Touch The Butts -- Hobbit Edition
by whaleofataleteller

Summary

You were a simple office worker, until a twist of fate sends you tumbling into Middle Earth and into the Company of Thorin Oakenshield. You don’t know what to expect, you don’t know if you will survive, but you have this feeling that there is a great love story in the making. But who will be the one you are destined to be with? Make your choice and Touch The Butts.
Welcome to Touch The Butts -- Hobbit Edition!

This story is written to be similar to a dating sim/choose your own path story. At the end of each chapter, in the notes section, there will options for choices, telling you where to go for each choice you make. Follow your choices to see what ending you get, to see if you find love with one of the characters in the Hobbit, or if you simply find peace!

Just a note...your choices could extend the story and create an epic adventure, if you choose wisely, by going from path to path. But be warned, certain characters only have certain times you can start a relationship with them, and only certain times you can leave a path when you are on it, so CHOOSE WISELY!

Have fun touching all the butts!
Life is stressful, messy, and frankly a pain in the ass. Just a great big ball of ass kissers and nay-sayers and you were done! FUCKING DONE! That was what went through your mind as you stomped through the park. You meant to go on a relaxing walk, clear your mind from the promotion you didn’t get, even though you were perfect for the job. You had dropped five years into that damn company and you were more than qualified! Your jaw began to ache from your teeth grinding together and you forced yourself to take a calming breath. Anyway…

But when the time came, it was the new guy, who stuck his nose so far up the boss’ ass that he was brown all over…that guy had gotten the promotion instead of you. That brown nosing dick. So, here you were, grumbling to yourself as you moved through the quiet, mostly empty park. Those few people who were around gave you strange looks, regarding you with curiosity and worry.

You were of the opinion “screw ‘em” until you saw one person shuffle away from you after you said some unpleasant words under your breath. They may have thought you were saying those words to them for no reason, but frankly, you didn’t care right now.

“I just need to clear my mind.” You spoke out loud to the surrounding nature. You found a large, old tree and leaned against it, sighing heavily. “Maybe I should just turn in my vacation days and get away for a while? Or should I just toss in the towel and find a new path?” Your eyes drifted up to the swaying branches, watching them move against the setting sky. You watched, as if their motions were a code that you could somehow decipher, that this old tree would grant you some advice on what to do with your life. But it didn’t. It was just a tree after all.

“Maybe a new path is best…” You mumbled to yourself as your heart felt heavy. You pushed up from the tree to head back into the office, gather your stuff, and head home. It was time…if they weren’t going to appreciate you, then they didn’t deserve your hard work and loyalty! You put a bit of force behind the push against the tree, trying to vent some anger so you didn’t snap at someone upon your return. It was that…plus the root your foot got wedged under somehow, sent you free falling forward to the earth.

Your eyes slammed shut, your brain playing the ‘see no evil, there is no evil’ card, figuring it would be a short fall, possibly scraped up hands, skinned knee, perfect end to an already shitty day. Hey, maybe you would get some sympathy points as you walked back into your office, milk it for what it was worth, maybe that cute guy from accounting would help you carry your stuff back down to your car? So you waited for the inevitable thump against the ground. But instead, you fell forward for longer than you thought.
It was just long enough that you opened your eyes, curious at what the delay was. A slight part of your brain played that rom com bit where the handsome guy catches you just at the right time. After the day you had, you should have known better…

Opening your eyes…It was a horrible, terribly horrible mistake. Where there should have been green grass, a rock path, seemingly close…it was gone. Straight up gone! Now you were falling, like as if you fell from the top of a tree, plummeting to Earth.

There was some strange voice, or something similar in your ear. And although you could probably attributed it to shock about what was happening, you could have sworn it said, ‘a new path granted’. The hell?! Did someone slip you a roofie or something?!

A strong gust seemed to hold you in the air for a moment as you glanced down. The tree…the tree that you “fell out of”, it was the one from the park! Your stomach suddenly shifted, feeling the force of gravity acting on your body again. A scream bubbled up from your throat to make a high pitched screech as the ground came closer…closer…the limbs from the nearby trees scratched your face and arms, ripped your clothes. But that wasn’t the worst of it.

The worst was the large log that was laid next to the tree…

SLAM

Your body connected with the fallen log and the air left your body. The pain was indescribable. You tried to gasp in air, feeling the burning throughout your whole body, but you couldn’t. Your mouth just fell open and your eyes widened as you tried to comprehend what was happening.

Unfortunately, you didn’t get long to process, or even breathe before you heard the voices. You couldn’t quite make them out, your body pulsing in pain, you could even hear it, the heart beat that was moving throughout your body.

You felt hands on your arms, moving you off the log and setting you down. You tried to focus on the voices, but they were still blurring together, so many at once…until.

“ENOUGH!” A deep voice shouted, silencing all others. “Oin, check on her.”

You gasped for breath as an old, short man with some weird metal thing stuck in his ear approached
“Alright, lass. Where does it hurt the worst?” His presence made you feel a little better. He kinda reminded you of your grandpa. Those worry filled eyes that also looked sweet and kind. He even smelled like tobacco smoke like grandpa used to…but this guy was a lot shorter…

You opened your mouth to answer, but nothing came out, just your mouth moving.

“You’re going to have to talk louder, lass! I’m hard of hearing on this side!” He pushed the little metal thing into your face as you whispered to him.

“Everywhere.”

He leaned back and shot you an unimpressed look. “Well, that’s what you get for climbing a tree and falling out! Ain’t what a proper lass should be doin’, and in these clothes?!” You had no doubt that he would have been happy to keep chastising you, but someone interrupted him.

“But she didn’t climb the tree, I saw it! She fell from a hole in the sky!” A younger looking guy with a crazy amount of yarn wrapped around his little body squeaked up. He looked sweet, and was regarding you with utter worry, and a twinge of curiosity, his hands playing with the button of his sweater as he gave you a little smile. He tried shuffled forward a bit, but was yanked back by another white haired man who had a strange look on his face.

“I did as well!”

“Is she a specter?”

“She is a bad omen, we should leave her be!”

“We can’t leave her out here alone. Look at her, she is barely even dressed!” You couldn’t help but feel a bit embarrassed that all of these people were around you, gawking as it were, and you were only in your white blouse and pencil skirt and…well, you used to have shoes…they must have fallen off at some point. Either way, you felt exposed and vulnerable, your emotional state was already on the brink from work, and now it felt like too much.
The arguing went on for a few minutes as the one with the metal ear thing continued to work on you. You found the air back in your lungs and was able to talk louder, but kept your mouth shut. You didn’t want to be getting into trouble, so you figured silence was best. You would just have grandpa-guy look at you and then they could point you to the nearest hospital and you could get checked out properly. That was the plan. At least, until a very tall man walked up dressed in grey robes.

“Move out of the way!” He said quickly before kneeling by your side. You shifted away from him but he just gave you a gentle smile. “No need to be worried, my dear. No one here will hurt you.”

His voice had a calming effect on you, and apparently on the group, who had now gone silent as they watched your exchange with this man.

“Tell me dear, you are not from here, are you?”

“Wh…where is here? I was in the park. I tripped and fell, then…here.”

“I see. And what was the place you came from called?”

The place…what? Was this guy on drugs? Were you on drugs? Seriously, did someone slip you a roofie?! “Uh…Chicago.”

“I see.” The man reached forward and gave your head a little pat before he turned away from you to talk to someone else. This other one was very intimidating looking, his black hair swept away from him, the way his blue, cold eyes bored into yours, it made you shiver. He had that air of “piss me off and die” around him, and you made a mental note to keep on his good side, if able.

“This young lady is not from Middle Earth. It seems she was brought here for some reason. I do not sense any dark magic or foul intent, I suggest we keep her with us. Perhaps she was brought here for a reason.”

“I will not have a young lass, a barely dressed one at that, stumbling around and distracting us from our mission.” The dark haired man growled, and you couldn’t help but feel offended. What was this ass hole implying?! Distracting…well, up yours Grumpy McGrumperson! Of course, you didn’t voice that.
“Well, we cannot leave her here. She does not know of this world, she will not survive the night.” A blonde man spoke quickly as he stepped up and gave you a sympathetic smile. You gave him a little smile back, suddenly a much bigger fan of this guy. As if he sensed your ease he knelt down next to you and gave you a serious look. “You are safe now.”

The dark haired man, who must be this cult’s ring leader stepped back and a couple followed him to discuss as you sat there in silence. A couple of them remained out of the pow-wow and turned their attention to you.

“What is your name?” The squeaky one with all the yarn asked. He shuffled forward again, letting you see him a bit better, which made you wonder if you hit your head harder than you thought, cause all of these guys are really…short. Well…you were short too, but…still…

You shifted to look at him and tried to give him a soft smile, ignoring the internal screaming and freak out that was going on in your head right now.

“Y/n. Y/n L/n.”

“That’s a pretty name. I’m Ori!” He gave you a little bow before he snapped back up and started rummaging around in his pockets for something. He was cute, almost like a little kitten. You could see the friendliness and curiousness rolling off of him. You had nothing to fear from him.

“And I’m Fili.” The blonde one who knelt down to you earlier finally spoke up again. You honestly were a bit taken back by his smile. Those blue eyes, very pretty blue eyes…his hair was braided at different points, he was clearly well built. You didn’t even realize he was talking at first, only catching the end of his words. “Are you cold? We could-oh, thank you Ori.”

Ori seemed to have fished some knitted gloves and a scarf from his pockets and handed them off to the one called Fili, who took no time in getting you bundled up in the scarf and helping you slide the overly big gloves on your fingers.

“T-thanks.” You muttered, pulling your hands back against you for warmth. You hadn’t noticed it before, but you were very cold here…wherever you were.

“Of course, can’t have a pretty lass like you freezing out here, can we?” Before you could say your thanks, another one person shuffled forward, taking up space right next to the tall grey robed man.
“Excuse me, Fili. But perhaps this would help?” He held out a small blanket or something to the blonde and gave a bit of a nod in your direction.

“Of course!” Fili didn’t seem to understand personal bubble space as he moved quickly to help you lean forward before wrapping something around your shoulders. But honestly, as kind as these three were being, you really didn’t mind.

“Thank you…uh…” Your eyes traveled over him, noting differences between the others and… woah, those were some big ass feet.

“Bilbo Baggins. At your service.” He gave a little tight smile and nod of his head, making his blonde curls shake. He was shorter, and you couldn’t help but focus on his feet…why was he barefoot? “Do you need anything else? We could gather some food up for you, or Dori makes a wonderful cup of tea?”

Oh my, this one had excellent manners! And he was kinda cute, too! His little pointed ears poking out under his hair, those eyes shining at you, the way he toyed with his jacket. You gave him a shake of your head. “No, thank you. I just…” Your voice trailed off as you looked around, scared of what was going on. The shock was wearing on you, breaking at your silent exterior, it was crumbling before you and there was no stopping it.

“I completely understand.” Bilbo leaned forward and gave you a squeeze of the shoulder. “This lot may not be the most welcoming…or cleanest…or have the best manners…”

“No, no, of course not. You truly will be no safer than with this group, Miss L/n.” Bilbo pouted as he spoke, glaring at the little man.

“Aye! I’m beginning to think he doesn’t like us, brother!” Another one just popped out of nowhere, quite literally. His dark hair pooled around his shoulders as he leaned on Fili, giving you a big grin. “Don’t worry, miss. We aren’t as bad as he makes out.” The dark haired guy gave you a wink, to which you could only blink and turn back to Bilbo.

“No, no, of course not. You truly will be no safer than with this group, Miss L/n.” Bilbo clapped his hands together, as if some decision was made before he walked off muttering something about tea, even though you said you didn’t want any. Such a curious person.

As you pondered this, you couldn’t help but think of a million other questions that came swimming
You turned to the grey robed man, the one who spoke with you earlier and cleared your throat. “Excuse me. You said I wasn’t from here…where is here exactly?”

“Why, you are in Middle Earth, my dear.”

“Middle…Earth…why not?” You just threw out your sanity and decided to embrace this, whatever it was. Maybe you just hit your head and were hallucinating or this was some crazy dream. Yea, that was it…a dream…where you got paired with a bunch of short, albeit attractive men. Why not? Until you figured it out, you decided to just roll with it. Go to sleep, wake up back in your apartment, all would be fine.

“She can stay. But if she becomes too much of a burden we will leave her in one of the towns.” The leader guy said. You scoffed at his words and rolled your eyes. Maximum shock levels had been reached, and you were done with everything.

“I’m not some bag of potatoes you just leave outside. I am a person you know.” You growled under your breath as Fili and the grey man helped you stand. You felt your muscles shift in your back as you stretched, knowing that you were bruised six ways to Sunday, and you were going to hurt for a while.

“Well, my dear. I bid you welcome, to the Company of Thorin Oakenshield.” He gave you a smile as you looked up to him, before he spoke again. “My name is Gandalf. I believe introductions are in order.”

It was only then that you saw the rest of the group. “Oh hell…” You mumbled under your breath as fourteen pairs of eyes locked onto you. This was some jacked up dream.

Chapter End Notes

Well, this has been fun. Hopefully tomorrow will be better! (Go to "20 Questions")
You managed to curl up under a cloak from one of the men-dwarves, they said they were dwarves—you were now with and managed to get a bit of sleep. By bit you meant maybe twenty minutes. Your mind was running a mile a second, but you just figured it was some crazy dream, must have hit your head too hard when you fell…it would be fine. You would open your eyes to the white walls of a hospital where hopefully you had a CAT scan and everything was normal again...

But it wasn’t. You woke with a start at hearing two of the men-dwarves shouting at one another and sat up, groaning as you felt your body twitch against the bruises that covered your body from the fall. Every muscle in your body was crying out, begging you to just sit as still as possible and pray for medication, but you honestly didn’t even know if they had that here. So, you tried to distract yourself from the pain. Your eyes moved quickly, taking stock of what was around you before you let out a loud groan and let your head fall forward. Just trees, rocks, grass, and a lot of dwarves...

“Lass, you alright?” You didn’t look up to see who was speaking, not like you knew all of their names anyway...

“It wasn’t a dream…I’m still here...” You quickly brought your knees up and rested your head against them, shaking your head slowly. What did you do? Was this some type of Karma thing, did you step on a butterfly somewhere and now this was your punishment? “What fresh hell is this?” You groaned as you felt tears sting your eyes. But you wouldn’t let them fall, you didn’t want to seem weak.

“Aww, come now. It’s not that bad...at least we found you before the Orcs and Goblins did!” That phrase caught your attention. You turned your head and looked up, glancing at the dwarf before you. He had this goofy hat on his head, his moustache was long and strange looking, but you couldn’t help but smile at that joyful little twinkle he had in his eyes. Honestly, just looking at him seemed to cheer you up, it was like he had this aura of joy that broke through the melancholy air of your own feelings. But even still, something didn’t sit right with you.

“What the hell is an Orc?” You didn’t realize there were others up and moving around you, cooking or packing up...until they suddenly stopped. The silence was deafening as you looked around, a bunch of eyes on yours in shock. Those few you did recognize from last night you noticed held a mixture of emotions. Fili had shock, Ori looked scared, and Bilbo looked like he was pitying you. Why would he pity you?

“You—you don’t know what an Orc is?” Bilbo’s pity look turned to worry as he asked you the
question they were all apparently thinking. It was something important, you could tell, but you honestly didn’t see the problem.

“No. Are they dangerous?”

“Well, you could say that.” The funny hatted dwarf spoke. He scratched the back of his neck as a nervous twitch. It was obvious he was about to say more, but Bilbo interrupted him before anything else could be said.

“Bofur!” Bilbo chastised him, but the dwarf, Bofur must be his name, just waved his hand away.

“Calm down, Mister Bilbo. If she is going to be in this world, she should at least know the basics. Now…” Bofur sat down next to you and gave you a friendly smile. He picked up the cloak you had used as a blanket and wrapped it around you as he spoke in a soft tone, letting the others get back to work. “About Orcs…”

So, you were a girl who fell from the sky and into this foreign world, a world with things like Orcs. That was not a fun conversation. It was terrifying to listen to Bofur tell you about what they were and what they were capable of. But he was sweet, anytime he sensed you were getting upset, he gently grabbed one of your hands and gave it a squeeze. A simple little show of understanding and comfort, and you were glad for it.

But after that conversation, you realized something even more terrifying. You knew nothing of this world, absolutely nothing, except there were Dwarves, Hobbits (you still weren’t sure what they were except that Bilbo was one), Wizards, and Orcs. So naturally, you had some questions. You were with, after you finally got a chance to count, fourteen men of a variety of races, and you knew nothing about the differences and cultures, dangers, or anything. Bofur had told you more and more about the world, the dangers in particular that you may have to face. Orcs were just the beginning, then goblins, and other things you couldn’t remember the name of. Your head was spinning. But that still didn’t stop the mass amount of questions you had, questions that you needed answered if you were going to survive.

Bofur was such a sweetheart, he sat next to you during breakfast, answering any little question you thought of at the time, mainly about which ones (of all the races) were dangerous and which ones weren’t. Orcs and Goblins were the ones to worry about you decided, and based on what Bofur had explained, you would know them when you saw them.
“And if you see one, you get behind me and the others, we will keep ya safe, lass.” He said with a smile and a one armed hug. Fili had agreed with him, making some joke about slaying the beasts before they would even see you. It didn’t help your fear though.

And you had learned, from watching the others, that hobbits too could be dangerous, if manners were challenged. That you discovered after Bofur and Kili paired up to make a bad joke, trying to get you to smile. Sure, it worked, you thought it was funny and you were happy they were there to raise your spirits, but that joke brought on the wrath of Bilbo. The guy looked adorable trying to be all intimidating…his face turned red and he wagged his finger in their faces and then quickly took your arm and guided you away into the mothering arms of…Dori? Or was it Nori? Shit, you had to get them straight…at least you knew he was Ori’s brother.

But the moment of humor and Dori fretting over you didn’t stop the thought, you still had so many questions…

That was what lead to the moment you would later call, The Start of Chaos. You rose with the company this morning, trying to do something other than standing there and looking useless. Bombur (that name you remembered) had let you cut up some vegetables. Honestly, you couldn’t really focus because you spent most of your time wondering if the hair looping down was his hair or his beard…either way, wow!

The three white haired dwarves, Oin was the one with the horn (you remembered), and then Bolin? Balin? And D-N-D-N-Dori? They came up to you after a few words that were debated around the group, some clothes were thrust your way. Different members of the company had offered some of their own supplies to make you more comfortable, how sweet!

You got dressed and sat next to Bilbo, as you would every morning for the next few days, and he walked through everyone’s names again, understanding the challenge in getting all the names straight. You were getting there! The one you talked to with the hat, that was Bofur. Ori was the knitted one, he was such a sweetie…if he could escape the clutches of his big brother…Dori or Nori…oh boy, seriously?! Which one is the white haired one? Of course you knew Fili…but once you added Kili into the mix, you kept getting them mixed up! It didn’t help that they deliberately tried mixing you up now and then. You knew Bombur, Bilbo, Gandalf, Thorin, Dwalin, Oin. It was coming along…

So here you were, in ill-fitting pants (that came from Kili/Fili…which ever one the dark haired one was) and shirt (from Dwalin). Boots that were too big (Curtesy of Ori)...but you couldn’t really complain, it was better than trekking through the woods in what you were wearing. These dwarves weren’t all that different from you, size wise. You were considered pretty short in your world, and from what you heard from the group, it was no different here, so you fit in pretty well.
The quirky dark haired one (Kili or Fili, seriously, which one was he? Where was Bilbo, you could ask him…) was the tallest and you stood just a bit taller than him. But Bilbo, the company’s hobbit, he was short compared to you. And the tall one, Gandalf, he was like a towering giant, but he seemed nice.

