to the corner of his mouth. He brought the limp hand up to his lips and kissed each knuckle. He gently rested the hand down back on the hard mattress.

“I’m going to go stretch my legs, Freyr.” He caressed a relaxed cheek. “I won’t be far…” He hesitated, swallowing. Frerin’s tear filled face coming to the forefront of his mind. He really had been stupid, not thinking and letting only half truths poison him into the darkness of self doubt and pity. He knew he wasn’t out of the clear, things were going to continue to be bumpy, but, with some help, they could do this.

“I’ll never push you away again.” He vowed in a whisper. He laid another kiss upon his lover, letting it linger. Each beat of his heart strengthened his resolve.

Fili left the room, pulling the privacy curtain closed behind him. He walked passed the nurse’s station, stopping to put in a request to be alerted as soon as Frerin woke up, telling the omega at the computer that he would be in the waiting room. He then went through the double doors to the waiting room, scanning the large area for a familiar brunet. When he didn’t see Kili he went to the reception area where there was a nurse taking the temperature of sickly pale alpha. He asked quickly if the nurse had seen a man in the likeness of Kili. And the nurse pointed to a hallway that was marked with several signs; East Wing, Elevators, Restrooms, Chapel, West Skywalk.
Fili turned down the hall, following the signs, knowing where his brother would be. He would find a place where he could think, to get lost in his mind and chase all the thoughts and put them away until everything was sorted.

A few more turns and he found Kili, standing in the middle of the skywalk, staring out of the domed windows that provided shelter. For once there was no rain, only gray clouds above that broke to show small patches of blue far above. He slowly came up to his brother, dark circles under his eyes. His nose was touched with a rim of red around the nostrils as he dug around in his pocket and pulled out a wad of cheap tissues that the hospital supplied. Kili fingered through the bundle until he had one that he could rub against his nose. The brunet didn’t hear Fili when he came up to his side, softly pressing his hand against his other lover’s back.

Kili jumped. He sniffled and cleared his throat.

“H-hey, how… how’s he doing?” Kili asked.

“Still asleep.” Fili leaned against the small railing that kept people from touching the glass of the skywalk. “He passed out quickly after I got into the room… you okay?”

Kili swallowed, his throat felt too tight and his saliva too thick. He opened his mouth to say something but the words stuck. Fili’s hand on his back stroked up and down in soothing motions trying to encourage him.

He took in several breaths before he tried to talk again, this time he barely made a sound when fresh tears pearled over his cheeks. He coughed and rubbed a wadded up tissue over his face.

“Shit.”

Fili wanted to say it was okay. He wanted to comfort Kili but if he said anything it would discourage him, he would clam up until later, when the pain was dealt with in secret and there was no point to his words. In favor of hearing his brother out, he kept quiet, only running his hand up and down Kili’s back. At least with the physical contact he could show he was there.

“I…” Kili’s voice broke. He lowered his voice to a whisper as if the empty skywalk could hear him. “I did that to him. I-I hurt our angel.”
“No, you didn’t.”

“Yes, I did, Fili.” He sniffled as more tears came forth. “I knew he was cooking, and I know he loves us but I needed to hear him say it. He doesn’t say it often not like Tharkal to Adad. He doesn’t say it first without it being a part of some speech and I-I started to think; what if he really didn’t love us and it was just chemical? What if it was for the best to go with Thorin’s plan?

“I don’t want to do it. I know I love both of you but if it means keeping you both safe and sane then I’ll do anything. And I needed to know what to do because you were acting as if you were going to leave us and I didn’t know what to do! I was-I still am, terrified of what to do and I need to know we’re all in this together! But… but I looked straight at him. I saw him moving but I didn’t see the pan. I couldn’t see it… and if I just waited.” He closed his eyes painfully tight as he berated himself. “Fucking idiot. I should have known, he was cooking, I could smell it and hear the sizzle, but I- I should have gotten glasses a long time ago. If I wasn’t such a stubborn asshole and gotten glasses this never would have happened!”

Fili didn’t know what to say to that. He couldn’t lie and say that Kili was perfectly innocent. Being asked if you actually care about someone will always be a shock to the system. But he wasn’t completely at fault either. It was simply a mistake, that’s all.

“Kili.” He turned his brother to face him fully. He grabbed both of Kili’s shoulders while he carefully chose his words. He had been terrible at communication recently and he needed to reign back his control, think, strategize.

“Don’t you dare say this wasn’t my fault.” Kili gripped at Fili’s coat, some of the wadded tissues falling to the ground. His tears continued to burn at his eyes as he looked at his brother with a plea for him to understand, begging for Fili to be angry with him, punish him because he deserved it. “I-hurt- our- angel.” He shook Fili slightly with each punctuated word. His chin wrinkled as his lower lip quivered. “-my angel.”

“You did, and you didn’t.” Fili kept his voice under control. It was hard to do at seeing the despair in his lover. “But so is Frerin.”

Kili shook his head.

“So am I.” Fili supplied before Kili could find his voice. “If I had been there I could have told you he had a pan in his hand. If Frerin spoke more openly to both of us on his feelings then the question
wouldn’t have needed to be asked. The fact here, Kili is that it was an accident. A terrible, horrible, accident. No one is to be blamed.”

“But-”

“We’ll fix this okay? We’ll get you glasses. You’ll make it up to Frerin, we’ll talk to him when he’s feeling better, and I promise you that we’re going to be okay.” He reached up and stroked back some of Kili’s dark hair.

Kili shook his head again, “You don’t know that.”

“I do, because we’re going to make it that way.” He leaned up and kissed Kili’s eyes. “I promise.”

Kili’s arms wrapped around Fili. He hugged his lover close, squeezing until his arms shook and ached. He could barely breath around the returned hold of Fili’s but it was worth it. To be held that tight, to feel the hand press against the back of his head, keeping him close, it was reassuring. It told him that they could keep going. That this wasn’t going to beat them.

They were young.

They had a lot to learn.

---------------------------------------------

Bifur sighed heavily as he sat down in the hard plastic chair.

He asked himself how he had come to this once more. Being in the hospital, next to the bed of the same omega he barely was able to save a few years back. He had hoped that with Frerin moving to Erebor he would have had it easier. The omega would be happy being closer to family that could actually be around him. He could heal and be happy and actually live a life without hurt. Yet here he was, once more next to Frerin’s side, in this sterilized environment.

There was a small whimper as the royal woke. Pain alighting his senses before he could even open his eyes.
“Hey.” Bifur greeted as he leaned forward. The hard pouches to his belt dug into his stomach. He didn’t mind, he had gotten used to it back when he was a rookie.

At the unfamiliar voice Frerin flinched, jerking back quickly on the bed. His dazed eyes narrowed on the grizzled officer that sported white in his black hair. “Who?”

Bifur laughed a little. “Sorry to see you this way kid. Didn’t think we would meet in the hospital once more.”

“Bifur?” Frerin’s brows knitted together as he fought against the drugs and the pain.

“Yep.”

The omega was quiet for a while. He looked around the room as he used the controls to the bed to sit himself up. Seeing that he was alone he finally broke the silence.

“What brings the chief of police here?”

“Sherif now, I trump that hired little bastard that doesn’t know how to find his own ass even with both hands and a mirror.”

Frerin smiled a little, though it showed how tired he was and pained. “Sherif, that’s good. You deserve it.”

“Thanks.”

“But still, why are you here?”

Bifur sighed. “Bilbo said you were in town again. Brought by your brother who grilled me good and insisted on seeing your file. Bilbo’s real worried about you and your… situation. Then… well, then I got a call from the hospital about a possible case of domesite violence. I was going to let the chief get it but… well your name popped up and I took it.”
“Domestic?” Frerin’s eyes popped open in realization. “Oh, no! No.”

Bifur only nodded.

“No, Bifur, they would never hurt me.”

“So say a lot of omegas.”

“I mean it, Fili and Kili would never raise a hand against me.”

“Yet you were have been reported to have said ‘he didn’t mean it’ when drugged up.”

Frerin growled. “He didn’t. I had the pan in my hand. I had been the one to jump and let it spill all over me. Me.”

“And you just jumped for no reason.”

“I was startled.”

“By what?”


“Well, that’s where I have to skeptical. Knowing what happened to you, knowing you never got proper therapy for what happened. I’ve seen the abuse just hope from one partner to another because omegas -like you- don’t know what real care is like.”

“Don’t you DARE insinuate that.” Frerin hissed.
“What’s going on in here?” The privacy curtain pulled back showing Fili and Kili.

“Ah, so these are the two?” Bifur stood up from his seat, puffing out his chest and sticking his thumbs into his belt. He was sizing them up, seeing what these young upstarts may do. He knew they were royalty, Bilbo told him everything, and even though they looked different from the pictures and films of the media it was still hard to deny who they were.

“Bifur, don’t.” Frerin grabbed at the sheriff’s sleeve. “I’m serious. This was nothing but an accident.”

Bifur took one hand and patted Frerin’s, brushing off the omega’s touch. He leaned over and whispered, “I’ll be coming around to check up on ya.”

Frerin’s shoulders relaxed a bit. “Thank you.”

“But first, a quick word, gentlemen.” Bifur stepped out of the omega’s reach before his arm could be grabbed again.

“Bifur!!” Frerin growled with venom. “I swear if you do anything to them—”

“I’m only talking, just talking.”

Bifur ushered Fili and Kili out of the room. He kept them going until they were outside. The cold autumn air biting instantly into their warm skin.

“...From what I hear you’re both alphas to Frerin.” Bifur put his thumbs back into his belt. “How did this happen?”

Kili frowned. He didn’t like this stranger. He may be wearing a badge but it didn’t mean that he got to upset Frerin like he had and now pry into their personal lives.

“How do you know this?” Fili asked.
“Found out from a little mouse.”

“How is this of any importance to why you are here?” Fili shot out before Kili could find his voice.

Bifur sniffed. “Looking out for the safety of those that don’t have the ability to do so on their own volition.”

“Our relationship to Frerin shouldn’t concern you.” Kili bit out, still angry with himself, upset with what happened.

“But it does. I don’t know if he ever told you but he’s had it pretty bad and when no one else believed him it was me and Bilbo Baggins that were the only ones that even tried to do anything.”

“From what we heard Bilbo was the one that warned Frerin as to who was doing things to him.” Fili took hold of Kili’s hand, squeezing it with reassurance.

“I told Bilbo what to do and how to do it.”

“Why didn’t you do it yourself?” Kili hissed. “You were an officer back then, I presume.”

Bifur felt his anger well up. These pompous little brats were grilling him when he should be the one putting their buns to the heat. With one long step he was within their personal space, being only an inch or two taller than Kili he used his voice to be the thing that cowed them into their place.

“Listen you little pissants, if it wasn’t for me he would be dead by now. You have no idea how hard I had to fight our own system to get a warrant to search the premises. And what I found was an omega that was a hollow shell that had to be hospitalized for over three months because of the holes that had been eaten through his skin from being sat in water, piss and shit all day only to be washed to be used as a deranged fuck toy.” Bifur got even closer, his wild eyes turning from one brother to the other. “And until the day you live through that victim being found by his best friend because no one else would come with you because they were too scared for their jobs then you best realize who really has the right to ask questions.”

“We only want to keep him safe.” Kili gave a little.
“Real good job you’re doing there, with him in the hospital.”

“Back off!!” Fili pushed his forearm against Bifur’s chest and shoved him back a few steps. “It was an accident! Accidents happen.”

“And I’m warning you, royalty or not, I will do my job. So you better watch it.”

Bifur let his glare linger. It felt like several minutes had gone by before he turned and walked towards his car.

“Fuck.” Fili breathed. “Kili, don’t let him get to you.”

“Yeah.”

“I’m serious.” Fili tried to lace his fingers with his brother’s only to have Kili pull away from him. “Kili?”

“I’m going to see Frerin.”

Fili held back a sigh. The sheriff’s words had already eating under Kili’s skin.
hospital stays

To say that Thorin was livid was the understatement of a life time. He could barely keep himself under control enough to even get into Bilbo’s Jeep in order to go to the hospital. Fili had called, saying Frerin had an accident in the kitchen. When Thorin grilled him over the phone he found out that Kili had unintentionally asked Frerin if he truly loved the two alphas, all because of the doubt Thorin had put there. The king couldn’t be angry with Fili who had not been there, he couldn’t blame Kili in the insecurities that he, himself, had placed there. And there was no way he was going to blame anything on his brother for this. Bilbo had to sit with Thorin for over an hour, talk with him and coax him out of his own self loathing. It was another phone call, this time Frerin had borrowed Fili’s phone to call Thorin and request a few things that even got him moving.

“One on his period!” Thorin threw the high end maxi pads into the cart that was loaded with all sorts of things. Bilbo slowly blinked as he looked at what Thorin was mindlessly buying; a heated blanket, seven packages of maxi pads, three extra large value boxes of tampons, three flats of different kinds of bottled juices, seven large boxes of chocolates, ten of everything that could possibly be required to make anything pumpkin with, an insane amount of pamprin and midol, as well as an unholy amount of alcohol.

“I can’t believe that Frerin has such bad luck. What is happening here? Is the universe just trying to single him out and wipe him out?!” Thorin stormed down the aisles with Bilbo quickly following after as he chose to scream out his rage.

“It’s not that bad.” Bilbo said softly. “He’s kicking back. Always been the fighter.”

Thorin whirled, teeth bared making Bilbo come to a sudden stop. The cart left his hands and wheeled to the side, rolling to a stop. “But why should he fight so much? Against everyone including his own family!” The king pounded a hand against his chest. “To fight against me, his own brother! The one who is supposed to keep him safe from all harm because he had no true father! Me- the one who was supposed to find him a proper alpha, to settle down and live in luxury-”

“He is.” Bilbo didn’t seemed to be phased by Thorin’s rage, nor the spit that would fly from his lips as he shouted.

Thorin opened his mouth to retort but fell short allowing Bilbo to continue. “Despite everything, Frerin’s happy. You grew up with him, I’ve only known him for a few years compared to you. Think, what was he like before Fili and Kili? Before moving to Erebor? He was always tired, miserable. He had constant dark circles under his eyes so dark they were purple. He rarely talked, kept to himself unless he thought someone needed help. He would tell himself how much he didn’t matter and how he just needed to shut up and sit in his corner unless one of his friends or family
was threatened.”

As the small omega’s words penetrated Thorin’s angry defences, Bilbo unconsciously reached up and brushed his fingers through Thorin’s beard. He stroked the whiskers down towards the jaw line, tenderly grooming them.

“Think of him now. He’s more active, actually wants to leave the house. He smiles freely, speaks his mind. Those circles are gone and I haven’t heard him berate himself nearly as badly as he used to, in fact, I haven’t heard him call himself ugly or stupid in a while. You’re only one man Thorin, and Fili and Kili are individuals too.” A warm hand came up over Bilbo’s as he continued to talk, letting his mind have the words and his instincts have his body. “Do you know how hard it was for him to keep the truth from you? Always thinking he was some parasite on your back. But now you know and that weight on his shoulders is lifting. And right now, he’s in the hospital, taken there because his alphas are looking after him. They didn’t opt for some home remedy they know nothing about or wait to see if it got any worse.” Bilbo slipped his hand from Thorin, the king’s fingers tightening to try to keep hold of the slender digits. “And as a lawyer, I’ve had too many cases of alphas neglecting their omegas…”

His gaze lingered with Thorin’s blue eyes, sparkling with understanding and pain. He cleared his throat, as if noticing for the first time how close they were. He stepped back allowing a bit of space. He shoved his hands into his pockets, the back of his mind clinging onto the warmth left behind from where Thorin had touched him.

“A-all I’m saying is that it’s not as bad as it may seem right now. You’re trying and that’s all anyone can ask.”

A small smile tugged at the edge of Thorin’s lips. A tiny laugh left him as Bilbo walked around him to get back to the cart. He looked at the floor remembering some wise words. “All that I can.”

“What’s that?” Bilbo asked as he pulled the cart back to where Thorin stood.

“Something mom used to say.”

“Frerin’s mother?” Bilbo smiled.

“Yes,” Thorin had always called him mom, his tharkâl was his mother, his bearer and held a special place in his heart. But Frerin’s mother, spending so much time with him, he was a second
bearer to Thorin, it was easy to not refer to the man as someone else’s mother but his own as well. “He used to hear him say to Frerin, ‘remember, your family grew up with the saying ‘all that I can’, never forget it, live by it’...” Thorin’s gaze slipped to the floor. Some how, because of Bilbo, it was starting to make sense. “Never really understood it.”

Bilbo grinned, “And you do now? What does it mean?”

Thorin shook his head, “Don’t worry about it. Let us continue.”

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Frerin was not a delight, in the slightest, when he was in pain and in the hospital. He was skittish, wouldn’t allow the nurses or doctors close to him unless someone was there to supervise that consisted of Fili and Kili and even Bifur. The sheriff had to come back after he got a call from the hospital from an omega demanding he come. At that time Frerin had encouraged Fili and Kili to get something to eat, confident that he would not have any check ups while they were gone.

When Bifur came back he had found Frerin on the floor, curled up in a tight ball in a corner, trembling like a leaf. He had barricaded himself by moving the bed and locking the wheels, thrown over stainless steel tables and wedged them under, ripped out drawers and stacked them on the bed and held a sharp broken piece of what looked like a drawer handle as a weapon. Any doctor or nurse Frerin would lash out at, only able to see hands coming down to grab at him.

Bifur quickly emptied the room, having the security guards stand post outside. He talked gently, carefully removed pieces of the barricade, all the while telling Frerin that it was only him, his friend, Bifur.

He climbed over the locked bed into the pocket of space that the frightened omega was in. The bandages around Frerin’s leg was now spotted with red, stuck to the burns that had broken open and chafed until they bled from movement. He groaned as he sat down next to him, knowing he couldn’t get him out with that wild look in his eyes. He had seen it many times before in police officers, men returning from the army. You had to give them something familiar to latch onto, something that was comforting and they could recognize through all the fears of the past. They would slowly work it out themselves, very slowly. Bifur had mentally kicked himself, having forgotten that this was the very hospital that Thranduil had been taken to after Frerin had stabbed him in the attempt to get away with Bilbo. Frerin had to suffer with knowing that the sick bastard was only a few rooms down while being treated. Some of the nurses and even doctors who didn’t know any better would bring Frerin notes or letters from Thranduil thinking they were helping until Bifur put a stop to it. He sat with Frerin day in and day out until Thranduil was sent to another facility in his own kingdom. Without the mental help he needed this place was a ticking time bomb for the omega.
When Fili and Kili got back, the two in panic from getting a call that there were altercations with their mate. Kili didn’t hesitate in grabbing hold of Frerin, pulling him out of the dark corner and onto the bed where he was sandwiched between the alphas, begging to go home. They managed to calm him down, stroking his hair and holding him close. It seemed that Frerin really was in good hands, regardless, Bifur stayed.

It was early night when Thorin came strolling in to Frerin throwing a tray at a doctor who jumped to the side.


“I want to go home. I don’t want any more tests, or medication, or pee in this or blood taken or anything else!”

“He’s only here to change your bandages.” Kili slipped onto the bed as the doctor gathered up the scattered things on the floor, thankful that they were all individually packaged so he wouldn’t have to fetch everything once more.

“How about I hold you while he does his job?” Kili offered.

Frerin didn’t look happy, not in the slightest as he folded his arms over his chest and let Kili wrap his around him and take hold of his forearms to prevent him from lashing out. Kili kissed Frerin’s head, rocked him gently and whispered into his ear. The administrations calmed the omega significantly. Thorin waited, watching quietly as the doctor was allowed close enough to set to work. The monstrous burns on the leg and both of Frerin’s feet set a heavy sadness in his chest. Once more he was reminded that none of this was anyone’s fault, but his own. He had put those doubts into their heads, he had been the source cause.
Who's Legolas?

The next few days found Frerin in an exceptionally better mood, even though he wasn’t too ecstatic in staying at Bilbo’s house since it was in town. His best friend wouldn’t give even when Thorin backed out of offering to rent the best hotel suit for Frerin and his fussing alphas. And since Frerin was staying with Bilbo that meant his alphas were as well, and of course an overly concerned big brother was added to the mix. Luckily Bilbo was one for having guests over at any given time and made sure that the home he owned had several guest rooms. It was common for him to offer the same courtesy that Frerin had given him so many years ago; a safe place to stay until he got his feet back under him.

Frerin was mostly camped out in one of the guest bedrooms, helped up when he needed to use the restroom as his period decided it needed to be influenced by the stress the omega seemed to never fully be able to shake. Kili was mostly the one that helped him unless he was tossed out and Bilbo was required due to “omega issues” as Frerin put it. Kili was diligent with changing Frerin’s bandages as well, applying ice and cold packs over bandaged areas while the rest of Frerin’s body was tucked under the warmth of the heating blanket that Thorin got him. Fili stayed close and at night the three of them worked out a system of sandwiching Frering so he could not roll over and disturb his bindings. Fili did go back to the cabin to pick up some changes of clothing, he cleaned up the cold spilled grease that was still on the floor and threw away the rotted food that was on the counters.

He was grabbing a few long shirts, stuffing them into a bag when he heard a phone ringing. He padded down his pockets, pulling out his phone. It wasn’t his. He looked around before he lifted the suitcase and seeing Frerin’s phone underneath.

He frowned at the caller ID that said Legolas.

Fili tapped the answer and brought it up to his ear. “Hello?”

“Hey! Pretty omega, it’s been a while and I was getting worried. How’s the situation?”

Well, this guy certainly acted as if he knew Frerin rather well. Must be one of his friends mistaking Fili’s voice. “Uh, going fine… as it can be.”

“Then you should have given me a call, let me know things calmed down.” Legolas’ voice smoothed out like a siren’s song. “I really was getting worried.”
Fili pulled the phone back and looked at it. Was this guy hitting on him?

“Anyway, I’m in town and I was hoping we could get together some time. By the way, what are your sizes?”

“My sizes?”

“If we’re going to go on a date I think you should have something that suits you better than that suit you were wearing. Don’t get me wrong you looked stunning in it but I think you would look better in greens and golds, to go with that gorgeous red hair of yours. And don’t worry, it’ll be a gift, no paying me back,” Legolas’ voice dipped down to a flirtatious tone. “Unless you -want- to thank me, that is.”

Fili felt a heat grip his throat as ice burned his heart with rage.

“Look, I got to go, give me a call after six and we’ll fix something up. Okay? Bye, precious.”

Fili shook, his anger making his breathing erratic as he glared at the phone that started to leave a dial tone.

Precious? He was already naming -his- omega with demeaning pet names, as if he was some sort of child or a shiny object!

“Pretty omega,” Fili hissed as he finished stuffing clothing into the suitcase. He pulled the zipper so hard that it started to split at the top. He grabbed the suitcase and stormed off to the car, shoving it into the trunk. “Precious. Precious, pretty, omega with gorgeous hair. You don’t even know his real hair color, won’t even address him by his name!”

Fili slammed the trunk. He opened the car door and threw himself into the car, jabbing the rental key into the ignition. Before slamming the door closed. “Yeah, Legolas, let's have that little get together, just you, me, and Kili.”

Admittedly, Fili was driving too fast for any of it to be legal all the way back to Bilbo’s house that sat on a hill on the edge of town. And maybe he threw the suitcase into Thorin’s arms while he stormed to the room he stayed with his family in. Perhaps he did turn off the TV that Frerin and Kili were watching that was set on the dresser. He definitely held up Frerin’s phone and demanded
a firm, “Who’s Legolas?”

“Legolas?” Frerin frowned, thoroughly confused.

“A contact in your phone.” Fili flicked through the different screens before presenting it again. He jabbed a finger at the name.

Frerin reached for the phone but it was too far away. Kili easily took it from Fili, seeing his brothers boiling rage as he handed the phone to the curious omega beside him.

“What happened?”

“While I was at the cabin this Legolas called. Thought I was you, Freyr.”

Kili snorted. “Sure, because you two sound so similar.”

“That’s not the point, the point is, I thought he was one of your friends because of how familiar he was talking. Then, he asked me out on a date.”

“Asked you?”

“He thought he was asking Frerin out, not me.” Fili bristled. He watched his brother stiffen, a protective arm wrapped around Frerin’s shoulders, pulling him tighter to his side. Fili nodded to assure Kili that he wasn’t making anything up. “He wants Frerin’s size so he can buy him a dress and ooooh, don’t worry about paying him back unless you really feel like it.”

“What- the- fuck.” Kili was now growling. The scent of both alphas railed up over a rival was filling the room. “Frerin, who is this guy?”

The omega looked between the two alphas, innocently. His mouth open, “I… I honestly don’t know. I don’t remember the name at all.”

“Yeah well, the guy doesn’t even know your name.” Fili paced the room, looking like a feral
animal. “Just talked about your dyed hair and kept saying ‘pretty omega’. What kind of shallow alpha does that?”

“The one that only wants to knot during a heat and move on.” Kili fed Fili’s anger.

“Pretty omega?... Oooh, OH him!!” Frerin was looking back at his phone. A tingle ran up his spine before he realized he was being stared at in complete silence. He dropped the phone on his lap and held up his hands. “Don’t get angry.”

“I am far beyond angry.” Fili hissed. He pointed at the ground. “There is a line that this man has crossed, Frerin.”

“Who is he?” Kili slid a few inches away from Frerin’s side, twisting at the waist to look at his mate better.

“I don’t know.” Frerin admitted, Fili scoffed loudly.

“Sure.”

“I don’t!” Frerin bit out. “For your information it was when we almost broke up. When Bilbo took me here for the night then dyed my hair and dressed me up.”

Fili’s anger dropped a little. He wasn’t angry at Frerin, he was angry at this unknown alpha, threatening the sanctity of his bond.

“Do you know how long I spent wondering that park? Lost and confused and wishing that the both of you would magically show up and everything would be okay afterwards, that doing all this showed that our bond was true and we wouldn’t have to question each other again?”

Kili was the one to banter back. “And do you know how long we searched for you? Terrified out of our skulls because we thought it was a text from Thranduil? We didn’t know what was happening or how to get a hold of you with your phone off!”

“Did you have me walk past you in a hurry?! Pass you up and feel your heart shatter into a million
pieces because the two men in your life just walked by?"

“Frerin,” Fili came over, sitting on the edge of the bed. He took the omega’s hand and squeezed it. He endured the glare that shot into his heart. “We’re not upset with you. We’re not accusing you of anything.”

“Then why are you acting like I did something with this guy? All I know was that he was on a bike and when you two passed by me. I-I couldn’t handle it. He saw I was hurt and put his phone number into my phone and told me to call him.” Frerin’s glare turned into a pleading expression. “I haven’t done anything with him. Honest.”

“I believe you.” Fili rubbed his thumb over Frerin’s hand.

“We believe you…” Kili added. He touched Frerin’s cheek. “I… I’m sorry I tried to pick a fight with you.”

“You better be.” Frerin’s heart started to calm from the rapid beat it had been in. He leaned into Kili’s touch. Then added, “Sorry enough to get me some chocolates from the fridge and some pumpkin bread?”

Kili leaned over sharing a soft kiss. “Sorry enough to add a mocha and whip cream to your order.”

He got up from the bed at Frerin’s soft, “thank you.” Kili brushed his hand over Fili’s shoulder before leaving the room. There was a few ticks of a clock before Fili asked, “Why do you always look at me like you need me to understand when you confess something?”

Frerin’s brows drew together and pushed up. “I…”

“It’s okay, you can tell me.” Fili scooted closer, taking Kili’s spot. “I promise I won’t get angry or upset over it.”

Hesitant eyes flickered between him and the blankets. “Be-because I’m scared you’ll leave.”

“Why would I leave?”
Frerin shrugged a shoulder.

“Liquor lips, look at me.” Fili touched the bottom of Frerin’s chin guiding him. “I will never leave you if I have a choice. Even after all the arguments, all the troubles, I may need to cool down my head but I will never leave you.”

“But I’m…”

“You’re what?”

Frerin messed with his own hands. “Ever since Thorin came and told us what could happen in a year’s time I… I’ve been scared that all of this is a mistake.” He blinked rapidly, pushing away the need to cry, a few tears escaped. He quickly wiped them away and gave a breathy laugh. “My period is still kind of, messing with me. Sorry.”

“Don’t be.” Fili leaned forward pressing kisses to Frerin’s eyes. When he pulled back he only did so enough to rub the tip of his nose along the side of Frerin’s. “It’s a good reason to be scared and it’s been messing with all of us. I’m scared too, for you and Kili, and Kili for you and me. And to me that just tells me that we’re meant to be together. We’re more worried for each other than our own selves. And… I’m sorry it took us so long to find you in the park. I’m sorry we weren’t there to ward away unwanted alphas.”

“Fili, I… don’t think he was a bad guy. And I’m sorry I didn’t say anything about him… I forgot all about him when I heard you calling to me, when you held me close.”

Fili smiled softly. It was good to know that his mate wanted nothing to do with other alphas. That his voice alone could dispel fears and doubts. He ran a hand down Frerin’s neck, pressing their foreheads together. “I have a confession to make.”

“You were planning on killing the guy?”

“Oh, yes, that might still happen if he calls again.” Fili scooted closer, wrapping his arms around Frerin. “But this confession is that I love holding you. I’m a bit envious that Kili can do it so well, without demanding sex.”
“Are you saying you need practice in hugs?” Kili interrupted, putting down the cup of mocha and plate of goodies on the end table beside the bed.

Fili smiled more, closing his eyes as his intimate moment was broken. He nodded, “Exactly.”

“Finally, my dream job has come true. Hugging Instructor Kili.”

Frerin snorted a laugh.

“What was that?” Fili chuckled.

“Sorry.” Frerin blushed.

“Aw, Frerin snorts some times with laughter?” Kili went around to the other side of the bed, gently moving into place and not disturbing Frerin’s injuries. “We already know you like growling. Can you get any cuter?”

“You know you have a weird effect of ruining a romantic situation with adding comfortable humor?” Fili lifted up a hand to run through his hair.

“Oh my god! You broke rule one of a good hug, Fili!” Kili grinned. “You need to have full contact, no moving away even to fix your handsome face.”

Fili put his arm back around Frerin who was now trying hard not to laugh. “Like this?”

Kili took Fili’s hand and put it lower on Frerin’s side. “There, it’ll be more comfortable after a bit of time. You see this way you can relax and fit against him like a puzzle piece.”

Frerin couldn’t handle it, he started to laugh.

“Hey, the prop must not interrupt.” Kili admonished.
“Prop? So you think he’s ready for this? Maybe he should start off with a pillow, advance to animal testing then human contact.” Frerin couldn’t help but laugh more.

“Don’t worry, you’re in good hands. I got to skip a few lessons because I’m so advanced.” Fili smiled. “After all I have the best instructor.”

“Damn right you do.” Kili leaned over Frerin to give Fili a kiss.

“God, you two are so weird.” Frerin sighed happily glad that the anger Fili had come home with had dissipated.
Bifur came over the next day, his gun was tucked into the holster that hung off of his belt that was over stuffed with different pouches that held god knows what. Handcuffs clacked against his thigh as he walked. Frerin was feeling well enough to be out of his room, though he found himself marooned on a sofa having to agree not to move without help from one of his alphas. When he asked if Thorin could help Kili started to fret forcing the omega to quickly agree that only Fili or Kili could help him. When Bilbo brought Bifur into the front room it was to a quiet scene of Kili sitting in a chair not far from Frerin’s side watching TV, the omega was propped up with pillows while he wrote some things in a notebook, remnants of a crochet project in a basket on the floor along with a pile of books with a remote sitting on top. Fili was reading a book with Frerin’s bandaged feet propped up on his lap, his hand mindlessly caressing the omega’s good ankle.

“Well, isn’t this downright domestic?” Bifur sniffed.

“You wouldn’t know domestic if it hit you in the face.” Frerin mumbled while writing. “What brings you around Biff?”

“Just checking up on you like I promised.”

Bilbo gestured over to a chair for the sheriff to sit. “You want to join us for lunch, Bifur?”

“That would be nice, thanks.” He looked around. “And where is…?”

“Thorin’s in the kitchen. He doesn’t like to be idle for too long.” Frerin finished whatever he was writing and put his notebook and pen down. “And how these two have been cowing him, I think he’s cooking more than any human being could ever eat.”

“Cowing?”

Kili opened his mouth only to have Frerin reach over and take Kili’s hand. He smiled lovingly. “They’re only being good alphas, looking after me.”

“I see.”
“As you should.” Frerin clearly the one that was in charge of the conversation. Without looking to his alphas he simply requested, “Fili, Kili, could you give me and Bifur some time alone?”

The brothers looked at each other. They held a silent conversation before they got up. Kili kissed Frerin’s hand while Fili gently laid Frerin’s feet back on the sofa cushions. Fili stole a quick kiss from his omega before grabbing his brother’s hand and taking him out of the room. They stopped by Bilbo for a moment.

“You coming?” Kili asked.

“In a minute.” Bilbo flashed a smile. “Someone has to chaperone these two.”

Once they were alone Bilbo took up the seat that Kili had left, placing himself between Bifur and Frerin. He knew that they didn’t have any animosity towards each other, the problem was Bifur’s blunt concerns and Frerin’s fierce loyalty that would be tested to the point of triggering the famous Durin temper.

“So, why are you really here?” Frerin glared.

Bifur ran a hand through his hair. “I’m not here to cause any trouble.”

“I know.” Frerin rubbed at his eyes, looking tired. “But the only times I get to see you is when something terrible is about to happen.”

“Comes with the line of work.” Bifur smiled ruefully. He sighed and looked at Bilbo then back to Frerin, “Do they know? All of it?”

“Most of it,” Frerin supplied.

“I told all of it to Thorin,” Bilbo confessed.

“All of it? Even the-”
“Yeah.”

“Bilbo! That wasn’t up to you to say!” Frerin hissed.

“Someone besides us had to know!” Bilbo shot back. “Frankly I’m shocked you haven’t told Fili and Kili. You do realize that they can handle it, right?”

“Not that.”

“They have a right to know!”

“Easy, easy,” Bifur raised his hands. The two omegas grumbled in response. He sighed. “So, our king knows but the princes do not. And Bilbo before you go around saying anything else I need to tell you both something. People here are starting to recognize Fili and Kili. Being out as far as we are, without all the fan faire and the glamor of photoshop it’s hard to recognize them from your average bloke, but people are starting to whisper. I have heard there was a good snogging session at the Ri family reunion.”

“Not at it, just in the parking lot.”

“Yeah, well, people know and they’re talking. There is already a controversy over incest bonding and a good portion of people are already saying that Thorin should step in and separate all concerned.”

“No! Absolutely not!” Frerin snarled.

“Do you know what happened when Frerin tried to separate from Fili?!” Bilbo grabbed at his friend’s hand. “It was harder than hell to keep him alive. One more day of not eating and I was going to take him to the hospital. He was wasting away!’

“I just wanted you two to know what was being said. People are going to start poking around, they’re going to start inquiring and digging up dirt until they find out a lot more unsavory things, if you know what I mean. If people are restless now, how do you think they will react after they find out? People love their king, they love their princes, and the more Frerin is seen in the spotlight next to Thorin’s side he’s gaining more support. There will be an outcry and when nothing is done,
it wouldn’t surprise me if groups will start forming and start up a war in the Durin name.”

“What do you suggest?” Bilbo asked nervously.

“I suggest you get your act together. Either officially separate-”

“Never!” Frerin tightened his grip on Bilbo’s hand.

“-or officially dictate that the three of you are together. I would suggest that if you officially get all three of you together, get pregnant. The media has a hard time slandering the name of a pregnant omega, especially if it a celebrity's baby. You need to distract them, keep them away from the truth. Keep the peace no matter what happens.” Bifur’s voice was kind, reasonable, trying his best not to get Frerin upset.

“Fili and Kili won’t…” Frerin licked his lips as he started to feel the pressure of the world come crashing down. “I don’t know if they’ll be able to handle it.”

“They’ll be fine fathers.” Bilbo tried to encourage.

“No… I don’t think they would be able to handle knowing the last of it.”

Bifur’s eyes went sad. “There is always a price to pay to care for so many lives. Tell them, all of it and whatever happens Bilbo and I are here.”

“I don’t want to lose them…”

“You won’t.” Bilbo rubbed Frerin’s hand. “You need to trust that they’ll stay with you no matter what happens.”

“I-I’ll tell them.”

“Bifur?”
“Yeah?”

Frerin licked his lips. “No matter what happens, promise me you won’t do anything to them.”

“If they hurt you I will arrest them.”

“Don’t, please don’t.”

“I respect you too much not to.”

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Frerin was quiet for the rest of the day. He recoiled from his alphas’ touches making them worry. He barely ate, barely drank as he tried to think of a way to tell the full truth. He sought comfort from Bilbo who reassured him. Bifur stayed until finally Frerin asked if his family could gather around in the living room. He sat up with Bilbo to his side, the omega’s clutching onto each other. Thier distressed scents mingled together setting the alphas on edge.

“Angel, what’s wrong?” Kili asked, sitting on the edge of his seat trying to resist the urge to push Bilbo to the side and hold his omega to him.

“I… have to tell you something. All of you.” Frerin trembled in Bilbo’s arms. “And it’s very hard to tell you the last of what happened to me.”

“Take your time.” Thorin scooted Fili over, pressing up close to his nephews. He already knew everything and the blow it would hit the two youngest was going to be hard. It was as bitter as truth could get and what little he could to aid them was to offer his silent strength for them to borrow from.

Frerin’s gaze stayed turned to the ground as he started.

“King Thranduil of Mirkwood was the one who took me. I had little time for magazines and media
when taking care of mom so I didn’t realize who he was at first. He found it a novelty and took a shine to me. Mom approved when we found out who he was, said that I deserved a King to be with… It wasn’t lost on me that it would help strengthen our political relations with Mirkwood if I became his mate. I had hoped to take things slow, so I could care for mom, but… Thranduil became pushy and I was desperate for love, to believe I could be loved like that, to feel intimacy. Mom’s health would waver from good to bad, and when he was bad I had to stay by his side which was, as I can only guess, the trigger for Thranduil’s stalking behavior. I had ignored Bilbo’s plights for me to break it off with Thranduil as he saw him acting strange, until I saw the video that Bifur had instructed Bilbo to take. I broke it off with Thranduil and two days later I had been abducted. He pulled me out my bedroom window while mom was asleep. He dragged me through the snow and ice on the forest floor by my hair. I had screamed and yelled, I had struggled to get free only to be knocked out, shoved into the trunk of a car and taken to a barn.” Frerin was shaking like a leaf. The smell of his fear made Fili and Kili start to stand only to have Thorin force them back down. “I t-told you how he held me, in a bathtub, how he bound my hands and feet. I… I told you how he used to use me.”

He took a deep breath, his stomach pressed in as if he was about to throw up. Bilbo stroked his back, pulling him closer. “It’s okay. I’m here.”

Frerin sniffled, holding tighter to Bilbo, taking in the comfort of safety from his best friend.

“I’m here. Bifur’s here.” Bilbo continued to comfort. “You’re big brother is here too.”

Frerin choked on a sound.

“You don’t need to tell us.” Kili said quickly.

“He does.” Thorin wrapped an arm round each of his nephews. “He needs to.”

It was several minutes of silence before Frerin found his voice again.

“I used to, I used to cry when he was gone. Pray that my big brother would come looking for me, but how would you know I was even missing?” Fat tears started to run down Frerin’s cheeks. “It took so long for someone to come, by then I wanted nothing more than to die. I wanted the cuts to stop. The use of my body to go away and I could just die in that filthy tub that was filled with shit and piss that ate away at my skin. Then Bifur and Bilbo came. It was only the two of them, in bullet proof vests. I still remember the sound of Bilbo’s scream as he scrambled to pull me out of the tub. Bifur had to help him pull me out. He used a pocket knife to cut my hands and feet free and gave Bilbo the knife so that we were not unprotected. There was a noise and he went to make
sure the area was clear while Bilbo helped drag me out. He couldn’t hold the knife and me at the same time so he gave it to me. Before we could make it out of the barn Thranduil showed up, blocked our way. I had no energy, I couldn’t stand. Bilbo struggled to keep me up and run. I don’t even remember anything beyond Thranduil reaching for Bilbo. I used the last of my energy, I pushed forward and stabbed him in the side. I know he lashed out and hit me, I remember the pain and then black. I woke up in the hospital where Thranduil had been taken to as well. The… the nurses and doctors did not know exactly what had happened. Bilbo and Bifur had clamped down on the truth as quickly as they could feeding the general public a frighteningly believable story of my own mental state degrading to the point of self harm and suicide attempt. Thranduil had convinced some of the staff to bring me letters from him until Bifur stopped it. It’s… it’s the reason why I don’t like hospitals.”

“Freyr-” Fili started.

“Let him finish.” Thorin tightened his hold on Fili’s shoulders. He closed his eyes, already deeply affected. He could imagine Frerin, helplessly bound in that horrible place, crying in terror, calling out for Thorin to come and save him.

“When… when I was no longer in the ICU I had gotten… I had… been told that I had been pregnant.” He let out a horrible sound, looking up to his family for the first time. He pressed even tighter to Bilbo, almost climbing into the other’s lap from fear of facing the rejection he was positive he was going to receive. “The baby had survived everything, but I couldn’t….”

“You had… an abortion?” Kili’s whole body locked up. His eyes wide with the final bit of information.

“I had to. I wouldn’t have his child in me. A-after I had it done, I went back to caring for mom and I… I came to Erebor after mom died.”

Kili slowly got up to his feet, his knees shook, threatening to give out on him. He had to use the furniture to hold onto as he left the room, barely hearing his name being called by Frerin. He needed air. He needed to breathe. He tripped on the door jam when going out the front door. Strong hands caught him. He looked up to his uncle’s dark features. Kili deftly reached up, like a little boy, holding onto Thorin around the neck. He didn’t realize he was crying until he heard the shushing and a strong hand petting his hair.

Fili, meanwhile, sat quietly in the front room. He didn’t know how to process any of this. He was glad to know everything finally. He was proud that his omega could live through so much, distraught that someone had planted their unwanted seed in his wonderful mate. He was angry over the fact that Frerin had to make it sound like he was crazy when it was the king of another country that was psychotic.
The blond got up, when he approached Frerin Bifur watched him closely, his hand going to his side waiting for Fili to do something that would warrant him to intervene.

Fili knelt down in front of Frerin, his hands shook as he reached up to stroke at cheeks. He had made up his mind already, this didn’t change anything. He was in love with Kili, with Frerin, and he wasn’t going to lose either of them.

He took in a shaking breath, his fingers brushing back hair that was back to its natural blond. Frerin squeezed his eyes closed in fear. Fili brushed away tears that continued to flow.

“Look at you.” His voice croaked. When pretty brown eyes dared to look at him he tried to smile. His lips twitched but faltered as he started to cry himself. He pressed their foreheads together. ”You stupid, beautiful, creature. You can go straight through hell with a smile.”

“I’m sorry,” Frerin whimpered. “I know you wanted, you wanted to be the first to-”

“I love you.” Fili pulled his omega close. “No matter what, I love you.”
Legolas tried calling again only to get a generic voice mail. He frowned after leaving a message, a little worried. The last time he saw that pretty omega he was so sad, he was barely holding himself together, the threads of his seems were being pulled away and Legolas could see that. He had heard the waver in the voice, seen the trembles of heart break. He knew it well and even though he did have an interest in the mysterious omega it was in his better nature that no omega should be left in misery. He called again an hour later when he was pushing around his dinner on the plate with a fork. When the message of the voice mail hit again he waited for the beep before, “Hey, I know I keep coming on rather hard, but I want you to know that all that can wait. I-uh, ha, you’ll think I’m sappy but I just want to meet up and make sure you were okay. Last time we talked you were really in a… bad way and I want to talk and make sure you’re okay and I already said that but I want to say it. So… um… If you get this, the next three days or so I’ll be at the Blue Feather Cafe each morning until eleven… I hope you show up.”

He looked at the phone after it beeped once more and hung up on him. He pushed his dinner around on his plate some more before he forced himself to eat half of it. He silently cursed his better nature, how much omega’s worried him down to his core all because of how his father raised him. Tales on how alphas took advantage of helpless omegas, going into grim details of captivity and rape. He hated it but in another light he was glad for it, he wasn’t blind to the needs of helpless omegas and he found himself, several times, volunteering in omega shelters for those that needed to escape their abusive mates. He just hoped that he wouldn’t open the newspaper and see that pretty omega in the obituaries one morning.

Frerin stared up at the ceiling. He was alone in the bed, it felt too large and much too cold. Kili refused to come to bed, Fili had went to check on him. Bilbo and Thorin had left for a dinner with each other, both looking stressed out and ready to eat a full buffet. Bifur had stayed long enough to make sure everything was safe. He left, glad that he was able to be hugged by Frerin for his support.

His cellphone rang several times and he left it. If it was Thorin or Bilbo then they could talk to him when they got back. It was after the second notification of getting a voicemail that he finally gave in and grabbed the cell. He checked the messages hearing a voice he barely remembered. He smiled a little at the last message, it was cute how he stumbled over himself. The door opened up, Fili coming in quietly.

“You’re still up.” He said softly. He worked on the front of his pants, tugging them down.

“Kili?”
“He’s… processing everything. He opted to sleep on the couch tonight.” Fili stepped out of his pants while pulling his shirt off over his head.

“Mmm.”

Fili was slipping on his night boxers when the quiet little sound came from his omega. He moved forward, crawling onto the bed.

“Don’t worry, Freyr, he loves you, it’s just hard for him to take it in.”

Frerin sighed. “I feel like I keep fucking up.”

“You’re not.” Fili pressed up against Frerin from behind, his arms going around his lover.

“...Then is it not fucked up I want to talk to Legolas?”

“What?” Fili’s voice dipped dangerously low.

Frerin hummed with a worried tone. He pressed the replay button, turning the phone onto speaker and letting Legolas’ last message play. Fili took the phone away, dropping it over the side of the bed.

“You’re only going if I am with you.” He shifted Frerin onto his good side, his hand gently glided up over Frerin’s hip, his fingers pulling on the short shorts that the omega had to wear. His hand slid into his lover’s shirt, teasing over skin. “If he needs to know you’re okay, let’s show him you’re happy with your choice of mates.”

Frerin’s breath hitched at Fili’s teasing, his hand slipped into the omega’s shorts, stretching the band as he kissed Frerin’s neck. His fingers wrapped around a limp cock, tracing over every curve and wrinkle of skin that started to smooth out as his gentle administrations aroused.

“Do I make myself clear, Liquor Lips?”
“Y-yes.”

“Good,” Fili kissed Frerin’s jaw before pulling his hands out of the short and hugging his omega tight. “Now get some sleep.”

“I hate you…. what was the teasing for?”

“You love me,” Fili reached over and pulled the blankets over them. “And that was to motivate you to heal quicker. I don’t want to risk hurting you but my cock is getting a little impatient.”

“Haven’t you had time with Kili?”

“He’s been spending all his time with you…”

Frerin went quiet. Fili kisses his cheek and said goodnight, the omega mumbled a reply. It was well after Fili had become relaxed that Frerin tried closing his eyes in an attempt to sleep. He really couldn’t help but feel completely at fault for everything bad happening.

“You’re a stupid cunt,” he whispered under his breath, his fingers worrying over the pillow in front of his cheek. He blinked into the darkness, his body too sad to allow him the release of rest. “Never forget it. You mess up everything, stupid, ugly air head.”

He closed his eyes and kept them closed, if nothing else, he could rest his stinging eyes until morning. He heard someone moving around outside the room. He hoped it had been Kili, wishing for him to come in and slip into bed beside him. The person moved away with a restless pacing that ended with the front door opening and closing.

Frerin didn’t know when he had fallen asleep he knew exactly when he woke up. He felt the cold of the night air over his skin. He felt a hand over his face and his body being lifted up and out the window. He screamed and kicked as he was thrown down to the ground, his hair cruelly grabbed as he was dragged through the forest towards the car. He woke up with cold hands shaking him awake, Kili’s face filling his vision. The brunet’s nose was red from being out in the cold night for so long, having taken a long walk to calm himself down. When he had come home it had been quiet except for a strange whimpering. Kili had followed it to the guest bedroom door, opening it let in the cold air which only made Frerin scream and recoil, trembling and crying as he threw his hands up over his head. Fili had instantly woken up, he nearly vaulted over the omega at Kili if his
brother hadn’t turned on the light. The two alphas held onto him encouraging him to wake. When the omega did he was in tears, he was wrecked with fear once more saying he was sorry again and again.

The thudding of feet came Thorin had woken and rushed in.

“Frerin?!”

“He’s okay,” Fili stroked at messing gold hair.

“He doesn’t look nor sound it.”

Kili climbed onto the bed, shoes still on, holding onto Frerin. “He gets night terrors… of when he was abducted.”

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Thorin stood dumbfounded. Watching little flashes of flesh flicker into view as Frerin pawed at Kili’s coat, the two alphas were efficiently covering Frerin, shielding him from the world as he cried.

“We have him.” Fili said, he pressed a kiss to Frerin’s ear. “We have you, you’re safe.”

“Sorry to have woken you,” Kili said as Frerin’s crying started to die down. “Go back to bed.”

Thorin watched for what felt like an eternity. Fili and Kili cradled and caressed Frerin, whispering to him, kissing him. They were trying their best to pull him out of his panic attack, soothing him with their voices. They were sweet and tender, even when Frerin’s cries picked back up and a denial of something came out of him in the form of him kicking out his injured leg and crying out, “no, no, no.” They still comforted him, worked on him until and pressed the omega between them until the sobs subsided and brown eyes grew heavy with exhaustion.

Thorin came over, the least he could do was pull off Kili’s shoes. He tugged them off, his nephew quietly watching him.

“Sleep in tomorrow.” Thorin simply ordered.
He turned off the light before he left the room, closing the door behind him.

Kili adjusted himself so he could still feel the puff of Frerin’s steady breathing ghosting over his neck. He laced his fingers with Fili’s.

“I shouldn’t have gone out.” He confessed. “Think I triggered something when trying to come into the room in the middle of the night.”

Fili squeezed his hand. “He’s worried about you.”

“He worries too much.” Kili wiggled his head until his chin rested on top of Frerin’s head.

“...what’s bothering you? I thought you would be the first one to leap to his side when he told us everything.”

Kili swallowed, his arm around Frerin squeezed. “Don’t want to talk about it right now.”

“...when will we talk about it?”

“Just not now.”

“You won’t talk about it at all unless it’s now… what’s bothering you?”

Kili felt his eyes sting. He sniffled as he adjusted once again, his cheek pressing against Frerin’s forehead. “I wouldn’t have cared… you know?”

Fili leaned over, placing a soft kiss on Kili’s lips. “I know.”

“Can we not talk about it now?”
“Yeah.”

“Fili?”

“Yeah?”

“Why doesn’t it bother you?”

“It does… but I think I just see it differently than you… try to sleep, we’ll talk more later.”

“Okay…. Fili?”

“Yeah?”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”
Legolas was expecting a head of garnet, not molten gold. He was expecting just the omega, dressed in well fitting slacks and a waistcoat, not well trimmed scruff on the chin while wearing a bubblegum pink cardigan wrap and short shorts. He most definitely did not expect to see crutches and a bandaged leg that had a special boot that prevented rubbing as well as dirt to get into bandages. He also didn’t expect the three alphas and another omega to be joining and one of them he knew right off the bat was the King of Erebor.

“What do you want?” Thorin’s grumbling voice filled the air.

“Anything and everything to eat.” Bilbo was unwrapping his scarf. He had grown attached to Thorin, both finding common ground over Frerin’s predicament but also over the fact that they dealt with stress the same way.

“You’re both are going to get terribly fat. Not even the cute fat, but like fat fat to the point that you can’t leave your bed and you have bed sores on your rolls because you can’t-”

“Kili you better shut up right now or you’ll find your face sore.” Bilbo warned.

“-clean around the grotesque slabs of fat leaving it to mold and-”

“Frerin!” Bilbo shot out to his friend who had picked up where Kili had stopped.

Frerin grinned while letting out a little evil laugh.

Fili smiled, “What was that?”

“That was him being evil and knowing it. Stay here while I spit in Frerin’s drink.” Bilbo stormed over to the counter.

“You have a few black feathers in your wings, angel?” Kili nuzzled his nose against Frerin’s jaw.
Frerin’s smile was shy, pretty as any jewel as he tried to move away from Kili, “Perhaps a few. And are you going to let Bilbo spit in my drink?”

“Perish the thought.” Kili moved away from the omega, sneaking a quick kiss to Fili’s cheek. “But I might spit in yours.”

“What did I do?” Fili asked indignantly.

“Nothing.” Kili then turned around dramatically. “Or did you?”

“Aaa, Fili.” Frerin shook his head.

“What?”

Kili clicked his tongue, “Fili, Fili.”

“How could you?” Frerin sighed.

“How could I what?”

“Aaa, Fili,” Kili moaned.

“You both can fuck off.” Fili finally caught on that they were just messing with him.

Frerin leaned over and whispered into Fili’s ear, “Or suck off.”

Fili’s cheeks heated up. “Keep yourself in check, we’re in public and by the gods I have been craving you for a while.”

“A tease for a tease.” Frerin’s hand brushed over the front of Fili’s pants, pressing harder than he needed to, reminding his alpha of the tease he gave last night. “Now, where is that… guy,
Legolas.”

Fili had to bite back a growl. He didn’t like it that his omega had just been playing with him and is now searching for another alpha. He had to push the possessive behavior to the side, this was for Frerin, not himself.

Legolas wasn’t sure what to do, he waited at his little table watching. They were all acting like family, but Thorin simply separated himself to place orders, the smaller omega joining him before the second tallest alpha followed. He watched the intimate play between the two blonds, it was subtle, people would have to be watching and knowing what to look for in order to see that they were teasing each other. Brown eyes landed on him, Frerin watching him before recognition dawned and the omega hobbled forward on his crutches, tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth as he made his way around all the tables and chairs. The blond alpha quickly scrambled to move things, fussing as the omega insisted everything was fine.

“Hello, Pretty Omega,” Legolas stood up, he quickly moved to pull out a chair for Frerin. “I’m glad you came.”

“Thank you,” Frerin juggled around with his crutches while Fili helped him sit. “I’m sorry I haven’t called you. Things kind of… happened.”

“I say, last time we met, which was our first time you had the most beautiful hair and a not so injured leg.”

“Accidents happen, luckily I had Fili there.” Frerin looked over to his lover. “Oh and uh, name’s Frerin, this is one of my alpha’s Fili, my other alpha iiiiisss, the one over that the drink station trying to give himself early onset diabetes by dumping all the sugar packets into his coffee. That’s Kili.”

“Two,” Legolas’ eyebrows raised in surprise.

“Yes, two.” Fili took hold of Frerin’s hand, threading their fingers together. “We’re all perfectly happy, or do you need to take us to dinner and have our dress sizes to determine that?”

“Fili,” Frerin warned.
Legolas gave an apologetic smile. “I thought he was single. You can’t blame an alpha for wanting such a prize.”

“He’s not an object.” Fili hissed. He could feel himself bristling. The nerve of this man, talking to Frerin like they knew each other for ages, first insinuating that Frerin wasn’t beautiful because he didn’t have red hair and an injured leg, now calling him a prize?!

“That’s not what I meant.” Legolas looked at a loss. “I just--... What I meant was that he’s fetching, beautiful, mesmerizing and I’m not making this situation any better.”

He certainly wasn’t as Fili’s shoulders were hunched over with each compliment, his lips pulling back into a snarl.

Frerin squeezed Fili’s hand. “Fili, calm down.” He leaned against his lover to help comfort him, offering his compliance of being submissive and showing that the blond alpha across the table from them was not a threat.

“Look, I, uh, I have to go. But it was nice seeing you again Frerin.” Legolas got up. He grabbed his coat from the back of his chair. He stood there for a moment taking in how possessive Frerin’s alpha was being but he also took in how Frerin didn’t seem bothered. He didn’t look scared, or beaten into submission. He wasn’t fawning over Fili either which showed that their bond was a healthy one. Too many times he’s seen omega’s forget themselves and only lose themselves into their stronger counterpart.

“Can I ask a few things before I go, Frerin?”

“Sure.” Frerin pulled on Fili’s hand, snipping out a quick. “Stop glaring.”

Legolas smiled. They were on equal footing, that was good to know. “First thing, you forgive me for trying to hit on you?”

“No.” Fili said quickly.

“Yes.” Frerin nudged Fili.
“Second, how did you get hurt?”

“An accident while cooking.” Frerin nudged Fili again. “It would have been a lot worse if my alphas had not been there. They’ve been taking care of me since.”

“Last thing, when you come to the Mirkwood Kingdom you give me a call, okay?”

Frerin frowned, “Why would I be going to the Mirkwood Kingdom?”

“Because I’m formally inviting you and your alphas as my guests. My dad is throwing a Farewell Party since I’m enlisting. I really would like some familiar faces there, even ones that are not so secretly stabbing at me.” Legolas nodded towards Fili.

“W-where would-”

“Here we are.” Bilbo and Kili set down different paper cups of coffee.

Thorin dropped a bottle of water next to Frerin’s coffee cup before he did a double take on Legolas.

“Your highness,” Legolas held out his hand. “I thought I recognized you.”

“Legolas.” Thorin’s shoulders squared off. He took the offered hand and shook it. “What brings you here?”

“Meeting up with my dear friend here, Frerin.”

“You know my brother?” Thorin looked at Frerin who looked confused as he felt.

“Only briefly. I didn’t know he was your brother.” Legolas’ smile widened. “That makes things much easier, my dad had sent you an invitation to the party. I’ll be enlisting and he wished to have a grand ball, as expected. I just invited Frerin and his alphas to attend. It’s in a month’s time and I really hope to see all of you there.” Legolas turned to Frerin, “Why didn’t you tell me you were
brothers with Thorin? It’ll make things much easier to keep in contact with you.”

“He doesn’t have the habit of flaunting who he’s related to.” Thorin said gruffly. “He likes to keep private, which brings me to ask you, could you not tell your bearer that we were here. We wanted this to be a family outing, you understand.”

“Of course! I can't even count how many times we’ve had to hide ourselves away in Mirkwood. Ered Luin is the only place we can be normal people, no one showing up with a camera asking questions about ‘how is it like to be the son of the great Thranduil’ and the like. Well, I hope you all have a great time and that I’ll see you at the party.” He gave a wave, “I hope you heal up fast Frerin.”

Bilbo swallowed down a dry lump in his throat. The coffee shop sounded much too loud all of the sudden.

“He was- is- Thranduil’s son?” Frerin asked for confirmation. Fili felt the subtle trembling of Frerin’s body through the hard grip that was making his fingers hurt. “How… how come I didn’t know this?”

Thorin slow moved a second table over to sit flush against the one everyone was gathered around. Kili positioned himself behind Frerin, his hands resting over shoulders to offer comfort and protection.

“Thorin.”

“Thorin, answer him.” Bilbo bit out. “If you knew him, wouldn’t you have recognized the name when they were talking about who to meet in the car?”

“I only met him a few times and I’m not familiar with Mirkwood names, Bilbo.”

“Are you okay?” Kili asked as Fili rubbed his thumb over the side of Frerin’s hand that still gripped him tightly.

“No…”
“We’re not going to the party. And you don’t ever have to see him ever again, or even hear his voice.” Thorin said it before Fili could.

“Can we… can we have our coffee now?"

“Yeah…” Fili raised up Frerin’s hand and kissed at his knuckles.

“We go home tomorrow,” Thorin stated. He stole a glance at Bilbo who looked down at the table. He reached under the table, his fingers brushing over Bilbo’s. The omega looked up at him. Bilbo tried to smile as he hooked a finger around one of Thorin’s thick digits. They let their hands hang there, held together by the fragile link. “Come with us.”

“W-what?” Bilbo said it a little too loudly.

“To Erebor. Frerin needs a good companion there and I’m certain Balin would enjoy having your help if you are worried about a job.” Thorin grabbed at Bilbo’s hand. His heart hammering in his chest. Why did it feel like he was proposing?

“But I- everything I have is here.”

“Summer house,” Fili said quickly seeing a bit of relief at the prospect of having a friend near come to Frerin. “And if things don’t work out you’ll have this place to fall back on.”

“Calm down,” Frerin said softly. “Bilbo can’t just uproot himself.”

“You did.” Kili cut in.

“Think about it,” Thorin let go of Bilbo’s hand as their order number was called. “You don’t have to come with us tomorrow. But we would like to have you there.”
welcome home

Dis was not taking anything in grace when his family returned to Erebor. When his sons wanted to move away to be with Frerin there was almost a physical fight between tharkâl and children. Thorin took his youngest brother to the side and spoke to him, told him everything but Dis wouldn’t believe it. He sat with his arms wrapped around him protectively while shaking his head in denial, after all, how could this happen to a royal family? It was something that only happened in the cinema and books, not in real life. He simply shut it out and wouldn’t believe it and continued to insist that Fili and Kili remained in the castle and away from Frerin’s estate. Dis wouldn’t even try to call his blond brother even after told of his injury. His main concern was his children and he was dead set that they were making the wrong choices. He hounded them, horded them, obsessed over their every move making them sleep in separate rooms and drove them to school. On the first day he explained that he had pulled some strings so all they had to do was make up the homework of what they had missed in their courses in a month’s time and they would be caught up. But when Dis parked the car and was going to escort Fili to his class, it was Dwalin that stopped him, grabbing his husband by the arm and dragging him back to the car. He was smothering the boys and they were getting increasingly agitated. As their father and equally as worried as their bearer he watched them these past days. How they looked at each other across the table much to the way he would look at Dis. He observed their boiling anger when they would reach for each other’s hands only to have Dis pull them from each other. But worse was the growing hatred towards their bearer for trying to cut off their contact with Frerin. The only saving grace was a day after they came to Erebor Bilbo followed under the condition that he be properly employed. Thorin, hoping to avoid a conflict of interests, had Balin hire Bilbo on as Frerin’s personal consultant. He would look after Frerin’s assets, as well as his own well being. With Bilbo living in Frerin’s home it gave Fili and Kili a little relief.

It was three days after coming back to Erebor and Dis, once again, was driving them to school with Dwalin in the back with Fili, acting like a bodyguard so the brothers wouldn’t touch. Dis had come with them every day, attended Fili’s classes with him to make sure he stayed away from Kili. He could barely hold himself together. He felt as if he was being twisted apart. His stomach was in a knot that hurt more than broken bones but what took his mind off of it was the pure hatred he was developing for his tharkâl. His desire to kill the omega that stood between him and his mates was increasing and it was so hard not to pick something up and stab him with it. He was trying so hard to keep his mind about him, counter every dark fantasy with a pleasing memory.

Their mating bond was still so new that there was a chance to break it and Dis was hoping for just that, but all it was proving was to make things so much worse. Kili had gnawed his thumb bloody several times now, pulled out some of his hair in trying to resist the drowning temptations to injure those who kept him from touching his mates. The only thing that kept him from going completely insane was the fact he could hear Fili’s voice and smell him in the car or in the same room at the dinner table. They both had their cell phones taken away so any message left by Frerin’s sweet voice was removed from their grasps and it was making him sick. He needed to hear the omega, smell him, taste him, be in his body and Fili in Kili, or both the alphas in the omega or Kili fucking Fili against the wall while Frerin fucked him. It didn’t matter! He needed his mates and he was so close to hurting someone to have it happen.
When they finally arrived to school the two young alphas stepped out of the car. Sharing long glances as they walked a car’s length apart. Dis came up beside Fili placing himself between his boys. Dis frowned, pausing as the princes seemed to get excited. In front of them, waiting by the main entrance of main academic build was Bilbo, dressed in fine black slacks and a green waist coat with gold embroidered leaf patterns. He was checking his cell for messages as he leisurely paced.

“What the hell is he doing here?” Dis grumbled.

Before he could react Fili and Kili were running towards the short omega. Bilbo smiled still looking at his phone as he heard the sound of running feet. He looked up to the young men and his smile faltered.

“You boys look horrible.”

“Bilbo!” Kili grabbed Bilbo by the shoulders. “Frerin, is he okay? What news do you have?”

“Is he alright?” Fili crashed into Kili’s back, grabbing hold of his brother.

“He’s fine. Been barely able to get him to drink water, I have to give him sleeping pills for him to rest at all.” Bilbo pressed speed dial on his cell phone. Within two rings Frerin’s voice was answering over the speaker.

“Hello?”

Kili clutched onto Fili, both giving out stressed laughs.

“Fili? Kili?” Frerin knew those voices.

“I-it’s us, angel.” Kili pressed a kiss to Fili’s head feeling swell of excitement that felt akin to victory.

“Gods, I’ve missed hearing you.” Frerin purred with happiness.
“We miss you too, liquor lips.” Fili pressed his cheek against Kili’s chest, both desperate for each other’s attention.

“How-how’s school?”

“Fine!” Both said at the same time.

“Would be better without tharkâl escorting Fili around all day.” Kili said.

“I wouldn’t worry about that for much longer,” Bilbo said with a smile.

“What do you mean?” Fili looked at the lawyer with hopeful eyes.

“You tell them, Frerin.”

“Well, if things go to plan then- OW!!”

The two alphas gave a start, both reaching a hand to snap up Bilbo’s phone out of his hand.

“Are you okay?!” Fili asked.

“What happened?!?” Kili asked at the same time as his brother.

“Fuck, god dammit all to, fuck that hurts!!” Frerin hissed.

“You gonna live?” Bilbo was lazily watching Dis storm up to them.

“Stubbed my burnt toe, hurts like a bitch, mother fucker!!” There was a muffled scream, probably
Frerin biting a pillow. This was followed by long deep breaths before the omega could speak again, “S-sorry about that, think I had a near death experience there.”

Fili smiled fondly while Kili gave a laugh. They never thought they would actually miss profanity.

“Are you okay?” Fili tried again.

“I’ll be okay once you get here after classes. Bilbo said he’ll bring you home.”

“That’s not going to happen.” Dis barked, hearing the last part of the conversation. He reached for Kili intending to pull him away from his brother, but Fili pulled Kili out of Dis’ reach, pushing the brunet behind him with a protective growl.

Bilbo calmly stepped between the two. “I do suggest that you leave, now, Dis.”

“Who the hell are you to tell me what to do?” Dis snarled.

“You brother’s most trusted confidant and consultant, it’s my job to keep him healthy and happy. And -you-,” he pointed at Dis with two fingers. “Are inhibiting my employment, that violates my rights to work, also you’re attempting to challenge the Journeyman’s Act which violates so many human rights laws that I can throw a whole book at you. You also are holding these two fine young men in conditions that are against their will, that is unlawful confinement and unwilling restraint that borderlines kidnapping. So I do suggest you back off.”

“You-” Dis’ face turned red as Kili pressed up against Fili’s back. He had accidentally hung up when Fili had threw him behind his brother’s protective back. Now he was recording the event. “Thorin would never allow you to threaten me like this.”

“It was Thorin that sent me.” Bilbo looked as if he was in court.

“You little liar!” Dis went to swing a punch at Bilbo only to have Dwalin grab his arm and pull him back.
Without a word he dragged Dis away to the car as he kicked and screamed like a spoiled child throwing a tantrum.

“Dwalin,” Dis was thrust into the car. “What the hell are you doing??”

The massive man barred the omega’s way by placing his hands on the top of the car and standing firmly in front of the open door.

“What are you doin’? You’re diggin’ yourself into a hole you can’t get out of. Thorin sent someone to stop this because you won’t listen to reason. Why? Why are you doin’ this?” He asked, breathing through his nose. This behavior was unacceptable.

“Don’t blame me! I was going to make sure Fili was going to get along in his class when that asshole showed up!!”

“He’s not in primary school, Dis. He’s a grown man. Stop looking at him and Kili as if they are babies in their cribs!! They don’t need you-”

“If you’re going to tell me that he can make his own decisions then you’re obviously wrong!” Dis cut Dwalin off.

“You know how this works. You -know- how we don’t get to pick and choose our mates.”

“It’s incest, Dwalin.” Dis hissed.

“I know that!” He bit back. “And it’s not my first choice but I rather him happy with his brother and uncle than dead from the back lash.”

Dis went quiet, frowning deeply. “What do you mean?”