Anyway, you found yourself moving with the group as they packed up camp, not quite sure what to do with yourself. It was so strange to just spend the day on a pony and then stop, and then do it again. It was then that Fili and Kili came up to you with big smiles on their faces. They yapped your ear off about one thing or another, asking question after question, it was making your head spin (Cue The Start of Chaos)

“Stop, oh my gosh!” You said quickly as you stepped back, bumping into…you flat up didn’t remember that one’s name. “Sorry,” you mumbled before turning back to them. “That’s it…if you are going to ask me a bunch of questions, I want to ask some too!” You crossed your arms over your chest and gave them a determined stare. They seemed to look to each other for a moment before matching grins popped up on their faces.

“Of course! We can take turns!”

“It will be like a game!”

“A fun game, with a pretty girl!”

“From another world, what fun!”

Oh hell, what did you get yourself into? And how did they have that much energy?!

“Fili! Kili! Stop pestering her and get your ponies ready!” Yelled Thorin, he was the leader of this group, the one that wanted to leave you at first, had the others not come to your rescue. He didn’t seem to take to you very much…Normally you wouldn’t care, but you honestly didn’t do anything to upset him, except fall through some hole in time and space, but still, it wasn’t like you did it on purpose! What was his problem?! You mentioned this to Bofur when you talked to him earlier, but he just said it was how Thorin was, told you to give him time and he would warm up to you. But you couldn’t help but think, if you warm up to a porcupine, it is still going to get you with its barbs.

Great, now you were picturing Thorin as a porcupine. You snorted as you let that image sit into
your brain.

“What’s so funny?” Ori pipped up as he handed you the reins to his pony to hold for a moment.

“Pff…Thor-cupine…Pff.” Ori just gave you a nervous smile, clearly not understanding before he took back his reins and walked off, muttering under his breath.

The next few moments went by like a blur. The camp was packed up, almost like magic, and you were thrust onto a horse with one of the company and off you were with your strange group of new friends.

“So…ladies first!” You looked over, not releasing the death grip you had on the dwarf in front of you…Nori? Or Dori? The one that looked like he had a starfish for a head…maybe you could just call him starfish? He probably wouldn’t like that. But it was probably better than calling him by his brother. The rhyming names were making it easier to place people, but it was still confusing as hell. And Ori warned you not to mix his brothers up, that it may stir up some trouble and cause a fight. You hoped he meant verbal, but you could see it in his eyes…he meant a fist one.

“What?”

“Our question game!” The blonde one said quickly. You thought he was Fili, but when you walked up and said so earlier, he just chuckled and said he was Kili…but last night he said he was Fili…such assholes sometimes.

“Oh, yea…um…what was your name again?” You said with a bit of a blush on your cheeks. The dwarf you were riding with burst out in laughter and you couldn’t help but duck your head in shame. Come on world…just swallow you whole. “It’s just…I feel like the answer changes every morning!” You said into the dwarfs back. You felt him stiffen up and felt his hair brush your head as he turned his head towards the blonde one.

“Really? She is havin’ enough problems as it is, don’t be mean.” The dwarf said with air of disappointment.

The blonde dwarf swallowed some air and nodded before he looked to you. “Fili.” He gave you a soft smile and a wink, not seemingly offended you couldn’t remember his name, given he has changed it every morning since you arrived.
“Are you sure…cause a while back you said it was Kili.” You deadpanned.

“His name is Fili.” Said the dwarf in front of you as he turned around and gave you a wink. “And before you crack your skull thinkin’ too hard, I’m Nori.” Nori turned back to the front, patting your hands that were locked in front of him. “I noticed you would easily call out to Ori but not say me or Dori’s name, figured you got us mixed up…not sure how…he’s an old stick in the mud, mother hen…I’m the fun one, but I understand…sorta. Lot to take in and all that.”

“How about me, do you know mine?!” The one he was always with, his brother, came up on the other side with a big smile on his face.

“Well, if he is Fili…then you are Kili.” You said with a proud look on your face.

“Yes!” Kili smiled at you before throwing a look over your head to his brother. “See, Fee. She likes me better, that’s why she remembers my name!”

“Oh, please. She wouldn’t have gotten yours if I hadn’t of told her mine. She associates you as my brother, so clearly she likes me the best. And why not? I am the eldest!”

That sparked a mild argument between the brothers, which if they didn’t look different you would swear were twins, and a little game of ‘which dwarf am I’…which you actually did fairly well with…seeing as Nori was whispering you the answers if you hesitated with someone’s name. He was a sneaky one like that, not that you minded. He was quickly rising to be a good friend in this crazy group, especially when he started telling you embarrassing facts about each other member of the group.

“And what about you?” You joked as you nudged him. “What is your embarrassing fact, since you are throwing everyone else under the bus?”

“Bus? What’s a bus?” He quirked a braided eyebrow at you.

“Don’t change the subject!” You laughed, enjoying the light banter you had with him.

“Mother used to dress him up as a girl.” Dori supplied quickly as he rode by on his pony, not even looking at either of you as he said it. It was a perfect “drop the mic” moment, that lead to chaos as Nori start spouting insults and curse words towards his brother.
But the day didn’t end when the riding stopped, as much as you wished it would. All this riding was causing pains in places you didn’t even know pain could exist. Nori had to basically drag you off the pony because your legs hurt so bad.

But the pain drifted away as your mind tried to keep up as each dwarf was interested in you and had their own questions. So, you would ask a question, one of them would answer, then one of them would ask a question, and it just moved around the circle. Some questions were more entertaining than others. Like your favorite one from the playful dwarf Kili…You would keep them straight now, cause you just thought Fili has Fair hair…F and F…not a perfect system, but it works.

“Are all lasses as pretty as you in your world?” You still smiled when you thought of it. He was such a sweetie. And what’s more, you didn’t detect any hint of teasing or falsehood in his statement. He truly was asking, and he truly thought you were pretty. If that didn’t make you blush a bit, then the rest of the company agreeing with him certainly did.

“I…um, I don’t know.” You just shrugged your shoulders and he gave you a wink. “I guess I’m average?”

Some questions were innocent, like Bifur (translated by Bofur). “He wants to know why your fingers are blue.”

“Oh…” You forgot you had nail polish on. “It’s just for show, it comes off.” That lead to a long line of questioning by Ori about ‘what was nail polish’ and ‘how is it made’ and ‘what is it’s use’, such a curious one he was.

Some required further explanation, like from Gloin. “What is the current equivalency of gold to silver in your world?”

The explanation of paper money was not one you thought would cause such a hot debate. And on and on it went into the night.

You didn’t mind such questions, but other questions, like ones from Dwalin were, for lack of a better word, rude.
“Are you completely useless with a weapon?” You just glared at him for a moment, taking stock that you probably shouldn’t piss him off, and then turned away anyway.

“Next question?” You deadpanned, looking over to Bombur, who had tried for the last five questions to get his out, only to be interrupted.

“Ya didn’t answer mine!” Dwalin defended, puffing up like some angry cat.

“Yes, and I won’t until you ask me in a way that isn’t insulting and doesn’t feel like you are calling me a weak, helpless, useless woman. I may not be from this world, but you could at least have a little respect!” You had to give the dwarf credit, he snapped his mouth shut.

Dwalin was a dwarf you would never mistake for someone else. He was intimidating and always had a scowl on his face. At first, you avoided him like the plague, but then his brother Balin gave you the best piece of advice you have ever received.

“Don’t let him push you around. He may look all big and scary, and true there is no better warrior, but deep down, he is just a big softy. Hold your own and he will respect you all the better.” The white haired dwarf was one of three in the group that you thought of like a protective grandfather. The other two being Oin (couldn’t mistake him with that metal trumpet thing he had up to his ear half the time) and Dori (who was the biggest mother hen if you ever did meet one…but he was still sweet, it was a family trait, you learned).

And about five questions later, Dwalin leaned forward and asked his question again, worded a bit differently. To be honest, you were surprised he did that. To say he intimidated the hell out of you was an understatement, but Balin was right, you standing your ground seemed to earn you the slightest bit of respect from him.

“Do you have any skill with a certain weapon?”

“Nope.” You answered with a smile and then turned to the person sitting next to him, knowing the quick dismissal would grind his gears. Fili and Kili weren’t the only mischief makers in the group anymore. “Balin, how do you get your beard to stay like that?” You asked playfully. Dwalin just huffed and got up as you tried to hide your smile as Balin just chuckled as his brother’s reaction. Sure, Dwalin was a big, bad warrior dwarf, if what the others said was true…but he was too easy to rile up.
The game went on into the night, until Thorin finally told everyone to turn in. You managed to wedge yourself in a nice position between the fire and an old tree trunk, and let yourself drift away. The stories and new information was still swimming in your mind, giving you the weirdest of dreams, but nothing compared to when you woke up.

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That next morning, you were woken when you felt someone poking your shoulder. You twisted your head and squinted your eyes as you looked to who was bothering you. It was Nori.

“What?” You asked sleepily, looking at him like he was that annoying alarm clock first thing in the morning.

“Do many people in your world go to other worlds?” He asked quickly and silently. Nori was curious, something else you discovered was a family trait. And you didn’t mind, but the sun wasn’t even up yet. And you planned to point that out, but before you could give him an answer, or tell him to go to hell and let you sleep, a hand reached out and snatched his ear.

“OW! OW! OW! OW!” He shouted, alerting everyone else.

“You leave that lass alone! She needs her sleep! What makes you think it is right to wake her…” Dori pulled his brother back by the ear and you sat up in shock as you watched Nori get pulled away into one of the worst ass chewings you had ever heard. You looked around the group, taking them all in for a moment. They all were as sleepy eyed as you at first, but then, after hearing Dori light into Nori, everyone was up. And that meant…

“So, I was wondering…”

“It’s my turn to ask!”

“You had a go yesterday!”

“So did you!”
“Lads, let the girl breathe. We all have questions, but best not overwhelm her.” Thank god for the sensibility of Balin. But it wasn’t enough.

“We should draw lots!”

“That’s a fine idea!”

“May I draw many? I have many questions! I made a list!” Ori held up his little book and you couldn’t help but groan. There was a list?! What was this, the SAT’s?! Holy shit! He filled three pages?! You groaned at the commotion around you and just let yourself fall back on the ground. When your head landed you couldn’t help but realize there were a pair of boots nearby. Looking up, you looked into the face of the leader of the company.

He gave you a stern look before his features softened as he knelt down next to you, chuckling as he spoke. “Do you wish for me to get them to stop?”

You huffed out a laugh. “I don’t think the gods themselves could get them to stop. Wait...you do have gods here, right?” Thorin smiled and nodded before giving your shoulder a soft squeeze before walking away. You watched him move away and just rolled over and nestled into your arm. You could have sworn you heard him chuckle. He had a nice laugh, not something you expected from him.

And you were right, about what you told Thorin. The questions didn’t stop. They popped up randomly and without warning for the next couple days, even Thorin had a couple, but you were happy to answer them. You had only known them for about a week, but this group had grown on you, and you saw each of them as a new friend.

Ori, the one you went to for quiet conversations and to see drawings of the world. Bilbo, the respectable one who would tell you stories about the Shire. Fili and Kili, the two that always pulled you into trouble. Bofur, the one who could always make you smile and laugh. Nori, the one you were certain had the most colorful background, and possibly stole and replaced something of yours every time he talked to you. Even Thorin and Dwalin seemed to be coming around to you, both of them quick to come to your defense if someone was being overzealous with questions, or if Fili/Kili/Nori started mischief. And of course the others, Balin, Dori, and Oin, who had taken on rolls of your surrogate family, making sure you were well. Gloin, who bragged about his family, Bombur, who always gave you a bit more food than everyone else, and Bifur, who although silent, was happy to give you a silent greeting each morning.
Such a strange group of people, and although they had tons of questions, were a bit rough around the edges, and tended to cross that invisible line of “didn’t need to know that” a few times, you were happy they were the ones that found you when you fell to this world.

Chapter End Notes

Perhaps an adventure with these guys won't be so bad! (Go to "Much Needed Bath")
So began another day of riding, it seemed like it was all you ever did anymore. This time you were riding with Bifur. Now…it wasn’t that you didn’t like Bifur. Actually, you thought he was interesting, his hair in the black and white pattern was really eye catching, he was always quick to greet you in his own way every morning and night, he never seemed to say a mean word…or at least that you thought he did.

That was the thing. You didn’t understand a damn thing that came out of his mouth. Bofur and Bombur explained the injury he took, how it cause issues with his speech and now he was talking in this ancient language that was secret or something. Anyways, you couldn’t help but just let yourself nod along as he ‘spoke’ to you.

You felt bad for him, having to suffer through this. Bofur had let it slip one night that the wound causes him some pain every now and then, and you had seen it first thing this morning. Instead of getting up, packing his things and “saying” his usual good mornings (which honestly could just be him telling you to go to hell for all you knew), he just got up and went straight to Oin. Oin mixed up some concoction and that was it, he seemed to be in a daze after that.

You tried not to bother him too much during the ride, figuring if he needed medicine he must have a headache or something. Instead, you offered some silent conversation, tapping him on the shoulder and pointing something out instead. He would follow your sign and see the flowers or some animal or something, and then turn and offer you a soft smile. It was a simple relationship you formed with him, but it was nice.

But even though you couldn’t speak the ancient language he did, there were times that you did understand him. Body language is great like that. Sometimes he would do things, little signs and such, and you just knew what he was trying to say. ‘Look at that’ or “don’t eat that, the boys put something in it”. Understanding him like that was great, except in this instance.

Camp was made on a little spot not far from a stream, so everyone figured it would be a great place to bathe. A bath, that was a much needed necessity right now. You would never say it out loud, because you were pretty sure you were in the same boat, but some people were getting pretty ripe. You could almost imagine it, being able to spend a day without dirt or horse hair or whatever coating your skin, oh happy days! But there were some problems with this situation, a mathematical one at that. Fourteen men…one woman…

That’s where the body language came into play. When Thorin shouted out that everyone could head
down to bathe, everyone was quick to get their stuff out. Bombur came over and offered some soaps to you, as well as some oil’s for your hair, explaining how important hair care was to dwarves. As did Dori, offered you a clean shirt and trousers from him and Nori, at which point started an argument when Nori made the joke of how you were just excited to get in his pants. You thought it was hilarious, as you would be wearing his pants, but Dori didn’t.

But that sparked the thought that made you freeze. Nori meant it as a joke, but…You didn’t mean to sound ungrateful, but you couldn’t help the comment that came snapping out of your mouth.

“I am not getting naked with fourteen other men.”

Silence…followed by chaos. It was a theme with this group, especially when you would throw out random comments here and there. You didn’t even want to think about the night you said you needed a haircut…heaven help you that day. As bad as that night had been, this seemed even worse.

Some of the dwarves were in shock at your statement, others were supportive, like Dori, Bombur, and Bilbo, who insisted you have your own time or private place to bathe. They had already gotten together to plan time tables and ways to offer said privacy with still having you be protected in the wild.

It was great and all, but then body language came into play, as there were the ones like Kili…and Bifur. The looks from their eyes made it clear what they were thinking. You could tell they were trying not to, but…as you saw Kili, and then Nori’s eyes drift up your form, you snapped.

You shot them each with a deadly glare, making each of them gulp and avert their eyes before you turned towards Thorin.

“I’m sorry, but that’s just not happening. I’ll smell like ass before that happens.” You snapped at him. Sure, he was the leader and such, but there was only so much you could take right now. And fourteen naked guys, yea, that wasn’t one of them.

Thorin was quick to nod and walked up next to you, offering a quiet comment of comfort. “There is a bend in the river with trees obscuring the view. It should be private and close enough incase trouble ensues.” He gave your shoulder a grip with his hand in support. Thank you for Thorin’s sensibility, you thought to yourself. What would you do without your fearless leader defending you and thinking up the good ideas? But that lead to another thought…
“And what if trouble,” you pointed over to the group who were blushing like crazy and avoiding your gaze from earlier, “comes to find me? Are you going to get mad if I throttle someone for being a peeping Tom? Cause I’ll do it! Drowned Dwarf has a nice ring to it!” It was meant as a playful joke, but you could see the seriousness form in Thorin’s eyes.

His brow arched high and a look of amusement filled his face, probably at the thought of watching you try to drown one of the dwarves, before he turned towards the company, his amusement replaced with a deep scowl. He put an arm around your shoulders as he addressed the company, leaving you to just stand their clutching the clothes and soaps and such everyone had handed you. “Any who intrudes on her and threatens her honor will be immediately sent back to Ered Luin, am I clear?”

It was your turn to be shocked. He would really threaten to send people home over your honor? Maybe you weren’t in such a bad standing with him after all. Hey, you were getting through to the Thor-cupine…you should probably stop thinking of him like that lest it slip one day… He turned back to you, giving you another nod before stepping away and whispering some words to Dwalin. The whispered words were quick before Dwalin gave you a nod, like a silent promise to protect you, before they were off towards the stream.

“Thank you!” You shouted after him as Bombur and Dori turned to lead you to the river, making sure you were settled before heading to their own bath. Thorin was right, the area where you were was secluded behind some trees, hiding you from any wandering eyes. But unfortunately, well maybe not so unfortunately, it was still within earshot, which you found amusing once the teasing started.

“What, are we not good looking enough?” That voice belonged to Kili. You chuckled as you used the soap Bombur provided to start scrubbing at the dirt and mud that was caked on your skin. What would you give for a hot shower right now… But hey, this soap smelled like lavender and rose, almost like your scented body wash at home. It was nice to have something this simple in times like these.

“Y/n?” You were pulled out of your thoughts as you heard him again. “You didn’t answer my question!” Kili shouted back, which was followed by a quick yelp of his, someone must have slapped his head or something. Oh, Kili, you silly man. You chuckled as you shook your head. Leave it to Kili to start up the mischief.

“Aye, lass. If it gets too cold, we could always warm you up!” Bofur joked. That one made you bust out in laughter. You could hear a few of the others chuckle along with the joke, knowing that Bofur didn’t mean any real harm from it.

“Why didn’t you slap him?! That was worse!” Kili griped, starting the chain reaction of comments.
“Oi, that is no way to talk to a lass!” Gloin. His voice bounced around the area as he yelled at those who were taunting you. Well, if they were going to play that way…

“Oh, don’t worry, Gloin. As if they could handle me anyway!” You challenge, which was followed by some hoots and whistles. You couldn’t help but feel some pride as you heard a few of them bristle and reply to your taunt.

“Lass has got some bite to her! Well played!” Bofur spoke back proudly. “We will make you one of us yet!”

“Oh, I could handle ya fine.” You heard Dwalin growl, probably because you may have slightly offended his honor that you, a tiny human girl, could be too much for him. It was an amusing thought.

“As if you would know what to even do with a woman!” Nori laughed at Dwalin. Based on the sounds of water splashing and cursing, that started the rough housing. You laughed as you heard Nori start sputtering and coughing as he probably emerged from the water.

“Dwalin, play nice!” You teased, loving the moment of silence before the eruption of laughter. One laugh stood out from the rest. “My god! Is Thorin laughing?! Has the sky fallen? The world ended?!”

The laughter intensified as you heard Thorin grumble about how he could laugh.

You enjoyed the joking banter, how everyone seemed in better spirits now that they were getting a calm moment of peace, well, maybe calm wasn’t the right word for it, but it was still nice. The bath seemed to wash away all the grouchy moods and sore muscles and replaced them with a bit of lightheartedness that was much needed in the group. After so many days of endless riding, everyone needed to let loose a little bit.