“You’ve been so obsessed with keepin’ them apart you haven’t noticed that they had not eaten since they got back. They barely drink water, they are both losin’ sleep if those bags under their eyes has anything to say about it and they’re barely controlling themselves from going into a
“violent frenzy.”

“But it looks-”

“Looks have nothing to do with this!!” Dwalin’s words spat onto Dis’ face. “If all this shit that is happenin’ is only because you’re worried what people think it looks like you need to get yourself in order!!”

Dwalin shoved Dis’ legs into the car before slamming the door. He walked around to the driver’s seat and got in. He struggled to get the keys from his omega before taking them home.

Bilbo excused himself from Fili and Kili, he took his phone back from the brothers and with a reassuring smile he promised he would be back soon as their classes were done. They did argue the point that they wouldn’t be able to concentrate but Bilbo was firm on this.

Soon as he got in his car he called Frerin. He watched the brothers share a deep kiss, grabbing onto each other and not caring who was staring with slack jaws.

“They’re probably going to take the bus after they shag in the open.”

“That sounds like them.” Frerin sighed as he fiddled with something. “Is it stupid that I’m nervous about this?”

“Of course it is, but who ever stopped you from doing something stupid before?”

“That was so funny I forgot to laugh.”

“You’re a dick.”

Frerin sighed again, “God I need two of them in me now. You have no idea how wet I’m g-”
“Ew! Stop, stop!! Your revenge is complete, christ. Going to have that image in my head until I die.”

“You’re welcome. And… thanks for doing all this. Thorin kind of has a hard time dealing with Dis, always the baby omega, you know?”

“He’s a good man, just needed a little push in the right direction.”

“So when are you going to push him down the aisle?”

“Still not interested in presenting, Frerin.”

“Your choice… Hey, where would one put a bow?”

“On their head.”

“Kili’s archery bow. I’m almost done unpacking their things but I have no idea where to put it.”

“Coat rack?”

“Fuck that shit, have you seen my boy shoot?... Could you stop by a place and get me some stuff? I think I have a good idea where to put it, and Fili’s swords. I want them on the wall.”

“You, my friend, are going to make them faint with your surprise. Aaaand I was so right they’re leaving for the bus.”

“Well then, hurry your ass up!”

“Yes, sir, bossy boss, sir.”
Frerin laughed, “Thanks again Bilbo…. I’m glad you’re here.”

“Me too. Because when you have Thorin naked and you’re bouncing on his-”

“Oh GOD! Why would you do that to me?!”

“To make sure your imagination is working. And to confess that mine has been in overdrive since I saw Thorin this morning.” It was Bilbo’s turn to sigh as he leaned over his steering wheel. “I sound like a gold digging whore when I say I like him. I mean, he’s our king, Frerin but when he smiles it makes my toes curl and my nose twitch.”

“Your nose twitch?... It’s that serious?”

“It’s that serious!” Bilbo buried his face in his hand. “And when you guys said you were leaving for Erebor my brain panicked until you guys invited me along and… and at first I was thinking that it was best to keep my place but… the house was so quiet when you guys left. And… I couldn’t hear Thorin mumbling to himself, like he does when he’s thinking, and I realized I wouldn’t be able to cook with him any more and it’s so sad that I’m smitten with a king because he’s a good cook and I love to cook with him and I love the way he eats and how when he’s worried he’ll chew more to the left but when he’s confident he chews to the right and-”

“Present Bilbo. I really don’t think you’ll end up with anyone but Thorin, and as an extra bonus you get me as an annoying in law!”

Bilbo hung up.

Frerin looked at his phone. Poor Bilbo, he was confused as much as Frerin was when he was thinking about presenting. Now he was happily nesting. Thorin had hired a troop of men to take Fili and Kili’s things over to Frerin’s estate. They came and went quickly as there was the heavy scent of a nesting omega in the air and it could become a very sticky situation for everyone involved if the movers didn’t just leave as quickly as possible. Frerin had been setting about unpacking what he could. There were plenty of things he didn’t know what to do with because… well, who wanted a framed sexy pinup poster of an omega in a wet, torn shirt on their antique wallpaper? He didn’t. But it was Kili’s and Frerin wasn’t one to insist that his mates throw away things that was theirs.
He scooted a box to the side with his heel as he worked his way on his crutches while scooting the box along in front of him, trying to get Fili and Kili’s weapons over to the fireplace mantel. It was the perfect place to set up a weapon’s rack for them, to display their prowess as mighty as warriors of yore. Frerin shivered down his back just thinking of them dressed up in leather jerkins and fine, hand made tunics. He pressed his knees together as he his body launched at him another pang of heat at his loins. His body really hated being away from his mates. After being away from both of them for two days he was thrust into a damming heat that has been hard for him to battle against. He’s had to change his underwear so many times it was tempting for him to walk around just dripping juices down his legs. As it was he could feel the wetness of moist fabric between his legs. He sighed and gingerly opened his legs to awkwardly look down to his dark floral leggings. Each pang of wanting to mate only made him wetter and this time is soaked down to almost his knees.

“Fucking hell.”

He scooted the box further into the living room, determined to finish his job. Once that was done he laid down on the carpet in front of the cold fireplace not caring if his pink shirt got dirty. He laid on his back and wiggled his hips out of his leggings. He rolled the material down, careful of his bandages. Once they were off he tossed them to the side, he would wash them later. He looked around the messy room, seeing all the newspaper around. They had been left after unpacking some things and he sighed. He didn’t want to get a garbage bag. He looked at his fireplace and decided it would be better to just start a fire with them. He grabbed at everything he could reach, dragging himself around on one knee and trying not to aggravate his healing burns. He wadded them up and tossing them into the fire place. It was cold enough to light a fire and it got rid of the mess.

It was a little hard to maneuver himself to put the wood at the side in. Stacking it properly and getting everything in order. He got out the long matches that he kept next to his fire pokers and struck one. It was easy to light the fire, a bit harder to keep it burning though and he struggled with it for a good long while. It started to finally burn properly when he heard the front door open. In a panic he grabbed the back of his pink long sleeved shirt and pulled it down over his butt as he sat down, his legs spread to the side. His hair was a mess, falling out of the large soft braid from working.

“Hello?” He called out towards the foyer.

When there was no answer.

He leaned over, fingers wrapping around the thin cold rod of the soot shovel. He let go when he saw two familiar heads peer around the corner. His darling alphas looked just as tired as he felt. He let go of the shovel in favor of leaning on his hands and smiling. He pivoted on his hip, bringing his legs around and spreading them, presenting his wet cunt and stiff cock to Fili and Kili.
Kili submissively waited for Fili to move first. They both could smell the potent scent of heat when they entered the house. They sniffed around, following the mouth watering odar until they came here. And Fili was still the dominant, the first one to claim the omega and Kili felt in his instincts he couldn’t over step that.

Fili crossed the room, pulling off his coat, jerking his shirt over his head and throwing it to the floor. He knelt down in front of Frerin, his body was pushing into a rut smelling the heat of his omega so thickly in the air. He took hold of Frerin’s knee and pulled trying to close the omega’s legs so he could look at the condition of the burns his concerns for his mate was still high even though his mind was wrapped in a blanket of hormones.

Frerin made a sound of protest, trying to jerk his legs back open. Fili growled, low and guttural. When Frerin tried again, this time grabbing one of his braids, Fili shot forward, forcing the omega onto his back. He wanted to look at the injury, he needed to be reassured that everything was well on the way of healing in his absence. But Frerin only growled back and refused to keep his legs closed. He shoved his hand between their bodies, palming Fili’s hard cock through his jeans. The blond alpha shivered.

“I’m okay.” Frerin whispered against his ear. “I just need my alphas.”

He squirmed under Fili, spreading his legs wider. Fili felt the naked body of his brother slipping over his back. Kili’s hands slid over his sides before fingers locked with Frerin’s over the bulge in his pants. Frerin grabbed at Kili’s neck, pulling him into a vicious kiss over Fili’s shoulder as they worked together to rub at Fili’s clothed cock. The dominant alpha latched his mouth over the scar of his own claiming bite on the omega’s neck. He moaned against salty flesh slipping his own hand down to slip three fingers into Frerin’s offered slit. The slick was wonderful to feel once more. The satisfying gasp that broke the kiss over his shoulder was just as delicious to hear as to feel Kili’s chest hair drag over his back. He pumped his fingers, slipping in his pinky, gently working Frerin as open as he could get him. If he was going to have two knots in him once again he was going to need to be able to accept them without tearing.

Frerin put his hands onto the floor, letting out a cry of pleasure as he leveraged himself on Fili’s hand.

“Fuck,” he draped his head back as his body clung onto the pleasure given to him. He rolled his hips, shoulders trembling as more slick came out.

Kili kissed over Fili’s back, his hands now busy with undoing Fili’s jeans. He had already taken off
his clothing when Fili was first looking at Frerin’s legs and everything in him was telling him that Fili was completely overdressed. He moved back enough to pull off Fili’s shoes. He placed a playful bite to his brother’s back as he tugged at his pant legs. He couldn’t get them off while Fili was kneeling.

Fili pulled his hand out of Frerin’s cunt in favor of leaning back and grabbing Kili into a kiss. With his slick hand he grabbed the omega’s cock and squeezed with a firm pump. The kiss was as sloppy and dirty as his working hand and his own leaking cock. Then, as soon as he had started he stopped, standing up and jerking on his pants and underwear to bring them down.

“Frerin, on your side.” He looked down at his two mates. He stepped out of his clothes, kicking them and his shoes to the side. He took hold of his aching manhood. “Kili, get behind him, I want to see you fuck him good.”

With glee they complied, Kili slipping down to the floor fully pressing up against Frerin’s back, enjoying the smooth softness of his soft pink shirt. Frerin held up his injured leg as Kili took hold of his ass, moving the supple cheeks to settle above his throbbing cock. Frerin reached down, grabbing Kili’s girth pushing the head into his weeping sex. Kili nibbled at Frerin’s shoulder as he easily thrust into the blond. He placed a hand on Frerin’s lower stomach as he rolled them to an angle for Fili to get a good look of Kili’s cock plunging into their uncle. Frerin moaned out his name, closing his pretty eyes as he clung onto Kili’s embracing arms, hooking his injured leg over Kili’s giving him deeper penetration. He rocked with each thrust from the brunet fucking up into him in a desperate need for his knot to hook into that pretty body.

Frerin was so vocal with sex. He moaned, he whimpered, the cried obscenities and begged to be be fucked harder or even more gently. This time he was quivering after a minute, begging in tears a mantra of, “knot me, knot me, please Kili, knot me!” Kili growled in return, the feral sound he knew that made Frerin’s toes curl and with a loud cry the omega squirted his climax, the slick and pressure pushing Kili’s cock out of him.

He was panting, barely able to see straight as he mindlessly said, “Put it back in, put it back in. Need your knot.”

“Shh,” Fili laid down in front of Frerin sandwiching the omega. “Breathe, liquor lips.”

Frerin whimpered, fluttering his eyes open. He pressed harder against Kili’s chest with a pout on his lips. He grabbed Fili’s hip with surprising strength. If they were going to treat him like a doll then he would just have to take control of the situation. He pulled Fili’s hips flush against his own, he fumbled between their bodies trying to get two cocks to get into him.
“Don’t you shush me,” he growled, nipping at Fili’s beard. “Knot- my- fucking- cunt!”

“Don’t push me.” Fili bit out grabbing Frerin’s sleeve and pulling it, tearing the delicate fabric. He was in a rut and he knew it, that familiar heat burned up his back, boiled his brains and clawed at his loins. He’s needed both his lovers for days and having a bossy omega challenging him was only raising his heckles.

“Need me to suck you to get you into the mood for something wet to put your dick in?”

Fili narrowed his eyes, he tore more of Frerin’s shirt before he bit down on the omega’s shoulder as a warning as to who was boss pulling a pained yelp from his blond mate. Fili choked on a cry when Kili got a hold of his cock and gave a painful squeeze. He had to take a few deep breaths before he could look past watery eyes at Kili’s quiet glare. Kili slowly relaxed his hold before giving him a gentle pump. It was his way of warning Fili, keeping him in line and showing that he was going to reinforce the protection of their omega. The golden alpha had to give a gentle kiss the the area he bit before Kili stopped glaring.

“Sorry,” Fili nuzzled Frerin’s jaw. “Lost myself.”

Frerin hesitated, breathing in the mixed scent of both of his alphas. The subtle scent of startled fear made Fili press against him more, his touches so much more gentle this time. “I’m sorry.” He whispered again.

But Frerin got up, moved away from them with hobbling steps.

“Frerin,” Fili sat up. “I’m sorry, come back.”

Frerin didn’t look back, shaking his head. He pulled on his torn shirt, smearing blood over the fabric. Kili got up coming up behind the omega.

“Frerin?”

“Don’t-” Frerin pulled away from Kili before he could touch him. “I… I’ll be fine. You two finish
Frerin wouldn’t even look at Kili. “I’ll be fine. Once you’re done, um… clean up and uh,” He swallowed hard. “We’ll sleep. Give me a little time alone, okay?”

“O...okay.”

He hobbled out of the room, grabbing things to lean on as he didn’t have his crutches. He was grateful that Kili didn’t follow him because it was halfway to his bedroom that he leaned heavily against the wall. He clamped a hand over his mouth choking back a cry as heavy tears fell from his eyes. The trauma of what Thranduil had done to him, not even a potent heat could make him forget that fear of being harmed while having sex. He knew Fili was in a rut, that what he had done was natural. He wasn’t at fault, but it didn’t make it any less scary, nor the blade to his heart hurt any less. His rational mind told him that Fili didn’t deliberately hurt him, but it felt like it all because of Thranduil.

Kili turned around to look at Fili, the blond had his head in his hands. He couldn’t believe what he had done, now that his brain was working correctly, his cock softening.

“Why did I do that? Shit, why did I do that?”

Kili nearly tripped over a discarded shoe getting back to Fili’s side. He sat down beside him. “Fili… what you did was natural, you were showing dominance. We do that.”

“But I should have- fuck, if you weren’t there- I… SHIT!”

Kili didn’t know what to say. He pulled his brother close. “You’ll make it up to him. I know you will.” He sighed. Things were bad enough, to get better only to plunge like a rollercoaster. Why couldn’t they get a break?
what to do, what to do

Fili and Kili crawled into Frerin’s large bed. Kili kissed the omega’s lips while Fili humbly hugged him from behind. The omega had not even changed his shirt, only laid in bed listening to his mp3 player staring into the early darkness the coming winter was bringing. Fili pressed his lips against the scab of the uncleaned bite. He felt horrible for what he had done but the strangling knot around his heart loosened when Frerin stroked a loving hand over Fili’s arm.

Kili released Frerin’s lips, brushing his nose against cheek. He could still smell the desire for sex coming from his omega, the heat of their tender mate hadn’t diminished much. His soft cock was already reacting, engorging with blood as he ran his hand over round hip. He looked to Frerin for permission. Those pretty eyes gazed back at him, a hand coming up to caress his face. Kili slid his fingers over thigh, down and into the territory of soft skin that was still damp with need. He lifted up the omega’s leg, slow and tender, allowing Frerin to tell him to stop. He watched the omega’s features for any discomfort. They didn’t want to scare him any more, they wanted to show that he was loved.

The only sound that came from Frerin was the shuddering gasp when Fili ran his cock’s blunt head between the slick folds of the omega’s cunt. He rocked back against Fili, the tip of the alpha’s dick bumped against the rim of his hole before sliding in. Frerin bit his bottom lip, brows furrowing in pleasure. There was something about the silence in the room that made him try to stifle his usual cries. It was comforting and soft. To accompany it, Fili’s lips were just as soft as they traveled over Frerin’s neck and what was available of his exposed back. The drag of his bristly beard sent an electric spark up Frerin’s spine. Kili’s wandering hands pushed under his shirt. He massaged at ribs and chest, tenderly taking time to work on relaxing every muscle he touched. His wicked lips found a nipple to play upon, tongue laving against the dusky nub.

Frerin placed a hand onto Kili’s head, his other reaching over his shoulder to bury into blond locks. Fili gently rocked his hips, rubbing against velvety walls but something was still missing. It was when Kili worked his leg between Fili’s, pushing himself closer. His cock bumped against Fili’s balls before he gathered his manhood and carefully pushed up. The extra stretch made Frerin whimper in his throat, but when Kili was fully in everything was complete, nothing was missing for Fili as he could feel his brother’s cock tightly embraced with his own in a body that desired them both. They worked together, their hands on Frerin’s hips guiding him in a rolling, pistoning motion so one cock slid in deeper when one withdrew. Their dicks slid against each other, slipping against perfect slick fleshy walls of Frerin’s slit. Fili, tugged on Kili, kissing him over Frerin’s shoulder. The wet sound of their workings tongues against Frerin’s ear made the omega shiver with delight as he stroked at their bodies.

They took their time, softly fucking into each other. They kissed and caressed one another, making sure that each person had equal attention. It wasn’t certain who climaxed first, it didn’t matter because when Frerin was filled with two knots they all found themselves too tired to stay awake. They fell asleep like that, tangled together not waking until the next day.
In the morning Frerin rolled over onto his back trying to get away from the bounce that disturbed him. As the dark veil of sleep pulled away and his waking mind pushed forward, he could hear the soft sounds of Kili’s groans. Frerin rolled back over, fluttering open his eyes to see Fili on his back, Kili holding his brother’s legs open as he plunged his cock into the blond alpha. Fili had a pillow over his face, muffling himself. Frerin reached over, taking hold of the pillow that Fili clutched to. He pulled it away peering at the golden alpha. Fili moaned, locking his gaze on the pretty omega that had messy hair and torn clothing. Frerin ran his fingers over Fili’s chest, gently petting the golden curls. Fili grabbed his hand, holding tight as he arched his back. Frerin kissed at Fili’s fingers. Fili shuddered while calling Kili’s name, reaching his climax. He bit his lip as Kili continued working into him. Kili reached over and gently tugged on Frerin’s hair. The omega moved with Kili’s directions, not letting go of Fili’s hand. The brunet leaned down, working his tongue into Frerin’s mouth urging the other to play. Kili broke the kiss, his mouth falling open as he grunted, spanning his hips forward as he came. Frerin had to push at Kili’s hips to get him out of Fili before he could knot him.

“You don’t want to do that.” Frerin kissed at Kili’s face.

“He asked me to.” Kili crawled over Frerin, working himself between the two blonds.

“Why?”

Fili snuggled up against Kili’s back. “I wanted to feel his knot. Feel what you experience.”

Frerin tucked his head under Kili’s chin. He was still tired. “I appreciate that but he could tear into you too easily with how quickly a knot swells, you don’t have time to adjust.”

“We can stretch him extra wide.” Kili suggested.

“I would like that.” Fili nibbled on Kili’s shoulder.

“That could work.” Frerin was already slipping into sleep.

Kili pressed his lips against Frerin’s ear. “Want to know what I want?”
The omega nodded.

“For you to be in me.”

Frerin’s eyes blinked open, body going stiff as Kili dropped off to sleep.

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Bilbo came in smelling sex heavy in the air. He sighed as he lugged around the things Frerin would need for his project of putting up Fili and Kili’s weapons. He propped the things up against the fireplace. His face scrunched up in a way of disgust when he saw a large wet spot on the carpet. The only saving grace was the fact that he could smell some cleaning chemicals coming from it. At least someone cleaned up after themselves. He took off his coat, tossing it over the back of a sofa as he went further into the home. He hummed to himself taking his cellphone out of his pocket and hitting speed dial. He waited for the short amount of time it took him to get into the kitchen. He was opening up the fridge when Thorin’s voice answered.

“Hello?”

“Bilbo Baggins, reporting in, everything is going smoothly and I’m about to cook. Want me to bring something over?”

“Who is that? Is that him?!” Dis’ faint voice drifted in the background.

“Dis, for the love of god give me a moment’s peace!!”

Bilbo’s brows drew together in concern as he pulled out some fresh vegetables. “Is he giving you grief? Want me to do something?”

“Please don’t do any more, Bilbo.” Thorin sounded like a parent who was barely holding it together.

“You tell him he can’t treat me like that!” Dis’ voice shouted.
Thorin sighed, “Bilbo, you can’t treat Dis like that, even if it’s in the better interest of everyone concerned and Dis was being a bitch.”

“Thorin!!”

“Dis,” Thorin’s voice was monotone. He really was done with all this bullshit. “The next time you speak to me today will only be because you are on FIRE and need to be put out. Now get the hell out of my office before I call Dwalin!!”

“You-!”

“Now, Dis!!”

There was some clamoring before the slamming of a door. Thorin heaved a sigh that was so loud and long that Bilbo counted the seconds before it ended.

“You… okay?” Bilbo tapped the bundle of carrots in his hand against the countertop.

Thorin rubbed at his brow. “Dis is only worried about his boys… I get it, I’m still worried over what we may be able to do over this whole situation of the three of them together… Ever since we came back… seeing Frerin like that, knowing that Fili and Kili were going through the same thing…”

“I know.” Bilbo swallowed around the hard lump in his throat. He had seen his best friend hollow out twice now. They couldn’t keep them apart, the three had to stay together, but they barely started that terrifying year of waiting to see what they may do to end each other. Bilbo tried to find anything that would go against Thorin’s research and came up with nothing. Every bonded trio have died within a year. “I already have an order for security cameras on standby, I just need to get the okay from Frerin. It’s at least something.”

“We have to do more.”

“We can’t break them up, their bond is too great. It’s solidified by now so breaking them apart isn’t an option.”
Thorin sighed again, “It was never an option. Just bringing that up caused doubt, pain and damage.”

“... it did… but you were doing what you saw best, don’t beat yourself up over it.”

The king gave a bitter chuckle. “How did I ever get a friend like you?”

Bilbo’s hand tightened over his cellphone.

Friend.

Why did that word hurt?

“Because Frerin is some sort of magical creature that works in mysterious ways. But be careful, you touch him and he’ll die and turn into sea foam.”

“He’s not a unicorn, Bilbo.”

“I’m… actually surprised that you knew what I was talking about.”

“Great minds think alike, my dear Bilbo… Balin just walked in, I have to go. Make sure Fili and Kili get to classes tomorrow, will you?”

“Sure. Try not to stress out too much, things will work out.”

Thorin hung up leaving Bilbo staring forlornly at the countertop. Why was he falling in love with him? Why couldn’t he just have kept in the mindset that they were friend? Thorin didn’t need a mate, he needed a companion, a friend. He had too much riding on his shoulders already, he didn’t need some needy omega begging to be in his bed, making him forget everything only to make things worse. If Thorin wasn’t concentrating on the state of affairs then things could spiral out of control very quickly.
Bilbo sighed as he found an apron and tied it on. He needed to push this to the side and be the king’s friend. He didn’t have many, he had family and a few workers but no real friends. Bilbo was it. And he wasn’t about to rob him of that.

The little omega pulled a sharp knife from the chopping block. He was determined to be the best friend anyone could have. And if he could make a difference in Frerin’s life then he was going to be able to make a difference in Thorin’s. Fuck everyone else. He was going to do this with spectacular flair!
Frerin woke first, slipping out of bed. He grabbed some fresh clothes and went to the bathroom to take a shower and dress his wounds. He pulled on only an overly large christmas sweater on over his head that hung down to his knees and the arms flopped over his hands. The green color was a soft shade that he liked, even the little snowmen on the front weren’t over the top and overly cute looking. He went to the kitchen where he heard Bilbo banging around. He pulled himself onto a stool by the island in the middle of the large kitchen.

“You’re moving without your crutches, that’s good.” Bilbo barely looked at Frerin as he went about his business.

“Slow as hell though and have to lean against the walls,” Frerin covered his mouth as he yawned. His shoulders and arms shook from the power behind it.

“I’m surprised they let you escape the bed.” Bilbo dropped an empty cup in front of his friend before grabbing the coffee pot and filling it. He put down the sugar pot and powdered cream that he knew Frerin was used to having with his coffee.

“Meh, they’ve got catching up to do with each other as well.” Frerin fought with his sleeves trying to bunch them up so he can put sugar and cream into his drink.

Bilbo paused finally seeing what Frerin was wearing, “My god, you still have that old thing?”

“Ori and Dori made this for me, I am not going to get rid of it until I’m dead, even then I want to be buried in it.” Frerin snuggled down into the large, fluffy neck of the knitted sweater. He drowsily worked on his coffee. “Too fucking comfortable to not be. I’ll rest in peace in comfort, thank you very much.”

“I was, um, I was thinking about them… how about we invite them over?”

“I don’t mind, when do you want to?”

“In a couple of weeks, have a grand time of things.”
Frerin’s eyes flicked up from his coffee to Bilbo, “You mean, you want to hold it during Legolas’ farewell party.”

“Look, you don’t need to be there. Our countries are on good terms, yeah, but… you’ll be…”

“I know.” Frerin rubbed at his face. “I’m still kicking myself for not recognizing him. He does look similar to that bastard. And his name, why the hell had I not known it? I tried real hard to know who is important to Thorin and keep track of things and offer advice but… shit, I would imagine a ruler’s child would be important. Wouldn’t you?”

“Frerin… Do you know who Bard is?”

“No.”

“What about Minstrad Laketown?” Bilbo plopped down a bowl of mixed berries in front of Frerin.

“No.”

“Elladan, Elrohir.”

“Yes, Elrond’s boys. Very sweet,” Frerin grabbed a strawberry. He rolled it in his fingers while musing. “They were at my Presentation. Elladan told the worst jokes, very distinctive voice, knew it was him within seconds. Smelled okay. Elrohir, well…”

“Well?” Bilbo picked up a wooden spoon and started mixing what he had sizzling in a pan on the stove. Neither omega saw Fili’s figure by the doorway, listening in.

His hair was disheveled, only barely tamed with brushes of his fingers. He had the decency to slip on some green pajama bottoms he had found in a new dresser that had Fili’s name taped to it. He had been pleased to see that Kili had his own set. When he was looking around for where his omega could have gotten he heard talk coming from the kitchen, catching the tail end of Frerin talking about his Presentation. He swallowed, hand fisted into a ball as he listened. A little demon inside his brain told him to listen quietly. To spy and hear the truth that Frerin was only settling.
Why it said it to him? Because he was still young, he was still scared. Frerin was beautiful, perfect, and he was terrified that in a year’s time Frerin would leave him and Kili and they would go mad.

“Well, I would have probably asked for a kiss to see the compatibility if Thorin made me choose an alpha that night. But Fili came.” Frerin smiled bashfully, his voice filling with warmth and love. “He was an ass, dressed up in disguise, but… His eyes, perfect and blue. His sweet dimples when he smiles can’t really be hidden and I wanted to know who he was. So familiar, like I’ve known this mysterious alpha for years. When we danced, Mahal, it was like Yavanna was singing to our steps and I couldn’t- ugh! I sound like a teenage omega writing a romance novel!!”

Fili felt a warmth in his heart swell. He had nothing to worry about, and Frerin’s words only made him happy. He had been worried that his mate would have looked back at that night with a negative light but here it was, a fantasy come true.


“Yeah, I know, right? Can you imagine me and him?”

Bilbo laughed harder, “I think I would have ruptured something laughing at the wedding invitation! Holy crap.” His laughter died down leaving a wide smile. “Aa, I think you chose right. Watching you with them… you’re perfect. I also love how Kili kind of just power housed his way into that too.”

“More like blind sided power drilling into my cunt. You know what it’s like having two knots in you?!”

“Don’t tell me.”

“It’s painful at first but damn is it satisfying.” Frerin purred deeply as he stuffed the strawberry into his mouth.

“I said don’t tell me!”

Frerin finished chewing before he spoke up again, “So really you really should stretch yourself first because I was crazy sore for a while afterwards, don’t tell the boys though. They’ll probably over
worry themselves and treat me like glass.”

“Lips are sealed, but, getting back on track, I was asking about those names because those are other people Thorin deals with. You probably never heard of Legolas because Thorin didn’t see why you needed to be of direct relations with him. And you’re really not one for the news or tabloids, it’s easy for you to not hear about a lot of things when it comes to that.”

“Doesn’t help that I purposely asked Thorin not to invite anyone from Mirkwood for my Presentation. He tried to press for it but I kind of lost my cool and yelled at him that if he did then there would be no Presentation at all.”

“You kept your ground, hard to do that with him.” Bilbo plated some thin sliced steaks onto a plate before grabbing up another pan and drizzling olive oil in it. “He loves you, you know? Thorin. Cares a lot. He talks about you nearly nonstop, even told me about how you lost a tooth in his arm when you were in a fight together and you bit him. Sentimental idiot shows it off with pride…”

Fili’s brows drew together as he watched the two old friends. Something was wrong.

“He, he uh,” Bilbo swallowed as he threw a bowl of chopped vegetables into the hot oil, his hand paused after setting the empty bowl down. He went quiet.

“Shit. Bilbo.” Frerin got up to his feet. He hobbled over, wrapping an arm round Bilbo’s shoulders. He squeezed gently and pressed his their heads together.

Bilbo sniffled, “Why can’t he talk about me that way?”

Fili turned away from the kitchen, going back to his room where Kili was barely waking up.

“Wake up,” Fili swatted his brother’s foot.

“Why?”

“Time to repay some of the kindness that we’ve been shown.”
Thorin tried his best not to glare. There was no way that his surprise guest knew that Thorin held damming knowledge. The king focused more on trying not to throw a punch than listen to the flowery words that usually fell from skilled lips that were used to getting their way.

“So, imagine my surprise when my son returns home.” Thranduil slowly walked in his long legged pace as Thorin sat at his oak table that he used for conferences and meetings. He had one hand balled into a tight fist under the table, pressed hard against his thigh. “He said he had met some interesting people, he was very excited over the news that he had befriended your dear brother, Frerin. By which he was also frightened a bit that dear Frerin was intentionally harmed.’’

“He had an accident while cooking with oily foods. There was no intention behind it.” Thorin stated with a hard edge.

“You must forgive me, I am rather… fond of Frerin,” Thranduil held a wistful look upon his face before it cleared within a second. “He has always been a good companion for me during my stays in your realm. I have grown to call him friend, which made it painful to learn that I had no word that he had Presented without so much as an invitation to the after party.”

Thorin turned his head, coughing. He choked on the spiteful words that wanted to come out, yell at this beast, throw him out on his ear and place a ban for all his dealings through his kingdom.

“More surprising is that it seems that Frerin had chosen two alphas, or so my son has told me. Described them well, imagine my surprise when I find out that he had chosen his own nephews to… bond with.” Hate covered Thranduil’s face. He turned it into an righteous anger, “The laws that all alpha and omega abide by state that an unbound relative would not participate in such sacred dealings! Why were your nephews there? Sniffing him out like dogs!”

“How dare you!” Thorin shot up to his feet.

“No! Sire! How dare YOU!” Thranduil barked out, “To not invite someone from my family is a direct insult!!”

“In all the laws for alphas and omegas they rarely change from kingdom to kingdom, so I will be
awaiting your apology when you learn to true fact that it is within the right of the omega to put restrictions on the guest list of their own Presentations!!”

“Frerin would not-”

“He did!!” Thorin’s booming voice startled the security outside. They opened the door, coming in to make sure their king was alright. “And if I was to invite anyone from your kingdom to my brother’s Presentation then it would have been your son.” He had to bite off the rest of what he wanted to say that would have enraged Thranduil even more.

“Then I demand a Resolution!”

“I refuse.” Thorin out right glared.

A Resolution. An attempt to forcefully break a bond between alpha and omega so that the omega could present again with different suitors. It was a common practice for an ill fit couple.

“I have done my research on three bonding, Thorin. It will not end well. A Resolution is all you can hope for if you don’t want to lose half of your family.”

“Go, home, Thranduil.” Thorin hissed. “This dealing is of my own to undertake, leave yourself out of it.”

“And if I don’t want to? If I feel that Frerin deserves to be with a King, what then?”

“Then he’ll marry Fili.” Thorin stabbed those words in deep making sure Thranduil knew exactly where he stood on this subject.

Thranduil hissed. “You will regret this.”

“Is that a threat?”
“A warning, you are bringing this upon yourself.” Thranduil quickly turned and left the room, some of the security guards following with him.

Thorin looked to the remaining guards, “He’s not staying the night, or any night hence forth. Make sure he leaves! I want guards posted around Frerin’s manor until we know Thranduil has left my lands!”

Thorin stormed out of the room, shouting loudly, “Ready a car for me!”

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Bilbo sniffled as he stuffed so much steak and potatoes into his mouth he couldn’t chew without opening it. He made a variety of noises as he tried not to cry again, eating away his feelings. By this time Frerin had taken over cooking and had littered baked goods around. Fili and Kili, who had tried to leave, were detained not being able to leave their friend in a tearful mess. Fili helped Frerin bake as Kili was still wary with being around his omega and the stove. Instead the brunet stayed close to Bilbo and talked to him, getting wine and water.

“I’m such a sorry sop!” Bilbo moaned after choking down his large mouthful.

“You’re in love dear,” Frerin smiled sympathetically. “I know how you feel.”

“No you don’t! You felt a thousand times worse and I’m just whining!!” Bilbo cried.

“Bilbo you’re not whining, you’re hurting.” Kili rubbed his hand over Bilbo’s back. “It’s okay.”

Bilbo rested his head on Kili’s shoulder, he shuddered a few breaths trying to calm himself down. If the comfort didn’t help subside his tears it was the sudden loud bang that came from the front door that started everyone in the kitchen.

The room fell silent.

Fili grabbed one of the carving knives from the knife block. He held up his finger to his lips,
signalling for silence. He stepped away from Frerin who made a movement to follow. He held up his hand and pointed to Bilbo. Frerin swallowed and nodded. He limped over to Bilbo, who grabbed onto his friend’s arm. The blond omega watched as Fili slipped out of the room, followed by his brother, the alpha’s ready to protect their friend and family.

They were barely down the hallway when Thorin’s voice ripped through the silence. “Frerin?! Fili! Kili!!”

Kili’s shoulders slouched as he breathed a sigh of relief. Fili stormed down the hall. Oh he was going to yell at his uncle for scaring them like that!

Frerin heard his brother’s voice and melted against Bilbo who cracked out a, “What the hell?! Who just storms into a person’s home without knocking?”

“Thorin.” Frerin leaned against the counter. “Nearly gave me a heart attack!”

Thorin was still calling out to his family when he was intercepted with Fili who was holding out a knife. He watched the blade that was pointed at him.