You finished your wash and dried off quickly, making a very important decision. It could come back to bite you in the ass, but hey, why not have a little fun? You were going to instigate some mischief, since everyone was in a seemingly good mood. Why not?

You got dressed, ignoring how your body was still covered in some bruises from the fall you took, and then quickly walked around the tree line over to the guys’ side. You walked by casually, almost
going unnoticed until Fili shouted out to you.

“Couldn’t help but take a peak, huh Y/n?” You turned, giving him a surprised look, as if you had forgotten they were even there. Fili had a proud smirk on his face as he pushed his chest out and crossed his arms, letting his arms flex in a display of muscles and skin. You wanted to laugh, but damn…he did look good, that cocky bastard.

The others reacted quickly, in varying degrees of interest. Some, like Kili or Nori or Bofur followed suit and practically posed, which you found very amusing, especially when Kili lost his footing and fell back into the stream. Some, like Bilbo or Ori blushed from head to toe, trying to cover as much of themselves as possible, which was pointless really since you could only see from mid stomach up, but man were they cute with that blush. And then there were those who really didn’t give to craps, like Gloin and Bombur and Bifur. Then there was Thorin and Dwalin, who had this look of exasperation on their faces, and you could almost read the words in their eyes, “After all that fuss about not being with us, and you just walk over here?” Oh well, live and let live.

“Well…” You thought for a moment, even tapping your chin as if you were thinking, as all eyes were on you for a second, even Thorin, before you smirked. “Not a bad looking bunch.” Oh that got their attention, the rest of them puffing up like a peacock who found his hen. They all looked very flattered, and they should be, because what you said next you didn’t say lightly. “Some of you are very handsome!” You sent a wink in their general direction as you turned and headed back to camp. “I’ll gather some firewood!” You shouted back to the silence as you moved up the little hill to relax.

It didn’t take long before someone, you weren’t sure who finally spoke. “What did she mean by some of you are handsome?”

They always say it is the calmest before the storm, they were right.

“Well, of course she was talking about me!” You would bet everything you owned, which granted was nothing right now, that it was Kili who said that.

“Like hell she was! It was me!” Fili.

“I have the longest beard!” Bombur.

“That don’t matter, she’s human, not Darrow!” Bofur.
“I’m the tallest!” Kili, he was really determined to win this one.

“So?!” Bilbo squawked, you never thought he would have joined in on the chaos.

“But-But I think she was being nice, she meant all of us.” That was Ori. “Besides, I think she looks for more than just looks.” Such a sweetheart, that Ori.

“Exactly!” Nori spoke up. “She also looks for stamina!” You couldn’t help but roll your eyes as the arguments went on. They argued height, beards, age, career (which Thorin won when he said, and you bet it was with a grin, he was the future king), and on and on it went as you slowly gathered up any firewood you could find.

And thus the great debate of who was the best looking, the tallest, the most fit continued…but as you walked alone, listening to the chaos a bit away, you couldn’t help but let your heart pound. You weren’t lying when you said some were handsome, and they would be on your mind that night.

Chapter End Notes

Do I find someone interesting in this group? (Go to "Which Path?")
Which Path

It is time for you to choose your own path. There are many paths to take, each one will lead you to a different ending. Whether you find your true love, or merely find peace, that is up to you. The paths are laid before you, but which will you choose?

Thorin Oakenshield: Thorin Oakenshield is the future king of Erebor. Thorin has seen a lot of death, loss, sorrow, and pain. More than most. It has shaped him into the stoic warrior and strong leader he is today. He is fiercely loyal and protective of any he calls friend or kin. And although he may seem distant and uncaring, he is truly a great man and lover at heart.

Will you try to tame the majestic king’s heart? (Go to "Laugh in the Night")

Fili is the son of Dis, brother to Kili, and nephew to Thorin. He is to be the crown prince of Erebor, his uncle’s heir. He is willing to prove his worth and ability, but that doesn’t mean he doesn’t have a fun a loving side, especially when his brother is involved. He may seem a bit aloof at times, but there is truly no gentler soul than Fili.

Will you try to win the blonde prince’s affections? (Go to "A Sweeping Prince")

Kili is the son of Dis, brother to Fili, nephew to Thorin. He is the younger brother, to be specific. Where his elder brother can be cool and stern, Kili favors a more joyous approach. He is happy to play some pranks and tell some jokes to get someone to smile. His playful nature is out shined only by his dazzling smile and sense of honor and loyalty.

Are you drawn to this prince’s playful nature? (Not Available Yet)

Dwalin is the brother of Balin, cousin to Thorin. He is a proud and strong warrior, one who legends are told of, for there are few fiercer than he. His strength is unparalleled and his loyalty never wavering, especially for his king. But behind those weapons and tattoos and scars, is a softer side, if one is just willing to look.

Do you wish to discover this warrior’s gentler side? (Go to "Protection")

Bofur is the brother of Bombur, cousin to Bifur. He is a miner and toy maker by trade. He is a laid back optimist that enjoys the little things in life. A good song, a good meal, and good company, that is all Bofur wishes for in his life. There is truly none more cheerful than Bofur, or more caring.

Will you revel in joy beside this miner? (Go to "Anti-Bully Tactics")

Bilbo Baggins is the lone hobbit on this journey. He has a soul that enjoys home and hearth and peace. There is nothing more pleasant to this little hobbit than an afternoon of tea and reading. But
behind that wondrous look also lies courage, strength, and wit. Always wanting to have a peaceful life, especially after this adventure, you will find none more kind as Bilbo.

Will you search for a peaceful life with this hobbit? (Not Available Yet)

Nori, brother of Ori and Dori, is the master thief and spymaster of the company. If you can think of it, he has probably broken that law at least twelve times. But this quest offers him a new beginning, and he isn’t going to let it go. Although he seems distant and uncaring at times, using humor to hide from more serious conversation, there is nothing he wouldn’t do for those he cares about.

Are you willing to help Nori start a new life? (Not Available Yet)

Ori, brother of Nori and Dori, is the sweetest soul you will ever run into. While others are great warriors, Ori has a great heart, is a master scribe, and loves to spend his nights knitting or sketching. He is the best to go to for a kind word and smile, and is one you will always consider a best friend.

Will you willing to take your friendship one step further with Ori? (Not Available Yet)

Bifur, cousin to Bofur and Bombur, is in a class of his own. The injury to his head has made it so he can no longer speak English as you know it. Although he can’t communicate like others, he is still protective, caring, and sweet in his own way, if someone is just willing to learn to speak his lanugage.

Will you find your way with Bifur? (Not Available Yet)

Patience is a virtue, especially when it comes to matters of the heart. As love can blossom from the most unlikely of places and at the most unlikely times. Sometimes waiting, staying neutral, can lead you to a new life and love.

Will you continue down a neutral path to see what time brings? (Continue to "Campfire Stories")
“Orcs.” Kili said grimly after Bilbo had asked about a screech in the distance. You had a similar question. It didn’t sound…natural. That was no bird, at least you didn’t think so. Who knows, maybe this world had freaky mutant birds, birds the size of houses even, what would you know?

“Orcs?” Bilbo asked the question you knew the answer to. Orcs were the list of big bads that Bofur had explained to you. See and Orc, run. That was what Bofur told you…or as you called your plan number two, hide behind Dwalin. If either one of those didn’t work, you would guess it was because you were already dead. Wow…you had really become a pessimist since coming here.

“Throat cutters. There’ll be dozens of them out there. The lone-lands are crawling with them.” Fili spoke up around his pipe, the smoke giving him a hazy, horror vibe. Your heart stuttered a moment as you conjured a picture in your mind of what they looked like. Having never seen one, you imagined them with rotting skin and sharp, jagged teeth, boils and blisters all over the skin, something vile and dark.

“They strike in the wee small hours when everyone’s asleep. Quick and quiet, no screams. Just lots of blood.” Kili let out a grin after a second of silence. Those assholes were just trying to rile Bilbo up…Luckily, Thorin put an end to that.

But it didn’t stop the unease that settled around the company. Poor Bilbo looked like he was about to turn around and head home, flee the countryside upon his new pony. Balin started speaking to the company, telling the story of Thorin Oakenshield.

It was amazing to you, all that he had gone through in this life. It seemed like too much…well, too much of everything for one man to go through. You couldn’t help but let your eyes drift over to him as he stood at the edge of the cliff, staring off into the distance.

“Poor Thorin…” You whispered to yourself. But you didn’t have time to worry too much, for as soon as the story was over, the bustling around the camp started back up again. Bombur preparing dinner while the others chatted amongst themselves.

“Miss Y/n?” You looked up to stare into the kind eyes of Dori, his awkward smile looking down at you as you fussed with the laces of your boots. “Do you need some help, miss?”
“Oh…” You didn’t get more out of your mouth before Dori was knelt before you and fixing your laces. “Thank you. I’m afraid I’m no good with Dwarvish knots.” You joked, getting a soft chuckle from the kind dwarf.

“I understand.” He said with a nod. When he was done, he sat next to you, looking you over for a moment before speaking again. “I hope the lads didn’t scare you. I promise, you are quite safe with us.”

“Oh…” Truthfully, that little “story” of theirs scared the crap out of you, but it wasn’t like you were going to admit that right now, especially when you could feel more eyes on you. Dori may mean well, but he always seems to pick the worst topics to talk about on a quiet night. “I-I wasn’t really scared. Psh.” You scoffed as you tried to look away from those damn knowing eyes. “Besides, there are stories in my world that are much scarier. That didn’t even scrape the edge of what terror can be in my world.”

You had hoped that would put Dori’s mind at ease, and in your defense, it did. He gave you a gentle nod and then left your side. But what ease you put into Dori…curiosity sparked around the rest of the group.

“Would you tell us one?” Kili asked as he looked over to you, excitement shinning in his eyes. You honestly would have thought you offered him a million dollars the way he was looking at you.

“What?”

“A story.” Fili chimed up. “We would love to hear a story from your world, wouldn’t we?” He looked to those around him, Nori and Bofur and Bifur, all nodding in agreement as you let a sigh escape you.

“Oh, I don’t know…”

“Oh, please, Miss Y/n?”

Damn it, Ori! Sense the tone! You wanted to shout at him, but when you looked to him, seeing how his hands fiddled with the edges of his book, the excitement as one of his legs bounced. How could you say no to that?
“Okay…what type of story do you want?” Might as well take a poll before starting some random stories. There were too many to pick from anyways.

“Adventure!” “Scary!” “One with fighting!” “And epic tale!” “Romance!”

That last one silenced everyone, especially since it was Balin who said it. “I am a dwarf of simple tastes.” He defended before huddling under his cloak, avoiding the eyes of everyone around.

“Alright…umm….so, something with fighting, and adventure-.”

“And scary!”

“Yes, Kili, I heard you the first time.” You deadpanned as you racked your brain. What to use, what to use. And honestly, you were thinking of a few, but you didn’t want to have to explain things like cars and phones and such with those stories…maybe an older one…

“Medusa…” You whispered. You remember hearing stories about Medusa when you were younger, talking about ancient times in some history class.

“Whose Medusa?”

And just like that, Bofur’s innocent question sparked the elaborate tale.

“You see, in the ancient times in my world, great Gods and Goddesses ruled over the heavens and underworld…”

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Oh yea, you were on FIRE! You had every set of eyes on you. Some, like Kili and Fili, and Bilbo and Dwalin to your surprise, had scooted closer to you during your story, not wanting to miss a thing. The others, although seeming aloof, like Thorin, you knew you held their attention. Anytime you would whisper something or make a loud noise to enhance your story, they all jumped or were
startled. They laughed at the some points, and were distraught at the others.

The cursing of Medusa seemed to be the worst part. Honestly, you didn’t remember the reason you heard in school, so you spun a love story of epic proportions and how she was cursed because of a love triangle. Balin was very pleased with that addition.

But here you were, describing the forest that Hercules was walking through, his sword and shield at the ready.

“And when he crossed the stream, he saw something in the distance. It looked almost human, but…when he called out to it, no one answered.”

“It’s because it’s stone-.” Kili whispered into Ori’s ear.

“Shut it!” Ori shoved him back as he leaned forward, enticed by your story.

“He moved closer, hearing no birds, no sounds of anything, not even the breeze. ‘Hail, friend,’ he called out, but when he put his hand on the man’s shoulder…he did not move. He was cold…he was stone.”

“Told-mpf!” Fili quickly clamped his hand around his brother’s head and shut his mouth as you smiled, giving a little wink to Fili as a thank you.

“Hercules knew he was in the right place, this was Medusa’s lair. And as he walked through, he was ever cautious, shutting his eyes at the sign of every movement. So many creatures were captured in stone, small animals, lovers in a terrified embrace, warriors who were simply not quick enough. But there was one that was different.”

“In the middle of a clearing, there stood a man of stone. But he didn’t look scared, he looked…almost relieved. As if he had saw the face of true bliss before being turned into his stone shell.”

You paused for effect, letting everything settle in before speaking what everyone was thinking. “It was her lover, before she was the creature.” The sounds and looks of sadness were intense as you continued on…everyone so on edge as you built up to the finale.
“And as Hercules looked over the man, grieving for his loss to the world, he heard it…” You made a light hissing noise like a snake, grinning like a villain as you looked around the group, “and he didn’t think, how could he…he slowly turned-.”

“NO!” “DON’T DO IT!” “WHY WOULD HE LOOK??”

And you stopped. The group went silent, assuming their outburst had made you stop, but you were more evil than that.

“The end!” You said happily.

“What?! No!” Ori shouted out as you started laughing.

“That’s right evil, that is lass.” Bofur said, while also trying to keep up with Bifur’s signing. “No, I don’t know if he lived! Ask her!”

“Hercules did live…” You offered up. “He raised his shield in time. Medusa hadn’t expected that. And with his shined shield in her face, she gazed upon herself…and she turned herself to stone.” You knew that the ending was much more bloody and gory than that, but you didn’t want to end the night on such a grim note.

“I knew it!” Kili said with a grin, “I told you that’s what would happen!”

“Aye, and we hardly heard the rest of the story because of ya!” Gloin growled out as he headed to his bedroll.

“That was a fine story, lass.” Nori offered up from his spot next to you. He sat on the ground, propping himself up on the log you had been seated at, puffing at his pipe the whole time. “Should tell us some more tomorrow!”

“We’ll see…”

“Do you have more, stories that is?” Bilbo asked as he fussed over his coat, dusting himself off before heading to bed.
“Tons. My world had millions of stories, some of them are epic warrior’s tales, some great love stories of our time, and others, just amazingly elegant. Ones that make you wish you never had to have it end…Romeo and Juliet, The Creature from the Black Lagoon, Tom Sawyer, Vlad the Impaler.”

“Ooh, I want to hear about that one.” Kili said with a grin as he helped you off the log.

“Aye,” Dwalin added. “But if ya talk during that one, Vlad won’t be the only one doin’ impalin’.” He fixed Kili with a hard look before taking a sudden step forward that sent the young prince scrambling.

You snorted out a laugh as you looked over to Dwalin. “Very nice.” He gave you a playful wink before walking away, leaving you to your own devices. This rowdy group of dwarves was amazing, there was no doubt about that.

“What about kings?” Thorin’s deep voice sounded from beside you, almost making you jump. He always seemed to just materialize out of thin air half the time.

“I’m sorry?”

“Do you have epic stories of great kings?” He asked with a gentle grin, if you would call that slight turn of the lip a grin. It was one he reserved for only his favorite moments, which made you all the happier he had bestowed it on you.

(Of course. One of the most well-known stories is of King Arthur and the Round Table… I think you would like it.” You said with a slight blush. You could picture it, Thorin as Arthur and all of these men as his knights.

“Perhaps you could tell it one night, I would be happy to hear it.”

(Of course.” You offered after him as he walked away, an enigma wrapped in a mystery. As you laid back on your borrowed bed roll, your mind ran through all the epic tales, listing the ones you wanted to be sure to tell them at some point, like Robin Hood. Oh great…now you were picturing Dwalin and the princes in tights…and Thorin with the feathered cap…and you thought the Thorcupine would stick with you for a while…hey, Nori was already a thief, they could pull it off!
These dwarves are ridiculous, but they are great! (Continue to "Traveling Companion")

Dwalin, I never thought you would be interested in stories…what other secrets are you hiding? (Continue to "A Great Need")

I would happily tell you stories of the kings of old, Thorin. (Continue to "Geared Up")
“Lass…you can ride with me if you like, given what happened yesterday.” Bofur gave you a shy little smile as he patted the saddle on his pony. Such cheek, you couldn’t help but smile and shake your head. You glanced over your shoulder to see Bombur mounting his pony, and almost giggled at the remembrance of yesterday’s pony ride.

The company, of course, hadn’t anticipated a random girl falling from the skies and joining them, so of course, they were a pony short. That meant you had to share. You didn’t have a problem with it, and you enjoyed how you got to know everyone a bit better during the rides, but yesterday…you shared with Bombur…and you kept sliding off the ass of the pony. It hurt, it was embarrassing, and everyone laughed.

So when Bofur offered you an escape, you jumped on it…literally, jumped right on the pony.

“So eager! See lads? Treat a woman right and she will love your company!” Bofur gave you a wink as the princes started huffing and puffing up, saying they knew how to treat a lady, and getting all defensive. “See,” Bofur whispered to you, “Now we will have some entertainment as well on the ride!”

You chuckled as you wrapped your arms around him as he got settled on his pony. “You are so bad…” Riding with Bofur was always smiles and laughter, good jokes, and pleasant company. But not everyone was like that…

000

“O-ori? Are you alright?” You asked as you gripped him a bit tighter. “Do you need help with the pony?” You couldn’t help but feel a twinge of fear as the pony threw its head back again and began to stomp its hoof.

“I-I’ve got it!” Ori squeaked. You could see his face turning a bright shade of red as he tried to stead the pony, see him begin to panic a little bit as he tried to keep you both on top of it instead of falling into the dirt.

“Are you sure? Cause I can get-.”
“I got it!” He squeaked again, but then the pony began to shift side to side, almost bucking and you decided that it was time to throw in the towel.

“Uh, help!” You called out to the nearest companion you could find. It was Dwalin, and thank whatever gods they have in this place it was, because when the pony reared up, you lost your grip on the scribe and was sent backwards off the pony.

“Ori!” Dwalin called out as he rushed to your side, growling up at the other dwarf. “Ya gotta keep calm or you will panic the pony!” Dwalin guided you away as Dori stepped up in the scolding role. “You will ride with me today, lass.”

000

Wow, riding with stoic Dwalin was almost worse than riding with nervous Ori! He didn’t speak a word, focused only forward. Every time you tried to make a joke, or strike a conversation, he would just give you this look, grunt (which made you want to scream in frustration), and then look forward again.

“Grumpy…” You mumbled.

“You got something you want to say, lass?” Dwalin growled at you, stopping his pony so he could shift in the saddle to see you more clearly, giving that disapproving scowl. You knew it would be better to say nothing…but then he gave a smug grunt….

000

“Wow, I can’t believe you said that to Dwalin!” Fili said with cheer as you shifted in the saddle. You don’t know why he insisted you sit in front, but there you were.

“He deserved to hear it, acting all high and mighty…” Your little rant went on, but you grumbled it beneath your breath so the master of disapproval wouldn’t hear you and get all pissy again.

“Yea, well, you got a better riding partner, if you ask me.” Fili said with some cheek. You couldn’t help but turn to him and smile, your body pressing against his as you did so.
“I agree! You are much…more…” Your eyes narrowed at him, making him look at you curiously. You shifted in the saddle before you licked your lips. “Fili…that had better be a dagger poking in my butt…”

000

“It was a harmless joke, don’t see why everyone got all up in arms.” You grumbled to Balin as you tightened your hold on him.