“Do you have any idea how to knock?! I was ready to stab the shit out of you!” Fili flung his arm out in a wide arch. “You scared the hell out of Frerin and Bilbo!”

“Frerin, is he okay?”

“Of course he is,” Fili looked at his uncle confused. “Why wouldn’t he be?”

“Where is he?”

“The kitchen with Bilbo- Hey!” Fili nearly had to jump out of Thorin’s way. He quickly followed, Kili was passed easily. He hung back and walked in pace with his brother.

“What’s going on?”
“No idea.” Fili confessed.

“Frerin?! Frerin are you- There you are!”

Thorin went into the kitchen, making a bee light straight to his little brother. He grabbed onto Frerin’s shoulders, looking him up and down. “Are you alright? Has he tried to contact you?”

“I’m fine.” Frerin let himself be moved around, confused as ever. “What in the world are you doing?”

“Answer me, did he try to contact you?”

“Who the hell are you talking about?” Bilbo piped up.

“Thranduil.”

The room went silent once more, a heavy air settling over them.

“Did he try to call you, try to come here at all?” Thorin shook Frerin’s shoulders. “Answer me!”

“No! No he didn’t… w-why?”

“Legolas told Thranduil about how you Presented. He came to me wanting a Resolution.”

“He-He what?” Frerin put a hand on his stomach feeling sick.

“No!” Kili yelled. “We won’t do it!”
“I told him as such!” Thorin looked over his shoulder to his nephew. “But he’s angry, very angry and I- I don’t know if tried anything or if he will try anything more.”

“You’re thinking he’s going to try something.” Kili spoke up.

“He threatened.” Thorin turned from Frerin to his nephews. “He knows about you two with Frerin, and I wouldn’t be surprised if he tries something to escalate things. Try to push for a Resolution.”

“He’s not going to get one!” Kili barked.

“F-Fili?” Frerin’s vision was turning black around the edges. A Resolution? To not be with Fili and Kili? To risk being held captive by Thranduil again?

“Freyr,” Fili dropped the knife still clutched in his hand as he watched his omega sway. The omega’s eyes rolled back before his body went slack. Fili lunged forward even though Thorin caught his brother’s sudden dead weight. “Frerin!!”
Fili and Kili were beside themselves with frustration. Their omega had fainted from the stress of Thranduil’s threat. Knowing that this monster wanted as Resolution didn’t help any matters, if he pushed hard enough he could get his way due to public outcry. “Researches”, “Scientists”, “Professionals in their field” all would come crawling out of the woodwork to sit on tv shows and news channels giving their unwanted opinions. Media would hound their every step and with things as bumpy as they have already been it was severely unwanted attention. And if that didn’t work… what would Thranduil try? Would he risk a more drastic approach? Would he simply lie in wait?

Thorin was pushing to have everyone move into the castle, but Bilbo made an excellent point of every time Thranduil stayed he would be under the same roof as Frerin. That quieted the King as well as the two princes who were at a loss before Fili stormed out of the room. Kili sighed and scratched his head, certain that Fili was checking up on their omega.

“This is all fucked up.” Kili grumbled.

“Life is a difficult thing to deal with.” Bilbo was already rummaging through the fridge for something else to eat.

“Are you making a salad?” Thorin asked. “I could go for some salad.”

“I don’t care what it is,” Bilbo shoved some fruit into his mouth as he piled jars and containers in his arms.

Thorin got up from the stool he was sitting on. He rounded the counter and grabbed the apple out of Bilbo’s mouth and bit into it with no second thought. He made a little sound of offering for Bilbo to take another bite which Bilbo did. He slurped up the juices that threatened to run down his lips. The two shared the apple, one bite after another as they moved around the kitchen pulling out bowls, plates, pots and pans.

“That was good,” Thorin tossed the core into the trash can. “Fruit salad first.”

“Second, want some fried chicken.”
“I’ll make deviled eggs to go with it.”

“An alpha after my own heart.”

Kili sighed as he reached across the counter and grabbed an orange out of the bunch of chaotic pile of foods in front of him. He had no idea what to do. The only thing keeping him grounded, currently, was the fact that Bilbo and Thorin were doing something so normal and domestic that it almost seemed nothing was the matter at all.

What the hell were they going to do?

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Fili silently ran his palm over Frerin’s soft stomach. He felt his lover twitch before he started to shift away, waking up to being touched after traumatic news.

“Shh,” Fili brought his hand up, caressing Frerin’s face. “It’s just me.”

Frerin pulled back enough to focus his sight on Fili’s features. He let out a long breath, his heart hammering in his chest. He reached up, clapping at Fili’s hand. He didn’t know what to do. Thranduil was trying to take him away from his home again, trying to take Fili and Kili away from him. He would return to that bathtub, tortured and neglected. Knowing Thranduil, he would push everything he had to make a public outcry and force the Resolution.

He let out a pained whimper, quickly shaking his head. As if reading his thoughts, Fili scooted closer.

“Shh, shh,” Fili pulled on Frerin, gathering him into his arms. “No one is taking you away.”

Hot breath from a hushed sob washed over Fili’s shirt. He stared into the darkness of the room, stroking soft, golden hair. He had to figure something out, something to bring the attention away from their relationship. They had to redirect the publicity that Thranduil was no doubt already working on. He had to think hard, he had to think fast. This kind of subject would run like wild fire. But what could he do to keep it contained... keep it focused so strongly that if someone else threw something towards the media it would be over looked.
“I love you.” He cooed, gathering loose locks of hair over an ear. “I love you so much.”

“I-I love you t-too.” Frerin’s tears were wetting Fili’s shirt.

There was a gentle knock on the door before it creaked open. “Hey.” Kili voice added to the room.

Frerin whined and blindly reached out a hand for Kili to take. Kili left the door open, coming over and sitting behind Fili’s back. He kissed at Frerin’s palm and wrist while running a comforting hand up and down Frerin’s arm.

“How are you feeling, Angel?”

“Scared. What do you think?!” Frerin snapped.

“Shh, shh, liquor lips, it’s okay. We know you’re scared.”

“We’re all scared.” Kili pressed Frerin’s hand to his cheek. “I-if Thranduil-”

“He’s not doing anything.” Fili’s voice was hard and dangerous. No one had heard his voice sound like that before.

“But-” Frerin started only to be cut off by Fili once more.

“He’ll -disappear- before he gets his way with you again.” Fili possessively hugged Frerin closer. “I’ll make sure of it.”

“F-fili?” Kili wasn’t sure what to think. This was extremely dangerous talk.

“If he wants to play with fire he’ll have to contend with Erebor’s forges,” Fili hissed. “I earned you, I earned you both! No one will take you from me. No one.”
Breeding

Chapter Summary

A special chapter for withywindlesdaughter.

It was raining again, this time it was washing out the colors of the evergreen trees that Frerin had always adored. He liked to be in the rain, maybe because back in Ered Luin that was what fall and winter was, rain. Here though, in Erebor, it was a different creature. It brought no comfort. It only ushered in cold.

He bit at his nails, curled up in his chair that was turned enough for him to look outside or take in anyone else that would be in the sitting room that he had turned into a library when he first moved in. The books brought him comfort. It brought him solace in a world that kept ripping and tearing at him like a starved and scared animal. Warm, strong arms came down around him from over the back of the chair. So lost in blackened thoughts, Frerin had not seen his lovers come in. He jumped a bit in surprise. He looked up seeing Kili’s reassuring smile. Hands soothed over his thighs as Fili got comfortable on his knees.

“I love you.” Kili said softly, almost impossible to hear over the tacking of the rain against the window glass.

“I love you too.” Frerin slipped a hand over Kili’s forearm.

“The weather was like this when I first came here… wasn’t it?” Frerin asked, still looking out the window.

“Freezing rain.” Fili folded his arms over Frerin’s legs that were naked under the soft knit throw that was over his lap. He rested his cheek on his arms so he could look out the window as well. His voice was quiet with memory. “You just got in, refused to let Thorin fly you over on his private plane, refused to let any of us pick you up so you took a taxi.”

“I was terrified.” Frerin admitted.

“Why?” Kili closed his eyes and buried his nose in soft golden hair. He took in a deep breath of his omega’s scent.
“I hadn’t seen the family in so long. I had never really met you, Kili and Fili I only saw when I was a teenager…” He took in a deep breath, before another came in quicker and quicker.

“Shh,” Kili squeezed Frerin a little tighter.

“It’s okay to have been scared. We were too.” Fili said, not willing to move from the comfortable position. Frerin’s free hand found it’s way into his hair and stroked. “We knew you, emails, phone calls, letters… festive presents…”

“But we didn’t know what to expect for your physical presence.” Kili leaned over more and nuzzled Frerin’s cheek. “It was scary because we would be breaking the romance of the barriers we had; a mysterious uncle, far away that always had a good word to give. Would you change? Were you fabricating who you were and you didn’t look anything like the pictures you’ve sent us? Were you someone that was secretly a snake in the grass?”

Frerin shifted to look at Kili. Their gazes searching each other for something to give, as if there was still something to dig up, brush off, and hold in wonder.

“Why were you two here? When I came, the house was supposed to be empty. Thorin said he would give me the night to recover and visit the next day with everyone else… Wh-” His heart skipped a beat as he looked at Kili’s lips. “Why were you both here?”

“We wanted to know you,” Fili lifted his head, his arms uncurling. He watched the two, feeling his prick swell. He still couldn’t place why he found it so attractive to see his brother and uncle looking at each other like that. He just knew that when he watched them kiss and fuck his cock strained with such a great need to spill his essence all over them. He wanted to mark them both, not just Frerin. He wanted to bite Kili and show that his brother was his and he wanted it twinned a matching mark from their lovely omega.

“And what did you think? Half royal blood looking like a stray animal begging to get out of the cruel elements, kicking around his beat up travel bags across the ground with his arms clutching matching ratty suitcases.”

“I already told you once.” Fili’s fingers were already pushing up Frerin’s long shirt. He pushed his thumb over the middle feeling a building dampness that smelled so good.
Brown eyes closed as the omega let out a breath. “You said you wanted to fuck me raw the first time you saw me.”

Kili pressed kisses along Frerin’s cheek. His hands flattened against the omega’s chest, slowing rubbing up and down as Fili worked soft panties down to the omega’s ankles. Fili hooked his thumbs under Frerin’s knees, shifting him, lifting up his legs and parting them.

“And you?” Frerin could barely keep breathing when Fili’s tongue slipped along his folds, encouraging his cock to fill. The omega pulled on Kili, kissing at his jaw.

“I wanted to watch.” Kili darkly admitted. His thumbs rubbed against nipples that were still covered. He let out a sound of desire as Frerin nibbled close to his chin. “I wanted to see how he would open you up. Watch his pretty prick go into you. I wanted to be haunted by your voice calling his name as you leaked over our bed.”

Frerin whimpered as Fili took hold of the omega’s cock while he continued to lap away. He rocked his hips trying to get his golden’ lover’s tongue deeper into him while trying to get more friction on his cock.

Kili reached down and stroked Fili’s hair, gathering it and moving it to the side so he could see. Blue eyes glanced up at him, giving an long lick from opening all the way up the filled cock. He wrapped his lips around Frerin’s tip while pushing his fingers into the omega’s wettened passaged. He sucked while pumping his fingers making the omega squirm and clutch desperately to Kili. The brunet hissed out a, “fuck”.

“K-Kili- p-please.” Frerin’s breath was hot against his neck.

Kili closed his eyes when Frerin’s mouth latched onto his neck, long licks, beautiful draggings of his teeth that made him shiver. “I-I wanted to have you call for me to join. I wanted to have you suck me wet before I shoved myself into Fili’s perfect ass. I wanted to watch you writhe under us both, see how you broke apart as he made you cum. Then his knot take hold and I would ride him. Make you both scream as I over worked you both.”

Fili pulled his mouth off of Frerin. His fingers still working. He grabbed his brother with his free hand. With a fistful of hair he pulled Kili to his lips. Their tongues easily darting out to meet each other. A small jerk Fili broke their kiss. “Get some lube and do it.”
Kili stole a hot kiss. His fingers pinching Frerin’s nipples. Kili pulled back, stepping away from the chair. “Don’t have too much fun without me.” He quickly ran out of the library.

“Fili.” Frerin mewed as he opened up Fili’s shirt, toying with the buttons as the alpha’s fingers left him aching pussy.

“Why didn’t you let us?” Fili felt a jolt of pleasure when Frerin’s mouth played on one of his dusky nipples. He breathed heavily, a hand going into Frerin’s hair. He rocked his hips involuntarily when the omega’s hands got down to his pants, unbuttoning, slowing dragging down the zipper.

Frerin pulled Fili’s pants and underwear down. “You were so young, we couldn’t. And you two are my neph-”

“Not anymore.” Fili cut him off. “We’re your mates.” He grabbed Frerin pulling him off of the chair and to the floor. His hands firmly gripped that supple ass he loved. “I’m going to make you my wife and Kili my husband.” He bucked his hips forward, rubbing their cocks together.

By the time Kili got back the two were undressed completely, laying on a pile of clothes. Frerin on his back with Fili leaning over him, balls deep making the omega worship him with hands and lips. He took off his shirt and put it on the outside door knob before closing it. Bilbo or Thorin may get much too curious about their sounds, a little warning may help if it got to that, seeing as they were only three rooms away pouring over ideas with Balin.

He was in the middle of undressing when he heard his name moaned from perfect lips. His attention went directly to the two fucking each other on the floor. His mouth went dry from how Frerin reached out to him, how Fili rested back on his haunches, letting his stiff prick come out of the warm body it had just been in. He got out of the last of his clothing. He easily came over, crouching down to kiss at his omega’s knuckles.

“Do you want me to stretch you before we continue?” Kili asked Fili.

Fili ran his hands down his body, his skin felt hot. “It’s up to you brother, this is your show,” He took hold of his cock and gave it a stroke. “You’re treat.”

Kili groaned with approval. “Let me stretch you now then. Don’t want to stop when we’re in full swing.”
“May I help?” Frerin batted his eyes up at the brothers.

Fili’s eyes grew wide with mixed emotions, most likely because he did not expect that. Kili’s lips pulled into a grin.

“Get back here.” Kili swatted at Fili’s ass making the blond yip in surprise.

Frerin moved fluidly, onto all fours. He slowly crawled behind Fili, running his tongue over his hip before giving a playful nip to his thigh. Fili shivered as the two devils he loved joined together. Kili brushing Fili’s hair over one shoulder so he could suck at his neck while Frerin licked and bit at his hip and thigh. His hand found Frerin’s back to stabilize him as he felt as if his world was starting to slowly rotate. Round and round like a carousel, only going faster as they flawlessly worked together, guiding him to all fours. Four hands on him; gripping, massaging, petting. He found himself gripping Frerin’s ankle as he trembled.

“Shh,” the omega hushed against his skin.

When did fingers get into him? When did Kili pause to pour the lube onto his hand?

He pushed back against the fingers trying to judge how many were in him. His moan grew louder as Kili pressed a finger against his prostate. Frerin shifted, coming over to stroke his hair, run fingers over his scalp as Kili dragged his teeth over Fili’s shoulder. Frerin sucked on his neck, the other side that Kili had neglected.

“I love you.” Frerin whispered into the shell of his ear.

Another finger was added making Fili squeak instead of reply. Frerin leaned over Fili’s back to take a look at how Kili was progressing. Fili panted, pressing his cheek against the carpet. His cock hurt, his ass was starting to burn, and he needed to get fucked soon or he was going to pass out from all the blood that his heart was rushing throughout his body at high speeds.

“Another.” Frerin said.

“I’m not trying to fist him.” Kili protested.
“Yes, you are.”

“What?”

“Be slow and careful, but you are trying to stretch him that far, that way when you’re knot forms it won’t hurt him. He’ll be loose enough to take all of it.”

“He’s going to what?” Fili felt thought come slamming back into him.

“Don’t worry, Butterscotch.” Frerin took some of the lube to slick his own hands. He slipped his hands over Fili’s butt cheeks, fingers going down to massage around Kili’s fingers to help relax Fili.

“B-butterscotch?” Fili felt his eyes roll back. God, that felt so good.

Frerin couldn’t answer as he was kissing Kili. The question was easily forgotten when Kili stroked his prostate and Frerin palmed his aching cock while they sucked on each other’s tongues above him. The omega’s hand left him, making Fili moan in protest, but when more oil was added to his mate’s hands he really couldn’t care less. His world tipped as he was impossibly stretched, Frerin back to massaging his strained entrance. His cock jerked and spasmed, forcing out a wad of precum to splash onto the floor.

“There we are,” Frerin cooed as he continued to work his accursedly wonderful fingers.

“Shit.” Kili’s mouth hung open as he kept his hand still, his whole hand in his brother. Why was this turning him on so much? Most likely the smell of sex in the air and the anticipation of actually knotting Fili.

“Pull out, nice and slow. That’s it.” Frerin encouraged his motions. He looked at the smiling omega. “He’s ready for you now.”

“Not yet.” Kili moved to the chair, sitting down, legs splayed open to show his hard erection. “I still need to see him fuck you raw.”
As if on cue, Fili grabbed their pretty mate, pulling him down into a heated kiss. Their tongues danced together, pushing and shoving, tasting each other as much as they could. Kili took hold of his cock and gave it a few strokes as it pulsed with a complaint of being ignored. Frerin whimpered into Fili’s mouth, taking hold of the alpha’s cock. His thumb rubbed at the purpling tip while the blond heir palmed Frerin’s. He broke the kiss, fully intending on bending over to suck on Fili’s girth. His plan was foiled when he was pushed onto his side, his legs separated, Fili settling himself on Frerin’s good thigh. He was still careful of the burned leg, hooking it over his shoulder as he crouched. He took his cock in hand, making sure his brother could see as he pushed the fleshy head into the omega who bit his lip. But Fili teased him, pulling his head out, pushing it back in, only giving that mushroomed tip to the cock hungry omega.

“Fuck, Fili.” Kili had to let go of his dick or he would beat himself off.

“Fili, please.” Frerin begged, curling his toes. He couldn’t handle this! He needed all of it inside. He tried squirming to get more of Fili inside of him. His head spinning with lust.

“Please what?” Fili licked his sweaty upper lip.

“Put it in all the way.” He whined.

“Are you sure?” Fili kept up his teasing, feeling slick juices freely leaking with each tiny plunge.

“I-I need you to breed me.”

Both brothers froze.

Frerin never had said that before. Something Kili started to move, a low growl in his throat. He leaned forward in a territorial prowl that was stopped when Fili bit at Kili’s shoulder, a deep growl of his own that was meant to put Kili in his place. Fili went into a full rut, Kili as well. Fili let go of Frerin’s leg when Kili still tried to pass. He fully bit down on his brother’s neck, drawing blood. Kili stifled a yip but backed down. Whimpering as he submitted and wrapped his arms carefully around Fili. Fili licked at his neck showing that he was forgiving, but he was the first to breed. Kili tenderly reached back, his fingers rubbing up and down the cleft of Fili’s butt. Fili kissed and licked at Kili’s cheek giving his permission. Kili kissed back, showing he was thankful.

Fili grabbed Frerin’s hips, rolling him onto his back. With a quick pull and snap of his hips he was buried deep into the omega. Fili raised himself up onto his knees, holding tight to Frerin’s hips as
he wildly fucked into the omega. His omega. The very omega that was now ready to properly breed.

Frerin held onto Fili’s forearms, panting out noises between pleasure and pain. Fili was being rough, terribly brutal in the angles he dug his cock in. But he was so wet, and feeling that hardness rub up against his walls made his skin alight with fire. His belly coiled with pleasure as he shook about with each slam of hips that made sharp slapping sounds from how wet he was. He could barely open his eyes to see Kili peering at him hungerly, eyes so dark from dilated pupils. He kissed and stroked at Fili as he watched.

He arched his back as best as he could, clawing into Fili’s arms as he finally climaxed, his cock bouncing while he spilled over Fili’s lap and onto his own belly. But Fili kept going, Frerin’s passage only slicker now that he had cum and it felt so good. So fucking good! His heart raced, anticipating being filled. And when he was, Fili was growling like a beast, triggering another climax from the omega that was harder than the first. He sighed with satisfaction when he felt the swelling of Fili’s knot. Now he could breathe. Now the damned burning of hell on his skin could cool. But Kili was shoving his cock into Fili, forcing his blond brother to fuck into Frerin again. It kept the burn. It kept it so hot. His eyes pricked from the intensity of the pain and pleasure given from having that knot moving around inside of him. Kili groaned, grabbing hold of any fleshy purchase that he could, madly humping into his sibling. Fili whined and moaned like a whore under him. Frerin cried and sobbed as he wrapped an arm around Fili’s neck, holding onto him as he burned alive from the inside out. His other hand grabbed hold of Kili, trying to ground himself as he begged through the tears with a mantra of, “Breed me, breed me.”

Kili forced another spurt of seed from Fili followed by another that triggered a full orgasm that made him shout, leaving a ringing in Frerin’s ear. His cum leaking around his cock that was buried so deeply in their omega. Kili hissed as he emptied himself into his brother. His knot swelling. His cock, heavy and hard inside his brother’s ass. He panted, his mind whirling as the air started to cool the sweat on his body. He saw red specks on Fili’s butt. Too high to be part of their mating. He reached up, touching his bleeding neck. Blood running down his, mixing with his sweat to look much worse than it was. Fili was almost past out on top of Frerin who was crying. Actually crying.

“No,” Kili felt his heart race with panic this time. He reached around Fili to stroke at Frerin’s face. “Are you hurt, angel?”

Frerin grabbed at both of his mates, his crying deepening, much like his panic attacks.

“Freyr,” Fili whispered.

“Angel. We’ll-we’ll take you to the doctor soon as our knots go down.”
Then they heard something that broke their hearts. Frerin hid his face in Fili’s hair as he shook and trembled. “I don’t want his baby. I don’t want his baby.”

“Shh, shh.” The two alphas stroked at Frerin, kissing and touching.

“I-I’m sorry, I didn’t mean… if you get pregnant from this then…” Fili swallowed. “We’ll take care of it okay?”

Frerin simply cried until he fell asleep. The brothers waited until their knots were down before separating. Fili laid beside the omega, stroking his hair, staring at his sleeping face. Kili looked between Frerin’s legs, as the puffy and abused lips. He pushed his fingers in as gently as he could. He pulled them out to find small traces of blood mixed with Fili’s white cum. He looked down at his brother who had fallen asleep. He sat back. They really needed to fix this… He touched his neck. The old worry of the three of them not being able to survive each other came back. But now it was more than worry. It was fear. Fili made both of them bleed. He was no better, if he had pushed it he would have gotten into a bloodied fight with Fili over their uncle. What the hell… what the hell were they supposed to do?

He laid down on the other side of Fili. He wrapped his arms around his brother, pressing his cheek against shoulder. He wasn’t going to let go of either of them but how does he keep them?

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When Frerin woke up he hurt. Peeing hurt, sitting hurt, laying on his back hurt. Thankfully Bilbo had some menstruation pills to help with the pain and swelling.

“You, uh…” Bilbo looked at the three. Frerin laid on his side on the sofa in the living room. Fili and Kili were in different chairs next to each other, neither of them willing to look at the other. Frerin easily engaged them though, as if he had no idea of the tension. “You guys really went at it.”

“Yeah.” Kili snorted. “That’s one way to put it.”

“Still think we should have the royal doctor come and take a look at you.” Fili held Frerin in a hard stare.
“I’ll be fine.” Frerin waved a hand. “But if it bothers you this much, if I’m still hurting this bad tomorrow we’ll have him look at me.”

“Sure.” Fili looked away, snipping his voice in a cold way.

“Hey, um… Bilbo, could you give Thorin a call and see if-”

“Yes!” Bilbo cut in quickly. “I’ll go up to the telephone room and give him a ring.”

The smaller omega nearly raced out of the room that remained quiet and tense. Frerin though, broke it with a hum. The melody was soft and fanciful. Fili closed his eyes. It was pretty, it was tender. He took his time listening, each note washing some of the tension off of his back like spring sunshine. He felt Kili’s hand find his. He slowly opened his eyes, placing his gaze on his brother. The brunet had such a strange look upon his features. He nodded his head towards their mate. Fili pressed his lips tightly together, his hand gripping Kili’s as they laced their fingers together. Frerin was half asleep, humming and rubbing at his stomach.

“F-” Fili had to try again as it came out too quiet. “Frerin?”

“Hm?” Frerin stilled, pulling a throw blanket over his shoulders.

“…” He took a deep breath. “Earlier, after… after we had sex. You…” He was shaking. Kili dragged his thumb over Fili’s hand to reassure him. “If you get pregnant did you want to… to see a doctor about it?”

“Yes.”

Kili made a distraught sound, he leaned away from Fili, his other hand over his mouth as he tried to blink back tears. He knew it. Frerin wouldn’t want kids. That fucker, that damned Thranduil had fucked up Frerin so much he wouldn’t… he couldn’t…

“I see.” Fili’s voice was hard as he tried to keep control of himself.

Frerin frowned at them. They were certainly acting strange.
“Then, um…” Fili let go of his brother’s hand. He pushed himself up to his feet. “I’ll go up and talk to Bilbo about…” He pressed a hand over his vest. Wondering why he was so formally dressed. He was home. He didn’t need to look like this in his own home. He could be half naked win sweats… but sweats didn’t give him a barrier. Didn’t allow him to take a step back from a personal situation. “What contraceptive do you prefer?”

“Contr- No!” Frerin sat up quickly making him wince.

Fili played with the cuff of his shirt. He didn’t look at Frerin as he walked out of the room. “Do not worry, darling. I shall take care of it.”

“No. Fili! No- ah.” He hissed while he tried getting up, his whole groin area hurt worse than period cramps. He bent over to try to reduce the pain. “Kil-Kili go after him.”

“It’s okay.” Kili got up from his seat. He came up to Frerin, helping him lay back down. Shushing his lover as he blinked moist eyes. He shook when he played with some of Frerin’s hair, trying to get some comfort from the action. “We don’t blame you.”

“Blame. What the hell are you talking about, Kili?”

“We… we get it if you don’t want a baby again. Not after -him-.” Kili’s smile wavered and fell. This time he let the tears gather on his lashes. “But when you said to breed you we- we really thought.”

“Oh my god.” Frerin said slowly as he dragged both hands down his face. “You, both, seriously think I meant I didn’t want your children?”

“You said-”

“I was having a panic attack from the rough sex, Kili!” He shoved at Kili’s shoulder. “You idiots! Of course I want to have your kids! Why else would I tell you to breed me?!!”

“But you… you’ve had it taken care of before.”
“That was different!”

“How is it different?! You could change your mind at any time and not want my baby!!”

“Because I want your baby! I want Fili’s baby! I want them because they would be yours not Thranduil’s!! I didn’t want to have a kid and torture him because he was a product of rape!”

“I DON’T CARE!” Kili grabbed Frerin’s arms. “I would have loved him!”

Frerin went quiet, trying to wrap around the depth of Kili’s words. Kili’s grip was pinching, bruising. He choked on a cry. He bowed his head. “I would have loved him… He would have come from you, held your smile, been more you than Thranduil. He would have been mine…”

“K… Kili…” Frerin stared at the top of the brunet’s head.

Kili dragged in a breath, letting some fat tears drop down.

“Kili… my midnight star,” Frerin’s voice was low and coxing. He understood now, what it really meant. What Kili was truly upset over, Fili was too. “Kili.” He moved slowly, taking one hand off of his arm, he brought it down to his stomach and pressed the warm, wide palm against it. “I won’t get another abortion. Please, please hear me out on this.”

Kili sniffled and rubbed his hand over the soft stomach.

“There were too many complications with that baby. I was malnourished. I had been tortured and bled out. I had open festering sores. Even if I kept the baby, the likelihood that he would have developed a deformity was great from all the medicines I had to take to fight off the infection. I couldn’t live with it if I had a baby at that time only to have him put on an operating table because he had an exposed stomach or heart difficulties, or was premature and couldn’t make that fight. And if I had that baby, Thranduil would have had legal right to take me to his kingdom… I would have never met you or Fili… I…” He swallowed, pressing his face up against Kili’s hair. He sniffled himself. “I thought he would still try and I needed a way out if he got me. I had four plans on how to end my li-”
Kili cringed, pushing himself against Frerin and hugging him tight. “Don’t say it!” He pressed his face into Frerin’s shoulder. “Don’t ever say it.”
Everyone seemed to wait for Thranduil’s move as time passed. An underlined tension was ever present no matter where they went. Thorin and Bilbo arranged for the three mates to go to see a psychiatrist for the remainder of their first year together. This was acceptable as they would use it as an excuse. If Thranduil went public with Fili, Kili, and Frerin’s relationship they could fire back that they were getting mental help to make sure that this relationship was healthy. The first day was mostly silence and they had weekly visits to make.

Fili and Kili went back to school under the condition that Frerin spent his days with Bilbo and surrounded by security. The first time back to school they found that the campus had exploded with the knowledge that Fili and Kili were banging each other, then again, it was hard to deny it when they kissed each other out in the open like they had only a few days ago. While Fili easily cut down all the talk about him after the first three days people skirted around him and refused to make eye contact as if he was walking around with his prized swords, Kili had more of a difficult time. He liked interacting with others. Fili was okay with being alone, all he needed were his mates and the blond was satisfied with life. Kili though… Kili enjoyed the interaction with others. He liked the simple actions of shaking hands, telling jokes or interesting stories. Hell, he even liked group studies. He was a people person, it was how he always had been. With this new development people either ran from him because Fili was near or it was a touch of strained disdain as if the person couldn’t stand being around him. He tried to ignore how some of the alphas would sniff in his wake in a taunt. Some of the omegas came right out and asked if he was the “omega” of the coupling with large imp like smiles. But none were as bad as Dareth, the omega in his Civil Omega classes. He was a nightmare. It was as if he waited for Fili to leave his side to jump in and give his crude remarks. He would sit next to Kili during class and pester him from childishly throwing wads of paper at him to kicking the back of his seat. He would hiss in his ear while passing by, “alpha lover”. The nasty omega would make his group stop talking and watch Kili in the halls or even outside whenever he had to pass by.

It was childish.

They were in college not Elementary School.

It was beneath him to notice.

It wasn’t like it was just him and Fili. They had Frerin and even if it had been just him and Fili, it was none of their business. This was his life. It wasn’t perfect, far from it, but it was his. Fili would govern over them, not Kili, when the time came. And even if Kili ended up on the ruling end, his personal life should be kept out of the public’s eye.

“Going to change the media,” Kili mumbled to himself while he pressed harder on his paper,
nearly shoving the point of his mechanical pencil through. “That’s what I’m going to do. Make it so it’s more interesting to look into the lives of everyone else. Push it until they feel the damn pressure of people always whispering down your neck and judging you just because you were born in a higher station.”

“Hey, A-List.” Dareth’s voice came from the left.

Kili ground his teeth together. A-List. The new nickname for him that Dareth was trying harder than hell to spread around campus. He was certain why it hasn’t gone as far as it had was because of how offensive it was as an A-List was basically calling an alpha a homosexual whore. Started up when someone wanted a list of how many alphas one slept with.

Kili tried to simply ignore Dareth as he continued to write in his notes. He needed to complete his essay before going home. Today Frerin got the okay to stop wearing bandages, he was healed enough to go around on his own with only dull red spots of where he was burned. The doctors said he healed remarkably well for oil burns. And Fili and Kili were going to celebrate by cooking dinner on their own and a night of whatever Frerin wanted ending in crazy sex with as many positions as they would be able to get out of the night. At least that was his hopes until fucking Dareth showed up to heckle him in the fucking library!!

Dareth fluffed his large golden curls, hitting Kili in the face. Kili choked on the smell of perfume and hairspray. “You ever question your choices? Like, Civil Omega class for example, it’s only you and one other alpha in a class full of omegas, and the other guy is studying to become a lawyer.” The blond shifted around, brushing his leg up against Kili’s as he crossed them. “Are you just studying to know what it’s like to be an omega?”

“Dareth, you need to back off from me.” Kili growled.

“And why would I do that?” He leaned in closer showing a toothy grin. He put a hand on Kili’s shoulder.

“Because I’m telling you to.” Kili shook the hand off.

“Telling me to,” he scoffed. “What? By royal order? Little soon to be throwing your weight around, isn’t it?”

“I’m telling you to because you’re a f-” Kili had to lower his raising voice. “Because you’re being
intolerable, you’re being a bully. And for what? No reason. You’re just an asshole.”

Dareth’s eyes widened. “You’re interested in my ass?”

“That isn’t what I said and you know it.”

“But you said it! You sexiest pig!”

Kili had enough. He grabbed up his things, stuffed them into his bag. “Say what you want.”

“You’re the one that is banging his own brother now looking at my ass when I don’t want you to! You’re an animal!” Dareth got up, shouting to bring attention to them.

“I didn’t say any of those things! You’re being a b-”

“A bitch?! Really? Now I’m a bitch for defending myself?!”

“No!” Kili gripped the strap to his bag. He swung it over his shoulder seeing the approaching staff that were most likely going to call security. “You’re a bully! That’s what you are! So leave me alone!”

He stormed out of the library before anything else could happen. That was if Dareth didn’t continue to follow him.

“Don’t you walk away from me!” Dareth hounded.

“I’ll walk away from you all I want! Even if I wasn’t a prince I still have the fucking right to stay away from you!”

“Now you’re cursing at me!” Dareth grabbed Kili’s arm, his blue painted nails digging into Kili’s arm. “You need to stop this constant harassment and verbal battery on my person.”
“What the hell are you even talking about?!” Kili tore his arm away.

“I’m talking about a lawsuit if you don’t stop all of this.”

Kili frowned at Dareth, now he got it, at least part of it. “Lawsuit.”

“A lawsuit.”

“If I don’t stop seeing my brother, you mean.”

Dareth folded his arms over his chest. “Not good enough.”

Kili snorted with disgust. This omega was a gold digger, worse yet, willing to do anything to get money. He shook his head and kept walking. Dareth continued after him, heckling him, shouting, accusing. When Kili got to the forefront of the campus he felt a bit of relief from seeing Frerin standing on the sidewalk. Hair braided and curled with decorative chains dangling down the back of his pretty neck. He wore a simple pink top that hugged around his shoulders and looked good on his brown pencil skirt showing off his legs. He wore pink lace shoes that matched his top. He was currently talking with some students. All smiles and beauty.