“Best not to make jokes like that lass. Some of the others were ready to fight for your honor.” Balin was right, of course. There is always a good time and place for a joke, and where Kili found it hilarious and laughed himself off his pony, some of the others, like Thorin and Bifur did not. They immediately descended upon Fili. Bifur pulled you onto his horse as Thorin pulled Fili off his, scolding him for not acting like a proper heir of Durin, getting over excited like a dwarfling.

You cast a look over your shoulder to see Fili riding in silence, offering him a gentle and apologetic smile. He looked at you for a moment before returning it and nodding. At least he wasn’t upset about the little joke, he actually laughed about it once Thorin calmed down. Granted, he had also promised you revenge…but honestly, how could it get worse than what you did to him?

000

“FUCK YOU, FILI!” You screamed as you and Kili were being slowly dragged by the pony you had just been on. Somehow, and you bet it was because of Fili, the straps around the pony’s midsection snapped. Kili’s foot got stuck in a stirrup, and as he fell he couldn’t regain balance, and you went with him.

“What’s wrong, Y/n, Kili? Can’t stay on your pony?” Fili taunted as he trotted his past yours, smirking down at you as the others chuckled to themselves.

“This is war, Fili!” Kili shouted to his brother as he tried to free his foot, or at least free you since you got tangled up in some rope he had hanging next to him. “I’ll get you out, hold on.” He said to you.

“By Mahal, if you boys can behave on this journey, I will send you home to your mother!” Thorin bellowed as he turned around at the commotion and saw his nephew and resident human being drug
by the old, uncaring pony.

000

“I’m really sorry, Thorin.” You apologized for the tenth time, holding tightly onto his tunic as your body shifted side to side with the motion of the new pony underneath you.

He just grunted at you in confirmation. A grunt…You knew how you felt about those grunts…those infuriating, making you want to scream—and scream you did, right at that King on the back of a pony…

And that was how you wound up back on the back end of a pony with Bofur.

Chapter End Notes

I really do enjoy spending time with the Company. (Go to "Shield")

Dwalin, you are such an ass…but you do have a great ass… (Go to "A Great Need")

You need to lighten the fuck up, Thorin. (Go to "Geared Up")

Fili, you are a sweetie… (Go to "Sweeping Prince")

I’m glad you always have my back, Bofur. You sure do know how to treat a lady! (Go to "What You Look For")
If someone had asked you, and you had to answer honestly or die, you would admit...you had favorites among the dwarves, but favorites in different ways.

If you were looking at your favorites through the eyes of family, then it would be Balin, Oin, and Dori. The three of them had become a mixture of grandfather (because of the white hair), father, and weird uncle all at once. Anytime you needed comfort, or someone to talk to, they were always there...well...except for Oin. You couldn’t really talk to him as his hearing seemed to get worse as the travels went along. The highlight of misunderstanding was when you were complaining about Thorin looking at you like you had a fifth head and you had said ‘I’m trying my best’, which had been apparently transformed to ‘I like my breasts’.

Damn Oin.

Anyway, those three were your favorites when it came to family. There were a few others you saw as family, but more as brothers. That was Gloin and Bombur. They were like overprotective brothers, always quick to come to your defense or stick by your side.

If you were looking for a laugh and good company, your favorites were Bofur, Nori, and Kili.

Need someone to make you feel protected and cared for? Dwalin, Bifur, and Thorin.

Want someone to just be yourself around? Bilbo, Ori, and Fili.

Depending on the day, you had your favorites...

Except tonight.

Tonight you hated them...you hated them all.

“You can’t reason with these half-wits!” One of them shouted.

“Half-wits?! What does that make us?!!”

Bofur had a point, you thought as you tried again, uselessly, to pull at the ropes that had your arms tied to the tree. In all the times you had heard stories about creatures in middle earth, Trolls didn’t seem to be that big of a deal. Well, guess fucking what?! They are!!!

At least you weren’t being roasted or in a bag. Apparently, to trolls, you were a delicacy! And as strange as that sounded, you puffed up with pride for a moment. Take that all those guys who broke your heart in the old world, you were a god damned delicacy!

Wow...you really needed a break from this crazy adventure...

You watched in silence as Bilbo stood up, brave Bilbo, and tried to buy time. It was smart, and-and there goes Kili opening his mouth. You glared at him until Thorin kicked him, and then you doubled over in laughter as he screamed, “I have the biggest parasites!”

It was chaos, and hilarity, and honestly, had you been sitting on a comfortable couch and reading this happening, instead of actually being here, you would have been struggling for air for laughing so hard.
But no, you were stuck here, tied to a tree, about to be the cherry on top for a troll meal.

Hey…there’s Gandalf!

000

The dwarves were quick to get loose from their bags and the roasting stick. While Thorin descended upon Gandalf and Bilbo, others went to search the troll cave, others came to your side.

“Miss Y/n, are you alright?” Ori asked sweetly as he helped unwrap your hands from the rope.

“I’ll be fine Ori, just some rope burn.” You massaged your wrists as Ori put a hand behind you, not quite touching your back, but leading you towards Oin. “Can you ask him, please? I don’t want another misunderstanding about something.” You groaned, making Ori chuckle.

“Of course!” He walked up and tapped Oin’s shoulder before promptly shouting into his ear.

“Soap burn?! How’d you get soap in your eyes, lass?”

“Oh, for the love of-.”

“No, Oin! ROPE BURN!” Ori tried again, but Oin was ignoring him as he handed over his water skin to you, making a motion to show you to tilt your head back while he washed your eyes out.

“No, Oin. I don’t-.” You started coughing as water fell into your mouth as you tried to tell him no. But it was too late. Your head and shoulders were soaked.

Yea, you really were hating dwarves right now.

000

Fuck it! Fuck it sideways, front ways, and back ways! Wargs?! Wargs! How is it, the journey could go so right and then go to hell in a handbasket in a matter of hours?! First the trolls, then some kooky wizard, now demon dogs with orcs on top. And you know what, Bofur was right, you did recognize when you saw them, and you would never forget what they looked like.

You ran beside the company, being pulled and pushed by Dwalin as he kept you close to his side, eager to protect you from any danger. But the problem was, the danger was too much. Even with a wizard, thirteen dwarves, and a hobbit, they apparently had no chance against these creatures.

So you ran, and ran. Dwalin gripped your arm tight as he pulled you flush against him. It was strange to be so close to the usually withdrawn warrior, but hey, if he wanted to be your personal bodyguard, who were you to argue?

But it kept changing. You would run from one rock to another, and then be passed off to the next dwarf for safekeeping. First was Dwalin, then was Fili, then Dori, and now, you were next to Thorin, who put his arm around your waist as he pulled you back flesh with the rock. He gave Kili a nod, and down went warg one.

And then more running. You know, had they asked, you probably could have told them that killing the thing would have attracted their friends, but that was far from your mind as you now saw the large group of monsters surround you and the company. You stood next to Ori, who bravely fired off a rock with his slingshot. Sure, it was brave, but let’s be honest…

“Will you stop?! You are just pissing it off!” You snapped at him. And it was true, the damn rock
just bounced off the warg as if it were a fly.

This was where you were going to die. You had realized it now. With all of these dwarves, you were going to-.

“This way, you fools!”

000

Okay, so right now, your favorite was Gandalf. He saved you from trolls, from wargs, and was dealing with the Thorcupine right now. Thorin apparently had a barbed stick up his ass when it came to elves. They didn’t seem that scary. Honestly, they were beautiful, their long hair, pale skin. It was amazing how different this race was.

“And who is this?” The one Gandalf called Lord Elrond turned to you, breaking you from your thoughts.

“Oh, I’m-.”

“None of your concern, you tree-shagger!” Gloin pulled you back behind him as the others formed an arc around you, forming a dwarf shield between you and the nice man who just smirked at their behavior.

“You keep your hands and eyes to yourself, or I will remove them for you.” Oh Thorin, that… really?!

You rolled your eyes and sighed…yeah, this was your life now. Your crazy life with a bunch of dwarves. And even though you couldn’t help it, you broke out in laughter at your own thought, breaking the tense mood that had settled into the air.

Did Snow White have this many troubles with her dwarves as well?

Chapter End Notes

Snow White ain’t got nothing on my amazing dwarves! Mine are awesome! (Go to "Handle the Situation")

A bit protective, aren’t we Thorin? (Go to "Geared Up")

Oh Bofur, help cheer me up, won’t you? (Go to "Tour Guide")
After the drama upon first arrival, you quickly relaxed and enjoyed yourself. You had to admit, Rivendell was beautiful. The buildings were open and airy, the sounds of the waterfall and the animals and creatures, the beautiful gardens. It was like a scene from a painting, so beautiful it was almost as if it weren’t real. But it was, and you were here. And damn, you were going to enjoy it!

The first night was a special dinner Lord Elrond held in the company’s honor. But beforehand, he offered rooms and chances to bathe. Of course, the dwarves weren’t having it, but you and Bilbo were quick to accept. The dwarves grumbled and complained, and a couple even tried to follow you, claiming to go as protection, but you shooed them away.

A friendly elf by the name of Elladan was your guide. He stood tall, long dark hair, pretty light eyes. But what was more, he was friendly, offering simple conversation and putting you at ease as you walked. He explained art and the culture of his homeland, and even shocked you by explaining his family line.

You lie, it made you feel special to be escorted around by one of Lord Elrond’s. And what more, he kinda reminded you of Kili, not that you would ever tell him or Kili that. You had enough near death experiences, you didn’t need to add ‘dodging arrows’ to your resume of destruction.

Elladan was kind, and showed you to a great bathing room. It was so strange, the open aired room, the large bath filled with oils and scents that were fantastic, there were even petals in the water. Seriously, elves knew how to treat a lady!

You soaked for what felt like weeks. At first, you just scrubbed at your body, using any almost every soap to get all the dirt, blood, and god forbid the troll gunk off of you. Then, you just soaked and took stock in your life.

It hadn’t been so long since you had first arrived to this world, but still, it felt like years. And honestly, you had come to enjoy it, ignoring the last couple days. You enjoyed the friendships you had made, the experiences (forgetting the last couple days) and everything else. Gandalf had made a sideways comment that with Lord Elrond’s help, they may find a way to send you back to your world…but did you want to go back?

You used to think your life was great. You had a nice job, a nice apartment, nice friends.
Everything was…nice. But here…everything here was an adventure. Hell, just walking up to Bifur and talking was an adventure. Were you ready to let that go, were you ready, if Elrond could help you, were you ready to give all this up?

The question haunted your mind, invading thoughts, making you tear up as you thought of leaving the fourteen and Gandalf behind, thinking of having to go back to such and ordinary existence. That was it, wasn’t it? It would break your heart more to leave than to stay here. That answered your question didn’t it?

“I believe it did.” You let out a high pitched yelp as you turned to see a beautiful woman standing behind you with a gown in her arms. “My apologies, but Lord Elrond asked me to deliver this to you. He thought you may enjoy a nice gown to wear to dinner.”

“Oh…thanks!”

000

The gown was a hit, considering you managed to silence every dwarf (including Thorin) as you entered. Lindir, Elrond’s aide had escorted you to your seat next to Thorin’s at the head table. It was so strange to be in such a setting. After sitting at a campfire and eating out of crappy bowls, you had almost forgotten what nice china looked like.

The others seemed a bit lost as well. Ori, with his glare at the lettuce. Dwalin, as he poked at an onion, demanding to know where the meat was. Bilbo seemed to be in heaven, heartily enjoying the food that was offered him.

Everyone was merry, even Thorin as Elrond told him the history of his blade. It was such a rare sight to see. Not only that, but Thorin held himself well, being every bit the king and prince that you would expect him to be. It cast him in a different light, you saw him no longer as just a leader, but as your king.

Your staring must have captured his attention, as he turned and gave you a look. “Is something wrong?” He asked softly, keeping the conversation between the two of you.

“You will make a great king.” You said honestly, not even thinking. Thorin’s eyes widened before he gave you a genuine smile, one that made you feel weak in the knees, his blue eyes almost sparkling like a star in joy.
“And you will make a fine Ereborian, should you wish it.” Many of the others had offered to let you stay in Erebor after the quest, realizing you had no other home to go to, but this was the first Thorin had.

“I would be honored, your majesty.” You gave him a little bow, as much as you could in the chair. It was a sweet moment with him, a private conversation to save for a rainy day. Of course, then the night got real fun as you had to dodge food as Bofur sang a song…but still, it was worth it to see everyone in such great spirits.

000

It didn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out that the dwarves didn’t like the elves. But honestly, must they act like this?!

Okay, let’s back up a minute.

When you woke, you and Bilbo snuck away, almost giggling as you explored the different buildings and places of Rivendell. It was fun to have some time with just him, he was so different then everyone else. He told you stories of his mother and how she would have loved to be on this adventure. You told him of your world and little things you could think of.

Together, you spent most of the day by each other’s side. But that ended when Bilbo’s eyes locked onto the library. He looked longingly at it, making you chuckle before you gave him a playful push in that direction. “I’ll see you at dinner.” You offered as you continued your walk.

That was how you ran into Lord Elrond and Lindir. The two had been discussing affairs of their home when you walked past. They offered to show you around, both curious to hear of your own world and how you came to be here.

“You fell from a tree?” Lord Elrond questioned.

“Not exactly. I was leaning against it, then I was above it? I don’t know, it was all kinda a blur.” You shrugged as you turned a corner. “It’s funny, when I was leaning against that tree, I had thought that it was time to start a new path…I guess it agreed.” You joked.
“There are many magics in this world, perhaps that was one of them.” Elrond offered, yea, Elrond, he said you could call him that. Not to brag, but friends with a Dwarven King, first name basis with an Elf lord, yea, you had some amazing companions in this world.

“Maybe, I am just glad…” Your eyes drifted to Lindir, who seemed to freeze in place, his eyes wide as he stared straight ahead. The horror on his face was evident, the pale color of his face (paler than usual), the way he gulped before looking to Elrond.

“The sacred fountain.” Was all he muttered.

You and Elrond both followed his eye of site. “What sacred fountain?” You asked.

It was a stupid question.

Because of course they were talking about the one ahead…you know…the one there were thirteen naked fucking dwarves in!

Now…

It didn’t take a damn rocket scientist to figure out that the dwarves didn’t like the elves. But honestly, must they act like this?!

“Oh. My. God.” You stuttered. You looked to Elrond, the war of his mind clear. On one hand, he was being the calm collected elf you had come to know him as. The other however, clearly wanted to go fetch a sword and have dwarf on a stick for dinner. “I will take care of this…personally.” You growled as you stalked forward.

“Miss, please! They are not…appropriate!” Lindir called out, trying to reach for you. You didn’t see it, but Elrond stopped him, giving a smug look, muttering in Sindrain something you didn’t understand (it mean, ‘wait, this could be entertaining’).

000

The dwarves didn’t see you approach, they were too busy carrying on and being themselves to
“Miss Y/n!” Ori squawked as he covered himself and bent down deeper into the water.

It was almost too perfect as a bare assed Kili looked over his shoulder and smiled down to you. He didn’t even hesitate, even with Dori and Thorin screaming at him to cover up. He turned, crossed his arms over his chest and grinned, in all of his naked Kili glory.

“How you see, Y/n?” He puffed up his chest a bit. “We dwarves are much more to look at than elves, don’t you think?”

You froze, took a deep breath, cause you needed a deep breath. He wanted to show off, wanted to be the macho man, fine… You gave him a sweet smile as you looked him over, making it clear that you took him all in (and by all you meant all, and you couldn’t lie, it was a nice view). “Kili?” You asked innocently, wiggling your finger playfully to get him to bend down to your level.

“Of course, my lady?” That grin, that perfect grin that was so Kili. That grin that could light a dark day. You hated to take that grin away.

He bent down, squatting on the edge of the fountain, giving everyone behind him a perfect view of his hairy ass. “Kili…” You said sweetly. Then you struck, your hand flew out and wrapped around his right ear and yanked so hard he stumbled down off the ledge and fell to his knees before you. “GET YOUR HAIRY FUCKING ASS OUT OF THE SACRED FOUNTAIN!” You screamed at him.

You let him go as he stumbled backwards. “NOW!” You screamed at him and turned to the other dwarves, who seemed surprised by the gall you just had to woman-handle their naked as a babe prince. “Everyone! OUT!”

That’s funny. No one seemed to respond, except Ori, who was already getting dressed, but that was because he was embarrassed to be naked in front of you.

“You, calm-.”

“This is a sacred fountain to the elves and you are defiling it!” You shouted at Nori.
You closed your eyes and took another deep breath, putting on a calm face before giving a terrifyingly sweet smile again. “You have five seconds. Any dwarf not out of the water by then…I will climb in there and pull you out by your nads…do you understand?”

“Nads?” Fili offered with a scared look.

“One.” Nothing happened. “Two…three…” Your voice slowly became more vicious, and that seemed to do the trick. “Four!” And then the dwarves took off, rushing to get out of the pool. You paused your countdown as you watched the hilarity of the dwarves fumbling over themselves. Nori tripped a couple times before he got out, sputtering and trying to catch his breath. Dori was doing his best to preserve his modesty, which he failed at, as he got out. Fili and Bofur panicking and just abandoning their clothes as they hauled ass back to the camp on the balcony.

You turned back to the front, giving the others the benefit of the doubt as they worked to get out and clothed. But there were two who didn’t seem to find you that terrifying. Thorin and Dwalin. You caught both of their eyes, and raised an eyebrow in a challenge.

They both huffed out an amused sound and just relaxed back.

Huh…Okay.

“Five.” You spoke sweetly. You looked back to Lord Elrond and Lindir, giving them a little nod of apology as you kicked off your shoes. Elrond was clearly amused, poor Lindir was just in shock at what was happening. You managed to get your shoes off and pulled yourself up to the side of the fountain and stepped in.

“I’m serious, you two. You need to get out.”

“Don’t think you can order me about. Do not forget your place, you nothing but a lost girl. It is only by my charity you have made it this far. I will not stand for such dissention in my company.” Your head snapped up straight at Thorin’s words. All the kindness he showed you yesterday, then he says this.

“Well, I guess these are you true colors then…” You say to him. Your voice lost some of its edge before you nodded, looking down as Thorin’s words hurt your heart. “If that is how you feel…” You quickly turned back and walked to the edge of the fountain, where a kind Elrond was waiting to
help you out.

“Lord Elrond,” you spoke as you slid down off the side of the fountain, “it seems I am no wanted in the company.” Your voice broke a moment as you steeled your nerves. You looked around and saw the other dwarves, all haphazardly dressed staring at you with shocked looks, looking as heartbroken as you felt. “Could…Could I stay here, in Rivendell?” You looked up to Elrond and let a lone tear fall. “I don’t think I will be welcome in Erebor anymore.”

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Elrond offered you asylum in Rivendell, saying he would be honored to have such a kind and honest soul as yours among his people. Lindir guided you back to your private room, and then left you be. You only had a moment of peace before the company descended, begging you to not leave, saying that Thorin was just being grumpy, that he didn’t mean it.

“If he didn’t mean it, then he shouldn’t have said it.” You responded to Kili’s plea.

“Please, Y/n. We won’t even bathe in any more elf fountains!” Kili begged. You turned to him and smiled, giving him a gentle hug.

“I won’t go where I’m not wanted,” was all you could say.

You had spent the rest of the night, even dinner, in your room. The balcony overlooked the city, the lights sparkling, the music drifting up and helping set your mind at ease. But honestly, after coming to the decision you didn’t want to go home, then Thorin’s words, you seemed lost. So lost, you didn’t even hear the knock at your door…or the steps coming towards you.