“Kili, I’m serious!” Dareth stomped his foot down. “If you don’t-”

That was it. He had enough. He whirled around being as loud as he possibly could. “If I don’t what, Dareth?! If I don’t let you kick my seat like some High School idiot?! Don’t let you throw shit at my heat?! Or maybe not let you throw your damn chemically hazardous hair in my face any time you got?! Or maybe it’s the fact you don’t like it when I get you out of my personal space! If I don’t stop any of this what are you going to do?! Are you going to continue to call me an A-List? Are you going to keep shouting about how I have a thing for your flat ass?!” He growled low, his lips curling into a snarl.

His shouting brought Frerin’s attention to him. The omega getting worried as he listened to what his lovely Star was saying. He mumbled as “excuse me”, leaving the group he had been talking to. Everyone was staring at Kili now. He was red in the face, so angry. No one had seen Kili like this before, well, besides his family but only when he had a violent and angry rut. He wasn’t in a rut though. He had simply had enough and he wanted to go home. He wanted to hug and kiss his lovers. He wanted to feel safe for once since his relationship started up with Frerin and Fili. He wanted his live to go back to the way it was where there was no psycho around the corner. Where
there were fights between his parents and his precious uncle. Where there were no threats of being pulled away from those he loved and definitely when there were no slanderous, cruel, people spreading rumors about him.

“Well, guess what. I have an omega. A thousand times more beautiful and loving and kind than any other out there! And if you or anyone else think that I’m giving him or Fili up, you are seriously mistaken.”

“Kili?” Frerin’s voice was soft like flower petals being dragged down his spine. “What’s going on?”

“Nothing.” Kili glared at Dareth, grabbing Frerin’s hand and storming off, pulling his omega along.

Fili was just coming out a nearby building as he watched his mates go by. He quickly caught up. “What’s going on?” He asked, not sure why his brother was pissed off nor why Frerin was even at the school.

“We’re going out.” Kili hissed.

“I-uh, apparently we’re going out.” Frerin smiled a little at Fili, still worried.

Fili took Kili’s other hand. The simplicity of having both of his lovers holding his hands helped relax Kili enough for him to stop running off in a random direction and actually let Frerin explain he came to pick them up from school as a surprise. They went back to their car where the omega drove, taking Fili and Kili out to an early dinner. The meal wasn’t very eventful, as the two blonds fussed over trying hard not to push Kili into telling them what was bothering him and what had happened. Right then, they knew he had to relax. He had to come to terms enough to talk to them. During their meal, Frerin sat next to Kili, petting his thigh now and again while Fili toed off his shoe and stretched out his leg to rub his foot up and down Kili’s shins. It served to help a great deal allowing Frerin and Fili to convince Kili to go into a specialty place where they gave eye exams and glasses in the same day. They praised him before and after the optometrist looked at his eyes. They spent an hour picking out different frames, ordering some extra types and settling on slender black framed ones to take home. By the time they walked out it was dark outside and the shop was closing.

“It was nice of them to accept you today as a walkin.” Frerin said as he shrugged on his warm coat, his breath starting to come out in white puffs. “Usually you have to wait for a while for an appointment.”
“That was my fault.” Fili smiled. “Kind of used our status to jump the cue.”

Frerin smiled as he slipped on his gloves. “I wouldn’t expect any less, Butterscotch.”

“Okay, seriously, what is up with the Butterscotch and Midnight Star, nicknames?” Kili asked as he blinked trying to take another step. Damn, he felt taller than ever, and the world was sharp and clear. It was so strange after years of seeing mostly blurs. He cursed under his breath when he had to reach over and grab Fili’s shoulder when he wasn’t sure how far down he was stepping.

“They’ll take a while to get used to.” Frerin assured, wrapping his arm around Kili’s, sandwiching the brunet between the blonds.

“The nicknames or the glasses?”

“Both.” Frerin smiled. “And to answer your question, my Midnight Star~” Frerin placed a firm kiss on Kili’s cheek. “It’s because when everything seems so dark, there you are, shining bright and giving me hope like a guiding light.”

Kili felt his cheeks heat up.

“What the hell is Butterscotch for?” Fili asked, wrinkling his nose a little.

Frerin leaned around Kili, a sly smirk on his lips as he wiggled his eyebrows. “Because you’re absolutely delicious.”

“He has good reasoning, Fili, you can’t fight against that.”

“Good reasoning? That’s… well, yeah.” Fili rested his head on Kili’s shoulder as they made their way to the car. “You’re kind of my guiding light too.”

“Kind of?” Kili smirked.
“Well, I can’t call you ‘light house’, or ‘caution Fili you’re being an idiot’. So, Star is good, or Moon.”

“You both are so weird. Beautiful, but weird.” Kili stopped walking, feeling a lump form in his throat. Dareth’s words and actions still bothering him.

“We love you.” Frerin nearly whispered.

“We love you very much.” Fili said as he closed his eyes.

Kili looked up at the sky. A few white snowflakes drifted down. The world was silent, the blanket of winter tucked over Erebor early. It wasn’t even Halloween. But the snow felt so good, comforting. He took in a deep breath, the scent of both alpha and omega that he loved so much mixed together confirming that this was his life. This was what he chose and he was happy with it. He had to confide him them, that was what his therapist said. Talk, keep it open, don’t bottle it up. He was so used to bottling it up that it was hard to force the words out.

“He… He called me an A-Lister.”

Frerin’s grip tightened, Fili’s muscles tightened but they let Kili continue.

“He keeps throwing his hair in my face and trying to get in my personal space.” Kili swallowed as his eyes stung. Why did it hurt so much to confess to this? “He…” Kili licked his lips. “He kicks my seat in class, hounds me unless Fili is around. Today he tried to say I was ‘verbally battering’ him.”

Fili rubbed Kili’s back. “Don’t worry.”

Frerin kissed Kili’s jaw, not saying a word.

They stayed out in the drifting snow. The silence only broken by Frerin humming that sweet little song he hummed after he wished to be breed. It was quiet, peaceful and in the growing world of white, it was only them.
The Arena

By morning the snow had melted, much to Kili’s discontent. There was always something about waking up early with fresh snow on the ground that made him excited, instead, he was greeted with a disappointing world of grey. To further his bad morning there was no warm bodies next to him in bed. No breakfast. Fili had already left for school, Bilbo was on the phone talking to Thorin again. There was no sign of Frerin, which was unusual as he frequented certain rooms in favor for different times of the day. At this time he should have been in the library or kitchen. He tried to ask Bilbo where his omega was but Bilbo only held up a silencing finger to him, wagging it with a “nnnoo” when he tried to interrupt again. He went from room to room but no Frerin. He went back to Bilbo, brows pushed up in worry as he watched the little omega pace around. He listened in, finding that it was not Thorin that Bilbo was talking to.

“I do expect it to happen.” Bilbo paced a little more, cheeks puffed out with anger. “I already sent my Messenger. Mmm. Mmm. I understand that you are the Dean of the college, thus why I require you to do your duty by the time I get there…. Challenges like this are non-negotiable, all parties are within their rites. Yes. Good. Thank you for understanding, simple things like this can’t be overlooked or trouble brews, you know. I will see you there.” He hung up his cellphone, giving out a long sigh. He looked at Kili, taking him in. “I suppose you didn’t see the clothes that were set out for you?”

“Clothes?”

“Boots, trousers, tunic, jerkin, all that.”

“Why would I be wearing those?” Kili eyed the short omega suspiciously. “And where are Fili and Frerin.”

“Already dressed and out. Now get your butt into those clothes, do something with that rat nest you call hair and lets get going.” Bilbo huffed while looking at his watch. “We’re already running late for the warming up… Well don’t just stand there, get going! Hurry! Hurry!”

With Bilbo’s prodding, Kili was dressed and out the door within minutes. He hurried Kili into a waiting car outside where the driver took them quickly to the arena. In old days it had been nothing but a stone fortress, erected to give a safe haven to peasants when an invading army came. The worn old stones still stood strong and true, remodeled and improved with seats lining the walls and well kept grass in the middle. It was mostly used for sporting events now, a prized old monument that the people of their kingdom loved.
“Here, here! Drop us off here.” Bilbo slapped his hand on the back of the driver’s seat. The car smoothly pulled over and Bilbo not so gently shoved Kili out. He brought Kili to a door, straightening out the alpha’s clothing. “Look at you. Barely presentable.” The omega gathered up a bit of Kili’s dark hair and clipped it back with a silver clip that he pulled out of his pocket.

“Seriously, what is going on?!” Kili squawked as Bilbo opened the door and pushed Kili through.

“The media is here, so keep on a straight face.” Bilbo warned. “Thorin is already in his private room getting ready. The offending party has been fully warned and challenged and is here.”

“The offending party? Bilbo.” Kili dug his feet into the ground, efficiently stopping them both. He turned on his friend. “What is going on? Tell me now.”

Bilbo wiggled his nose nervously. He looked unsure and Kili didn’t know if it had been for answering him or for the situation itself.

“Fili figured out a way to show official, mutual claim without a Resolution.”

“In what way?”

“A duel.”

“A...the last duel ever fought in Erebor was over four hundred years ago. You can’t- He can’t be serious!”

“He is, Frerin is too. I heard a little bit of what that person, Dareth, has done to you and it gave them their opening. As Frerin has asked to breed he has all legal right to challenge Dareth. In turn, declaring an ‘open duel’ as Frerin and Fili have done, any alpha or omega may challenge any person of the mating pair.”

“But that would mean someone could challenge Fili and me.”

“Exactly. It’s already all over the news, there is no way Thranduil can demand a Resolution now, but he may be able to challenge any one of you for mating rights. So keep on your toes. We have
four hours before the duel begins. Many people are coming, even Elrond is coming. We’re waiting for him, mostly, as well as Thranduil to gather his family as they were invited as well... all out in the open, no secrets to hide.”

“What?” Kili felt the chill of fear in his stomach.

“What my mum used to say, ‘all out in the open, no secrets to hide, best place to be, Bilbo. No one will care if you have no secrets.’” Bilbo put a hand on Kili’s arm. The two fell silent.

Anyone could challenge them... anyone... and if just one of them lost they couldn’t be together again. It filled Kili with more than just dread. It was a palatable sense of fear that mixed with a whirl of confusion. Why wouldn’t Frerin or Fili talk to him about this? He wasn’t even used to his glasses yet. He...

Kili took off his glasses and handed them to Bilbo. “Hold these for me?”

“As long as you collect them without any broken bones.” Bilbo tried to give a little smirk that ended up failing. “Y... You’re room is down the hall, to the left. Your bow and quiver are already there and a sword... let’s hope you will not have to use them.”

“Let’s hope no weapons need to be used.” Kili bowed his head.

“Precautions have been made.” Bilbo assured. “Paramedics, security to try to break it up if it gets too bloodied and the like. We are hoping no one will die from this... and minimal damage to the participants.”

Bilbo saw him to his room, giving him a concerned smile. He hesitated by the door as Kili found his bow on a bench. As his fingers ran over the carved wood Bilbo quietly closed the door, leaving the alpha to his empty thoughts.

Kili picked up his string, slipping it over one end, fitting it to the notches. He wrapped his leg around the bow, setting the tied end down to brace against the arch of his foot. With an easy press, the wood bent to his will allowing him to lasso the top. With a strung bow he sat on the bench, his heel bumping against his quiver that had been underneath.

A Duel...
Kili had no idea what his mates were thinking. They could have ignored the Resolution. Thranduil could have kicked up as much dust as possible and they would get dirt in the face but they could still make it, together. But a Duel…

Everyone knew about Duels from school. They were considered barbaric as someone almost always died then afterwards… the winning couple had to publicly mate. He would fight to the death to keep from having to see his lovers being raped like that. Kili’s eyes grew dark as images made by his imagination came forward. Frerin’s legs being forced open. Fili having to be held down while an omega thumped down on him.

Kili’s grip tightened on his bow. He would be dead before anyone could take them away, precautions or no, this was a Duel, the law had not changed from ancient times. This act was the revival of a beast, it may just make things worse.

When an Open Duel, according to Erebor law, was challenged the local lord or highest ranking official was to pericide. There was to be an opening ceremony where all parties involved in the challenge were to stand before the lawmaker, appoint their case and cause. Depending on the depth of offence the lawmaker would allow weapons or none. The weapon dictated the rules of the duel as sword and ax worked differently from pistols and arrows. After the first accuser and accused fought, whomever stood victorious was allowed to be challenged by anyone present. If none were to come then it was open for anyone present to challenge the mate of the victor, be it the won mate or defended.

Someone Kili had never met before came to get him. Brought him out into the hallway where he found his brother. Leather furs, his double scabbard on his back with little handles of throwing knives and throwing axes protruded from the sides of his boots and his vambraces. His look was hard. Dark. Official. It told him to not ask questions, to fall into line because he was the dominant alpha. And Kili did. He took his place with Fili, a step back and to the side to follow obediently. Everything moved slowly for him, each step feeling like his legs were stretched to impossible lengths before pressing down to the ground with unimaginable weight. Each moment took longer than a minute, longer than an hour. When they stopped by one more room. Frerin stepping out, dressed in surprisingly traditional Erebor Challenge Clothing; soft leather boots, shirt with the family’s insignia proudly emblazoned on the back. The pants were of old tradition, and he even wore vambraces over leather gloves. His hair fell around his face with braids and chains interwoven.

He didn’t look like the sweet omega he had fallen in love with. He looked like a warrior of old, much like Fili. Two ancient beings that from myths that stood up to gods of lore and what was he?
He closed his eyes, keeping in stride. Noises of loud crowds rushed like gushing water over him. Cold air hit his face. They were almost out.

Gentle autumn son hit his face, making him open his eyes. Each seat that surrounded the arena was filled. People stood shoulder to shoulder, shouting, chanting, screaming all mixing together into something that was nothing more than inaudible noise. He looked to the VIP area, high up in the boxes, champagne in his hand, Thranduil glared down as he sipped.

And Kili knew; he was one of the ancient beings that was standing up to a god. An immortal man of beauty with a frozen heart. Fili and Kili were lead to the side, Frerin being escorted up to the front. On the other side of the field was Dareth’s family all large alphas. Kili could see some of them watching Frerin, how he walked. The leaned into one another, whispering and nodding making the fine hairs on the back of Kili’s neck bristle. His arm was nudged by Fili’s elbow, his brother jerking his chin up towards Frerin. Dareth was crossing the field, just as tall as Frerin. His hair tied back, a dark blue outfit mirrored Frerin’s earthen green. While Frerin had two black ravens holding up a crown on his back, Dareth had a golden anvil with a griffin and a lion flanking it.

“He’s a Flamebeard.” Fili murmured.

“I had no idea.” Kili stepped closer to Fili, instinctively leaning against him while he watched.

“Flamebeards keep up their physical training.”

“You sound worried.”

Fili didn’t take his eyes off of the two. “So do you.”

They both didn’t know the fighting potential of their omega. Frerin never talked about what he liked to physically do beyond what they did in bed and dancing. But he was fit and he did break Dis’ nose once.

Kili shifted, gripping Fili’s shoulder trying to gain some calm against the swelling anxiety in his belly. A camera crew and someone with a microphone ran up to the omegas. Thorin stood up high, his face playing on the big screens above their heads. The opening ceremony had already played out before this moment. Now was Thorin to hear the claims.
“Frerin Durin, you have called for a duel, state your reasoning.” Thorin’s voice rumbled like a thunderstorm through the PA system.

The cameras flashed over to the omegas on the ground. Frerin swallowed, not liking being the center of attention. He took a steadying breath, “I, Frerin Durin, not only requested this duel but request it to be open. Under the Journeyman’s Law I had bonded and mated with my nephews, Fili and Kili.” There was a resounding hissing and booing from the crowds. Fili leaned back against Kili for his own support feeling worried and starting to get scared.

“They are both my alpha.” Frerin continued, raising his voice. “And as such I challenge anyone who may see this wrong! If you accept my challenge then you are welcome to try your might against mine!!”

“And what has this omega done to draw your ire?” Thorin asked.

Frerin turned on Dareth, glaring at him, “Dareth Flamebeard, knew of the bonding between Kili and his brother Fili. He had countlessly slandered both of my mates, terrorized Kili with verbal and social abuse and on many occasions had tried to entice him into breeding!”

The crowd ebbed with parts of it going quiet others booing, some cheering.

“And what had he done to try to entice breeding?”

“Rubbing his scent on my alpha! Pushing his hair into Kili’s face, pressing his body on Kili when it was unwanted. Many nights Kili had come home reeking of this omega’s attempt to remove -my-scent.” Frerin hissed. The large crowd went silent, playing over the screen was the murderous look of the king’s brother. No one had seen anyone from the royal family in this light before. “I demand satisfaction.”

Thorin took his time before he nodded.

“Dareth Flamebeard, you have been accused of slandering, abusing and attempting to undermine a mated omega’s alpha. What have you to say?”

Dareth’s lips pulled into a snarl. “That I have every right. One omega, one alpha, that is what is natural. -I- was to Present soon after this- this pervert did! But when it came time to have my
Presentation Kili was not there for me to invite, he was the alpha that I had hoped most would come! -I- was robbed of my chance to see if we were compatible. -I- and the one wronged, not this omega!"

The crowd erupted in different cheers and booing. Fili and Kili held onto each other trying hard to keep themselves in check. Dareth had no right to try to twist this into his favor. He had no right to say those things about Frerin. He had no right to claim he had a future with Kili.

Thorin held up his hands, the crowds calming. “The duel will be fought without weapons! Let it commence!”

The crowd once again exploded into screams and cheers. The camera crew quickly backed away from each other as the two combatants turned to one another. They shook each other’s hands. Dareth yanked on Frerin making him tip forward. With a quick blow he punched the omega on the crown of the head. Fili and Kili lurched forward, being stopped by security guards. The crowd hissed out a mixture of like and dislike as Frerin shook his head, Dareth stepping back and sweeping his arms out to the side.

“You’re the one that called this!” He shouted over the noise. “You can’t be serious in trying to take on a Flamebeard!! I will beat you down!”

“For a Flamebeard, that was a cheap shot.” Dis said as he leaned over to say in Dwalin’s ear from where they sat next to Thorin. Dwalin grunted and nodded.

Frerin lunged forward, his shoulder colliding into Dareth’s ribs. He pressed his left hand over his right fist giving extra pressure when he shoved his elbow straight into the omega’s stomach. He could hear a choked gagging. He pressed down, tensing the muscles in his legs. He shot up, his head slamming into Dareth’s jaw forcing the man stumbling back, pinwheeling his arms before he fell onto his back.

A man serving as a referee put a hand on Frerin’s chest, making him step back.

Frerin stepped around in a tight circle, a hand coming up to his head. It hurt so bad. He pressed the heel of his palm up against the worst part that throbbed as his vision started to fuzz. A cold wind picked up, biting through his tunic and hair. He closed his eyes, shaking his head. He blinked.

Snow and ice.
Why was there ice on the ground?

“You okay?” The referee’s voice pushed into Frerin’s mind.

He shook his head once more, blinking rapidly. The ground was green grass, clipped and ready for a sports game. The ref patted Frerin’s shoulder.

“You need to call a time out?”

“No.” Frerin realized he was panting. “I’m good.”

“You good?”

“I’m good!” He said again.

The ref stepped back, looking over at Dareth who was wiping blood off of his chin but at least he was standing on his own two feet again.

“You good?” He asked Dareth.

The offending omega nodded. The ref looked between the two before stepping back. He held up his arm then dropped it allowing them to continue the fight.

Dareth moved quickly, lashing out with his foot trying to hit the side of Frerin’s knee. Instead, the royal caught his foot. Frerin pushed on Dareth’s foot to get it away. As Dareth fell back he reached forward and grabbed a fistful of Frerin’s hair. They both fell to the ground, Frerin’s head taking another knock when Dareth quickly rolled and kneed Frerin’s forehead.

Dareth panted as he rolled up onto his knees. He looked over Frerin’s prone body, brown eyes staring up, seeing a winter forest and not an arena full of people. He felt ice and snow on flesh, cutting through thin sleepwear.
“Something’s wrong…” Bilbo sat next to Balin, both were not in the same section as Thorin but close. They were in the VIP area with the visiting delegates that were more interested in visiting each other than watching what was happening. All except for Thranduil, who sipped on his drink while watching with complete focus.

Balin watched the big screen, concerned on how Frerin wasn’t moving. He looked over to his king who was half out of his seat, fear written on his face. He looked down to the security guards that were gathering around Fili and Kili trying to restrain the alphas.

“Something is very wrong.” Bilbo stood up. He watched on the screen as Dareth got onto his feet, taking a good grip on Frerin’s hair and started to pull, dragging the omega. The crowd hollered and Bilbo felt sick. Frerin started to kick out violently, terror on his face. There was a subtle sound of desire that reached his sensitive ears.

He saw Thranduil, the hunger in his eyes as he slowly bit his bottom lip.

It was slow, clicking into place. He watched Thranduil drink more from his crystal flute, licking the edge after he swallowed. His tongue lingering as he breathed heavily into the cup.

“Stop the match, stop it now!!” Bilbo shouted as he started to push through the crowd of delegates.

Dareth laughed through ragged breath, pulling Frerin across the grass. The omega was acting like a child now. He watched him flail, it would have been pathetic if it wasn’t so funny. Someone like this, part of the royal line? Someone so weak? As if Kili should ever be saddled with this burden it was humorous.

“Think you can get away like that?” Blood dropped from Dareth’s cracked lip onto Frerin’s face.

But all Frerin saw was Thranduil, dragging him along. It was his voice screaming at him in the middle of a frozen forest, hot spit hitting his face, “You think you can get away from me?! I-LOVE- YOU!! You can’t run for love, Frerin.”

“Thorin!!!” Frerin twisted in the snow, being dragged on his belly making the hands on his head adjust. One still pulling cruelly on his scalp making it bleed, the other grabbing his night shirt. “MOM!!!”
Thorin threw himself up to his feet. Dis and Dwalin stood, watching on the screen as the cheering crowd died in parts.

“Thorin?” Dis kept watching what was going on below. “Why did you yell that out?”

“Oh.” Thranduil paused, eyeing Frerin with a strange detachment. Watching tears well up, blood slowly trickle down the face he loved to caress and kiss. It was artistic. Beautiful. “Your mom won’t mind. I’ll take care of him.”

Frerin’s cry was silent, nothing more than several huffs as his face was pressed into the ice. He couldn’t believe it. He thought he had gotten away. He thought that this was all over, that Bilbo and Bifur had saved him. He thought… he thought… He had to have dreamed it, all of it! He was being taken away and he was going to be tied and chained up in the bathtub again! He was going to slowly rot in his own waste while crying in the middle of the night for his family… for his… family… He didn’t want them to know of his shame. He didn’t want them to ever see him like that, to see his dead body nothing but rotten skin clinging onto white bone. He couldn’t let that happen. He couldn’t let Thorin and Dis see him like that. He couldn’t meet Fili and Kili like that.

He struggled to get his feet under him, Thranduil grabbing him, trying to muscle him into submission.

“You weak bitch.” Thranduil spat into his face. But it wasn’t actually Thranduil, it was Dareth. Dareth growling and spitting blood and saliva onto Frerin while he saw nothing but the past.

Frerin teetered, grabbing onto Dareth’s coat, he had to catch him off guard.

“I, I am.” Frerin tried to keep his voice sweet as he pressed his hands against Dareth’s chest, confusing the omega. Frerin smiled, “But you keep me strong. You—you know what’s best for me. You always had Thrandy.”
“Thrandy?” Dareth’s brows drew together. What the hell was going on?

“Just let me catch my breath.” Frerin slipped his hand over Dareth’s tunic while licking his lips nervously. No one could hear them, only watch as it looked like they were grappling each other. “And, and I’ll go with you. No fight. Just you and me. Just us.”

“What is wrong with you?” Dareth saw a trickle of blood start to seep down Frerin’s brow. He hesitated. He wanted to win the fight, not cause a fatal head injury. He slowly relaxed his grip. Suddenly Frerin let out a shout akin to a war cry. He slammed into Dareth, throwing him onto his back. Frerin climbed onto the omega, his hands wrapping around a pale throat. He squeezed as hard as he could.

The referee and some security started to run to them. The ref was first, grabbing onto Frerin’s shoulders trying to pull him off as he attempted to kill Dareth. The once cheering and jeering crowd went quiet as they watched. Dareth stopped flailing, then Frerin started to slump. Paramedics came. Thorin had to watch, his hand suddenly grabbed by Dis who squeezed his hand. He turned his hand to grip back.
The following events fluctuate for Fili and Kili, going from slow to fast. It felt like forever when Fili broke free from the guards, as if he was working through dark water. He didn’t know how far he had gotten, or where he was. All he could see was Frerin’s fear. He couldn’t hear what was being said, the fighters didn’t have mics on them and it didn’t matter. Not when his omega looked like that. When he pushed them out of the way the world sped up, quicker than a shot. The air he breathed hurt his lungs as he pushed himself to run as fast as he could. He watched Frerin knock Dareth over. The omega straddling him to choke the life out of the other. His eyes caught the sight of Dareth alpha kin running across the field, ready to defend their brother.

“Kili!!”

Kili had taken the distraction of Fili breaking free to make his own escape from the restraining guards on him. For him it was the running that felt slow, each step taking an eternity. Fili’s voice was sharp cutting through the haze speeding everything up. He could see Fili unsheathing his swords. Kili pulled his bow from where it was slung over his shoulder. He reached back with the ease of many long hours of practice. He grabbed an arrow and within a blink it was nocked back. His eyes trying to adjust to his glasses making it hard for him to tell the distance. But it allowed him to tell that they were dressed in old traditional clothing as well. A few had axes, one had a sword.

“Shoot them!!” Fili was almost to Frerin, their omega slumping, crumbling down slowly to the grassy field.

Kili swatted at his glasses, throwing them off of his face. He couldn’t tell much about the running blurs that came closer but he could judge how far they were. One made a motion. He fired at it. Fili heard the fluttering before he saw the thrown ax. A hiss came over his shoulder, he kept running as Kili’s arrow sparked against the metal head, driving the weapon into the ground. Fili jumped over the prone omega’s, his feet firmly planting as he let out a loud shout of challenge. Dareth’s brothers responded in kind. They ran full force, weapons raising. Kili shot another arrow, the metal head burying deep into the wooden handle of another ax forcing it out of its owner’s hands. A sword came swiping down on Fili, with a twist he arched up his left weapon. The metal clashed together, his muscles locked to keep the alpha at bay when an ax came towards his left side. He couldn’t block it. Instead he stepped closer to the sword wielder, spinning on the heel of his boot. His back hit into the chest of the alpha forcing him to step back and to the side allowing Fili to move with him and away from the ax. Fili then slammed his shoulder against the alpha, the close quarters allowing him to knock the air out of the man’s lungs forcing him to the ground. The axman came at him, he could block with both of his swords. He crossed his swords catching the ax in the handle just under the head. With a scissoring action he dug his swords in deeper. The alpha shouted a sound of intimidation in Fili’s face, spit hitting his beard and chicks. Fili leaned back his head before slamming it forward. His brow impacted teeth and nose. He could feel the break of a fragile nose bridge, teeth cut into him as they tried to stay in place but folding nonetheless. The alpha fell to the ground with Fili looking down at him roaring in a maddened way as a response.
The other alphas came at Fili with fists. One connecting to his face, making him fall back. Fili shook his dazed head when another punch was being aimed at his face once again. An arrow drove between knuckles, splitting down the hand making the alpha scream and hold onto his wrist as blood fled from his wound, splashing over Fili’s already bloodied face, the cut on his brow leaking red over his eye. Another arrow hissed past Fili, digging deep into the ground warding the last alpha away.

Kili slowed in his run. He barely heard a thunder of feet behind him before he was tackled to the ground. His face forcefully shoved down on the ground

“Get off me!!” Kili bucked like a wild animal, thrashing his shoulders trying to get them free from the hold behind his back.

“Kili!” Fili was scrambling to his feet.

He had his swords in his hands. One of the guards pulled out his taser, without thinking he pulled the trigger launching the two metal tips into the prince. Kili was screaming when Fili crumpled to the ground. When the field medics came they had to sedate Kili.

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His hands were still shaking, his core felt cold as he clutched the fabric over his thighs. The words had terrified him. It physically hurt to hear them, as if his bones were splintering.

“You almost killed him.” Soft eyes watched him.

Frerin remained quiet, the hospital machines beeping. He had to remind himself openly that Bilbo was with him, that he wasn’t in danger. With the complication of guilt it only made him feel sicker. He didn’t want to actually kill Dareth. He was thankful that he had not, that Dareth would be out of the hospital before him, but it was still a shamefully terrible thing he had done.

“You know…” Bilbo reached over, tucking some loose hair behind his best friend’s ear. “This does have some good outcomes.”
“I squeezed the breath out of someone that could barely be resuscitated. Fili’s head is bandaged up as much as my own and Kili’s blaming himself for all of this. What good is coming out of this?”

“Thorin outlawed Duels so this can’t happen again. I slathered the media with our cover story from Ered Luin which lead to you being officially diagnosed with PTSD.” Bilbo put his hand over Frerin’s. “The media is having a field day with the fact that you’re a living being and not some god like figure that they think royals are. It’s changing things, Frerin, for the better.”

“A-and the cover story? How… how effective is it?”

“Very effective. No one knows it was Thranduil but it opened a lot of doors for abused omegas. Legislation is being pressed to make it harder for anyone to be abused. While there are a lot of committees for abused omegas showing up now Thorin’s won over more people by saying that alphas can be just as vulnerable as omegas. The media is now looking at Thranduil very closely wanting his opinion on all of this. He can’t make a move at all.”

Frerin sighed, looking up at his IV drip. The medicine was to help treat the swelling of his brain that kept coming and going. Though he would be in the hospital for another week for monitoring, he wished more than anything that he was home.

“Oh, more good news!” Bilbo leaned back in his seat. “Legolas wanted to come and visit you personally after you get free from here.”

“That sounds nice. Despite his father, he is a good guy.”

“Still been texting him since Ered Luin?”

“Yeah, little bit here and there. Fili likes to look at my phone afterwards.”

“Why is that?”

Frerin smiled fondly, “He’s worried that Legolas is sending me lood texts.”

“Are you sure that’s what he’s checking on?”
The blond omega frowned. “Bilbo, I don’t like what you’re suggesting.”

There was a knock on his the open door. The nurse poking his head in flashing a charming smile. “Sorry to interrupt by time to change bags.”

“It’s fine.” Frerin looked away from his best friend.

The nurse went to the little wall mounted computer station, clicking through a few things, keeping tabs at what times the medicine was being administered and that the right prescription was being given. He squinted at the screen then down at the bag he had, he looked back up double checking while making a worried sound.

“Something wrong?” Bilbo asked.

“I… will be right back.” The nurse left, going across the hall to the nurse’s station. He leaned over the high counter talking to the ones behind the desk. Bilbo gave Frerin a worried glance.

“He might have grabbed the wrong bag.” Bilbo said as more of a comfort to himself than to the royal.

Certainly enough the nurse was met in the hall by another, he gave what he had over and took the new stuff from his co-worker. He came back in with a large smile.

“Sorry about that. I accidently grabbed the stuff they were giving you yesterday.” He slipped past Bilbo, setting to work to replace the empty bag.

“What’s wrong with the stuff they were giving to me yesterday? I didn’t know the doctor had changed care orders.” Frerin looked up at the dark haired nurse.

The nurse set the bag straight, double checking his work. “Well then, I guess they haven’t told you the happy news.”
“I get to go home?” Frerin opted for.

The nurse chuckled. “Not just yet, I’m afraid you’re still stuck with my ugly mug for a week. Though, going home would be great news this is much different.”

“What is it?”

“You’re pregnant.” The nurse patted Frerin’s arm. “The medicine was changed to something more baby friendly.”

The nurse excused himself going back on his rounds. Bilbo gaped at his friend while Frerin stared out into space.

It was several long seconds before Frerin looked down at his stomach.

“You okay?” Bilbo asked softly. The beeping of the machine taking Frerin’s pulse started to pick up.

It was a quick movement, his palms almost slapping him in the face. His shoulders began to shake. Frerin dragged up his knees, letting out a pathetic sound as he curled up in a ball, crying.

“Oh, oh no. No, no, no.” Bilbo got up from where he sat. He moved to the edge of Frerin’s bed, wrapping his arms around the blond. “Shh, shh. It’s okay. It’s okay sweetheart.” He rubbed his hand over Frerin’s back, resting his cheek on top of his head. He fumbled around for the nurse call button. The nurse at the desk across the hall got up and came over.

“What’s wrong?” He asked, seeing Frerin’s raised blood pressure and pulse. His crying state was as good indicator of what was going on. A panic attack.

“He—he has PTSD.” Bilbo said quickly.

“I’ll get something to calm his nerves.”
A shot of mild sedatives later found Frerin curled on his side, face tear stained as he rubbed his thumb over the hand that held his. Bilbo, kept a lax grip on Frerin’s hand, letting him drink in the comfort that his best friend’s presence brought. The two laid on the same bed, face to face, understanding the depth of the situation. Frerin was scared. The PTSD made sure of that, but he was scared from more than memories. He still couldn’t be in hospital without someone in the same room as him so the nurses and doctors wouldn’t have something thrown at them and have to suffer malicious words from the panicked omega. He was scared because… what if all of this would make him reject his baby? The babe didn’t deserve that. It also brought a heavy weight of regret from giving up his first, unborn, child.

“I’m sorry.” Frerin blinked slowly, his mind sluggish.

“Don’t be. I understand.”

“It’s just…”

“It’s not his. That little bug in you was made with a whole lot of love and he’s going to be perfect.” Bilbo whispered. “And… I really do think this is the same guy, just trying again to be born to the right mommy.”

Tears slipped from brown eyes. “You really think so?”

“I do.”

Frerin quickly wiped at his face. “H… how do I tell them?”

“You’ll think of a way. You got some time, seeing that Dis is watching Fili and Kili like a hawk even when they come to visit you… but you know what this means, don’t you?”

“That Dis is going to murder me?”

“No. You’re going to have to figure out a way to tell Mama Ri.”