“You should eat more, you will need your strength for the journey.” The deep voice said, obviously having taken in your barely touched dinner.

“Shouldn’t be a problem…” You said sadly, not having the heart to look at Thorin.

“Y/n…Fallen star…” That nickname made your heart break. That little nickname everyone reserved for special moments with you…it was unfair to use it now.
You planned to tell him such, to yell at him, say he lost the right to call you that, but then you saw him, really saw him. You could see the regret in his eyes, the worried brow that was furrowed as he handled the bundle in his hands.

“I owe you an apology. I have also apologized to Lord Elrond, personally, for the disgrace of using the fountain for baths. It was too much.” Thorin spoke as he stepped forward and lay the bundle next to your dinner.

“Your words stirred my entire company into action. You seem to have that effect on us. Even I was tempted to run under your dangerous fury. And because of that, I stuck out, I dealt a blow that has wounded your heart.” Thorin took your hands in his as he knelt down next to your chair. “And I beg your forgiveness for that. You are a member of my company, and I should not have spoken as that…I should not have treated you that way.”

His hands were warm on yours, only for a moment before he placed the bundle in your hands. “To prove my words, I have gathered some things for you for the journey. I offer you these in hopes that you will continue with us. All of us wish for you to be there when we regain our homeland. I would be truly foolish king if I let such a loyal, and honest, subject stay behind…with elves no less.”

That little joke made you chuckle as you rolled your eyes. “I am sorry if I was a bit over the top with my execution.” You said in response as you pulled the gear close to you. “Thank you, Thorin.”

“There is no need, I am honored to have someone who is not afraid to tell me when I am wrong on this journey.” Thorin chuckled as he gave you a gentle smile. “And I would be damned if I won’t keep the only person who can keep Kili in line by my side.”

And with a giggle, all had been forgiven. The next morning, you were with the company again at breakfast, enjoying their rambunctious behaviors as they laughed at those who panicked the most at the fountain, how Dwalin had apparently been the biggest of your champions, demanding Thorin apologize to you for his words. It was sweet, and it was a great way to start the day.

But that changed with the sound of a small metal object hitting the stone floor. The only thing you had left of home, lay broken on the floor.

Chapter End Notes

I forgive you, Thorin. And I can’t wait to keep on with this journey with the company! (Go to "New Family")
Dwalin, you were one of my champions? That’s so sweet! (Go to "Excessive Force")

You’re a bit rough around the edges, but something tells me you have a heart of gold, Thorin. (Go to "A Simple Gift")
You heard the small clink of metal hitting the stone floor you were sitting on. You weren’t sure how you heard it, but you did. It was crystal clear to you for some reason. It only took a glance down to realize why.

Your heart tightened as you looked down to the small metal charm on a small metal chain. Your necklace had broken. You quickly scooped it up in your hand and excused yourself, but the rowdy dwarves didn’t notice your exit, and Bilbo was too busy trying to keep Nori from stealing his pipe weed. Poor hobbit didn’t stand a chance.

There was a balcony on the other end of the hallway, it was always quiet there. It took only a few minutes for you to reach it and sit upon the edge. You took a deep breath as you gently unfurled your hand, looking down at the silver necklace, the silver charm, and the beautiful moon stone in the center.

“The lady at the shop said it would protect you when you wear it! You need that in your new home.” Your mother’s words reverberated in your mind. Had she known this was going to happen, she would have bought you twenty more. It was a gift she gave you when you moved away from home for work, a way to keep them close.

It was all you still had. Everything else that was on your person was either broken or lost. But this had stuck with you…until now. The small chain had a break. There was no way you would be able to just leave it in your pocket, not with all that could happen to it.

A deep sigh left you. It seemed silly, after everything, to get so worked up over a simple necklace. But here you were.

“Something troubles you.”

You jumped a little at the sudden voice, turning to look upon a familiar face. “Elladan!” Your hand went to your heart as the other closed around the necklace, hiding it from any other eyes. “You scared me.”

“Elrohir, actually. I am Elladan’s brother.” The elf spoke as he stepped forward. “I apologize for
interrupting, but I passed and saw you looking forlorn at the jewel in your hand.” He nodded to your closed fist.

Part of you wanted to lie, say it was nothing. But another part, a part that was becoming louder with each passing day, told you that this one could be trusted. So you opened your fist and held it out.

“A necklace my mother gave me, from my world. It is broken.” You internally cursed yourself as a tear ran down your cheek. You sounded almost like a child, and you didn’t like it, but at the same time, losing something like this…it made you feel like a lost child.

“I see.” Elrohir bent at his waist and observed the small chain. “I could fix that for you, if you would like. I happen to have great skill in a forge.” A small smile fixed on his face as he gave you a generous bow. “If you would allow me to take it, for now, I can have it fixed and returned to you by dinner.”

How? How was it that everyone was always so kind? You smiled up at him and nodded, holding out the broken chain and charm to him. “You will be careful?”

“As if it were from my own mother.” He promised before silently guiding you back to the company.

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The company had some words when you returned, being escorted back by the elves. “She’s too friendly with them.” “They aren’t worth your time.” “You deserve better.” Those were just some of the less colorful phrases that were muttered your way. You honestly didn’t even have the gall to repeat what Nori said, one: because it was in another language and two: based on how Dori boxed his ears, it wasn’t nice at all.

But you ignored them, so what if you had friends that were elves? They were kind and they were helping you, and the others would just have to learn to deal.

“Be careful around them, lass. They will steal the nose right off your face.”

You shot the dwarf a look. “Pot…let me introduce you to kettle.” You said to Nori, turning away from him as he looked to you in confusion as you started chatting with Bilbo about his finds in the Library. Thankfully, Bilbo didn’t share the dwarves disdain for the elves.
Dusk had come as you sat around a fire on the balcony of the company’s area. Dinner had finished, which meant that the festivities were about to begin. Kili was spinning some tale about how he killed the world’s greatest boar in a hunt once, which would have been impressive if Dwalin wasn’t behind him correcting the size everything. Kili said the shot was 100 feet, Dwalin corrected to twenty. Kili said it weight eighty pounds! Dwalin said 10. It was hilarious, and you loved every moment of it. But you, like the rest of the company just let Kili go on and on, nodding with everything he said, not having the heart to kill the happy moment for the prince.

But the moment was about to be killed anyway. How you may ask?

With a well-timed visit from a friendly elf.

“Miss Y/n?” Elrohir stepped onto the balcony, staying a good way away from the dwarves. “May I have a word?”

“Of course, Elrohir!” You said with a grin, knowing what it was about. You didn’t want to worry the company with such a small problem, so you were happy for Elrohir’s discretion. In hindsight, maybe opening your mouth and speaking loudly would have been a better decision.

You sat next to Elrohir on the edge of the balcony, ignoring the burning sensation of glares and the muttering of curses coming from the area around the fire.

“It is a lovely night, is it not?” Elrohir asked as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a bundle of cloth.

Looking up, you saw the beautiful moon and stars, so different from your world, and so mesmerizing. “It really is.” You smiled as you looked up to him, a matching smile on his face.

“A perfect time for a gift, do you think?” He gave you a small wink as he opened up the bundle to reveal your necklace.

A little gasp left your mouth as you took it in. The charm was the same, but it looked as if it had
been polished, it shone like it never had before. And the chain? It was a solid piece with a simple clasp, but it was of the whitest silver you had ever seen before. It was, in a word, gorgeous.

“Elrohir…thank you!” Your hand fluttered to your heart as your eyes filled with happy tears. A joyous feeling filled your being as Elrohir lifted it up, unclasping it so he could make sure it would secure around your neck.

“KEEP YOUR DIRTY MITS OFF ‘ER!”

Happy feeling gone!

Your head snapped over as Dwalin roared. He was like a hurricane wrapped in a tornado wrapped in a tsunami. A force of earth and water and stone and fire, all in one. He moved so quickly that not even Elrohir registered it until the Dwarf was upon you both.

A string of curses in some language fell from his mouth as he reached out and snatched the necklace from your friend.

“Dwalin!” You cried out, reaching out to him, but you weren’t fast enough, even though the next moments went by in almost slow motion.

Dwalin had this growling scowl on his face as Thorin came stalking up behind him, shouting. “You are not worthy to call yourself hers!”

Fili and Kili were by your side in an instant, pulling you back with such force you actually fell to the ground. Fili tried to catch you, taking his eyes off the rest of the goings on, focused on you. He was the first to realize, after seeing your look of horror on your face, that something was wrong.

“Dwalin, no!” You screamed as Dwalin reared his arm back, the arm and hand that held your necklace.

“You can take your courtin’ gift and shove it up yer polished ass!” And with that, Dwalin put all his force behind it…and threw the necklace from the balcony.
It was a small shimmer of light. You pushed the princes away as you tried to follow it with your eyes, your mouth held open in shock at what had just happened.

“My…my…” Words were not working, your breath was still.

“You will keep away from her for the rest of our visit or we shall have your head.” Thorin threatened Elrohir, who was just as shocked, not paying attention to the dwarves, but looking out, scanning to try to spot where the necklace had landed.

“It’s alright, lass. We will keep ya safe.” Dwalin brought his hand down on your shoulder, his voice being smug and filled with arrogance.

“Safe…Safe?!” You screamed as you turned and shoved him. He stumbled back and into Thorin, both staring at you in shock. “You just threw my necklace off the fucking balcony! That was the last thing I had of home! My mother…my mother gave…” You got choked up. It was gone, you realized, it was gone and you would never see it again…what would keep you safe now?

“We will find it. You shall have your mother’s gift again.” Elrohir promised. And with that he pushed past the dwarves who seemed to be turned to stone by your words, ushering you out into the night.

“Her mother’s gift?” Ori squeaked as they watched you leave. “It was…her mothers?”

“Why did the elf have it?!” Nori said with a growl. “I told her he would steal it.”

“I don’t think he did.” Bofur added, looking heartbroken, staring out over the edge of the balcony.

“She won’t come with us now, will she?” Kili’s voice was hard.

“After what happened with Thorin yesterday, and now this….no, I don’t think she will.” Bilbo hated the idea, but what else could be done? They had now broken your heart twice in two days. They didn’t deserve your companionship anymore.
It was dark when you came back, Elrohir by your side as he escorted you back. He kept muttering apologies, but you just shook your head, reciting over and over again that it wasn’t his fault.

The camp was silent as you walked in and laid down on the bedroll they set up for you earlier. You knew they were watching you, you knew they wanted to know. So as you laid down, your back to them, your heart shattered, you whispered, just loud enough for them to hear. “It’s gone.”

Sleep came quickly, the exhaustion overtaking you from the last few days, the rollercoaster of emotions that was filling you. You needed rest, and rest was what you got. Rest with a heartbreaking dream of the day your mother gave you that necklace…the necklace you would never-

“Lass?” A gruff voice woke you. You blinked a couple times as you felt Dwalin’s hands on your shoulder. You turned to look at him, seeing the company standing behind them.

You had to blink a couple times. “Why are you all so dirty?” It just slipped out, but it was true. There wasn’t a single dwarf (or hobbit) that wasn’t covered from head to toe in dirt, mud, (twigs in their hair). “What happened?”

Dwalin gave you a tight look before he held out a fist and opened it slowly, revealing a shining silver chain, attached to a beautiful charm with a moonstone on it. Your eyes widened as you sat up, your mouth falling open.

“It’s…my necklace.” You looked to Dwalin, who couldn’t look you in the eye. You could see the guilt on his face, he was beating himself up for throwing it over the balcony in the first place. “You…you all went searching for it…” It clicked in your mind as you looked to all of them. That was why they were so dirty, they must have spent all night searching Rivendell for it.

A smile filled your face as you launched yourself at Dwalin, wrapping your arms tightly around his shoulders. “Thank you!” You sniffled as you felt him shift. “Thank you, so much!”
“Hug her back, you big oaf!” You heard Dori shout, making you chuckle. You felt Dwalin’s arms tighten around you for a moment before he pulled back, handing you the necklace.

“You found it? I can’t believe you found it!”

“It was Bilbo, actually.” Balin said under his breath, but it didn’t escape your ears. Your eyes lit up as you got to your feet and walked over to Bilbo, wrapping him up in a hug. He eagerly returned it, patting your back and laughing with you.

You leaned back and gave him a kiss on the cheek before holding the necklace out. “Do you mind?”

“Not at all!” Wow, Bilbo really turns red!

After the necklace was situated back where it belonged, you saw Kili looking down with a pout. And you knew why. You walked up to him and gave him a little kiss on the cheek before hugging him to. “Thank you, Kili.”

It took some time, but you insisted in giving everyone a hug and a little kiss on the cheek (yes, even you Thorin so suck it up). And by the time the sun was high in the sky, the whole disaster was forgotten, except for one little point.

“Dwalin? I have to know, why did you get all upset when Elrohir returned my necklace?” Some snickers let out and you saw Dwalin turn away and give you a grunt. Typical.

“Well, you see,” Kili spoke with an air of pride, “you’re one of us now, family! And we won’t let any unworthy suitors come near you, they have to go through all of us first!” He puffed up with pride. “Although, I don’t think there is really a point,” he elbowed Fili, who just rolled his eyes, “she clearly likes me the best.”

“Oh?” You asked with a chuckle.

“Of course, my kiss was the longest!”
Oh boy…yea, you had to nip this in the butt or he would be insufferable. So you turned to your right. Ori was sitting there. Oh, of course it was Ori.

“Sorry about this Ori, but I need to prove a point, I hope you understand.”

Ori looked to you for a moment and gave you a nervous nod, not realizing what you were asking. So, you took advantage of the moment and pulled him forward into a kiss, right on the lips fucking kiss. It was quick and to the point, and you had to admit, it was a nice little kiss. But when you pulled away, you looked over your shoulder to Kili. “You were saying?”

Aww, he looked so sad. But poor Ori, when you turned back you saw him turning read and curling in on himself in embarrassment. Honestly, if you hadn’t apologized right away and set things right, he probably would have curled into a little ball. Like an armadillo.

Oh boy…now you were picturing Ori as an armadillo. An Oridillo!

Chapter End Notes

I love my new family! (Go to "Myths and Legends")

Dwalin, were you jealous? (Go to "Midnight Snack")
It was with a heavy heart that you left Rivendell. Elladan and Elrohir were great friends, and they promised to come visit you soon (much to the dwarves’ dismay). You trekked up the mountain with the pack on your back Thorin had gifted you a few days ago, stopping with Bilbo to get one more look at the beautiful hidden city.

“Y/n. Bilbo. Don’t fall behind.”

You rolled your eyes, muttering under your breath. “Thorcupine.”

“What?” Bilbo asked, amused at what you had just said. “Did you just call him…” You froze as you waited, was he going to rat you out? It took all your will power not to say ‘snitches get stitches’, but you couldn’t hurt Bilbo, he was too sweet. “It suits him. I hope you don’t mind if I borrow it at times.”

You grinned and giggled. “Of course not!” Who would have guessed that Bilbo would be the one you befriended over a grumpy dwarf.

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It was your first night after leaving Rivendell, the group hunkered down around the fire, many of them groaning at the hard ground. You wanted to point out that they could have slept on feathery beds like you and Bilbo did most nights, but you didn’t want to start a war between elves and dwarves.

“At least we have some meat.” Dwalin grumbled as he tore into the stew Bombur had handed him.

“It is rather unexpected.” Bilbo added, “none of my books make mention of elves being vegetarian. I must add it when I get back to Bag End.” He said with a nod of his head, planning out in silence a book he would probably put together later. You could only imagine it, “How I survived 13 dwarves and a lost girl”.

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“Yea, they weren’t anything what I expected either. Don’t even live in trees or make shoes.” You mumbled to no one but yourself, but of course it didn’t stay that way. There were too many nose people in the group to let the comment slide.

“Why would they live in trees?”

“Or make shoes?”

Of course Kili and Ori were leading the charge. One being rambunctious and the other most likely very curious. You looked over to your Oridillo and smiled, ignoring Kili completely. “Because that is how we always imagined them in my world.”

“Imagined them?” Balin finally spoke up. “Lass, do you mean to tell me you don’t have elves in your world?”

You gave him a shrug as you took a bite of stew. “Nope.”

“Mahal, could you imagine! A world without elves!”

“It would be grand!”

“No tree-shaggers, the trees must get lonely.”

You rolled your eyes and smiled. These dwarves were a hilarious bunch, you had to give them that. They were so easily pulled into conversation, especially if elves were concerned. Maybe you could give them something really fun to talk about. “Don’t have any dwarves either.”

Oh, that was a conversation stopper. Silence filled the space. And you knew that in three, two, one-

“What do you mean?!?”

“You poor soul!”
“Not a single one!!”

“WHAT DID YOU DO TO THEM!!”

“We didn’t do anything!” You defended. “My world is only humans and animals, no dwarves, no elves, no wizards…not like your wizards are very interactive anyway.” You grumbled, Gandalf was making a habit of just popping in and out of this adventure, and it made you uneasy.

“So…you never knew of dwarves until you came here?” You looked over to Gloin, who honestly looked at you with such pity you would think you were dying.

“Well, I didn’t say that. We have stories of dwarves, but-“

“Tell us one!” Kili popped up right behind you, putting an arm around your shoulder. “We would love to hear stories of dwarves from your world, ain’t that right??”

The confirmation was deafening. You shook your head at Kili, smiling at his energy. “Alright, but only one.” You had to think hard on what you were going to tell them. Of course, as if there was any choice, there was one story you just had to say, if only for the amusement later. “Well, the most famous of dwarves would be from Snow White and the Seven Dwarves…”

And so you did the Disney version of “Snow White and the Seven Dwarves”. The group seemed to enjoy them, Bilbo most of all when you got to the names of the dwarves.

“Wait, what?” Thorin glared at you. “Those are not dwarf names.”

“Sorry, Thorin, but that is their names!” You said for what felt like the tenth time. The story went great until you got to that point, and now they were in an uproar. “Honestly, their names just reflect their personality, so sleep was always sleep, happy was always happy, bashful was-“
“Ori!” Kili said with a chuckle. “Ori would be bashful!”

A few chuckled as you looked over to Ori as he did his little Oridillo curl and then he put his head up high. “Then you would be Dopey!” Ori said with a proud smirk. Oh, he was fighting back, this could be fun!

“No I wouldn’t! I would be happy!”

“No, Bofur is happy.” You said with a smirk. You had Ori’s back on this, Kili was so Dopey.

“That I am, lass.” Bofur sent you a wink as he leaned against you, taking his hat off and plopping it down on your head with a smile. “Happiest dwarf here! That’s me!”

You laughed alongside him, smiling as you turned back to the company. “And of course, Oin would be Doc.”

“What? Lock? No, I don’t have a lock! What will you be needing that for anyway?” Oin rolled his eyes at you.

“No, not lock, Doc-oh never mind.” You couldn’t help but laugh as the others went around and started assigned rolls.

Some of them were pretty easy. Ori was Bashful, Kili was Dopey, Oin was Doc, Bofur was Happy. Of course next to be named was Sneezy and Sleepy. Bombur was granted Sleepy, as he was already passed out on his bedroll, tuckered out after a long day’s walk. And for some reason, Gloin got Sneezy. So that just left…

“Grumpy…”

It was almost hilarious how all eyes traveled to the two sitting at the head of the group, Thorin and Dwalin.

“That’s a tough call…” Fili muttered under his breath.
“Excuse you?” Thorin glared at his nephew.

“Nothing, Uncle.”

“He said it was a tough call!” You shouted over. “Need your hearing checked?” You said with a grin. “Maybe it’s the old age that’s making you grumpy?”

The number of ‘O’s that could be counted around the camp, being formed by mouths, neared 11. Thorin gave you a glare, but then his mouth turned up at the corner and a deep chuckle left him. “You are proving to be a handful, Fallen Star.” Thorin shook his head at you before turning his attention back to the fire.

You glanced over to Dwalin, looking to see his response, but he just gave you a grunt and looked away.

“Well that settles it…Dwalin is Grumpy!” Laughter, including Thorin’s echoed around the rock face of the mountain.

“I ain’t grumpy.” He growled out.

“Course yer not.” You mimicked him, keeping the laughter going. “If you won’t laugh at yourself, Dwalin, we are all happy to do it for you.”

Dwalin just huffed out a single laugh. “Well then I guess that makes you Snow White.”

You raised an eyebrow at him. “Dwalin…” You put your hand over your heart. “Did you just call me the fairest in the land?”

Balin gave a tut and smiled, “She has you there brother.”

It was a great night, you got to share a story from your world, got everyone to laugh, and the cherry on top? You got to see big bad Dwalin, aka Grumpy, blush!
Chapter End Notes

Well, I guess it is time to play Snow White! (Go to "Fear of Falling")

Grumpy was always my favorite Dwarf. (Go to "Training")
The days of laughter and joking around seemed far behind you now. Now, you were traveling up the tall side of a mountain with nothing but your own weight and hands keeping you down. The wind was hard and pushed and pulled your body every which way, the slope was slippery, making you lose your footing numerous times. It was too much, even for you. It was eating at you, making you think with every step, will this be my last?

The company kept pushing forward, even after the rain had started, trudging through the weather and such. You tried to keep up, honestly, you did. But it seemed like every few minutes you needed to stop. Either you slipped and needed to regain your footing, you overexerted yourself and you felt weak, something made you stop. And one by one, the company passed by, giving you a reassuring pat on the arm. But that was it.

It wasn’t until you slipped again, falling to your knees, that someone finally took notice. Bombur had seen you go down, how your eyes widened as you looked over the cliff, recalling your own mortality. Your face began to pale and the world shift as you leaned back against the cold rock. Your mantra played through your mind, deep breaths. Deep breaths.

“Y/n, you don’t look so well.” Bombur called out to you as he knelt down next to you, slipping off his cloak, wrapping it tightly around you. Tears fell from your eyes at his kindness. Your emotions were worn thin, so thin that even such a little thing as being given a cloak made you emotional. You tried to nod, but then you felt a warm hand next to you, a body blocking the wind.

“Oh, lass…” Balin knelt down as well, Dori standing behind him. Balin’s hand went to your forehead, probably thinking illness, but when it came away normal, he looked around. You saw the recognition on his face, in his eyes. The kind eyes that looked at you with worry. “You’re scared of heights.”

He didn’t have to ask a question, he put two and two together. You had been through worse weather and perils with them thus far, and you came out just fine. So what changed? The altitude, that was what changed.

“N-no…” You managed to get out, shaking your head, feeling your heart pounding in your chest as another wave an anxiety hit you. “Just…scared of falling.”
Balin took a deep breath before he leaned forward, pressing his forehead against yours. “We will be through the mountain soon enough. Can you keep going?” Balin knew, as well as you did, that there was no going back at this point. There was no going down the mountain in this weather, there was only going forward…and up…and higher…and bigger falls.

The world shifted again and you took deep breaths. “I have to…” You said, sounding defeated.

“We will get you through, Y/n!” Dori shouted over a clap of thunder. “Nori! Get back here!”

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The company stopped for a few minutes as they rearranged themselves. Everyone in the group was now aware of your struggle, which you hated. You didn’t want to seem weak in such a silly predicament, but at the same time, everyone seemed understanding. Gloin offered up some rope, tying you to the dwarf in front and in back of you, explaining that if you fell, they would catch you.

It only helped…slightly.

The group marched forward, moving at a slower pace now because of you. As Dori ordered, Nori fell back, was standing right in front of you and going through great lengths to make sure that any obstacle that presented itself was cleared before you reached it. He would push any stray limbs or rocks off the edge (that visual didn’t help at all, but you didn’t have the heart to tell him), he even tried sweeping his boot across the cliff to clear the water, make it less slippery.

It was sweet, and he made sure every few steps to look over his shoulder to check on you. Not that he wouldn’t notice if you shifted or tripped, seeing as your left hand had a death grip on the back of his shirt.

The other hand was behind you. Where your left hand was used as an anchor for safety, your right was for comfort. Your right hand was slightly pulled back behind you and engulfed in a larger one. Kili’s.

Once he saw how hard a time you were having, he volunteered to step back. He didn’t hesitate to wrap a rope around himself and then around you.

“I promise, Y/n. I won’t let you fall.” He whispered into your ear before giving your forehead a
little kiss. “It’s just a bit of rock, you can do this.” Honestly, if it hadn’t been for Kili, you would probably have broken down with a panic attack or passed out by now. Maybe you could just pass out and Dwalin would carry you? Magically wake up on the other side? That wasn’t a half bad idea, was it?

Once you were back on your feet, Kili wrapped your hand in his, saying you could squeeze it when you got scared and he would let you know he was right there.

Your foot slipped, but you regained yourself quick enough. You gave Kili’s hand a squeeze as you felt him lean forward, the heat off of his body being the telltale sign. “You’re fine. I’m right here, Nori is right in front of you. Just a little bit more. Ten steps? How does ten more steps sound?”

He was always encouraging you. Just ten more steps, just around that bend. Granted, there was always more, but for now, it was working. You looked over your shoulder at him and gave him a slight smile.

“Thank you.”

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Fat lot of good that damn rope did against a STONE FUCKING GIANT! You were frozen, terrified. The world had literally moved out from under you. It literally got up and said a big “FUCK YOU!” and tried to throw you off the cliff. Had it not been for Kili’s quick thinking, jumping on to the side with you and Nori, you all three would have went for a tumble.

“You have to stop thinking about it.” Kili begged you. Your hand was still in his as you struggled to take in air. “We are safe. See?” He signaled around the cave, but it wasn’t helping. You squeezed his hand tighter as tears filled your eyes.

Not only had you almost died, but if you had, you would have drug Nori and Kili down too. Sly Nori and his dirty jokes and tricks. Kili and his fantastic smile, his laugh…it would have-

“Hush, hush now…” Kili pulled you forward, wrapping his arm around you so you could tuck against his chest. You were struggling to breathe, only choked sobs coming from you now. You kept trying to speak, say how sorry you were, but you couldn’t. “You’re shivering like a leaf! Fee, get my spare cloak!”
Fili was upon you both in a second, wrapping not only Kili’s spare cloak, but his own as well around you. And before you knew it, you were sandwiched between two princes.

“You’re safe. We are all safe, even Bilbo, see?” Kili leaned back so you could see Bilbo, who just look at you with an encouraging smile...even if he did look like a drowned curly haired, big footed, cute little rat. “If anyone was going to fall off the cliff, it would be him.”

“Excuse me?!” He squeaked, but it was ignored.

You tried to smile back, but you couldn’t. “We are here, just breathe.” Fili whispered to you, rubbing your back soothingly.

“Step back, lads. She needs to breathe.” Oin finally called out, stepping up next to you and shooing the princes away. It took a moment before you were willing to let go of Kili’s hand. Honestly, as silly as it sounded later in the night, you felt that if you let his hand go, you would just fall.

“I’ll stay close by.” Kili said with a grin, assuring you as your hand slipped out of his.

Oin sat before you, Dori over his shoulder as they both worked you through some breathing exercises, finally getting you to calm down. You were toasty warm under all six cloaks (your original one, Bombur’s, Nori’s, Fili’s, Kili’s, and now Thoirn’s). Ori sat down next to you and slid his knitted gloves over your hands.

“You’re all too good to me.” You said with a teary smile.

“Nonsense, we are happy to take care of you!” Bilbo sat down next to you and patted your hand, wrapping it around his. “Now, let’s relax a bit while everyone gets settled, alright?”

You nodded, and your ears caught the last bit of a side conversation between the princes.

“You alright, your hand looks red.” Fili spoke up, making you look over to see Kili flexing his fingers with a strange look on his face.

“I’m happy to have helped...but I thought she was going to break my hand...or at least my fingers!”
You caught Kili’s eyes. “I’m sorry.” You mumbled.

He just immediately perked up and walked back over to you. “Don’t worry about it. I’d let a pretty lass like you break my hand any day!” He said with some cheek, putting his red hand back into yours.

That night was far from over, but for that moment, you were nestled between all of your dwarves and hobbit, your new family seeing to it that you were well and calm. And in that singular moment, life was perfect.

Then the ground, for the second time that night, fell out from under you.

Chapter End Notes

How have I ever lived without the company before? (Go to "Giant")
You were panting as you leaned over, putting your hands on your knees. The dwarves were all standing there for a moment, looking and scowling at Gandalf, demanding to know what the fucking hell was going on, and you wanted to know too.

But right now…there was something else just running through your mind.

You were done.

Fucking done!

“Lass?” Bofur asked as he bent over to match your posture, giving you a serious look. “How ya holdin’ up?” Bofur had been your running buddy as you hauled ass through the forest and into this house. You had to admit, you gave it your all, but after being passed by Bombur on the way, you decided that once things were settled down, you needed to start exercising again. “Lass?” Bofur asked you again.

You fixed him with a look. He wanted to know how you were? Okay…okay, let’s tell him how you were! “We have been almost eaten by trolls…chased by rabid dogs…thrown off a mountain, down a mountain…” Your voice got increasingly louder and louder and louder. You at some point stood up and were no wagging your finger at Bofur as if you were chastising a child.

“Y/n,” A commanding voice called out to you, but it just fueled your inner fire. That voice that normally told you to stop talking and listen was now cheering on the voice that said, ‘let them have it’. “You need to-.”

“If you tell me to calm down I will shove that fucking elf sword up your backside, Thorcupine!”

Someone started to laugh but covered it up with a cough (it was Bilbo). The others simply stared at you, some of them letting that last word sink in before some more snickers starting up, Gandalf being the main source of them.
“I have am done! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE?!” You screamed at the group. “This is NOT how you do a journey! You, and me, are all crazy for doing this, you know that?!”

“We have been thrown about by giant stone men…” You stuck your thumb out as you counted the ways you almost died in the last few days.

“Stone giants.” Kili offered, trying to be helpful as he took a cautious step back from you. It was a smart move.

“Nearly squashed by a giant troll…” Out went the index finger.

“Goblin.” Fili offered before following his brother’s lead.

“Chased by giant rabid dogs being ridden by albino mutants!” Out went your middle finger, and if you happened to fix Thorin with a glare as you did so, you could claim insanity later.

“Azog? Is she talking about Azog?” Ori spoke up.

“Giant eagles…” Ring finger.

“They technically didn’t try to kill-.” Nori’s mouth snapped shut when you turned your attention to him. He looked away and started picking at the wall next to him. You took a moment and then turned back to Thorin before continuing.

“And now, we have been chased, by a GIANT. FUCKING. BEAR!” You held up your hand with all the fingers extended, shaking it out at Thorin as if it had personally offended you and he must do something about it.

Thorin, that smug ass, just had this look on his face before he opened his mouth. “Did you call me… Thorcupine?”

“And you know what?!” You decided to ignore his question, instead opting to start pacing the floor. “You aren’t supposed to run from bears, you are supposed to stop and play dead! Didn’t
And on and on you went with anything you could think of to rant about. Most of the company moved away, but Thorin stayed, along with Gandalf, and let you vent to him. God only knows why. He sat there and took it, every complaint, and every bitchy moment, until you were almost out of air.

You were nearly panting for air when you finished, and Thorin just sat there, drinking from some cup someone had brought him. “Are you done?” He said with a tone of irritation. “I would like some rest.”

“No! As a matter of fact!” You shouted at him. But then you caught sight of the edge of a cut by his neck. Everything came crashing down on you. It wasn’t the things that were trying to kill you that were so bothersome. But seeing everyone else, the people who were your protectors, your friends, your family, in that position… You didn’t want to lose them, you couldn’t, not after everything. So it all boiled down to a new topic. “How are you feeling?”

Thorin raised an eyebrow at you, amused by the question. “What?”

“You were hurt, bad, and then had to run a marathon, are you okay?” You started deflating. It was beginning to seem petty to you to bitch about everything. At least you weren’t the one used as a chew toy for the giant dog. …Great…now you were picturing a Thorin dog toy…Maybe Ori would knit you one later?

“I am fine. You should rest.” He offered his cup to you, chuckled as he watched you take a big gulp. “We will figure things out in the morning. Try not to cause any more ruckus today.”

You wanted to tell him off, but that king in his place, but you lost all your energy. “Fine. But if I see one more giant thing, I am going to fucking flip.” It was a half-hearted threat…or so you thought.

000

You woke to the sound of shuffling around, following it to see Bofur pulling up a chair to a window and looking out.
“Bofur? What are you doing?” You asked as you pulled the blanket you found last night around your shoulders. “You should be resting.” You said as you stepped up next to him. Thorin took the brunt of injuries in the group, but it didn’t mean everyone else got out unharmed. Bofur took some cuts and bruises as well.

“Oh boy…”

“What?” Your head snapped up, trying to look out the window, but Bofur stopped you.

“Now, lass. I know you have had a hard time of it of late, and I don’t want to be upsetin’ ya. But…” He cleared his throat before letting you walk by him to look out the window.

And there, before your eyes, was the straw that broke the camel’s back.

“A giant man…great…” You just walked past Bofur and back to your little designated sleeping spot. “Wake me when he is gone!”

But of course, he wouldn’t leave…he was your host.

Chapter End Notes

At least life is never boring with these guys… (Go to "One on One")

I needed someone to vent to, thank you Thorin. (Go to "Stinging Pride")
The giant man, Beorn was his name, was very kind. Apparently he was also the giant bear, a skin changer. You weren’t sure what to make of that information, so you put up to “deal with that later for your own sanity”. He welcomed you and the others into his home to rest and recuperate, which was good, because some of you had some bad wounds to tend to. And on the up side, it gave you some time to relax with everyone on a more personal level.

000

Thorin

You knocked on the door leading to the stables, calling out for your fearless leader. So fearless in fact that he secluded himself away from the group instead of seeking proper treatment for his wounds. After many fail attempts, Oin came to you and recruited your “don’t fuck with me” attitude for help.

“Thorin?” You called out as you pushed the door open. The stables were quiet, serene. It had an ambiance of light that made the whole world glow and feel warm. So it was no surprise when you found Thorin dozing on a pile of straw.

You smiled as you stepped over to him, taking care not to dirty the bandages. You plopped down on your knees, setting the items in your lap before giving his shoulder a very gentle shake. “Thorin, I need you to wake up so I can tend your wounds.”

A soft sigh came from him as his eyes opened slowly, the rich blue hue catching the light and making you smile. “Morning.” You said with a grin, helping him sit up slowly.

“I told Oin, and I’ll tell you, I’m fine.” He grumbled out, stretching like a cat…a cat that had stitches seven ways to Thursday.

“I know you did, but…either you let me do this, or I call Dwalin in here to hold you down and I strip you so I can do this. Your choice.” You shot him a playful look, knowing that you really wouldn’t mind having to strip the handsome king. And he knew it to.
So he gave in, allowing you to help him with his tunic until he was bare before you. “Oin should do this, it is inappropriate for you to do this.”

“Please, I have seen all your goods…and the company…wow, that doesn’t make me sound good does it.” You laughed, reminding him of the fountain.

“Please don’t remind me.”

“Yea, wasn’t one of your better moments.” You agreed with him as you put down a layer of the slave Oin had given you before gently wrapping him back up. “That should do for now.”

A loud bang came from the house, making you and Thorin turn your heads to the door. You let out a sigh, knowing that once you walked through the door to the house, you were fair game for Fili and Kili’s shenanigans.

“You may rest out here if you would like.” Thorin offered. “My sisters-sons can be…overwhelming at times.”

“Nice way of putting that they can be a pain in the ass.” You said with a chuckle, settling back next to Thorin. “I’ll keep you company for a bit, if you don’t mind.”

“I welcome the company.” Thorin said with a soft smile, leaning his head back and letting his eyes drift close.

Oin found you both an hour later leaning on each other, sleeping in the afternoon warmth.

000

Balin and Dwalin

“Oh, lass. Good. How is our leader?” Balin caught you by the elbow the minute you were back in the kitchen, guiding you away from some purple-grey pile of goop on the floor the princes were
messing with.

“Uh…fine.” You said, glancing over your shoulder. “Needs all the rest he can get, so maybe give him some time alone?” You offered, knowing that Thorin was still asleep in the stables last you saw him.

“Of course.” Balin spoke as he helped you into a seat next to Dwalin. “We just want to get our plans underway as soon as possible.”

“Time’s running out.” Dwalin grumbled.

“He can’t move like this, Dwalin. It’s called patience. Learn some.” You bit out. You were being a bit defensive over Thorin, you knew it, but in your defense, Dwalin hadn’t seen the wounds on his chest. If he had…

“He’s had worse.” Dwalin said. You wanted to shout at him, but something stopped you. Maybe it was the way his shoulders hunched forward, or the way his eyes suddenly had this far off look. It was something, something that made you pause.

“I’m sorry.” You offered to Dwalin, who just gave you a nod. “Maybe just a day more?” You said with a smile, “he really needs his beauty sleep.”

That got a good chuckle from the worlds grumpiest dwarf. “Aye, he’s lookin’ like a ass’ backside, ain’t he?” Dwalin gave you a smile, an actually, legit smile, and you giggled.

“Might worse than that now.” You said in response.

“Now…” Balin tried to interrupt, but you and Dwalin were on a roll, no stopping now.

“Perhaps an Orc’s backside?” Dwalin offered, giving you a look, waiting for what he knew would be a witty response, but you just sat there in silence, trying not to laugh.

A throat was cleared behind Dwalin and you saw him freeze. “Something you would like to say?” Thorin offered as you tried to look innocent.
“Dwalin started it.”

000

Fili and Kili

“No way in hell.” You deadpanned, looking at Kili’s pleading eyes. Man, how did those brown eyes get bigger like that?

“Please, Y/n? Fallen Star?”

“Don’t pull that nickname crap on me, I’m not getting into it! You should be nicer to Ori, he is a sweetie!” You defended your friend, but you knew that there was nothing he could do. He had the target placed on him, now it was only a matter of time before they struck.

“Come on, it is just a little joke.” Fili offered, trying to appeal to your more logical side. “We could all use a laugh after the few days we have had.”

You were not convinced. “If that’s the case, then why not prank Dwalin, or Balin?”

“Dwalin would murder us in our sleep.” Kili offered without a blink.

“So because Ori doesn’t fight back it means he is fair game?”

“No…the fact that he was the one who dropped the stew over your blanket last night does.”

Oh…well that changed things. You thought for a moment before looking at them both. “If you are lying to me…”

“We would never!” They both said at the same time.
“Alright…but nothing too bad.”

000

Ori and Dori

“I can’t believe you went along with it!” Dori chastised you as you handed Ori a towel.

“They promised it wouldn’t be too bad.” You took up another towel and started patting Ori dry, but no amount of patting was going to get that blue die off of Ori anytime soon. He looked like a smurf. “I am really sorry, Ori.”

“It’s okay.” He said with a sad face. “I’m used to it.” Oh, well didn’t that just break your fucking heart?!

You let out a little whimper as Dori went off to fetch Oin, hoping he had something to help with the blue tinted situation due to the dye filled water. You knelt before Ori, who was pointedly looking at the ground and took his hands in yours. “Ori, seriously, I am so very sorry. I didn’t know they were always pranking you, and I didn’t know they would do something like this.”