Frerin made a little sound of discomfort, his features twisting up in a cute shy and unsure
expression that children had.
Fili tried hard not to growl at his tharkâl as he fussed over his hair. Dis always was a fussy person when it came down to his children, and seeing what had happened to them in the arena flooded his heart with a whole new kind of horror. He had screamed when the other alphas came. Held his breath as he watched his sons fight, how they were protecting Frerin with everything they had. He slapped his hands over his mouth when he saw Fili get tasered and Kili sedated, having lost his voice and his heart stopped. He had almost fainted. Then there was Bilbo Baggins, racing out onto the field, screaming out, “Stop! Stop!!” It had been Bilbo Baggins that had calmed the security guards, huffing and puffing as he talked a million words per minute. The crowd was screaming and hollering, some were whistling, it was a sea of chaos.

He carefully stroked out Fili’s hair, portioning it while he worked on putting in perfect braids. Memories of following Thorin as they ran down below, hurrying through old corridors into new cement ones, winding this way then that. The whole time his fear for his children biting at his heels. When he got back into the light of day the camera crew was already trying to get video of the princes being taken away on stretchers. Frerin and Dareth were missing. Everything was confusing and made him sick. He jumped into the ambulance that held Fili, as Kili had only been sedated. Fili… his poor Fili. No one should ever feel the shock of electricity surging through their body. Fili’s palms had been burned from the discharge of electricity that went into his swords. Both were wrapped now, cream applied and while Dis would lecture the blond on the importance to be careful with his hands he could stop Fili from caressing Frerin’s face, from gripping Kili so tightly to him in relief that their omega would be fine. From that terrible duel he had to see the reality of things. Fili and Kili truly did love Frerin… and Frerin.

Dis swallowed as he remembered his brother’s fear. He had wanted to believe that all of it was bullshit. That Frerin had never had such troubles in his life and it had all been exaggerated. He wanted to discredit the information that Thorin had given him, but seeing his brother like that… It brought up so much regret that his heart hurt. If he had only listened. If he had only tried to help then Frerin wouldn’t have PTSD. He wouldn’t have the scars on his body or his mind. He wouldn’t wake up thrashing and crying as Kili had once told him, letting it slip out over a meal after a visit with Frerin at the hospital.

“Tharkâl?”

“Hm?” Dis clipped the braid he had been working on.

“...I…”

“What is it, dear?”
“I… know that you don’t like me with Kili or Frerin… and I know it’s hard for you to accept these things and to let us go… but I want you to know that I appreciate what you’re doing.”

Dis paused in his next braid.

“Fili…” Dis smiled a little when blue eyes turned up to him. “Fili, my lovely little ray of sunshine, I love you and your brother very very much, and I know it doesn’t look it but I do love Frerin as well… and… and as long as your relationship works out then I’m happy for you… and…” Dis let go of the half done braid in favor of hugging his son around the shoulders. “And I’m sorry for trying to keep you all apart.”

Fili smiled, leaning into his bearer. The sweet smell of the omega would always bring good memories to him. He had a home with Frerin and Kili, but his parents were his first home that he never wanted to forget.

“Now then,” Dis pulled back with a sniffle. “Let’s finish your braids up and go pick up Frerin from the hospital.”

“Tharkâl?”

“Yes?”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

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“I don’t even know the first thing about babies.” Frerin was stuffing the last of his things into his small bag. He made sure to keep his voice low as he talked to Bilbo. “What the hell was I thinking? Breeding, me? I’m a walking drama magnet!”
“You’re good with kids.” Bilbo was looking through his cell phone. “I heard from Ori before I left that you changed a baby’s diaper like a pro.”

“That was because Dori was there! D…… Do you have Dori’s number?”

“Sure do. And if you are thinking what I am thinking then it’s a good idea and we should make it happen.”

“I’m just glad that the staff hasn’t said anything to Fili and Kili yet.” Frerin threw back his hair, shook his head to get it all loose before gathering it up, twisting the long mass and putting it up in a messy bun with his two braids resting over his shoulders.

“Didn’t you help Dis through his pregnancy with Fili?”

“Awkward thing to think about, I’m afraid, but yes, so I know what to expect.”

“I’ll pick up your prenatal prescriptions from the pharmacy while I call the Ri brothers… Bofur and Bombur will probably want to come as well… I don’t know what job to offer them though. I’ll figure it out. Oh and things with Bifur are starting to work out.”

“Things with Bifur?” Frerin shouldered his bag. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Sorry, that was a thing with Thorin. Um… well, promise you won’t get mad?”

“I’m pregnant, all promises about my emotional state are void until this critter comes out.”

“Fair enough.” Bilbo walked beside Frerin as they started to leave the hospital. “To put it simply, Thorin wants someone you can trust to become the new head of palace security. We’re arranging for Bifur to fill in that job.”

“Bilbo, why would I get mad about that?”
“Because you always regard him with some sort of animosity.”

“I like the guy, he’s great at his job. I owe him and you my life. It’s just that I never get to actually talk to him unless he’s on official business and that is nothing but trouble for all involved.”

“Yeah, I can see that.”

“I can see him having trouble with Dwalin.”

Bilbo paused as he thought about it. “Mmm, I’m not to sure about that. But the staring contests would be fun to time.”

Frerin stepped into the elevator, pressing the button for the ground floor. Bilbo quickly caught up before the doors closed.

“Where is it again, that you are going to? I thought you wanted to go home.”

“I do, but Fili and Kili said something about going out to spend quality time together before home. Ah, home. I like the sound of that word, home, home, home.” Frerin started to hum.

Bilbo smiled, he speed dialed Dori, putting his phone to his ear. When they got to the ground floor Bilbo went one direction, Frerin another, the two waving at each other. He had a lot to do.

Frerin was still humming by the time he got to the lobby. Fili and Kili were waiting for him, the two rushed him, throwing their arms around him, pinning his arms. They nuzzled at his neck, both purring like happy kittens. Frerin’s cheeks hurt from how much he was smiling, “Kili, careful of your glasses. Fili, careful with your hands.”

Both pulled back, pressing a kiss on their omega’s cheeks. He reached up, a hand to each one of theirs.

“Ready to get this quality time over with?” Kili asked as he leaned into Frerin’s touch.
“We could skip it and go home.” Frerin offered. “Just go another day.”

“We rented it for today while the weather is still good.” Fili kissed Frerin’s palm before taking the omega’s hand into his own.

“What did you rent?” Frerin took Kili’s hand, linked between the two alphas.

“A surprise.” Kili grinned. “Tharkâl is gonna drive us there, we call when we want to be picked up. We tried to get Bilbo to drive buuuut he said he was busy.”

“Why don’t you drive?”

“Fili won’t let me take off my glasses unless I’m bathing or sleeping and before you ask Fili’s little mittens can’t take the friction of turning the steering wheel and we didn’t get a driver because this is a secret family thing.”

“Actually I was going to ask about the glasses thing.”

Fili smiled as he threw open the car door. “It’s for him to get used to depth.”

The three piled into the back seat, Frerin being successfully squished between the two alphas who wouldn’t put on their seat belts until after they cuddled their omega more which only set Frerin into more smiles and making happy humming noises. They drank it up as if it was sweet water. Dwalin shifted in the passenger seat, raising a brow at the three in the back.

“Fili, Kili, seat belts.”

The two gave a start as if they had been caught with their hands in the cookie jar. They quickly buckled up while Dis tried hard not to snicker at the display that he could see in the rearview mirror. He had to admit they were kind of cute with Frerin, just kind of.
“Seriously, where are we going?” Frerin asked after they started to pull onto the road.

“Secret.” Dis nearly sang. Frerin grumbled and leaned back.

It was rather interesting with how easily things clicked into place as if no strife had happened. Dis was slinging playful insults back at Frerin, Frerin returned them. Fili and Kili talked over each other when trying to tell the same story to Dwalin which only made their father rub at his head. It was something he had wished they would have grown out of but it seemed they would never do it.

They traveled an hour’s worth out of town, coming onto bumpy dirt roads. Tall buildings were exchanged for trees colored brightly in reds and golds. Frerin leaned over Kili, watching the tall trees. Kili saw the longing in brown eyes. Frerin wasn’t a city person, he never was. The countryside, the mountains, those were his home. He made a mental note to get more trees planted on the property that they lived on. It should help with that look of home sickness. He wrapped his arm around Frerin’s waist, pressing another kiss to the omega.

They turned on a few more roads before they started to slow to pull up to a farm. Rolling fields were covered in green and orange framing an apple orchard.

“No.” Frerin’s eyes grew wide. “You didn’t!”

“They did.” Dis laughed as he put the car into park. “They rented the whole U-Pick farm for the day. You get to grab whatever you want.”

Ferin looked at Fili, “Why?”

“We needed to see you smile.” Fili blushed. “And we didn’t want any cameras around or people asking us different questions so we thought renting the place for a private event would be good.”

“And they agreed?”

Kili unbuckled his seatbelt. “Hard to say no when you double your revenue in one day.”
“You little bastards. I think I just may love you.”

The two snorted as Fili said, “If you don’t after today then I don’t know what to do.”

“He’s only after us so he can have trophy husbands, Fili.”

“Hey, an omega needs candy on their arms too.” Frerin pushed at Kili, grinning. “Out, out, I want to get out.”

“Okay, okay.”

Soon as they were out of the car Frerin took in a deep breath of the fresh air. He felt his insides shiver with anticipation. Pumpkins, apples, all the picking he could ever want. His brain was already thinking of a million uses for everything.

Fili rounded the vehicle, grabbing some things out of the back. Dis looked over his shoulder at his eldest. “You kids call soon as you’re ready for us to pick you up.”

“We will.”

“The farmer did say you could build a fire in the pit as long as you put it out, so don’t risk catching a cold.”

“We won’t.”

“Do you have your sweaters?”

“We do.”

“Do-”
“For the love of Mahal’s hammer, omega, they’ll be fine!” Dwalin snipped in.

“Don’t call me that! I’m only making sure that they have everything!”

“They’re not teenagers!”

Fili rolled his eyes as he closed the back. He went to stand next to Kili, giving Dwalin’s window a tap to show that he was no longer in danger of being run over and they could drive off. He could still hear them bickering when Dis put the vehicle in reverse. As the car left, a dust trail behind it, Kili spoke up.

“I really hope we never get that bad.”

“We most likely will.” Frerin said, shoving his hands into his pockets. “People tend to argue more the longer they know a person, mostly harmless stuff.”

“Yeah?”

“Mmhmm, and if you think they were bad, you should have seen my parents when they got to spend time together. It was like they were making up for the time they lost when away from each other.”

“They argued a lot? I thought they loved each other.” Fili adjusted the rolled up pack he had slung over his shoulder.

“Oh, they did. Believe me, if mom was more fertile then I would have had a ton more siblings. The bickering was harmless and rather funny to watch. Like the time they tried to go fishing together. Thorin and I watched from the dock while they yelled at each other out in the boat. They were just shouting about useless crap. Then they started to kiss and leaned far to one side and capsized. Lost their fishing gear, swam out covered in muck and weeds. Thorin and I were laughing so they pushed us into the water.”

“I never heard that story.” Kili grinned.
“You like that one, you should ask Thorin about the muffins and the bag of peanuts.”

“Why can’t you just tell us?”

“Because.” Frerin started to walk, going into the rows of apple trees. He looked up, noting the colored leaves and the yellow and red apples. It was a late crop. He reached up picking on, turning it around in his hand. Late, but good, no worms, only a few brown scars on it from the occasional bug grazing the top. He picked another one finding it perfectly clean.

“Because why?” Kili sounded like a whimpering puppy.

“Because I have another story to tell.” Frerin continued on.

“Well, what is it?” Fili asked, both of the brothers incredibly curious.

“It’s hard to start. So I’m thinking of a good way to tell it. I can’t really mess it up since it’s an interesting story.”

“How many people does it involve?”

“Three.” Frerin tossed an apple at Fili who caught it easily with his finger tips. “Three unlikely people that manage to do something rather extraordinary. You see, they shouldn’t have been brought together, not really. Funny thing is, they were and they had to learn how to get along with each other or the consequences would be crazy bad.”

“Why?” Kili asked reaching up and plucking a random apple as they neared the edge of the orchard.

“Just how the world worked. You see, they had to fight to stay together, kinda like us. Always something happening, always something that made them scared, or wanting, or needy. And like us they managed to stay together, but something new happened and the world became something that was more of the unknown than anyone could imagine. Sure people tried to help, lend a hand, give advice, all that jazz, but ultimately it was up to them to adapt to this new change. A change that had occurred on the night that they were reunited after family tried to separate them. Keep them away from each other.” Frerin squated down, looking at the first pumpkin his eyes caught sight of. He
pressed his hands over the firm rine, running his hands over the interesting surface.

“You want that one?” Fili asked, putting his things down.

“Yep.”

Fili looked through his things for a knife, by the time he got it out Frerin had twisted the brittle stem, breaking it free from the rest of the plant.

“So what about these three?” Kili asked, a little perplexed because honestly this whole story sounded just like them.

“Well, one of them had to stand in front of the other two.” Frerin stood up, turning around, the pumpkin in his hands. “And he had to say these very words; Fili… Kili… I’m with child.”
Frerin didn’t see it coming, not when Fili and Kili stood there gawking at him as if he was wearing a stripper uniform for the first time. Which honestly got his mind going on a fantasy of dressing with Kili in sexy cop uniforms with some Lady Gaga playing. How much fun would that be? To grind against each other to the thrumming of the music. Kiss and lick. Palm each other while Fili was handcuffed just out of reach. He was physically knocked out of that daydream by two alphas that didn’t know what volume control was as the screamed in his ears making them ring. It got to being a little too much when Fili picked up Frerin and tossed him through the air over to Kili who caught him and attempted to throw him back. He clung onto Kili’s neck which served to make the brunet fumble and tumble down to the ground knocking their heads together making both of them regret how robust Fili and Kili could get. As they groaned on the ground Fili nearly fell over laughing with tears of happiness moistening his blue eyes.

“I think I’ve broken something.” Kili groaned. He rolled over finding the crushed picnic that Fili had been carting around. “Oh, shit… Sorry, Fili.”

Fili pushed at Frerin, getting onto his knees and sliding over his omega, purring deeply. “No real loss, Kili.” A few chuckles remained as he looked at Frerin with a soft gaze. He reached up his hand, cupping Frerin’s cheek, thumb rubbing gently. His uncle leaned into the touch, suddenly feeling hot. “Some of it is still useful… that’s if… are you good?” The question was towards their pregnant mate.

Frerin smiled. “Unfortunately, I’m supposed to take it easy for the next week or so. Sorry.”

“Shh, no Sorry’s are supposed to happen now.” Kili crawled up beside Fili and Frerin.

“Exactly.” Fili slipped down. He gently rested his head against Frerin’s stomach. Kili reached down and stroked Fili’s hair, resting his own head on Frerin’s shoulder. Their omega pressed a kiss to Kili’s head, wrapping an arm around his shoulders, his other hand rubbing circles on Fili’s back.

They remained quiet, basking in each other’s warmth as time slowed to a stop. Fili rubbed at Frerin’s stomach, Frerin began to hum a gentle song, and Kili tried to fight back tears of joy. Here they were, all of three… now four. Four. They were a family, a full family. They were going to have a little one, the first of many. Before he could cry, he tried concentrating on the vibration of Frerin’s voice under his ear. He focused on Fili’s wavy hair, how soft it felt. It was a little courser than their uncle’s which made him wonder; would the baby have hair like his? Limp and brown, or bright gold like Fili’s? Or maybe more of a darker color that looked like molten gold like his bearer? Whose eyes would he take? Fili’s calm blue? Frerin’s brown, speckled with colors? Or soft
brown like his own? Or maybe-

“Marry me.” Fili’s voice cut through Kili’s wonderings.

“You know I will.” Kili smiled at his brother that was peeking up at him. He adjusted himself up onto one elbow, leaning down to kiss Fili softly.

When they broke apart, Kili pulled at Fili until they were kneeling side by side. “What do you say Frerin?” The archer asked.

“Will you marry us?” The brothers said at the same time.

Frerin smiled up at the sky. They should already know the answer to that.

“I don’t know… I need to sleep on it.” He said.

“Oh yeah, sure,” Fili crawled over Frerin and kissed him.

“Mmm, keep kissing like that and I may have the inspiration to answer sooner.”

“You’re terrible.” Kili knocked his hand over Frerin’s shoe.

“Ah! My pregnant shoe, don’t abuse it.” The omega joked.

“Like your shoe can be pregnant.” Kili grinned.

“If your foot is inside then isn’t it?”

Kili squinted, mouth open before he closed it in thought.
“Back to the subject at hand.” Frerin nuzzled Fili while pushing at him so he could sit up. “In all seriousness my darlings.”

“Yes?” Fili was all glittering pride.

“I’ll marry you on one condition.”

“Anything.” Kili quickly added.

“Tell Dis after we tell Thorin about the baby. I’m not sure how your mother will handle this news.”

The brothers looked at each other, pausing as it dawned on them that they would have to tell the rest of the world about their expecting bundle of joy. They nodded as if they had been discussing something out loud.

“Agreed.” They said at once.

“Are you sure you two are not twins?” Frerin tried to get up to his feet only to have Fili and Kili start fussing over him, both trying to scramble up first to help him up.

“Do you need help?”

“Don’t strain yourself!”

“I’m not that big yet!”

“You really should take it easy though.” Kili said.

“I’ll lay out the picnic blanket, you can rest while we grab what you want.” Fili opted.

“Will you two calm down for a second? Sure, yes, I’m pregnant, but I can still do things my dears.”
“You sound like a storyteller when you say that.” Fili said.

“Say what?”

Kili piped in, “My dears, and darlings.”

“Really?”

The princes both nodded.

“I keep expecting you to continue on with telling a grand old tale.”

“Maybe we are leading a grand story, after all, we weren’t supposed to meet each other. We weren’t supposed to fall in love. We fight to stay together. Now, we have a little one and we’re not going crazy. We’re not fighting, we’re staying together.” Frerin said the last ‘together’ as if it was a sacred word.

Fili and Kili drew quiet. So many circumstances tried to prevent them; Thranduil, the Presenting Party they were not invited to, Frerin running away, their own parents, Dareth. The princes found each other’s hands, holding onto each other. They were struggling and some how they came out on top. They really were like a story of old, but one sad thought had entered Fili’s mind and not Kili’s. In the old tales, the heroes usually die in the end. It made him secretly worried but he forgot that worry when Frerin said, “All joking to the side, yes. Yes, I will be your wife Fili, Kili.”

Fili and Kili pulled Frerin into a tight hug, the three of them holding each other. Nothing could ruin the joy they felt.
The rest of the day was filled with the three mates picking apples and pumpkins. At a point Fili had found a rake and had cleared an area under the apple trees of leaves and half rotten apples. Kili spread a blanket over the area. Frerin was able to salvage half of the picnic. While he did that Fili and Kili gathered what they had already harvested and set it by the graveled area for easy loading when putting it in the car that would pick them up. By the time they were done sweat gleamed on their brows, their shirts stuck to their chests. Fili looked up at the sky, a permanent smile on his lips. He swiped the back of his wrist over his forehead, leaving a mark of dirt.

“Fathers.” He whispered. “I’m still soaking it in.”

Kili was taking off his jacket to relieve some of the heat that was cooking him. “I know what you mean. I just… to hear a little voice call me dad is… well it’ll be amazing.”

“God, don’t say that.”

“Why?”

“Because I’ve been hard for a while and hearing you say that only makes it throb.”

“Domestic life really does get to you, doesn’t it?” Kili smiled as he looked, not for the first time, at Fili’s tented trousers.

“You have no idea.”

Kili lowered himself onto his knees, taking hold of Fili’s belt, he started to slowly unbuckle it. “How much have you been thinking about it?” He popped open the button and pulled down the zipper of his brother’s pants. “Have you been thinking how his stomach will swell? How it’ll feel to run your hands over his stomach.” He took hold of Fili’s cock, feeling how heavy and hot it was. He would have to be careful he didn’t want to suffocate on Fili’s knot.

Fili panted out the brunet’s name, his hand coming down to stroke at dark hair. Yes, he had been thinking about how large Frerin will get. He fantasized about their omega sitting by the window, knitting little clothes for the baby, sewing blankets... reading name books. God it made him so hard, it made him want to rut, to fuck into his omega in proper celebration. It was natural, but it
was just as natural to fuck Kili.

“Th-think you can take my knot?” Fili asked in almost a begging voice.

“Not without proper oil, that we didn’t bring.” Kili kissed the shaft of Fili’s cock making the blond groan. “Fuck me good when we get home, okay?”

“O-okay.” Fili felt his head whirl with a dizzy spell. Gods, holding back a rut was hard. Then Kili was sucking on the crown of his dick and oh, fuck it felt good. He got even more dizzy making him hold onto Kili’s shoulders as his brother lapped at his tip like a puppy begging for a treat. The brunet expertly flexed his lips over the foreskin while sucking. Fili rocked his hips into Kili’s pumping hand, panting and stroking at dark hair.

It didn’t take long for Fili to climax, his seed splashing over his brother’s face. Kili licked at his tip as the knot swelled. He massaged the knot before tucking the cock into underwear and pants. He took some tissues out of his pocket and wiped at his face as Fili leaned on him for support.

“Not going to fall over are you?”

Fili shook his head. “Just a little dizzy… It’s really hard not to rut.”

“I know.” Kili cooed, standing up. He wrapped an arm around Fili to properly support him. “You can rut all you want tonight, when we have oil. I promise.”

“I’m going to fuck you stupid.” Fili grabbed fistfuls of Kili’s shirt, yanking him into a hungry kiss. The brunet hummed into the kiss, resting his hands on hips. He looked forward to it. How long had it been since it was just him and Fili? He loved Frerin, but a part of him pined for some individual time with his brother.

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Frerin knew pretty well might be happening between his two alphas that was taking their time. So he went back to the pumpkin patch and started to harvest some more pumpkins. One couldn’t have too many, especially when it came to the Durin family. He piled them by the picnic blanket, going back and forth before he started to feel a little too tired to harvest more. He found one large pumpkin that he really wanted. He cut the vine and picked it up, suppressing a yawn. He took it to
the others where he decided to sit down and lean against his grand pile of orange treasures. He took one smaller one and put it on his lap. He always liked pumpkins, most Durins had an attraction to the gourd. He used to do silly things as a kid when carving a pumpkin. He would slop the stringy guts all over the place, get it in his hair when he would stick his head into the hollow vegetable. He would have seeds on his face, orange goop on his cheeks while laughing through a toothless grin with his mother who took pictures. Prior to carving he would carry around his favorite one. He took it to school, read bedtime stories to it, he even would bathe with it soaping it down and rinsing. When he was older he asked his mother why he didn’t have any dolls when he was a child like the other omegas. He would answer, “Because you prefered pumpkins, darling” not skipping a beat in curling his long strawberry blonde hair. He always had a high society accent that was endearing when he said “darling” which was almost all the time when it came to Frerin.

The omega smiled, rubbing the pumpkin in fond memory. His body was tired as he relaxed in the cool air of the quiet farm. “I think… I’ll name you after your grandma.” Frerin mumbled to the baby in his tummy, his eyelids feeling heavy. Before he knew it he had closed his eyes and fell asleep with a little pumpkin on his lap.

When Fili and Kili came back they found their lover fast asleep, curled around a pumpkin. They smiled to each other calling it a day. They would have a picnic at another time. Kili called Dis to come and pick them up then took a look at how much Frerin had picked and said, “You probably want Bilbo to come with a truck…”

They let Frerin sleep until Bilbo showed up with a grinning Thorin. The way Thorin took their hands and shook them they understood that someone had told someone else about the pregnancy.

“He told you.” Fili wanted to frown but he felt too good.

“It slipped out. I’m sorry.” Bilbo was sheepishly hiding behind Thorin.

“No apologizing on such a fine of a day.” Thorin declared. His smile was never ending when he gripped a shoulder on both of his nephews. He looked at Kili, then Fili. He pulled them close. “You will be grand and proud fathers.”

Fili and Kili hugged Thorin, taking in his strength and feeling his pride in them. They were so happy.

“Come, where is my brother?”
“He fell asleep on the picnic blanket.” Kili grinned. He pulled out his phone and started to flip through it. “I got photos. Did you know that it’s nearly impossible to get a pumpkin away from him?”

Thorin chuckled seeing the different pictures, there was even a short video of Kili’s hand trying to pry the pumpkin away from the omega only making Frerin give a childish whine and curling up tighter saying, “Noooo. I don’t have school today.”

“You’re kids are going to be sinfully adorable.” Bilbo said as he peered around Thorin to watch.

“With Fili’s dimples, my big eyes and Frerin’s personality. The world will not have a chance.” Kili’s cheeks were aching from smiling.

“The world has a right to fear the line of Durin.” Thorin said quickly.

Fili burst out laughing at the joke while Bilbo and Kili took in the shocking fact that Thorin, indeed, made a joke. Bilbo recovered first and decided to change the subject to something more comfortable; work.

“Joking to the side, we should start loading this up.” He looked around to the many baskets of apples sitting among piles of pumpkins. “It would seem that Frerin and I have much to cook, can and jar.”

“There’s more back where Frerin is sleeping.”

“You left him alone, didn’t you?” Bilbo raised a brow.

“Not for very long!”

“Speaking of which, I’ll go get him.” Fili stepped away from the group.

Bilbo continued as he bent over to get a basket of apples. “Yes well, an idol Frerin is a bad thing. He gets himself into many strange things. Once he washed his whole house, walls, ceilings, roof, everything, just because he didn’t have anything to do.”
“Wow.” Kili felt strange almost like he should have known yet he didn’t. “Has he tried to nail his shoes to the ceiling and hang upside down?”

“Nnooo.”

Thorin smirked while he picked up a very large and heavy pumpkin. “Kili did that when he was a kid. Said he was Batman.”

“I was Batman.”
How an Omega Claims

The next few days Bilbo was like a drill sergeant. He moved most of the crops into the castle kitchen where he created an assembly line. Cooking, canning, jarring, and packing lasted for as long as the crops did. Thorin would come and watch, making an excuse that he wanted to make his own cup of tea or stretch his legs. He watched Bilbo with rolled up sleeves, laughing and smiling with the servants, blending in, yet standing out. He loved watching the little omega. Something about Bilbo from the beginning made him feel warm inside. Maybe it was the way he talked. Maybe it was the way he stood up for Frerin. Perhaps it was the fact that he treated Thorin like a normal person and not a snake in the grass like others... not many treated him like Bilbo did. He was a king. People always acted around him with a measure of poise, selected conduct and fear. Bilbo was... he was special.

One night Thorin found himself with a sigh on his lips as he looked at all the cans and jars. They were all neatly labeled and half put away in boxes. He ran his fingers over the round edge of a jar of pumpkin butter. He played with the decorative twine that gave it a homey look that was tied around the lip.

Bilbo had tied this. It was the last one of the day.

He swallowed as he thought about how things are changing. He never thought he could care about someone, not in the way he cared for Bilbo. How was he supposed to show it? How was he supposed to... it was improper... being in love with a commoner... at least Fili and Frerin would be acceptable, even if they did not have Kili. By the rites of royalty they could choose from their own line if the mating bond was strong. It had happened in history many times in all royal lines. But him and Bilbo? How could he do that to his people, to show that kind of weakness?

Thorin ran a hand over his face. Before he knew it he had a loaf of bread toasting in the oven with fresh butter cream waiting. He had opened the jar and was already eating a spoonful as his heart ached.

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Fili pushed Kili’s chest against the mattress. His cock sheathing into his brother’s sweaty body. Kili moaned into the sheets, shaky and sore from being fucked over and over again, but to feel Fili inside his body once more it was like the food of the gods. He couldn’t get enough, his cock swollen and ass full of seed. He panted in ecstasy when he felt more cum slip out of his hole, Fili’s knot taking hold.
Fili kissed the back of his brother’s neck, tongue swiping out to taste the salty sweat. Kili shivered with tears in his eyes. His body was so tired but his hormones wanted another round but if they did he was certain he would end up in the hospital with doctor’s tools looking up areas he didn’t want them, already he was going to have the sorest ass in all of Erebor for a week. He whimpered out a satisfied hum.

“Did I hurt you?” Fili’s breath pushed at some dark strands of Kili’s hair.

Kili shook his head. “Not hurt, just sore.” He sighed and nuzzled against the pillow. “Do me a favor and let me sleep this time after your knot goes down.”

Fili chuckled, pressing a kiss to his brother’s head. “As you wish.”

The brunet hummed. “We do need to do this more often, just you and me.”

“Some one on one time is good. Though, I do like seeing you and Frerin together.”

“I like seeing you with him too.” Kili found Fili’s hand, lacing their fingers together. He kissed the blond’s knuckles with slow presses of his lips. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

When Fili’s knot went down, he slipped his cock out of the warm body under him, Kili fast asleep. He padded to the bathroom and started up the shower. Once fully washed he put on some boxers and wrapped his hair in a towel. He padded into the kitchen, opening different cupboards he found a box of crackers, he dug around in the fridge for some cottage cheese and found a tupperware of herbed chicken and a tomato. He mixed together everything and scooped up some of it on a cracker and stuffed it in his mouth. He barely heard the shuffling from the crispy crunch. A loud hum escaped his lips as warm hands ran over his cooling back. Familiar whiskers rubbed over his back, between his shoulderblades. The soft feel of Frerin’s favorite jumper was more than welcomed. He had missed his omega’s touch as much as he had enjoyed Kili’s. The two alphas had been bedding in another bedroom in order to keep their desires controlled until Frerin was healed enough for proper mating once more.

Fili placed his hand over Frerin’s that rested on his stomach. The omega hummed, rubbing his cheek against Fili’s back. It took a lot for Fili to remember he even had food in his mouth that needed chewing.
“You are so beautiful.” Frerin’s breath brushed over Fili’s skin.

“I’m supposed to be saying that to you.” Fili smiled, basking in the attention.

Frerin’s hands brushed down Fili’s stomach, over his hips to his thighs. He rolled his hips forward against Fili’s butt, purring. Fili’s heart skipped a beat. To have an omega rut against him like that, something about it was… Frerin rolled against him again, pulling Fili by his thighs against him. A shock of pleasure ran down his spine making him gasp. In a burst of movement he pawed at his boxers, pulling them down. He pulled at the soft yarn of Frerin’s jumper as best as he could to lift it up. He whimpered as his heart raced, his mind was muddling so badly that all he wanted was to fuck again but for god’s sake why did he want his omega to pound into his ass?

Frerin stepped back enough to reach into a cupboard. He grabbed some cooking oil that he hastily poured into his hands. He pushed his hand between Fili’s ass cheeks. He rubbed, slipping a finger in Fili’s entrance which the alpha eagerly took, rocking back. He could feel bare skin. Damn it, Frerin wasn’t wearing any underwear. Fili gripped the edge of the counter, his cock was filling, hardening, it was starting to hurt. FUCK!

A second finger was added and some of that tension gave. The third finger only made his skin heat up more. Frerin pulled out his fingers, he pulled up his jumper, and grabbed his cock. He lined up and pushed into Fili who welcomed the burn. The two didn’t take a pause, rocking back and forth in a lustful dance.

“Fuck.” Fili groaned, dropping his head.

Frerin’s hand came to this throat, pushing his chin up, fingers fanned. The omega’s teeth bit down on Fili’s shoulder making him moan loudly. His free hand wrapped around Fili’s cock. He pumped in time to his thrusts. Fili’s knees shook as his shoulders were being bitten, skin painfully sucked. His ass being pounded in and oh gods was this the best thing; to be fucked by his omega. But then Frerin was pulling out, leaving him empty.

“Frerin.” He panted, turning around, the towel around his hair falling onto his food.

The omega was pulling his jumper off, already sweating heavily. Fili pushed at Frerin, capturing his lips in a wet kiss. He pushed at his omega, guiding him down to the floor. Frerin growled at him, rolling them over so he was on top. He grabbed at Fili’s legs, forcing them up and open. He pushed his cock back inside the alpha. He clawed at Fili’s chest, bending over and biting at his
lips, jaw and neck. Fili moaned heavily, wrapping his arms around his lover, fingers tangling in damp hair as his legs wrapped around waist.

When Fili came, it was hard. The wad of creamy semen hit Frerin’s chest as the omega continued to abuse him until finally he was being filled with liquid heat.

Frerin quivered, a bead of sweat dripped from the tip of his nose. Fili carded his fingers through Frerin’s hair, his body starting to prickle with pain. He wrapped his arms around his lover.

“Wha-” Fili heaved a large breath in the middle of his panting. “What was that about?”

“I’m not sure.” Frerin licked his lips, resting his cheek on Fili’s chest. “I’m sorry for being so rough.”

“...I liked it.” Fili stroked golden hair staring up at the ceiling. It worried him that he liked it so much.

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Bilbo looked up from the book he was reading, while he waited to be let in to see Frerin and start up his duties in the early morning hours. Except it wasn’t Frerin that opened the door like usual, it was Fili. His state of dress were sweat pants and a god awful loose shirt. His hair was messed up, he had bruises all over any visible flesh and there were patches of white bandages that could be seen under the collar of his shirt. Honestly, it looked like he had been mauled by a bear.

“What happened to you?” Bilbo wrinkled his nose as the air inside the house wafted past him. He didn’t like the smell. It wasn’t bad, it just rubbed him the wrong way.

“Frerin.” Fili smiled a goofy smile.

“What about him?”

Fili shrugged and leaned against the door. Something inside of him didn’t want Bilbo in the house.
“He’s busy with Kili right now.” Fili looked at the small omega trying to communicate in exactly what kind of way the two were busy.

“Oh. Oh! Then, uh…. I’ll just…” Bilbo wiggled his nose trying to get the scent out of it. “Can I ask you something?”

“Hm?” Fili’s eyes were half lidded as if he was sedated.

“Did he, or more of, is he Dominating already?”

“Dominating?”

“Yeah. You know, marking his territory, pushing you around or mounting you, that kind of thing.”

Blue eyes squinted in confusion. What the hell was Bilbo talking about?

Bilbo quickly continued trying to explain. “They don’t really tell you this in school or anything and I simply learned it from trial and error with breeding cousins but Dominating happens as an Omega’s way of Claiming. They’ll do crazy things that they usually don’t and it always happens to their alpha.”