Ori nodded, giving your hands a little squeeze.

“But you know what, I think I can help.” You offered, a smile gracing your face as the timid dwarf gave you a questioning look.

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Nori and Oin

“That was right genius that was, lass.” Nori gave you a pat on your back as you both sat back and watched as Fili and Kili stared, dumfounded, at Ori. You know, the dwarf who would be blue for the next couple of days. It could have been worse…he could be orange…like Fili and Kili was after
you helped Ori pull a prank of his own.

“That will teach you to prank me again!” Ori said before he turned away and stomped off with his head held high. You wanted to put your two cents in, let the boys know that you helped, but it was more important that they were scared of Ori right now. If they turned their attentions to you, you would make them pay later.

“You know the best part?” You asked Nori as you leaned against him. “According to Oin, it won’t come out for two weeks!”

“Yer joking!” Nori bent over in laughter, watching the two princes fumble about as Thorin caught sight of their almost neon orange-i-ness, starting what you were sure was going to be an hour long lecture on responsibility and being proper princes.

“You are one of a kind, lass.” Nori gave you a pat on the back and a smile. “And thanks for watchin’ out for Ori.” Nori gave you a wink before stepping to the side to whisper to Oin.

“And you are sure nothing will get that dye out of their skin before two weeks?”

“It’s me own concoction, they’ll be like that for a good while.” Oin said with a grin. Of course, getting Oin in on the prank was hard. He didn’t like the idea at all, but once you offered to help more with Thorin’s wounds (Oin was always complaining that Thorin was the worst patient in Middle Earth), he was happy to offer you a small vial of…whatever it was.

000

Bilbo

You needed some peace and quiet after the chaos that was a blue and two orange dwarfs were prancing around a giant bear man’s house, so outside into the gardens you went. There were all sorts of flowers and plants and vegetables. Some of which you had never even seen, but you took the time to touch and smell, reminding you of your grandmother’s garden back home.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” Bilbo said from behind you.
“It really is.” You turned and smiled at him, chuckling at how he fiddled with his clothes to get them just right. “I hear that you had quite the garden at your home as well.”

Bilbo jumped up on a bench and got situated before patting the spot next to him, invited you to join him. “Indeed, bet tomatoes in all of the Shire…suppose they will have overgrown by now.” You could hear the homesickness in his voice, and you understood it. What would you give to see your grandmother’s garden one more time?

“I’m sure that when you get back, they will be again.” You offered.

“Indeed, and won’t that give Lobelia a start!”

“Lobeila? Is that your wife?”

Well, that was the wrong question to ask, or was it? You and Bilbo spent the next couple hours just talking while enjoying the gardens, all about Lobelia and the Shire, Bilbo’s garden. It was just the two of you, happy and content, and peaceful. You saw a different side of Bilbo that day, one that was all smiles and no frets or frowns.

000

Gloin and Bombur

“Wait, you are married?” You smiled at Bombur as you both ignored Gloin who was waxing poetry about his wife’s beauty. Not that you didn’t care, but this was the third time you had heard this poem now, so the news that Bombur was also married, with children no less, too precedence.

“Yes! Beautiful woman she is.” Bombur stopped his chopping of the carrots and stared off, envisioning her. “Still can’t believe she chose one such as me.” He said with a chuckle.

“What do you mean? Any woman would be happy to have you Bombur!” You said with honesty. Bombur was a rare soul. Sure, he loved food to an almost pornographic intent, but he was kind and caring, sweet and gentle, and you bet he made a great husband.
“Bit rounder than one would expect.” Bombur said with a twinge of shyness.

“Aye, he is a round one, was rounder before-Agh!” You shut Gloin up with a hard slap to the stomach with your (Beorn’s) wooden spoon. “You got food on me shirt!”

“If you don’t have anything nice to say, then don’t say anything at all!” You growled at him, sending him walking away. “Ignore him, Bombur. You are perfect just the way you are.” You grinned up at him as he held out a small biscuit for you. “Besides, women love a man who can cook.”

000

Bifur and Bofur

You were gathering your pose of dwarves for dinner when you happened to slam into one in particular. “Oh, Bifur! I’m so sorry!” You said as you rubbed your shoulder. “I didn’t see you there.”

He immediately started signing and speaking in that ancient language you didn’t understand. You blinked a couple times before shrugging. “I’m sorry, Bifur. I don’t know what you are saying.” It was always an issue with Bifur. Sometimes, you understood him clear as day, others…

He then started signing again, but stopped before he put a hand over your shoulder and then over his own and feigned injury. It took a minute, but then it clicked.

“Oh! Am I hurt? No, I’m fine. Thank you for asking though.”

He started signing and speaking again, but luckily you had a savior this time.

“He says he is glad, he would hate to put a dent in that smile of yours, lass.” Bofur stepped up next to his cousin with a grin.

“Oh…” You blushed a little as you turned back to Bifur. “Thank you.”
A few more words and you looked to Bofur for a translation. “He said you have a beautiful smile.”

You grinned wider and leaned forward, giving Bifur a sweet kiss on the cheek before sending him off towards dinner with a blush.

“He is such a sweetie, I wish I could actually talk with him though.” You lamented to Bofur. “I asked if someone could teach me, but everyone either feigned ignorance or got all defensive. Thought Dwalin was going to take my head off with his axes!” It was meant as a joke, but seriously, you didn’t doubt that he would’ve.

“Our language is a secret one, that’s true.” Bofur took a few steps and then stopped. “But, I don’t see the harm in teaching ya one little thing.”

And that night, when everyone laid down and the hall was silent, you said the words out loud that Bofur had taught you to the group. Shock was evident, but then the sweet responses you got back in the same words made your heart fill with joy. Who would have guessed saying a simple ‘good night’ would have done that.

Chapter End Notes

I will see these dwarves to Erebor, if I can. (Go to "Mascot")

I got to cuddle Thorin! I wonder where that could lead… (Go to "Stinging Pride")
So, now you had a sixth thing to add to your list of giant things trying to kill you. Giant spiders! Extremely giant spiders in a forest that made you feel unwanted. There was no other way to put it, and you tried when the others asked you what was wrong.

“It doesn’t want us here.” Was all you could say. You made sure to stay close to someone, anyone. You and Bilbo became almost attached to the hip, being the only ones who seemed to keep their head in this maze.

You weren’t quite sure how it happened. All you knew was that at one moment, you were next to Thorin, looking up as Bilbo climbed up the tree. You had shouted at him to be careful, or you thought you did. Did you?

You shouted up at him, and then…something hard hit you.

It was the ground. You tried to gasp in air upon impact, but the webs, these awful spider webs were blocking it. You let out a piercing scream, calling out for someone, anyone, to help you.

Your savior was Bofur. He was quick to rip it off of you and pull you up into him. He wrapped an arm around you protectively, holding his weapon out in front of him. “Stay behind me!” He shouted as he pushed you behind him so he could swing at one of the spiders.

He took one down, but three more took its place. It took only a look around to see that there were too many, and you were too few.

Until the elves came.

You remembered how much the dwarves hated the elves from Rivendell, but this was worse. And you knew it was worse, especially when the blonde one drew his bow and aimed it at Thorin. You took as step forward, hoping to diffuse the situation, but he just turned it on you instead.

You gulped as you felt Bofur and Dwalin both pull you back behind them protectively. It was then
that you realized, not all elves were the same. These weren’t the welcoming elves you had met in Rivendell. They were nothing like Elrond, Lindir, and Elladan and Elrohir. They were cold and uncaring.

They pulled at your clothes as they checked you for weapons, which of course the only think you had was a dagger Fili had given you, and some wire from Nori. And then your arms were bound behind your back and you were shoved forward, stumbling over a limb and falling to your knees.

“Rise, girl!”

“You touch a hair on her head, I’ll kill ya.” Dwalin growled out as he stepped between you and the elf, letting you get up on your own.

“So, she is your bed warmer, then?” The blonde elf just stormed past and grabbed your arm. “Then I suggest you cooperate. We take them to my father!”

It was then that you heard Bofur whisper to Thorin. “Where’s Bilbo?”

000

Although you were bound, covered in spider goo and webs, sweaty, dirty, and pissed off to a degree you didn’t even know was possible, you had to admit. Wherever you were, it was beautiful.

The walkways were made of wood, polished and carved in intricate ways. The lights gave off an almost hazy affect that made you feel like you were walking through a magical realm. Perhaps you were, but if it was magic, it wasn’t the good kind. Even here you didn’t feel welcome. Any elf you passed glared at you and the company, and any time you stumbled, they shoved you forward.

You didn’t like it here. You wished you were back at Beorns, or Rivendell, or even Bilbo’s garden (even though you had never seen it), but your wish wouldn’t come true, and you realized that when you were finally forced up some stairs. You came to a stop, and there, upon a wooden thrown, with perfect light blonde hair, piercing blue eyes, sat a gorgeous creature.

There was no lying, he was gorgeous. But when he spoke, you could hear the arrogance dripping off his tongue. King, they called him. King Thrand-Tranrdil-Thranduil. There it was. Thranduil. King Thranduil. That name stuck a chord in the back of your mind, from a while ago. You
remember that name from one of Thorin’s stories of the past. This was the elf that had abandoned them.

Although he seemed uncaring and aloof, you couldn’t help but notice something else there. Was it fear? Was he scared? Why would he be scared?

Thranduil stepped down from his throne to address the company, giving a small speech about how they were not welcome in his kingdom. It was flawless, every word as if he had thought on them for years…until his eyes landed on you.

That made him falter. He looked to the blonde asshole next to you before he nods, making the man pull you out of the group. Of course, the dwarves went crazy over that, but for some reason, you weren’t scared. You didn’t think this one would hurt you.

“And what have we here? A human with a group of dwarves? And what business do you have with them, my dear?” He bent at the waist so he could look you in the eye, but you couldn’t speak. You remembered who he was, and you wouldn’t sell Thorin or his cause out like that…so you kept your mouth shut. Instead, you played shy and looked to the ground, shrugging your shoulders up as if you were scared.

It seemed to work, as the others caught on, especially Bofur. “Well, every group needs a mascot, don’t they?”

Mascot? MASCOT?! Your shy façade was gone as you snapped your head up and glared at the doofus dwarf, “How dare you! I am not a mascot!” You wanted to wag your finger at him, but you were still bound. “I ought to rip those braids from your head and gag you with them, Bofur!” You shouted, not realizing the elf king’s amusement with words. “Mascot…I’ll show you mascot when I get my hands back, you just fucking wait!”

Bofur was quick to push back into the group, but that didn’t hold your attention long as you heard a chuckling in front of you. You turned to see Thranduil staring down at you with an almost smile on his face. “You have such spirit, little one.” He turned back to the blonde elf who captured you and spoke. “Take them to the cells.” He went to step, but spoke something in a language you didn’t understand. The others found it amusing as you were led away (Thranduil told them to make sure you and Bofur were put in the same cell).

Sure enough, you were led down an insane amount of stairs, your bindings were cut, and you were rudely shoved into the cell right after Bofur. You actually tripped and fell right into him. He was quick to right you on your feet, but it didn’t help make you feel any better.
The cell door slammed behind you and it clicked, locking, and you felt your heart sink. You just stood next to Bofur, your head lowered. How on this weird earth were you supposed to get out of this.

You let out a deep sigh and you felt Bofur turn to you. “Lass?”

“I thought things would be better from here on out…guess I was wrong.” You stepped away from him, but he just made you freeze with your words.

“You’re not really gonna pull my braids out, are ye lass?” You turned to look at him, a mischievous smile on his face. “Won’t be dignified to die by me own braids.”

You couldn’t help it, you just burst out into laughter. Some of the others in the cells next to you laughing too. “You’re ridiculous? You know that?”

“Aye, but it made ya laugh. That’s what counts.” He said with a grin before sitting down on the floor. You were quick to join him, resting your head against his shoulder. “I guess we will just have to wait for Bilbo.” Bofur whispered to you.

“Yea…Bilbo will get us out…”

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully Bilbo can get us out soon… (Go to "Barrels")

…Blondie King was kinda cute… (Go to "Odd One Out")
Barrels

Bilbo came through. He really did. And honestly, when that hobbit came around the corner and unlocked your cell, you could have kissed him. Would have, if you still hadn’t been worried about escape. You knew that the elves had keen senses, so you all had to be careful. But you had faith in Bilbo…

Until he led you to a bunch of barrels. You gave him a look and rolled your eyes as the others started arguing about whether or not to trust him. But really, it wasn’t like you all had a choice, so you crawled into the barrel closest to you and waited. It seemed a little like it was out of a cartoon to hide in the barrels and wait for the elves to leave, but whatever.

The other dwarves did as they were asked…after Thorin order it of course, and that was how you were now snuggled up close to Nori. Your head was resting next to his in the barrel as you both got comfortable, your legs just a mess of tangles for right now.

“Comfy, lass?” He winked at you before poking his head out.

“Now what?” You heard someone ask.

“Take a breath.” Bilbo responded.

Take a breath? What did he mean by-HOLY FUUUUCK!!!

You and Nori’s barrel tilted forward and you slammed into his chest. Luckily his arms wrapped around you quickly or you would have slipped out as your barrel went ass over end and down a ramp and into the river. Some water got into your barrel, but for the most part, you were okay.

“Lass? Lass??” Nori cried out as he looked down at you. You shifted and was able to poke your head out of the top.

“I’m fine…little wet, but fine.”
“Yea…I have that effect on women.” Nori said with a smirk.

It took you a minute to catch on, and then all you could do is fix him with a look. “Really? That’s what you’re going with?”

“Well haven’t seen ya in so long, had to…scrape the bottom of the barrel for material.” He gave you a wink and you snorted.

“You’re a dork…” You heard Bilbo splash into the water behind you. “Never change, Nori.”

“Don’t plan to, Lass. Just hold on.” And with that, you put an arm around him and let the current take you.

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So, you don’t know how or when, but somewhere along the line, you must have pissed someone off. It was the only explanation, because even after falling to some unknown world, and then almost dying every three days, you were sure that this was punishment for something. Sure, you could be a bitch at times, but you were a good person, so what in the hell did you do to deserve this?!

That was the monologue going through your mind as you were tucked into the barrel, one arm pressed against the side of the barrel, the other wrapped around Nori to keep him steady as he fought off Orcs. Orcs! Fighting off Orcs, while floating down the stream with jumpy mc-jumper elf in a fucking barrel!

Yea…it sounds hilarious, but it wasn’t.

You tried to help where you could, poking your head out and yelling at whoever you could to warn them of danger. But there was only so much you could do. There was so much going on, and then you hit the rapids, it was all you could do to keep the barrel upright and keep you and Nori from drowning.

Another drop and the last of the Orcs seemed to be left behind you, but the danger was still there. There were more rapids, more rocks.
“Hold on, Lass!” Nori cried out as he tried to shift to get further into the barrel. He was about half out of it since that Orc tried to use him as a grip hold when it fell into the water. But just as he was shifting, you hit a bump…don’t know how you hit a bump in a river, but it happened.

Nori lost his footing and was going overboard, so you just grabbed hold of him and pulled. It worked…to an extent.

Seriously, how many more times were you going to see bare dwarf ass on this trip?

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“I’m just saying, if you wanted to see my ass-.”

“Paddle the fucking boat, Nori!” You screamed at him from your curled position so Nori could paddle you both to the shore. Ever since you saved him, a point he was overlooking you wanted to point out, and you accidentally pants him, he was being cheeky as ever…pun intended.

But you did make it to the shore and started ringing out your clothes. But something caught your attention. Kili… he was hit by an arrow. You were quick, as was Fili to join his side. Kili tried to play it off, but you saw past it. He was in pain, and you were certain Fili knew it too.

“That doesn’t look good, Kili.” You spoke with a sad voice. “Can I look, please?”

He went to shoot you down, but then he just shook his head. You knelt down and pulled the whole in his pants a bit further apart. “It’s pretty deep. We need something to wrap it up with. Fili? Oin?”

You looked up and caught movement out of your eye, seeing Ori dumping water out of his shoes, but there was something else. A glimmer of light. You turned your head just in time to see a strange man fire off an arrow at Ori.

You and the company just couldn’t catch a damn break.

Chapter End Notes
We are so close, we have to make it to Erebor! (Go to "The Dragon")
Lake Town had been an interesting experience. You liked Bard, and his family, but everyone else there made you feel on edge. You didn’t know what it was about Bard, but he had this calming effect on you. After you explained to him who you were and where you were from, he seemed a bit more open with you. Perhaps it was the honesty, you weren’t lying or hiding anything from him. You had hoped Thorin would take a page from your book, but he seemed even more suspicious of everyone the closer he got to the mountain.

It worried you.

Granted, after Thorin’s speech and the festivities, and the weaponry, you were feeling a bit better about Lake Town. Maybe they weren’t so bad after all.

But that didn’t bother you so much right now. Thorin did. And Fili and Kili and Oin and Bofur. They were left behind in Lake Town, you couldn’t believe it. You couldn’t believe your ears when Thorin spoke those words to his own nephew, that he had to stay behind.

So now, as you walked beside Bilbo looking for some hidden stair case, they were all you could think of. Was Kili going to be okay? Was Thorin thinking straight?

“There! Thorin!” You looked up and saw the statue before you and the jagged path that led up…and up…and-

“Oh no…”

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Heights. It wasn’t Orcs, or spiders, or trolls, or even dragons that would kill you. It would be heights.

“Just a bit further, Y/n. You can do it.” Ori urged you on, just as Kili had the last time you were on a mountain. He held your hand, when he could, and Balin stayed close to help you. But it didn’t
stop you from kissing the ground once you were on level footing.

Fuck the asshole who made those fucking stairs! Sadist…that’s what he was.

But it was worth it, that’s what you told yourself as you saw Thorin beam as he held up the key. The joy on his face that they had reached it, the end of their path. They finally made it to Erebor. It was worth it…

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The dwarves were heading back down, even as you and Bilbo begged them.

“Thorin, listen. We can still do this, we can-.”

“Enough, Y/n…it is too late.” You saw the defeated look on his face as he pushed past you. Fine, if Thorin wanted to give up, fine!

“Dwalin, Balin, we can…”

But they just shook their heads at you, walking past. You looked to Bilbo for help, but he just gave a sigh before turning back to the door. Fine…if Bilbo wasn’t going to give up, then neither were you. You would find this door. You were a strong, independent woman of the twenty-first century! You had this!

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You didn’t have it…Bilbo did, and his amazing thought of moonlight, but hey, you were there to witness it, little victories. You were there as Thorin stepped foot into the mountain. You saw him and Balin get emotional as they touched the walls. You even reached out, letting your fingers drift over the smooth stone. You had to admit, you could feel it.

Hope.
That’s what Erebor was to them all, hope. But first…there was a dragon.

It didn’t matter how much everyone insisted you stay outside of the mountain, you went in with them. You had come this far, you weren’t going to play coward now. And you had saw him. Smaug.

You saw his red scales, those golden eyes. You saw how his body lit up before he breathed fire, his voice invaded your thoughts when he spoke. He was terrifying, and he was awe-inspiring. Even now, as you watched as Thorin stalled for time, as you stood to the side with Bilbo, watching as Smaug advanced toward your leader, you were in awe.

Creatures like him were myth, legend. And even though he had brought so much death, pain, and destruction, you had to take a moment to realize what you were seeing. You were seeing a real. Live. Dragon.

But that awe left when Thorin’s plan had failed. It left when you ran out the bashed in archway left behind, as you climbed the rubble with the others to look out over Lake Town.

It was burning. Lake Town…it was on fire.

You could hear the screams, the cries for help, but you couldn’t do anything. Tears fell down your face as you turned your head away. You tried to clamp your hands over your ears, but you could still hear them.