“She um… he’s mounting.” Fili cleared his throat afterwards. “Rather rough, not that I don’t like it. I mean- shit- I… you didn’t hear that.”

The small omega let out a laugh. “Oh, don’t you worry. It’s natural. I had a cousin that was just as bad while Dominating, his alpha thought something was wrong with him for liking it too but it’s not the case. It’s the pheromones that are emitted while Domination is happening, kind of like when an alpha marks an omega, the bite doesn’t hurt because of the pheromone exchange of the couple.”

“How the hell do you know all this?”
“I’m a lawyer, I need to know a lot of stuff.”

“How come I’ve never heard of Domination before? I’ve dated plenty of omega before.”

“Because it only shows up after an omega is pregnant, it happens before the nesting stage. It should stop in the next few days. I’ll come back around that time, until then I would suggest when you go to school don’t let any omegas touch you or Frerin will be a hell cat to handle.” Bilbo smiled nice and bright. “You take care.”

“Hey.”

“Hm?”

“Thank you.”

“For what?”

“For always being there for him, for us. I was actually thinking about calling a doctor before you showed up today.”

“It’s a bit scary at first, but when the second child shows up, you’ll be used to it.”

“This is going to happen again?”

“Of course. Frerin is trying to mark you and Kili as fathers for all the other omegas to see. Each baby you have with him you’re going to get manhandled. Hope I get to see all of those times.”

“Are you planning on going anywhere?”

Bilbo paused. It was getting harder to be around Thorin. Harder to do his job because of their king. The only thing he could think of doing was securing Frerin’s safety and moving back to Ered Luin.
He put on his smile. “Don’t worry yourself over that. You’re starting a family, Fili.”

“Far as I’m concerned you’re part of it.”
“FUCK YOU!!” Thorin heard being screamed over the phone followed by what sounded like glass breaking. He winced while running his hand over his mouth.

“I DIDN’T TOUCH HIM!!” That was Fili in the distance.

“THE FUCK YOU DIDN’T!! I SMELL HIM ALL OVER YOU LIKE A SKUNK SPRAYED A DOG!!”

“Frerin, Angel, don’t” Kili’s voice was closer, especially since he was the one that had called Thorin in desperation after school. There was another sound of something breaking followed by the loud bang of a pan hitting a wall. “Thorin, please! We need help!!”

“WHO IS HE!!” Thorin could feel his palms sweating with fear. Frerin was still Dominating. He was in a very volatile stage, but Fili and Kili couldn’t miss anymore school without risking a drop out and how would that look for the royal family to have two college dropouts? So, they went to school. Kili had been smart and explained to his Omega Studies professor his good news so he was given his home work and told to meet the professor on a one on one basis until Frerin was done Dominating. It wouldn’t do for Kili to go into a class filled with omegas and come home to his pregnant mate. Unfortunately Fili didn’t do the same when it came down to his business class that was a little over half omegas. He tried to steer clear of the omegas but when passing out papers his fingers had brushed over a few of them. They sat unusually close, some giving him seductive looks. He was scented and marked as a breeder and the subconscious mind desired it. So when he left the class one of the omegas had brushed up against him while passing by releasing some of scent which only made Fili queasy. He had tried showering at the college to get the smell off but it was still on his clothes and he didn’t have any proper soap with him. When he got home Frerin instantly smelled the scent of the intruder and as Bilbo had predicted he got angry. He got defensive. Now he was down right pissed. Frerin even went as far as slapping Fili when the alpha tried to hug him. That was when Kili tried to step in only to throw oil onto the fire. Now they were calling Thorin in hope that he could work his magic and calm his precious little brother down.

Thorin was not looking forward to this.

“Castration is too good for the bastard!!”

The king hung up, shrugged on his coat and headed out of the palace. He wasn’t surprised in the slightest to find Bilbo pulling up around the same time as himself. He shared a look with the little omega as they heard more shouting muffled by the walls of the old mansion.
“I warned them.” Bilbo looked apologetic. He did feel bad, maybe this could have been avoided if he had come to visit that day.

A livid Frerin threw open the front doors, storming out. His boots crunched on the gravel driveway, in his hand was clutched a shirt. Fili and Kili soon came out, Fili shirtless in the cold. Over his chest could be seen love bites, teeth marks and healing scratches.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Thorin asked gruffly and loudly to get his family’s attention.

“I’m going to fucking kill someone!” Frerin announced. “That fucking skank trying to scent up Fili!” He shook the shirt in the air as if that was all the licence he needed for homicide.

“I think not.”

Thorin regretted it soon as it came out of his mouth. The boiling rage in Frerin’s eyes only intensified, but he would stand up to his little brother. After all he had to deal with Dis when he had Dominating with Kili. Thankfully when he was Dominating the first time there were a lot of distractions and help from Frerin’s bearer to take the brunt of it.

“You don’t think so?” Frerin stomped over to Thorin. “You smell this. You smell it and tell me that bitch didn’t mean to try to lure Fili into his bed!”

“I’m not smelling it.” Thorin frowned. “You need to calm down before you do something that you will regret.”

“Regret? That is my alpha! He is one of the fathers of my child!! I want that omega dead. I want to wrap my fingers around his little neck and squeeze until tiny bones give!” He clutched Fili’s wadded up shirt as if it was the omega’s neck. He wrung it in demonstration. “Wring him out until his lips are blue and his eyes are bloodied from burst capillaries!!!”

“I know you do, but that is only now. You’re hormones are changing for the baby, do you really want your baby to feel all this anger right now, Frerin?”

Frerin continued to strangle the shirt. “YES!”
“Frerin?”

“ARGH! No! Okay?! No…”

“There we go.” Thorin smiled and placed his hand on Frerin’s shoulder. He didn’t see it coming, and barely understood why his sweet brother was digging his fist into his nose. He heard Bilbo shout along with Fili and Kili as he toppled over to the frozen ground. His hand flew up to his bloodied nose and split lip as Frerin yelled.

“No one touches me but my alphas!!”

“Christ!! Frerin! What the hell?!” Bilbo ran over to Thorin’s side. He pulled out his handkerchief and knelt down, bringing up the soft fabric to the king’s red painted face.

It took a few breaths before the anger dissipated and Frerin realized what he had done.

“O-oh my god. I’m sorry, Thorin! I-” He looked at the shirt and threw it to the side as if it was crawling with spiders.

“Holy shit.” Kili stayed still, glued to the ground.

“I’m so sorry!” Frerin crouched by his brother and Bilbo. “I’m sorry. Oh god.”

“It’s okay. It’s okay.” Thorin was actually trying not to laugh a few good chuckles escaped.

Fili and Kili looked at each other, a bit worried. “How hard was he punched?” Fili whispered getting a shrug as a reply.

Thorin stumbled a little trying to get up to his feet, Bilbo and Frerin helping him. “Dis did the same thing when he was having Kili.”
“He- he did?” Bilbo asked.

The king nodded. “Uh huh. Gave me a black eye because I wouldn’t let him kick Dwalin in the balls.” He took hold of Bilbo’s handkerchief, dabbing at his nose and lip.

“We live in a very strange family.” Kili mumbled. Fili nodding as he crossed his arms over his bare chest against the cold wind.

“I think we’re more normal than we want to be.” Fili shivered. “It’s really cold; can we please move this inside?”

“As long as the Hellcat is leashed.” Kili said under his breath. He didn’t really want to deal with more dishes being thrown at him and his brother.

The wind picked up, brushing some of Fili’s hair over his shoulder. He rubbed his arms not aware that the air was wafting the remaining scent that clung onto Fili’s pants from the omega brushing against him right over to where Frerin was. The marking scent of an omega trying to gain an alpha’s attention was familiar to Thorin. He quickly pushed himself between Bilbo and Frerin, keeping the small omega behind him. He shrugged off his jacket already feeling the tension building up in his brother. He shoved his coat behind him.

“Bilbo, put this on. Now.”

The little omega grabbed the jacket. He put it on, dwarfed by the size.

“On. your. pants?” Frerin growled.

Kili stepped in front of his brother, though he still cowered. “Now Frerin-”

“I didn’t do anything!” Fili roared in his defense.

“You obviously did if you still smell like him!!” Frerin advanced on his alphas.
Kili ran interference, wrapping an arm around Frerin’s middle and holding him back as he yelled at Fili. A garbled mixture of different shouting and struggles burst forth when Thorin and Bilbo tried to help. Bilbo yelling about how Fili needed to take off his pants. Frerin yelling at Bilbo for wanting Fili pants-less, Thorin trying to defend Bilbo and defuse Frerin. Kili trying to restrain his rather strong omega and not get an elbow in the ribs or face.

Bilbo, having enough, stormed over to Fili and started to take off the young alpha’s pants. Frerin screamed and threw his legs up into the air trying to kick at Bilbo making Thorin come over and try to grab Frerin’s legs. Fili, for his part, was trying to fight off Bilbo, falling to the ground clutching at his trousers trying to keep them on. As luck would have it, this was when a cherry red sports car pulled in. A familiar blond alpha peered out of the windshield at the display. Legolas was tempted to turn his rental car around and drive right back to the the airport if it wasn’t for the fact it looked so funny. He rolled the car to a stop, fascinated as he watched Bilbo victoriously run off with a pair of pants and grab up some cloth from the driveway. He patted down his pockets and found a lighter in the over sized coat he wore. With a little effort he lit the clothes on fire as everyone continued to scream and shout at each other with Frerin writhing like a fish out of water between the king of Erebor and the youngest prince.

Legolas carefully got out of his car when his friend started to tire and the clothes were nearly completely burnt. The golden prince of Erebor was now standing butt naked with no underwear in all his scratched up glory.

“Are you done?!” Fili growled out when Frerin was finally allowed back onto his own two feet.

“Fili!” Kili warned.

“What?! I’m the victim here!”

“He can’t help himself!” He tried to hold up Frerin who was too tired to stand. He started to slump to his knees.

“I didn’t do anything wrong!”

“I’m sorry. I-” Frerin heaved a heavy breath, he was so worn out now. The emotional fluctuation, the physical exertion. He was completely drained.

“Angel, don’t apologize. Bilbo warned you, hell you told me, Fili! You should have told your
professors like I did!”

“So this is all my fault?!”

“Will you two stop!” Thorin barked, he bent over and easily picked up his brother off of the ground by the shoulders, getting him back on his feet. “This is no one’s fault! This happens to every breeding couple. No one needs to say they are sorry, no one needs to regret anything or make anyone else feel guilt. Now, let’s go inside, this cold and excitement isn’t good for the baby.” He took hold of Frerin by the elbows, with his head held high and lip swollen, guided his brother back in the house with a grumbling Fili following about how no one seemed to care he was naked out in near winter temperatures.

Legolas, for his part was largely unnoticed except for Bilbo how was picking up the charred remains of Fili’s clothing.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” Bilbo snapped. “You too, get inside.”

“I.. uh..”

“Now, boy!” Bilbo made a shooing motion.

Legolas hurried inside greeted with a pungent scent that he was unfamiliar with. He sniffed a little, he turned a tight circle trying to figure out where the scent was coming from when he unknowingly bumped into Kili. There it was. The smell.

“Sorry.” Legolas apologized, pointing out the open door. “The uh, the guy outside told me to come in.”

“That guy is Bilbo.” Kili looked Legolas up and down, knowing full well who this was.

“Um…” Legolas tried hard not to sniff again. Kili really smelled good… why did he smell so good?

“What?” The brunet frowned when he heard the small sniff. “What are you doing?”
“I’m sorry. It’s only… what cologne do you wear? It’s really nice.”

“I don’t wear cologne.”

“Maybe it’s the shampoo or soap you use. A spicy, nutty scent. Kind of like those dishes cooked around Christmas time.”

Legolas was pushed to the side by Bilbo who had thrown away the burnt clothes. For his own safety he kept Thorin’s coat on, having the heavy scent of an alpha on him kept Frerin from targeting him for being in his “nest”.

“I don’t have anything like that.” Kili was tempted to step back. “... You know I’m not interested, right?”

“Oh! Oh god, no, no. I’m not hitting on you.”

“He smells Frerin on you.” Bilbo said, shutting the door.

Kili scowled, crossing his arms over his chest. Legolas threw his hands up in the air to show he meant no harm.

“I promise to behave.” Legolas said. “I’m just here to visit a friend.”

“Stay across the room from him.” Kili warned, turning sharply on his heel and into the house.

The foreign prince looked to Bilbo who took hold of his arm and patted it. “No worries, this is normal.”

“Then what I heard from King Thorin is true? Frerin is pregnant?”

Bilbo smiled. “He is. Which means we both need to be careful, me from Frerin and you from Fili
and Kili. New fathers-to-be can be just as scary as a mother-to-be.” He heaved a great breath.

“Into the lion’s den we go, then?”

“As long as you got my back.”

Legolas smiled gently patting a hand over Bilbo’s. “I always will protect a friend, even from other friends.”

“You’re a sweet kid.”

When they got into the living room Fili was dressed and lying on one of sofas with Frerin draped over him. The two were gently touching with a heart fluttering intimacy, fingers tracing lines on palms, noses brushing, lips pressing softly.

“I’m sorry.” Frerin whispered against Fili’s whiskered cheek.

“I’m sorry too.” He laced their fingers together.

“I love you.” Frerin cuddled closer, resting between Fili’s legs.

“I love you too. More than anything.” Fili wrapped an arm around his omega, squeezing him close.

“And into the kitchen we go.” Bilbo steered Legolas down the hall. “We’ll make some tea and sandwiches first.”

“That sounds lovely.” Legolas agreed.
Fili wouldn’t Legolas into the same room as Frerin when he realized that they had a guest. He stood firmly at the door jamb on one side, crossed over his chest while Kili mirrored him on the other side, the two standing like ancient sentries waiting for Legolas to risk coming past their point of guard. The only one allowed past was Bilbo who wore Thorin’s oversized vest, the king’s sent from his coat clung to his clothing which allowed Frerin to calm his instincts of keeping omegas out of his breeding space. Frerin had to sit in a chair that was in the middle of the room and facing out to the hallway that Legolas was made to sit down in a chair in order for him to visit. He wasn’t allowed to get up unless Bilbo was there which triggered Thorin to needing to be there because the King was on a sharpening edge from seeing Bilbo socialize with Thranduil’s son.

“I’m glad you’re doing well. It was frightening to see what happened at the arena.” Legolas pressed the tops of his fingers against the warm tea cup he held. “I tried to come visit you in the hospital but—”

“Don’t worry yourself about that. You live in a different country and have many responsibilities, plus you’re in the military now—”

“Not yet.” Legolas interrupted, placing his tea cup down in its saucer.

“Not yet?” Frerin tilted his head.

“I wanted you all to come and then the duel and, well, father gave me some good advice on waiting so that we could have you come with your alphas and King Thorin. Give you something to have fun with, a good time to relax and unwind. And if what I witnessed outside was the norm then I do think you need it.” He chuckled. “Father has already sent out invitations for next week. He’s been planning this party since the duel, it’s in our honor. He can be a silly man.” The blond shrugged a shoulder looking fondly towards memories of a kind parent that did everything for him. “He didn’t mean to start it up without asking you first but he’s done that all my life. I hope you’ll accept.”
Fili and Kili stiffened. They shot each other a look at the same time while Frerin wet his lips.

“Of course we’ll go.” Frerin said softly, slowly. His throat felt thick and sore all of the sudden. With practiced grace he smiled to his friend. “You’ll have to give us and invitation card for my scrap book.”

“Oh, you scrap book?”

Frerin nodded. “Nothing fancy but something to-”

“Pass down to the next generation.” Legolas smiled brightly. “I’m so happy for you, all of you!”

“Thank you.” Frerin kept his political face on. “But um…”

“We don’t know how long his Dominating will be.” Fili said in a silky voice, showing his princely face.

“Oh, don’t worry about that.” Legolas looked to Fili. “We invited only bound omegas and their alphas.”

“Seems like Thranduil thought of everything.” Frerin worried his fingers together. “Would you mind extending an invitation towards a few personal guests of mine?”

“Of course not.” The foreign prince leaned forward. “The only limitation I have is that you save a dance for me.”

Frerin smiled while Fili and Kili tried not to growl.

“With these two factoring in, we’ll see.”

“They’re reasonable alphas, I’m certain if I keep my hands to myself I’ll survive the encounter.”
“Then you haven’t seen me dance.”

The two laughed a little before Legolas found the time ready for him to leave for the airport. He politely waited for Bilbo and Thorin before getting up and thanking everyone of their hospitality. On the way out he told Thorin and Bilbo about the party and they took the information gracefully. Legolas left happy, looking forward to a good time with his friends.

Soon as the door closed Thorin pressed his arm against the wood, he rested his forehead against his arm. Thranduil made his move. He was inviting nobles that would disapprove of Frerin’s relationship. Not only that, but they would be the ones that saw what happened at the Duel. They could easily be persuaded by a whisper in the ear, more so of a drop of a coin into their purses. But what was going to happen when Thranduil learns that Frerin was pregnant? Legolas would surely tell his bearer.

“What is Thranduil going to do?”

“He won’t do anything.” Bilbo’s voice was tiny and soft. He wrapped his arms around Thorin from behind, his cheek pressing up against the broad back. Thorin hadn’t even realized he asked his question out loud. The king reached up his hand and grabbed hold of one of Bilbo’s. He turned around, breaking the omega’s embrace. When their eyes locked Thorin’s mouth was suddenly so dry, his lips tingled with loneliness. A thought of allowing Bilbo to quench his thirst tugged at the back of his mind.

The moment broke when Thorin quickly remembered himself and cleared his throat. Bilbo blushed and stepped back. What had he been doing? What was he thinking?! He was supposed to be Thorin’s friend! He had to keep it that way.

“As-As I said. He can’t do anything, not with a pregnant omega from another country, not with someone from the royal line. He would start a political tug-a-war that would be more damaging to him.” Bilbo reached up, fingers going through Thorin’s beard, the alpha leaning into his touch. God… he wanted to kiss that king.

“Bilbo… I…”

“Yes, Thorin?”

“...I should go. We both should go, they won’t want anyone around after...”
“Yes…” Bilbo pulled his hand away. “I... I should as well. I need to get Bifur over here and, and inform the Ri family of Frerin’s good news.”

The two went to the kitchen, taking their things and leaving. It wasn’t until Bilbo was entering his little home that he realized he still was wearing Thorin’s silk vest. He bit his lip, worry and desire mixing together in a muddy concoction of hurt. That night, he spent with tears on his cheeks and a tub of ice cream on his lap.

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Frerin walked slowly, rocking with each step as his long dress dragged along the lush carpeted floor. The cloth was dark as storm clouds, rhinestones, crystals and diamonds glittered in swirling patterns that looked like rain and stars all at the same time. He wore a silver headdress that was a raven of Erebor, the beak resting over Frerin’s brow, the wings were fanned up and out over the ears. It kept a black and silver veil in place as he continued to walk in such a strange way, almost like every step took all his energy. He took in a deep breath that shook his shoulders as he looked out a large window.

“Disgusting.” Thranduil’s voice filled in the quiet.

Frerin wouldn’t look at him as the tall king strode over with purpose.

“Pining like the dog you are, waiting for those who will never come.” He grabbed Frerin’s chin, forcing him to look at the blond King. “Wearing your funeral veil, sniffing like a stupid child.”

Frerin tried to move his face away from Thranduil, only to have his face sharply slapped, so hard that he stumbled a step to the side. The king grabbed Frerin’s upper arm.

“I won my prize. And you will see what exactly that is.”

Frerin spit in his face. He was struck again, over and over again making him buckle under the assault trying hard not to make a sound to satisfy his attacker. He was thrown to the ground, his skirt forced up to show a small bulge developing in the stomach.
Thranduil pressed his palm against it. “This!” He shouted into the side of Frerin’s face as he grabbed a bunch of hair through the veil, the head dress falling to the side. “Is mine!!”

“Get off!!” Blood splattered from a swollen split lip as Frerin tried to shove at Thranduil.

“Good idea.”

Thranduil reached to his pants with one hand working his penis free.

“No!!” Frerin kicked out his legs, arms flailing. “Get away from me!!”

“Mama?” A little voice entered the room.

Frerin looked up seeing a little boy, he looked exactly like Fili but with Kili’s brown eyes. The little boy froze at the doorway as he watched his bearer go stiff allowing Thranduil to shove his cock in. Frerin screamed out, “Don’t look! Don’t look, baby! Don’t look!!”

“Kili?”

Kili was snapped out of his nightmare, sweat on his brow, tears running down his cheeks. Two blonds were looking down at him, the bedside lamp was on.

He took in one breath. Then another before his arms snapped out and wrapped around his omega. He crushed Frerin to his chest, squeezing his eyes painfully shut. He pressed hard kisses against golden hair. Fili watched with worry.

“I won’t let him touch you.” He whispered through his tears. He squeezed tighter as more tears of fear went wetted hair. “I won’t.”

“Kili?” Fili said again, only quieter. Waking up to Kili thrashing in their bed was worrisome, but now it was scaring him. What did Kili dream that made him wake up crying?
Kili had a hard time explaining his nightmare to his lovers. He kept Frerin within arm's reach. Fili rubbed the brunet's back while their omega kept pressed against his side, nose buried in dark hair. Kili was hunched over a warm cup of milky coffee.

"I don't want you to go to that party. I don't want him anywhere near you! Either of you." Kili’s body shivered with fear and anger.

"Kili... He's tied our hands, we need to go." Fili felt his stomach clench. He hated this. There was no way to comfort his brother, no way out of this stupid surprise party. Thranduil was like a spider spinning his web. They had little room to maneuver to dodge his trap.

"Can't we decline?"

"You know we can't refuse a direct invitation without political repercussions... I... I'm sorry."

"We'll be alright." Frerin continued to nuzzle Kili’s hair.

"No, we won't."

"We will, we'll have to pay for a few plane tickets but we will be fine."

"What do you have in mind?" Kili covered Frerin’s hand with his own.

"You let me handle that, you already have enough to worry about."

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Bifur was not the first to come over to the old manor that Frerin lived with his alphas. He was the
second seeing a familiar family clustered around the front door. He was almost run over by the third who was an old man with glasses, huffing and puffing with a heavy limp in his gate as he ran as fast as he could, hugging a black leather suitcase to one side while shouting into a cellphone pressed to a hearing-aid stuffed ear, “I’m almost to the door, Mum! Yes, Mum!”

Soon as the front door opened the growing crowd burst into squabbling shouts.

“Bilbo told me everything, and you have some explaining to do!” Bifur could recognize Dori’s voice anywhere.

“I can’t believe you wouldn’t tell us sooner! And that Duel! What the hell, Frerin?! I thought we were friends, you should have told me about it instead of me seeing it on TV!!” Nori wagged his finger in Frerin’s face along with Dori’s.

“You’re pregnant for how long?! You should have said something soon as you found out!” Ori was shoved up against Nori’s side as Bofur tried to squeeze close.

“Aye! He’s right, we should have heard before now! How far along are you?!”

“Never mind that, Bofur, is he going to the right doctors?!” Dori barked. “And eating, look at how skinny you are!”

Bofur piped up. “Why do you think Mama Ri sent me and my brother? No one knows cooking like the Urs!”

“Excuse me, excuse me.” The old man pushed forward, the phone still up against his ear. “Yes, Mum. He’s right here. I see him, yes, yes, Mum. I will call you back soon as the exam is over. Yes, Mum.”

The others went quiet, parting for the old man. Bifur watched, taking his time to walk up, hearing them perfectly well with how loud they have been. He did wonder who this old man was and demanded such command from such trouble makers as the Ri Brothers who always had their neighbors up in arms because they were “assaulting” Dori’s rose bushes or Nori was “just looking around because the door was open” along with the rather innocent looking Ori with whom you never wanted to stiff him a book. It only seemed fitting that he would try to leave everything that made Ered Luin only to find it moved ahead of him. But the old man… now who was he? He seemed to demand a lot of respect from the group.
“Well,” His tongue rolled with an southern Ereborian accent. “Time to take the exam, young man. Let’s go before Mum gets impatient.”

“Hold on!” Kili barred anyone from coming in, finally able to catch a thought after the storm that was the Ri brothers. “Who is this Mum and why are you trying to get into my house? Who are you? And you guys, we’ve only met once before and these two are talking like they’re our new employees!!”

“Kili.” Frerin tried to speak up.

“No, I want it from their mouths. What the hell is going on and who are you people?!”

Dori’s chest puffed up. “I never, such rude behavior!”

“I expected more, Frerin, prince or no.” Nori folded his arms over his chest.

Bofur took off his funny hat and gave a small bow. “Bofur and Bombur, from the Blue Mountains, at your service.”

Bombur only smiled and patted his belly as if that was an introduction.

Ori’s face turned red as his hair from embarrassment. “I-I didn’t mean to- we came soon as possible when Mama gave us a call about Mirkwood and we knew we had to come.”

“Then who are you?” Kili pointed at the old man.

The man squinted like he was confused then said rather loudly, “I don’t sell booze.”

“No, no.” Dori patted the man’s shoulder. “Oin, he’s asking -who- are- you?” He punctuated the last words loud enough for him to hear.
He nodded a bit before turning to Kili, “Professional physician to the matriarch of the Ri family, Oin. Mum, as I call Madam Ri, has sent me to stay with you throughout the remaining time of Madam Frerin’s pregnancy. Now if you please, I would like you to show me to a secure room where we may conduct the physical.” He looked at Kili’s stomach with a hum. “Much too skinny for carrying.”

“I’m not the omega.” Kili sputtered.

“I am.” Frerin finally got a word in edgewise.

Oin looked at Frerin, adjusting his glasses. “More hope than the first.”

“I would hope so.” Kili grumbled before getting hit upside the head by Dori.

“Show some respect.” Dori hissed. “He’s the best of the best.”

“Kili let them in already.” Frerin eyes then caught sight of Bifur. He smiled. “After all, our new head of security is here and you must in form him of his duties.” Then he pointed at Dori, “You go and find Fili, I don’t trust you around Kili.”

Dori made a huffy noise. “Why I never!”

“Before you get any ideas, he’s having a hard enough time already and you’re as sensitive as a meat tenderizer when it comes to anything but your own way.”

“Frerin!”

“You can feel free to turn around and go back to Ered Luin if we’re going to have problems.” Frerin threatened. “My home, my mates,” He put his hand on his tummy, “My baby, my rules, got it?”

Dori grumbled as he shuffled in along with the rest.
Kili took hold of one of Frerin’s braids and tugged him close. “I love it when you’re pushy. But seriously what is going on?”

“Mmm, and I love you.” He pecked a kiss on Kili’s lips. “Try to relax. I called Mama Ri, told him the truth. Told him all of it and what is going on. So he sent the best of his family over: best cooks, best doctor.”

“And the others?”

"Ori is the best nanny one can ask for and Dori, he'll help Bilbo run the house. Nori… I’m not too sure what he does but he’s loyal. As for Bifur was Bilbo and Thorin's idea to silently show Thranduil that we have people on our side, that we have the very men who stopped him before are here and setting up their own plans."

“I still say we shouldn’t let you go. Tell them that you’re sick or something. I’m telling you, he’s plotting something.”

Frerin placed his hands on Kili’s cheeks. “Of course he has something up his sleeve but we have to show him we’re not afraid. Show him that he can’t run us nor our country by intimidation, fear, or publicity. He needs to know that there is nothing he can do to take hold of others without getting a fight on his hands and I am going to be there to show him exactly how much he can’t control me.”

Kili tried to smile but his stomach still twisted. He couldn’t shake his dream, he couldn’t put it to the side of seeing Frerin being beaten, being raped in front of little eyes that was clearly that of his and Fili’s son. He couldn’t handle it with grace like Fili and Frerin were. He needed to know that Frerin would remain safe, forever, that no matter what he was untouchable by that vile omega that wore a king’s crown.

“Now then, where,” Oin stepped around in a circle. “can I set up my office.”

“Office?” Frerin and Kili asked at the same time.

“My desk, my books, equipment; Do you think that I can do ultrasounds with my stethoscope? Perhaps EKGs with my pocket watch.”

“I-I guess he could take the Phone Room.” Frerin fidgeted.
“You love that room.” Kili softly protested.

“It’s the biggest room we got, besides the ball room.”

“Good, good, I have movers coming within the hour.” Oin pulled out his pocket watch and flipped it open. He squinted at the hands, double checking the time. “Mmm, should be here soon as we are done. We’ve been taking too long standing around here talking. So what are we waiting for? Show me the way young tharkal.”

Kili grabbed a kiss from Frerin before the omega could walk away. Frerin gripped the back of the alpha’s neck, “No matter what, remember, I love you.”

“I love you too.” He watched Frerin walk away and whispered it again. “I love you too.”

“Say.” A hand pressed on Kili’s shoulder. He turned his attention over to Nori who had a grim expression. “Mama Ri said somethings that… I need to know if they are real. Sometimes his imagination can get the better of him but this was not like his usual thing...”

Kili frowned. He crossed his arms over his chest in a protective manner, “What did he say?”

Nori swallowed. He didn’t want this to be the truth, he wanted the other thing to be, it wouldn’t be so horrible. It was acceptable for society to know that someone so vain as Frerin’s ex could become controlling, that due to circumstances with a dying mother and other pressures that he would snap and allow depression to eat away at him and move him into hurting himself, allowing himself to die a little inside until he was hospitalized, got help, got better. But this new truth, this new possibility, it was horrifying. It was rocking the very foundation of his beliefs in himself. If any of this was true then he allowed propaganda to rule over his friendship, that he was blinded to the need of one of his best friends.

“I don’t… I don’t want to go into detail, you don’t have to tell me anything, only nod or shake your head…” Nori stuffed his sweaty, nervous hands into his pockets. “Was he really kidnapped?”

Kili stiffened. He gave a slow nod.
Nori blinked rapidly, gave a few nods before he excused himself and left. He had a lot of thinking to do, a lot of realisation that needs to be faced.

Bifur heaved a breath, it was odd really, the relief of having others know the truth. He still had to be careful with what was said to the public, but not having to carry the burden wasn’t so lonely any more.

He reached over, patting Kili’s shoulder. “Come on, show me the ropes kid.”

An hour later Fili found himself followed by three Ri brothers, he explained certain rooms and showed them to some rooms they may stay in until they find other living accommodations. Then there was Kili, busy showing Bifur the grounds when Oin’s movers showed up. Like a small army they went through the ballroom, up a few flights of stairs to the very top floor that held the large phone room. Antique tables and phones were moved, and boxed, machines, chairs, beds, and cabinets were moved in. Oin was quick to make his new office into a studio apartment as well and declared that he would not be moving until there was another option for an onsite office. Much to Frerin’s frustration he wasn’t allowed outside the room after the initial physical. All Oin did was tut at him after having his cold stethoscope against Frerin’s stomach. It was only until after Oin was powering up the machines that he was instructed to find his mates. When asked why, he simply ushered Frerin on to hurry up.

It took some time to find Fili and Kili but soon all three new parents were in Oin’s new office/apartment. Frerin was up on a bed with legs in a stirrups with cold jelly being smeared on his stomach. Oin rubbed the device over his bare stomach.

“What are we looking at?” Kili squinted, adjusting his glasses. The screen was scratchy and smeared at the same time with black and muddy brown.

“We, young man, are looking for a little something.” Oin tilted the device on Frerin’s stomach. “Aaaand there it is.”

Fili squinted, barely seeing two solid dots. “What are those?”

“Those, my dear lad, are your twins.”
Thranduil looked at the paper with practiced grace. The news on the TV was talking about the same subject that coated every magazine and newspaper in the kingdom.

A royal wedding.

His fingertips felt hot as if on fire.

Twins expected to the royal family of Erebor. The first time in centuries.

His stomach twisted violently.

The whole of the kingdom to celebrate two days after his own party.

He turned off the TV, slapped down the newspaper trying to calm his rage. Those... those creatures had spoiled his beautiful prize with their seed! How often did they mount Frerin like grotesque animals?! Humping and howling.

No.

Oh no, this wouldn't stand.

He got up quickly. He paused as he looked at his hands with curiosity. They were shaking... what a strange reaction.

At that moment Legolas came in, his son chipper as always.

"Hello father." Legolas walked up to Thranduil placing a kiss to his cheek.

“Good morning my child.”
"Have you heard the good news?"

Thranduil stomach tightened into a ball of pain. Outwardly he tilted his head. "It is hard not to."

"Twins! I bet Fili and Kili could not be any prouder, and look Frerin sent me a picture of the ultrasound!" Legolas messed with his phone until he had the picture. He showed his bearer. "Isn't it amazing? I wonder when I will be able to meet them. What kind of gift should I get them? They could pick it up at the party that's day after tomorrow. Father?" Legolas looked around the now empty room. When did his bearer leave? "Father?"

Thranduil stormed down the hallway as fast as he could.

"Something must be done!"

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Bilbo heaved a sigh as Dis had a complete change of character towards his brother. He supposed being a grandthar does that to people. Dis was planning a shopping trip with Frerin as well as Dori and Ori. A room was already picked out for a nursery with Bifur, Fili and Kili already setting up new wallpaper while Thorin was working with Dwalin outside on a cradle that had to be restarted twice in one day. To be honest, he found them to all be rushing things. Their excitement was contagious and it seemed that most the kingdom was either in the baby mood or wedding mode. Maybe... the bitter feeling he was getting was because this all reminded him of exactly how lonely he was. His best friend had two fiancées with two babies on the way. The Ri brothers were always around and Dori was more than capable of running Bilbo’s job and then some. Thorin was busy with the kingdom and now this in which he acted as if the new babies where his own.

Bilbo was just... alone in all this. He was no longer needed.

"Hey." Fili’s kind voice reached his ears.

"Hi..." Bilbo picked at the salad he had made from Fili's fridge.

“You feeling okay?”
"Yeah..."

"Bilbo."

"I'm fine... really."

"You're not."

"What is with you Durins? Gotta pick at everything and can't leave well enough alone."

"It's a gift. So, what's bothering you?"

"Thinking about going home... to Ered Luin." Before Fili could ask why Bilbo continued. "I mean, I'm not needed here anymore. You got all these people to help out now and you got Bifur for protection. What good am I here? Certainly you can find better lawyers than me... Think I should go back home..."

"We would miss you."

"I would miss you guys too but it's not like we can't visit. Hell, Frerin still has that cabin in the woods."

"You going to say goodbye before you go?"

Bilbo shrugged.

"At least say goodbye to Uncle before you do."

Bilbo nodded.
“You know, this may be a good time for you to Present as well. Start a family of your own. I know you would make a great Tharkâl.”

That sparked something in the lonely omega, maybe he would Present. Fili was right, he would make a great bearer and he wasn’t getting any younger. Maybe he would, after getting back home to Ered Luin he would have plenty of time to invite people. He knew a lot of people there and he could send out invitations to people he knew in the Shire and maybe… maybe a few in Erebor. It was a good idea, he needed to move on with his life. For so long he had the terror of his friend’s safety bearing over his head. He didn’t know what to do, how to do it and now, like the storm over head suddenly broke, everything was answered for him because of two young Alphas.

“I won’t go until after your wedding. I’m not missing that for the world.” Bilbo smiled.

“Wouldn’t let you go until after then anyway.” Fili gave him a wink.

“By the way, why is Thorin and Dwalin making the cradle?”

“Old tradition for Durins, the grandfathers make the cradle for the grandchild.”

“But Thorin-“

“Is the closest that we got to a grandfather for Frerin.”

Bilbo nodded. “Makes sense.”

“So… why aren’t you in the party of baby buying like the others?”

Bilbo shrugged. “Needed to think. Everything is about Frerin and you guys, and it’s all well and good since it’s your home but… sometimes you need a change.”

“I understand.” Fili went to pat Bilbo on the shoulder but stopped. He didn’t want a repeat of what happened the other day. Instead he smiled. “Why don’t you go and see if dad and Thorin need anything to drink? Saves you from having to be oppressed by everything that is me and my mates.”
Bilbo murmured something under his breath and slipped out of his chair to drag his feet outside. Being outside was nice, the air crisp and cold. Colored leaves scattered with the sharp frost that refused to melt. It had already snowed a few times, soon it would come down like the rain in Ered Luin and not let up until spring. He scanned the area, his gaze settling on Thorin and Dwalin. While Thorin was talking about hand sanding Dwalin was holding a sanding power tool, both locked in a deep debate on which is better.

Instead of talking to them Bilbo watched Thorin, watched his body movements, watched his lips move with each word spoken, watched how wind would brush by his long hair. He closed his eyes, squeezed them so tight that they ached. When he opened them he watched the two alphas once more, as if him closing his eyes would have allowed things to change, they didn’t. It only made his heart hurt worse.

“Hey.” He cleared his throat to be louder. “Hey, Thorin?”

The alpha looked over. Bilbo beckoned to him with a wave of the hand. Thorin told Dwalin he would be right back and went over to Bilbo.

“Yes?”

“Um…”

“Are you alright?” Thorin tilted his head, hunching over to try to see Bilbo’s face better.

“I’m fine. I’m perfectly fine.”

“You don’t look it.”

“God, you Durins! I’m- Look I’m fine! I just was hoping to… to…”

“To what?”

“To talk with you privately.”
“Well then, what is it?”

“I mean private, privately.”

Thorin looked around seeing that Dwalin was going down the way to gather up more extension cords. “We’re rather alone right now. What is it that you wanted to talk about?”

“I’m trying to tell you that I’m leaving!”

“Alright.” Thorin frowned, confused. “I’ll tell the others when they ask for you.”

“No, I’m saying I’m leaving Erebor.”

Thorin felt as if someone had hit him. “Erebor… why? Don’t you have a good job here? Is it the pay? Is Frerin asking too much of you, if he is then I can talk to him for you.”

“That’s not the reason.”

“Is it Fili? Kili? Did they start pulling pranks again? Oh, Mahal, I thought they grew out of that. I want to apologize for their actions.”

“What?” Bilbo stiffened his back looking just as confused as Thorin. “Wha… No, nooo, no. They’re fine, they haven’t done anything wrong.”

“It’s your house, it is rather small. I tried convincing Balin to get you something bigger but-”

“It’s not the house, it’s not anything! Thorin, listen, it’s time I moved on. I came here to take care of my best friend and now he has a small army to back him. My job here is done. I just… It’s just time for me to go back home, move on with my life. And… and well, maybe I’ll present and start a family of my own. I’m not getting any younger you know.”
Present?

Bilbo? Dressed up like a beautiful gem, alphas taking his hand, dancing with him. Bilbo tilting his head for a stranger to lick and kiss his neck, to bite-

Thorin hunched over Bilbo, a strange anger burning in his eyes. “WHAT?!” His voice echoed in Bilbo’s ears. “Let me get this straight. You want to go off to that-that tiny town and Present and have Mahal knows come sniffing around?! A place where that SNAKE used to be and can freely walk around go to YOUR Presentation-No! I will not allow it!!”

“It’s what I want!” Bilbo spluttered. Why was Thorin so angry? “And who do you think you are?! You may be King but you are not allowed to stop me from Presenting where and when I want!”

“Even if I wasn’t your King I’m your friend! And as your friend I say that you can’t do it!”

“Why not?! Give me a reason, Thorin, because so far all I got going for me here is being an self proclaimed uncle to whatever brood those three inside will make!”

“If it’s about kids I’ll give you children!”

Bilbo went quiet, but Thorin continued. He took hold of Bilbo’s arms, leaning closer. “I’ll give you riches, I’ll give you anything you want, Bilbo Baggins.”

Caught up in the moment Bilbo began to cry. He didn’t want riches. He didn’t want wonders or fancy houses. He only wanted Thorin to smile, to laugh and be happy. He wanted to be part of that, and desired to be the cause of it.

Thorin stroked at Bilbo’s cheeks, trying to wipe away the heavy tears. His own heart was aching, feeling betrayed that the little omega would leave him, but seeing him cry like that, it hurt so badly.

“Please Bilbo, please don’t cry.” Thorin softened his voice. He pressed his forehead against Bilbo’s as his own eyes stung. “Don’t cry. Tell me… tell me what you want, I’ll do anything, give you anything.”
“I-I don’t want anything!” Bilbo blurted out through sobs. His hands came up and grabbed fistfuls of Thorin’s shirt. “I don’t want a big fancy house. I don’t want a better job or more pay! I want-”

“Tell me.” Thorin whispered, stroking a thumb over Bilbo’s cheek, his voice revenant. “Tell me.”

“I want you! I want you to be happy! I want you to smile and laugh! I-I want to be part of that! I want to be-”

“I’ll only be happy if you are here!” Thorin growled out between his teeth. “I need you here to be happy.”

“No you don’t and that’s what hurts so much, Thorin.”

“I do! Because I love you.” Thorin grabbed the back of Bilbo’s neck and pulled him into a heated kiss. Bilbo pawed at the tall alpha, opening his mouth and allowing Thorin to fight his fears, chase his doubts and make the world all the brighter.
Frerin had such a full schedule that he didn’t have time to see Fili and Kili until they were loaded on the airplane and being shipped off with the rest of their family to Mirkwood. It wasn’t even the crack of dawn when he got up, was put under another examination by Oin. He ate a warm breakfast with eyes still blurry soon afterwards. Then he was loaded up into the car to avoid the media that was camping outside his home, all of them wanting to get a glimpse of the “delicious” secrets. Dori, Dis, and Bilbo met him at the wedding shop where he spent what felt like endless hours standing still on a stool while a tailor picked and prodded, sewed and re-sewed at the royal dress. It was a rush job so as much time as they could manage they needed Frerin to be in the dress while it was being made. While he stood still, with his arms out like a scarecrow Dis and Dori went over plans for how they Royal Botanical garden was to be decorated. Bilbo ended up in their squabbling over what needed to be where and what was to look like what. It soon became a fight over it that would have boiled into fist fights if it wasn’t for Frerin taking everything from them and kicking them all out. The clerk brought in their own wedding planners from the shop as the tailor worked and Frerin it found it much more fast and efficient to telling them what he wanted and where he wanted it and gave the heavy stipulation that unless it was Fili or Kili no one else but himself could make changes to the wedding plans.

After that and many pin pricks in his butt later, he was sampling wedding cakes with Thorin in the Royal banquet. It was much easier to sit with his brother and talk about cakes. It was the highlight of his day. They settled on a simple cake, the filling and decorations were to be decided by Fili and Kili as they were trying to split up duties to make this a bit easier on everyone. By this point he had skipped lunch and it was approaching dinner time where he sat in his kitchen with Bombur quickly cooking with Bofur next to him helping him work on his wedding vows. The help being that Bofur would read things out loud while Frerin stuffed as much food into his face as he possibly could in the small allotted time he had. With whatever meal he had just eaten, finished, he grabbed his vows, pocketed them and ran down the halls, up and down stairs and all around trying to pack essentials. It was about to call it good when he was reminded that he needed his prenatal vitamins. He would have asked Bilbo to do it but he caught Bilbo in the middle of a phone call where he was cooing into the phone like a lovesick teen. So he got Dori and the two went to the pharmacy where there had been some mix up and they had to wait in order to get the prescription. Once that was done they had just enough time to go back to the house, grab their luggage and race over to the airport. Frerin saw Fili and Kili messing around with the different buttons while they passed the time. They pushed at each other, all grins and giggles. He sat down next to Kili and soon as his head rested on the dark alpha’s shoulder he was fast asleep.

Kili reached over and buckled Frerin in, the shifting of his comfortable pillow made Frerin snort in discomfort before shoving his face behind Kili’s shoulder to make it darker.

“Looks like he had a long day.” Fili smiled.
“He was up before us.” Kili reached up and turned off the overhead lights above them.

“After take off we should take him into the back room, hard as that little bed is, it’s still better than sleeping like a tuckered out kitten.”

Kili frowned. “I think he’s drooling down my shirt.”

“He must be really tired then, he usually only starts drooling when he’s been asleep for a few hours.” Fili dug around in his bag for a book to read while they waited.

“He usually drools on you.”

“Yeeep.” Fili flipped through his book. “You get used to it.”

“If I can get used to you snoring, I can get used to his drool.” Kili squirmed, trying to get Frerin to sit up so he could get the omega’s face out from behind him. “Am I the only one that doesn’t do weird things in his sleep?”

“You fart.”

Kili froze. “You’re lying.”

Fili smiled. “Wish I was, but you do get some pretty bad gas in the night.”

“Is that why-” Kili looked around to make sure no one else is listening before he lowered his voice. “Is that why I rarely sleep in the middle?” Fili nodded. “Is it really that bad?”

“Like a dog. Silent and deadly.”

“You’re fucking with me.”
“I’m not, ask Frerin when he’s awake.” Fili craned his neck to watch his brother struggle with their mate. “He’s really out, isn’t he?”

“Like the dead.”

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When they landed they were greeted by the royal family. The media was set up to take pictures of the two meeting and greeting each other. As practiced the omegas all gave appropriate curties, refusing to touch anyone outside their group. It was acceptable, especially since they had a newly pregnant omega that may fall back into Dominating at any given time.

Frerin kept his eyes away from Thranduil’s, didn't speak a word beyond what was needed. Everything was running smoothly, that was until the blond king reached out quickly, grabbing hold of Frerin’s hand. His hand felt cold to the omega, his fingers too thin and long. Thranduil’s slander hand moved up creating a sensation that was most unwelcomed to Frerin. He locked his arm into Frerin’s and pulled him over towards where the reporters were flashing camera bulbs and shoving microphones as far past the fencing as they could.

“What are you fucking doing?” Frerin smiled as he growled under his breath.

“Showing the world how good of friends we are.” Thranduil tugged Frerin so close their hips touched. He put on his best face while talking to the sea of reporters. “Here’s the star of the show! My lovely friend, Frerin, who always made Erebor a home away from home for me.” He pulled away just enough to allow whomever may be watching to witness him press his hand against Frerin’s softening stomach. “We welcome you and your little ones here. All of us are excited to know when you will be able to bring the new additions to the Erebor Royal Family to Mirkwood.”

“Well, nothing is set in stone.” Frerin kept his game face on, letting his hand grab hold of Thranduil’s wrist, he moved his hand so that it looked more like they were good friends holding hands and not him about to threaten the king of the land he was in.

“Thranduil, how long have you been friends with Prince Frerin?!” A reporter shouted.

“Oh for a long time. We first met in Ered Luin when on vacation.”
“Thranduil, what will you be wearing to Prince Frerin’s wedding??!”

“You’ll have to wait to see.”

Frerin felt his insides shake with anger. That’s what his plan was, this whole time. Use the media to worm his way into Frerin’s life, force him to allow Thranduil to be at the wedding. Have the world expect to see pictures plastered everywhere with Thranduil holding the babies of his “best friend”. That wasn’t all what he was doing. He was purposely shoving himself into a situation that could easily result in Fili or Kili to attack him. It would cause an uproar. It would cause the cancellation of the wedding. It would cause them to stay in Mirkwood, his alphas imprisoned.

“Prince Frerin! Prince Frerin! If you had to choose-”

“Oh no, no.” Frerin smiled a fake smile. Two could play with the media. “No hypotheticals, it always falls into relationships and all I’m going to say is that I’m very happy with both of my alphas. And it grieves me to know that my dear, dear, friend, Thranduil hasn’t properly Presented. I just want him to know the happiness I know.”

Thranduil’s eye twitched as he gripped his hand tightly around Frerin’s hand. The media suddenly shifted from where he wanted it. It suddenly focused on him in a bad light with a flood of questions as to why he had not Presented even though he had a son. Frerin told his goodbyes to the media, and forcefully pull his hand out of Thranduil’s grip. He had to control himself as he hurried back to his family that was being held back by guards as they “didn’t want to overwhelm” the visiting royal family. To make it look like Thranduil wasn’t up to something, Thranduil had asked Legolas to bring Fili and Kili to the media where they were bombarded with questions. The three of them answered what they could while being asked to strike certain poses. Questions of how the Erebor Royal family could condone such a relationship was rewarded a few times. Each time it was asked Kili and Fili would choose to skip over it before they finally had enough and moved away. Thranduil and Thorin replaced them, the reporters excited to seeing the two kings together.

“I know what you did.” Thorin’s voice rumbled like distant thunder in that sea of lights. “And I know what you are doing.”

“I have no idea what you are talking about.”

“Some friendly advice; stay away from my brother.” His blue eyes locked onto Thranduil’s icy gaze. “After all, he is in a delicate state. Who knows what might happen.”
Thranduil shot Thorin a glare before composing himself. Thorin knew nothing of their love! Fili and Kili, they were children, what did they know of love? They knew nothing! None of them did! They would never understand what he had to endure while he allowed Frerin his space. He had to watch him move to Erebor, shack up into some terrible house that was falling apart. And now, now he was simply going through a phase with those two alphas. After the party, Frerin would wise up. He would see just how wrong he was, then he could get those filthy things growing his his lover’s womb removed. Then life would get back on track, where they left off when that accursed brat and that nosy cop interfered. Rushing in, kidnapping Frerin, brainwashing him into thinking that Thranduil was a menace! Once back on track he could do what was right and get rid of Bilbo and Bifur and he would have Frerin all to himself.

Thranduil’s eyes caught sight of Frerin, the omega looking at him with a half held in scared expression. Fili and Kili flanked him and hurried him along with Dori following close behind carrying the carry-on bags. The King of Mirkwood licked his lips. They had no idea what he had planned.

Chapter End Notes

Things are gonna get intense guys!! Hold onto your seats in the next chapters!
Thranduil had to put down his glass of wine. His hands were shaking with so much rage that he couldn’t hide the tremors it caused. He folded his silver shawl over his arms to cover it up. His eyes could barely leave the object of his affections. Frerin was wearing his hair up, tousled and teased with engagement braids proudly displayed, but not as accented as the two bites on his neck. They were glaring red evidence that he full well meant that he was moving on with his life. That he wanted to leave Thranduil behind. Then there was his gown, soft rose pink with white marbling. It was another snub in his face, another way for the Erebor omega to say that he was untouchable. It was a proper ballroom gown but the colors were that of his Presentation dress that Thranduil had only seen pictures of after some digging. Frerin’s back was exposed, showing fading love bites and hickies. He also stunk. He reeked of the scent of Lapping, which had to have happened before the party.

That- filthy- whore.

Lapping. It made him physically ill thinking about it. An alpha Lapped when he was proud and marking the pregnancy of an omega as his own. The alpha would lick over the omega’s stomach, scent marking the baby inside as his own. With the mingled scent, Fili and Kili had to have worked together, slowly licking at Frerin’s stomach, mixing their saliva and scents.

Disgusting.

Thranduil could barely get close enough to that slut to smell that perfect scent that was nectore to him under all that stink of two alphas. He could only manage it because of his own son who was spending most of his time at the party with the group from Erebor. They kept close, they kept aware, it threw many of his plans out the window. It would have been so convenient for him to have them separated. Pick them off one by one, no one would know any better until it was too late. He already had the rooms prepared for Bilbo and Bifur, that rotten cunt and that filthy fucking officer that took Frerin away in the first place. They needed to be taught a lesson. They needed to know that they couldn’t just go around taking things that were not theirs! Then there was Fili and Kili. Metal tables with straps were cold without their flesh to warm them. Deep in the dark woods out back, in a little shack that the local children deemed haunted. He had funnels and gasoline tanks and matches all ready for them. He had planned on that one for a long time. Fucked himself into completion from the idea of stuffing the funnels in their mouths, making them drink the fuel before dropping that flickering match down into their fume filled mouths. He would have them burn while dominating over Frerin. Frerin would see then that it was the best thing to do, to stay with
Thranduil. After all, he had done nothing but kept him safe, cared for him.

The Mirkwood King nearly choked on the hateful hiss that clawed at the inside of his throat. He did everything for that ungrateful whore that saddled up so closely to the sides of those disgusting alphas. Then there was that traitorous son of his. Befriending them. Keeping in the way between him and Frerin whenever he had the opportunity to take off with that delicious piece of meat.

Still he tried to get close, stepping up beside his son as the group of Erebor natives clustered together with Legolas.

“Oh just in time,” Legolas leaned affectionately against his bearer. “We were just talking about you. Frerin was suggesting that you may want to properly Present while I’m away. I was saying that it’s a great idea. It’s about time you settled down and I wouldn’t want you to be alone here.”

“How kind.” Thranduil tried not to grind his teeth. “But I think I am perfectly content in my life as it is now. I tried presenting once and the only thing that worked out was you, my son.”

Legolas frowned with worry. “I just don’t want you to be alone, dad.”

“I know.” Thranduil reached over and tucked a lock of yellow hair behind Legolas’ ear.

Legolas blushed and moved his head away. “Dad, my hair is fine.”

“So,” Thranduil changed the subject. “How have your injuries been recovering after the Duel, Frerin?”

“Completely healed.” Frerin felt Kili’s arm around his waist tighten.

“And your opponent?” Thranduil kept his eyes locked onto Frerin’s gaze.

“He has some damage to his neck that will never heal.” Frerin leaned forward a little, nearly hissing. “I’m not as helpless as I used to be.”
Legolas frowned. What did that mean? He looked between Frerin and his own bearer. There was something there, Frerin obviously didn’t like the Mirkwood King. While Thranduil… well, he was acting weird, this wasn’t his regular self, at least not to him.

“He-he’ll be fine though, just some traquia bones that won’t heal quite the same.” Dis said quickly. “We’re just happy that is behind us.”

“And proven to the world we belong to each other.” Fili said firmly. “Soon we will be wed, we have a family started and we plan on living very long and fruitful lives together.”

Thranduil narrowed his eyes a fraction.

Soon, it was getting late and the guests of honor were gathering to leave. As politely as they could, they said their goodbyes to their host. Each one gave him their own sort of warning from “lovely time, I hope to see you again” while squeezing his hand too hard in a show of intimidation. When Thorin came up and shook his hand Thorin didn’t even smile. He squeezed hard enough to make Thranduil want to buckle.

“Remember what I said, and we do look forward to seeing you at the wedding.” Thorin sounded like grinding stones.

Frerin shook Thranduil’s hand, “Thank you for a good time.” He paused, grinning like the cheshire cat. “I hope the beds are nice and soft, after all Fili and Kili and I plan on continuing the ‘good time’.”

“You’re so cheeky.” Legolas tried not to laugh as Frerin pulled his hand away from the suddenly limp hold of Thranduil’s.

He went and shook Legolas’ hand. “I hope to see you too at the wedding, Legolas.”

“I wouldn’t dream of missing it. Take care.”

Thranduil turned away from the next guest that stepped up to him, holding out his hand. Legolas hesitated before taking the man’s hand and shaking it, apologizing for his bearer’s behavior.
This whole story was a wild ride and sometimes things didn't go as I had planned. This ending is one of them. I had to write it, then rewrite it, then re-rewrite it several times. Finally I got to a point where I realized I didn't want the story to end. So I had to force myself to end it. This was very hard to do. So if it seems disjointed or forced it's because it was and I'm sorry for that. Thank you for reading all the way to the end and hanging in there while I threw madness and deceit into your faces time and time again. I hope you enjoyed this story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Do you think he’ll fall for it?” Kili asked as he sat next to the fireplace. The warmth from the flickering flame usually bothered his skin, drying it out, forcing him to put on lotion. But it was a cold and wet night. Across from him was his brother, one of his two mates.

Fili was still dressed in his fine black suit pants, his crimson waist coat caught the amber firelight, his white button up shirt was a few buttons undone over his chest and his cuffs were open. He looked tired, haggard from being on guard the whole trip to Mirkwood. They didn't tell Thranduil that right after the party they went straight home. There they Lapped at Frerin’s stomach before laying with the omega until he was fast asleep. They slipped out to be in the main family room and made a fire to try to calm themselves. The whole time they wanted to attack Thranduil. They wanted to beat him into the ground, grind his bones within his own flesh. Yet they had to behave. They had to reel themselves in and keep their omega safe and stick to the plan that Fili had concocted. If they didn’t they would have to live their whole lives scared for Frerin and their children. For them, this was the one shot they had to make a safe life for their delicate, yet strong, lover.

Fili rubbed at his eyes with one hand. “Maybe, I’m not sure. I couldn’t read him.”

“Frerin said he was rather unhinged.”

“It’s hard to say. Frerin’s to close to him.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”
Fili rolled his tired eyes. “You know what I mean. Don’t get defensive.”

“If I’m defensive then it’s-”

“Kili.” Fili’s voice was stern, filled with alpha dominance. “Get to bed. Rest while you can. The next few days we’re going to have to remain on our guard… and pray that this will work.”

Kili closed his mouth. His shoulders squared off, he wanted to say something back. Tell Fili he’s being an asshole, tell him that he’s wrong; Frerin isn’t close to that devil any longer. But he knew that he was right. Frerin was too close. He was still damaged and had been damaged for such a long time. It was only recently that he started to heal. He wasn’t so scared, but he still cried, he still hid, he still had triggers that made his eyes wide and his hands shake from anxiety.

The brunet stood up and bade his brother a goodnight before slowly walking down the hall. His feet felt heavier than they ever had in all of his life. His hands felt numb while his mind swam in the still waters of anticipation. Something was going to happen, he just didn’t know what.

He stopped at the base of the stairs that would lead up to their bedroom. His eyes peering up to the endless dark above. For the first time since he was a small child he was faced with the fear of the dark.

Not knowing what lies ahead was a terrifying thought.

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The day of the wedding finally came.

In the early hours of the morning, snow came down in heavy, thick, flakes. All of Erebor was quiet as if the Lonely Mountain itself was holding its breath. A solitary church bell rung out. The chime reached far in the cold silence before another bell joined in creating a duo of an unorchestrated song. Within a minute another, then another rung out until all the churches of Erebor were singing loudly. The streets quickly filled with booths covered with colorful cloth with their red cheeked vendors. Merchandise were set out while festive foods were placed into portable ovens or slapped onto hot griddles. People from far and wide were arriving, dressed to impress for the occasion. Soon the streets were filled with laughter and joy.
Inside the great Castle of Erebor the servants were running back and forth trying to put on the final touches on the Grand Feast as well as the reception while an army of wedding planners and assistants checked and double checked and triple checked their work. Behind three closed doors there were the main participants of the wedding. Stomachs twisting into knots, palms sweating while nervous reciting of vows were forced upon them. It was soon that guests started to arrive, accepted by the King himself and welcomed into the Castle’s Chapel. Ushers found seats for each guest. Soon, the big event would start.

Fili straightened his beige tie before smoothing out his black suit. He was too young to be in the military just yet, he was supposed to go there after a few years of college so he wasn’t so wet behind the ears when it came to knowledge. If he had attended he would have worn the usual royal regalia, as it was he had a few things; the official crown of the Prince of Erebor, an embroidered cloak with the royal insignia. As per tradition, he also had his swords, placed in different scabbards that attached to either side of his hips.

He looked at himself in the mirror.

“I look like an idiot.” He really felt like he was child dressed up for a costume party. It didn’t help that he was nervous. He was hearing whispers from the servants about how lax security was. So far, everything was going as planned. But he still believed he looked like an idiot.

Kili, on the other hand, was dressed the same way as his brother, only with a dark blue tie and a bow and quiver being fixed onto his back by some servants that were also trying to keep his cloak from bunching while the prince kept moving, looking at himself in the mirror. Unlike his brother, he thought he looked rather dashing.

Frerin, though, was bent over a waste basket and throwing up the water he had been sipping on all morning. A servant held back his hair while another readied some mouthwash and mints. Once he was done and his breath smelling just this side of descent, he was stuffed into his wedding dress. While it was being adjusted and zipped tight, he looked himself in the mirror. The gold embroidery that laced through the soft white satin and silk matched his hair perfectly. On the bottom of the dress were different flowers that had priceless jewels fixed into their centers, each flower road on one of those golden vines. Sitting right above his butt was a stiff bow that matched the dress with gold veins and a blue rose nestled in the middle with a sapphire sitting in its center. Upon his brow as the pearl headdress that was traditional for the royal bride-to-be for Erebor to wear. While other jewels and gems were almost common in Erebor the pearl was rare and considered the most valuable just like an omega. Precious.

“I can’t believe I wanted a bow.” He mumbled under his breath.

“Your highness,” a servant stood in the open door. “They are ready for you.”
“Ready?! Now?!” Frerin grabbed handfuls of his skirts and ran out.

Servants followed him with his bouquet and his shoes and veil. He darted down the hallway with the servants running after him. At the end was Thorin and Dwalin, interrupted in their subtle conversation. The two alphas looked over their shoulders to see what looked like Frerin trying to make a run for it out of the wedding. Until Frerin nearly tripped and stumbled into a flailing hop on one foot trying hard not to land on his face. Thorin thrust out his hands for his brother to take hold of, helping him get back on balance.

“Am I late? I’m late! Oh gods, I’m late. How long have they waited? Was it long?” Frerin panted.

Thorin chuckled. He took the veil from one of the servants and put it on his little brother.

“I’m that late?!” Frerin fussed.

“Lad, you’re not late.” Dwalin tried.

“They must feel horrible! I didn’t mean for them to wait so long.”

“You’re not-”

Frerin grabbed Thorin’s arm and snatched his bouquet from another servant while he hopped on one foot again, as another tried to put his wedding shoes on. He shook his foot, “Enough, enough. I’m late!” He shoved and pulled at Thorin until the king stumbled with his little brother out into the open. Taken by surprise the keyboardist up by the alter scrambled to start up the music for the bride to walk down the aisle.

Fili and Kili were still in an embrace, Kili had only walked down the aisle himself a moment ago. The princes looked over their shoulders, pulling apart only enough to see their bride. Fili’s jaw dropped. Kili covered his mouth and tried to blink back tears. To their side, the bride’s maid, Bilbo furrowed his eyebrows and squinted towards the red carpet. “Is he wearing no shoes?”

They were halfway down the aisle when Frerin finally had enough. Thorin had tried holding him back, but the omega was a squirmy thing. He got out of the king’s grip and ran the rest of the way.
Fili and Kili opened their arms and Frerin threw himself into their hold. There were chuckles from the guests and even a few expressing that they found it “darling” and “cute”. Bilbo had to separate them and get them into their proper places while Thorin came up to them, taking hold of Frerin’s arm once more, as he was supposed to “give away” his brother.

As the ceremony commenced, in the audience, sat another king. He was in the second row, just behind family. Beside him was his son who would be gone to the military in less than a week. Legolas was smiling and watching with the guarded pleasure of witnessing one’s good friend having the best time of their life. This was their day, this was Frerin’s day, and he certainly would be upset on his friend’s behalf if someone tried to ruin it. Little did he know his bearer was screaming inside his head. Screaming hateful, poisonous things.

*MINE!! He’s MINE!!*

*That filthy whore! How could he betray me like this?!!*

*He’s doing it just to hurt me. I know it! He doesn’t love them, how could he when he has me?! Am I not perfect? Have I not given him everything?!!*

*He’s spitting in my face!!*

*Cunt!*

*Bitch!*

*WHORE!!*

Thranduil watched the three. Watched them smile at one another, speak their honey thick vows. He spiraled down further into his sick mindset. His fingers curled around the warmed metal that sat on his lap, tucked under layers of traditional robes for his people. They hid the holster, they hid the gun.

Suddenly, his heart stopped.
The rings were being produced.

Frerin holding up his hand to Fili.

Then Thranduil was standing up. Each heart beat lasted a lifetime as he pulled the revolver free. Someone screamed. Frerin was being shoved back, Fili and Kili trying to shield him, Thorin rushing to them. Thranduil was pulling the trigger when he got slammed in his side. His aim was thrown off as the gun discharged. The shot random and whiled as the gun was wrestled from him.

Suddenly everything sped up from slow to regular time. Everything was confusing as people screamed and ran. Guards were throwing themselves onto Thranduil while Legolas leaned against the back of a pew. Shocked and terrified from what he saw what his father had just done, as well as relieved that he had acted fast enough to shove into his side. A guard grabbed the gun from Legolas’ limp hold.

There was a scream, “The King is DEAD!!”

Thorin, laid on his side, blood darkening the red carpet under him.

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10 Years Later

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Frerin had gray in his hair, a silver streak that looked more like glitter in his golden hair than gray. He smiled as he looked through the window of the small cabin that his husbands had fixed up. They built on a few extra rooms to accommodate the children. Even though he had a dishwasher and there was a maid to help out he still preferred to do things by hand. He liked the action of washing the dishes while watching the children play outside with their fathers and numerous uncles. When the Ris came to visit it became a family reunion each and every time, Nori and Bofur’s children were called cousins by Frerin’s own little brood.

It was summer vacation and the sun was bright and beautiful filtered through the forest canopy.

“Mama! Mama!!” A little redhead with Kili’s eyes ran into the kitchen. “They won’t let me take a ride!”
“They won’t?” Frerin looked down at his youngest omega. A little thing that was premature by a few weeks. It scared his parents and grandparents but pulled through and now was a little spitfire and rather strong for a small thing and he was terribly smart.

“They won’t!” He stomped his little foot angrily.

“Loki, you need to learn that your uncle Thorin isn’t here to give you rides all the time, your brothers need to learn that as well.”

He picked up Loki and settled him onto his hip, hissing a little when a knee bumped his round belly the wrong way. “Careful, kiddo, your little brother tries to fight back even when he’s in mommy’s tummy.”

“Sorry.”

Frerin took his time getting outside, he had gained some weight from birthing and was happy to tell Fili and Kili to get themselves neutered after this baby was born. He thought nine kids were enough, then this one decided to get into his womb. Ten, ten kids was enough for any parent.

Soon as he was outside he saw a pile of limbs and colorful hair on top of a wheelchair, Thorin’s hands sticking out over the wheels, keeping them still so no little feet or hands could get caught.

Frerin put Loki down onto his feet before pressing his hands to his back and straightening out. “Alright, alright, get off your uncle!”

Only the yellow head of Bragi separated from the group of colors. Frerin went and got the hose and turned it on, he went back and sprayed the squirming pile of squealing children. The kids quickly scattered like cats leaving behind a slightly soaked laughing Thorin stranded in his wheelchair.

“You’re enjoying this way too much.” Frerin tried not to laugh with his infectious chuckles.

Just then a jeep pulled up, before the engine could be shut off the kids were screaming once more and running up. Bilbo jumped out of the passenger seat before Kili came out of the driver’s side. He was dressed in army camo and army cap covering his cut hair. Frerin couldn’t wait for Kili to
quit his military career in order to grow out his long brown hair once more. He was glad that he at least could keep his growing beard. The little beasts he had helped spawn ran up to him wrapping wet arms around his legs while others pulled onto him until he had a child in each arm and a said hello to each and every one of them. Bilbo went over to his husband and started fussing over how Thorin was wet which only made the man laugh more.

Kili managed to wiggle free enough to come over to Thorin and drop a child into his uncle’s lap. He clapped Thorin’s shoulder and greeted him warmly before giving him a strong hug. He went over to Frerin and gave him a kiss while holding him tight. Frerin clung onto one of his two husbands.

“How long are you home for?”

“Two weeks. Fili coming?”

“He’s finishing up at the castle, he should be here by dinner.”

“Good, I missed him last time.”

“He’s been kicking himself this whole time.”

Kili smiled fondly at his wife. He brushed a few locks of hair behind a perfectly kissable ear. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“I love you so much that I’ll even cook dinner.”

“Oh, man, that’s a whoooole lot of love.”

One of their sons sudden piped up, “Yeah! That’s a whole lot of love!”

The two laughed.
Kili was in the middle of cooking dinner when Fili arrived. As the children saw him every day they were not as excited to see him but still wanted hugs and kisses from their golden haired father. Fili had grown more barrel chested and sported a little bit of fat over his stomach while Kili had grown muscular and lithe from his time in the military after Fili had left to take over the kingdom for Thorin. The brothers hugged each other tight for a long time before sharing a soft kiss.

“You and Frerin are becoming little salt and pepper shakers, you know that, right?” Kili joked.

“I heard that!” Frerin yelled from another room where he was possibly stranded once more being weighted down by his large belly and possibly two or three of their omega children that couldn’t wait for their little brother to be born.

“Yeah, we heard that!” A little omega voice called out.

“Ah, Gyda, always fussing over the tharkal.” Fili smiled.

“Ugh, ah! Tone down the smiling, Fili, family life has made you brighter than the sun!” Kili over dramatized as he went back to cooking.

“Family life is where we belong, my darling.” Fili hugged Kili from behind. “All of us.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading.

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