“Come here, lass.” Dwalin pulled you against him, patting your back, trying to comfort you.

“It’s our fault, Dwalin…we set him loose.” You sniffled as the tears came down harder. “Fili…and Ki-Kili…Bofur…Oin, Bard, his-his kids…”

“Come on, lass.” Balin stepped up to you. “Let’s go inside.” You looked to him, the one you saw as a father figure, standing there, tears streaking his face, as distraught as you. It was then that you realized, some adventures came with a price.
“O-okay…” You took Balin’s arm that he offered, but then your ears perked up.

“The dragon! It’s falling!” Ori cried out.

You snapped your head around, stepping up to the edge of the rubble again, and you saw it. You saw the light of Smaug dim as he fell, and fell…into the lake.

“He’s dead…” You whispered. “He’s dead…” You almost cried with joy. “Thorin…we have to tell Thorin!” You turned and ran, stumbling down the rock and into the mountain. You thought Thorin was right there, but it must have been too much, just as it had been with you. But now Smaug was dead, you could go with the others to search for your missing friends, to help the people below. You were so caught up in the news, looking forward to the future with hope. So you didn’t think, you didn’t realize.

It didn’t hit you until you found him in the treasury, handling the gold like a greedy man…Thorin was no longer the same Thorin.

Chapter End Notes

Maybe he is just processing. But the others are safe, they have to be… (Go to "Betrayal")
You didn’t quite understand the dragon or gold sickness that Bilbo kept talking about, how the gold could take over someone’s mind as Balin had explained. But it was clear that Thorin had fallen under it.

Gone was the king who would sometimes smile your way, or was always watching out for you, and in came this brute. And brute was a good name for him.

“Get to work, girl! Find that stone!” He screamed at you this morning. He even grabbed your arm and shoved you forward. You had tripped over some coins, making you stumble.

“Thorin.” Balin tried to chastise the king over his behavior, but Thorin just glared at him before storming off.

“Keep an eye on her. Make sure she doesn’t pocket any coins.” He said in a serious tone, over his shoulder.

And in that moment, you didn’t know which hurt worse, the bruise that was now forming on your arm, or the fact that Thorin no longer trusted you.

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It was getting worse. You weren’t even allowed in the treasury any more. Bofur was on watch as you stared out over the remnants of Dale, wondering what it would have been like back then, wondering what your life would have been had you never come to this place.

“Lass?”

“I should leave…” You said with a sad tone. “Before something bad happens.” You told Bofur honestly. You felt his arm snake around your shoulder as he guided you to a place to sit down, taking your hands in his.
“Now, we won’t let anything bad happen to you, lass, you know that.” Bofur tried to put on a smile, but even his cheerful demeanor was gone. He just didn’t have his joy any more. It made your heart break. You leaned into Bofur as he put his arms around you in a tight hug. “It will be alright, lass.”

“No…I don’t think it will…”

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And you were right. You looked to Bofur with a fearful expression as you looked down to see Bard and Thranduil staring up. A beautiful blue tinted gem in Bard’s hand.

Everyone had told you that when you saw the Arkenstone, you would know what it was. And you did. It was a thing of beauty, almost magical. But there was something else that you knew as well.

There was one person Thorin no longer trusted. You looked over to Bofur in fear and took a step back, but it wasn’t enough.

“YOU!”

“Thorin!” “Don’t!” The others screamed at them, but they didn’t come forward to help you. You didn’t blame them, they, just like you, were scared.

“You gave it to them, didn’t you, girl?” He had your wrist in his hand. His grip was too tight. “TELL ME!”

He yanked hard on your wrist, sending a shooting pain up your wrist. You didn’t mean to, but you cried out in pain as the force pulled you forward and against him. Your weakness, your cry out seemed to anger him more.

You don’t know what happened next, one moment you were being held by Thorin, the next you were on the floor.
Tears filled your eyes as you clutched your injured wrist to your chest. The other going up and touching your cheek, the stinging pain clear. There was something warm on your fingers...blood. His ring caught your cheek.

He had slapped you.

“I will kill you, traitor!”

You looked up to him in disbelief. This wasn’t Thorin. This was some Thorin shell, because the Thorin you knew, the Thorin you believe in, he would have never raised a fucking hand to you. It sparked something angry in your chest.

“THEN KILL ME!” You screamed at him, tears running down your eyes. “Kill me, because I won’t kneel to this shell of a man before me! YOU ARE NOT THORIN!” Your voice cracked as more tears came down. “You...you said you would keep me safe...is this safe?!” A sob left you and you heard Bilbo as he knelt down to you.

“It was me, Thorin. I gave it to them...” Bilbo muttered as a few other set of hands helped you from the floor.

What happened next you would never forget. Bilbo, dangling over the edge, gasping for air. That look in Thorin’s-Thorin’s shell’s eyes.

The company helped you get to the rope, and get you and Bilbo over as a couple held Thorin back. It was hard, going down the rope with your injured wrist, luckily, Gandalf was there to help you.

You kept your head as you walked away from Erebor. Away from your family...the family you would never have again...A sniffle left you.

“You can ride with me.” You looked up to see Bard standing next to you. You didn’t have the heart to speak, so you just nodded and he helped you on his horse before joining you. And with a quick turn, you were headed to Dale.

The pain of your wrist was intensifying with every sway of the damn beast you were on. You tried to clutch it to your chest, to keep it from moving, but nothing was working. You couldn’t even get off the horse on your own, Bard had to help you again.
“You will be safe here.” Bard spoke in a gentle voice, giving your back a soft push to guide you to the side of the street. “Thorin can’t hurt you here.”

“That wasn’t Thorin.” You bit back, an anger in your voice. “I don’t know who it was, but that… Thorin would never hurt me or Bilbo.”

“She’s right. Gandalf, something horrid has happened to Thorin.” Bilbo added.

You stepped away from the conversation, finding a little corner between two buildings to hole up in. You tried to look at your wrist, but it just looked swollen and agitated. The pain was nothing though, not compared to the pain your heart was feeling. Would Thorin ever be himself again? Would the others be safe?

“You were hurt, would you allow me?”

A pair of piercing blue eyes appeared before you as the elf king knelt before your hiding spot. He held out his hand and waited patiently.

“How, so you can throw me in a cell again?” You spat at him and clutched your wrist against you tighter. You were not Thranduil’s biggest fan right now, now if Elrond was here, you would let him look at it in a heartbeat, but not Thranduil.

“I am sorry to have caused such anger in you. I have been told Elrond is a more welcoming soul than I.”

Shit…you said that out loud. You know what, fuck it! You had a bad day, you were allowed to be bitchy! “Dragons are more welcoming than you…I would know.” You muttered.

A sound then happened, a sound you couldn’t believe. Thranduil laughed, a true laugh…and a smile…what the hell is happening today?!

“Indeed, you would. But please, allow me.” He held his hand out again, waiting for you to comply…so you did.
His fingers worked quickly over your skin, feeling for any troubles with your wrist before quickly binding it in a white silky fabric. “It is sprained, but not broken.” Thranduil spoke softly. “It will be fine in a few days time.” He rose up and held out a hand. “You should not wither here. You have been wronged, yes, but I believed you to be stronger than to give in like that.”

Your eyes widened. Honestly, it was as if Thorin and Thranduil’s personality had been replaced with one another. It took you by surprise, and it made your head hurt, wondering if he was just doing this because he felt mildly guilty or pity or whatever this elf was feeling. But it didn’t matter. You were in short supply of friends, you would take them where you could. So you took his hand and let him help you to your feet.

“Very good. Now, let’s get you and the Halfling something to eat.” He said with a head held high.

You scoffed. “Call him half of anything again and I’ll be sure to dislodge that stick from your ass. Where will your propriety be then?” You snarked as you walked up to Bilbo, “He is a Respectable Hobbit, and you will treat him as such.” You leveled Thranduil with a look, one which he was happy to return before leading you to the main tent.

“You shouldn’t anger him, Y/n.” Bilbo chastised.

“Why? Because he won’t trust me and then try to kill me over a shiny rock?” You huffed. “I think one betrayal is all one personal is allowed in a day, don’t you?”

Bilbo nodded sadly and took up your good hand in his. “We will get through this, Y/n. I know we will.”

“So do I. And when we do…” You paused and gave Bilbo a hard look. “I’m going to dislodge that oaken branch from Thorin’s ass, and then smack him upside the head with it until he is back to normal.” You then smiled at Bilbo. “You may need to hold him still for that part.”

“I’d be happy to.” Bilbo agreed.

You didn’t know what the future held, and you weren’t sure if you wanted to. But right now, you just worried over your family. The family that was stuck in the mountain with the gold crazed dragon, and the king who was the gold crazed dragon.
“He will hate himself when he snaps out of it.” You whispered to Bilbo, giving him a sad look.
“You know that, right?”

“I do.” Bilbo sighed. “But I will forgive him. It wasn’t him…will you?”

You thought about it for a moment. You weren’t sure how you would feel in Thorin’s presence again, and you were certain Bilbo felt the same way. But he was determined to forgive Thorin, and so were you. “Yea…but I’m gonna make him work for it first.”

Bilbo snorted as he sat down at the table. “Of course you would.” He said with a smile. You couldn’t help but match his and hope that the day Thorin was back to his old self was soon.

Chapter End Notes

Thorin will break this madness, and all will be well in Erebor, you just wait and see.
(Go to "Injured Bodies and Hearts")

Wow…Thranduil being nice…huh... (Go to "Options")
Injured Bodies and Hearts

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A battle between five armies. The Battle of Five Armies. Never in your life would you have thought you would have seen a battle, unless it was like a cooking channel battle or something, let alone be a part of it. But here you were, covered in…you didn’t even what to think of what you were covered in. It was black and gooey and it smelled, and- nope…not thinking about it.

You had a more important mission to worry about.

You had heard the horn, you had seen the epic, and yes, it was very epic, way your little group of dwarves went charging into battle. The way the bell went flying through the wall (okay, that pissed you off a bit, because you helped build the damn thing).

But you had seen them join the fight. At one point, you even thought you saw Bofur riding some troll thing, but surely you had been mistaken. Why on earth would Bofur ride a troll?

Either way, you were now looking out across the field, your heart pounding in your chest. You had survived, but you couldn’t help but wonder if your friends had. Your eyes scanned the fallen warriors, and with each face you looked at, you swore, for just a second, it was Dori’s face, or Ori’s or Bofur’s or Fili’s or anyone of them. But then the face came into focus and it wasn’t.

You had to find them. You had to know they were okay. Did they survive, they had to. They were your family, your friends, you couldn’t bear to lose a single one of them.

So you searched. You bumped into men, elves, and other dwarves. One you actually thought was Gloin, you ran to him and pulled him around and into a hug. Embarrassing for you…he wasn’t. But that nice dwarf took it in stride, Gloril was his name, and he pointed you in the direction he last saw the company.

You ran. You ran like you had never ran before, even when Beorn-Bear was chasing you. Your feet carried you to the far field and there…a familiar hat stood out to you.

“B-B…BOFUR!” You cried out to him, running with all you had and straight into his arms.
“Lass! You’re-UAGHF!”

You both went down in a pile of arms and a mix of Bifur and Bombur, as Bofur was half holding Bombur up do to a leg injury. Okay, first off, it was just a sprained ankle, second…you didn’t notice at the time, you were too happy to notice, so it wasn’t like you meant to take down a pack of dwarves in one go.

Either way, you latched onto Bofur and squeezed him tight, talking a mile a minute, demanding to know if he was alright, was Bifur alright, was Bombur alright, where were the others, did he really ride a troll, what the hell happened after you had left, and-

“Woah, woah, lass! You are makin’ my head spin!”

Your eyes went wide as you slowly turned your head and looked at Bifur. Your mouth fell open as you glanced back to Bofur, who had a proud smile on his face before turning back. “Say that again…”

“You are makin’ my head spin!” Bifur said with a grin. Your face lit up as you pulled him into a hug.

“Either you can speak now with that axe gone or I have a concussion. Both is a possibility.” You joked, laughing with the others as you made your way around to hug Bombur before helping guide him to the healer’s tent.

“We owe you an apology.” Bifur spoke up as he helped you with Bombur. “We shouldn’t have let Thorin-.”

“Don’t. Wasn’t your fault. And…fuck, Bombur. You can at least work with us!” But that was a moot point, Bombur fell asleep on his feet. You managed to transfer him to Bofur, and just in the right time as you found your arms filled with another dwarf.

“Y/n!” “Fallen Star!” A bunch of voices made you turn just in time for Ori to wrap you up and squeeze you so tight you saw stars.

“Ori…Ori…Air!” You gasped with a smile on your face.
“We thought you were stuck in Dale, and the Orcs…and the fire!” Ori cried as Nori had to pry you from Ori’s arms. You took in a gasp of air once you were free, but it was for naught as you were then pulled in by Nori.

“Had us right worried, you did.” Nori whispered into your ear.

“Sorry…Could have stayed in the mountain, but y’all were just too fussy.” You joked as you stepped away from Nori and looked to Dori. “Oh, sweetie…what did you do?” You tried not to laugh, but seeing the giant black eye Dori was sporting was a little funny. The prim and proper Dori, with a black eye as if he was in a tavern brawl.

“Elbowed by an Orc. It will heal.”

“It better.” You said with a tut. “I’ll just have to make sure you are well cared for, won’t I.” You gave him a wink as others trickled in around you.

One by one, the others came, but there was still a group missing. Bilbo (who disappeared on you at some point), Fili, Kili, Dwalin, and Thorin. Where were they?

Oin was sure to secure a tent, setting the company up in it as the wounds were tended. Of course, once he saw, as he called it “soddy elf wrapping” that Thranduil had given to you on your wrist, he insisted he take a “proper” look at it.

It felt like days, long days as you all waited. But it was really only about an hour. Dwalin walked in, with his head low as some dwarves carried three stretchers in. Fili, Kili, and Thorin. All unconscious.

“Oh no…” You mumbled as you stepped forward, offering any help you could to Oin.

Bilbo came stumbling in sporting a goose egg on his head. You were put in charge of him, making sure he stay seated and conscious. It seemed like a “get out of the way” job, but after the third time of having to get help from Nori to keep Bilbo seated, you realized Oin had given you a truly testing assignment.
Oin worked through the night on the princes and king. They were littered with cuts and scrapes, and serious wounds. To be honest, you almost lost Fili that night. But you and all of the company stayed. You all took turns keeping an eye out, patting down foreheads and making sure they were comfortable.

You bounced between Fili and Kili, seeing to anything you could think of, praying they would wake soon. As for Thorin...you looked over to him, you had never seen him so vulnerable before. It was late...or early, in the morning when you walked over to Thorin's side. Fili and Kili’s temperatures had evened out, giving everyone the hope they were on the mend. But Thorin...

You sat down next to him, putting your head down next to his shoulder so you could whisper to him.

“Hey, Thorcupine...” You whispered. You heard Dwalin grunt awake (no one would say it, but someone was always on watch now when you and Bilbo were near Thorin), but he didn’t say anything, so you just kept going.

“I know you like to be dramatic and all, but this is a bit excessive, don’t you think? I mean, you have us all worried. You could at least have the decency to heal so we can all yell at you for the total asshat you have been.” You tried to smile, but tears came down from your eyes.

“We don’t blame you, you know...” You were getting choked up as you pushed some hair back off his face. “Me and Bilbo...we don’t blame you for what happened up there. It wasn’t you, and we know it. But...we would really like if you, the real you, would come back now.”

“You are stronger than this, Thorin. We all know you are. And honestly, do you want to listen to those two princes when they find out they healed faster than you? We will never get any peace.”

Dwalin grunted in approval at your words, which made you smile and look back at him for a moment. “Can I have a minute...alone?”

Dwalin hesitated. You knew why. His eyes drifted to your wrist for a moment, but then he nodded and walked out of the tent. You took a deep breath before speaking again.

“You can be a right ass when you want to. But you are never cruel. So don’t be cruel, and heal. Let us have our king back...You are like a brother to me, Thorin. I have lost one family in a world far away, please...don’t make me lose another...”
You laid your head down on the edge of his bed and let your eyes drift close.

“Fallen Star?” You heard a voice call out to you. It was almost like a dream. “Fallen Star?”

Your eyes fluttered open and you looked up to see a familiar set of eyes looking back to you. “Thorin?” It took you a minute, but you sat up with a grin. “You’re awake! Dwalin? Dwalin!” You screamed before throwing a stray rock at him. “Some guard you are, wake up and get Oin!” You shouted at him as he grumbled awake and left the tent.

“Y/n…” Thorin started, but then the tent was filled with voices. You stepped back to let the others in, standing next to Bilbo with a smile.

“He is going to make it.” Bilbo said with a happy sigh.

“It seems so…”

You sat outside the tent with the others as Nori tried to teach you and Bilbo some game that the miners play in their spare time. It sounded fun at first, until you realized that you were doomed to lose every time. Fucking Nori, he was probably cheating…That’s okay, jokes on him, because you didn’t have any gold to bet with anyway.


You and Bilbo entered the tent, standing at the foot of Thorin’s bed, looking at him and his serious expression. This was it. This was the moment you had both been waiting for. Was this your Thorin, or was this the gold crazed king?

“I…” Thorin started, but then stopped. “Any words I say, are not enough. How can I ever say how much guilt riddles me over my actions?” It was your Thorin. His heartbroken look, the way he was carrying everything on his shoulders.
“You don’t have to.” You said with a smile. “We have forgiven you.”

“No.” Thorin stated. “You cannot forgive me.”

Well, then… “Excuse you? Who the fuck are you to tell me what I can and can’t do? Who died and make you fucking king of the mountain?!” You said with mock anger. But your words had the desired effect as Bilbo and Thorin let out a chuckle. “You may be king, but that doesn’t mean you can tell us how to feel, or who to forgive.”

Thorin smiled and shook his head. “I don’t deserve your forgiveness, but I will be greedy, and take it anyway. What could I possibly do to show you how much…”

“Young friendship is more than enough.” Bilbo interrupted.

You agreed, smiling as you thought for a moment. “Actually… if you want to show how much you forgive us, or me in particular…” You looked at Thorin with a serious look. “Maybe… I could stay in Erebor?”

Thorin chuckles. “You will always be welcome in Erebor, Lady Y/n. I fear the mountain would crumble without your sharp wit to hold it up.”

“Damn straight, and don’t you forget it!” You said with a smug look.

It took time, but slowly, Fili and Kili woke as well (and got back to their normal energy levels). Thorin was able to get on his feet, and in one big group, you and the company took their first steps back into Erebor, led by a new king.

Chapter End Notes

I’m so happy they are on the mend. (Go to "Durin's Pride)
“Fuck! Just put your god damned pants on, Thorin! Kili, wait your fucking turn!”

Your voice echoed down the hallway. Anyone who wasn’t in the company would have been appalled. The thoughts that would have went through their heads. You were ordering the king to put his pants back on, telling the prince to wait his turn…it didn’t paint you in a great light. But those who were in the company would just start laughing, because they knew what was really happening behind closed doors.

“I am trying, I can’t bend over, or did you forget?!” Thorin barked back at you as he tried reaching down for his trousers that had slipped off his ass.

“It’s called a belt!” You shouted as you tried to reach down for his pants with your eyes closed. You didn’t want to get a face full of…well…you know. You don’t know why you volunteered to help the three of them get ready for the coronation, but you did. You and Bilbo and Dwalin. Each of you had volunteered to help them get through this day. But it was only an hour into the day and you regretted it instantly.

Of course, you all decided to take one person each. Bilbo, that lucky fucking bastard got Fili. Fili, who was a perfect gentleman, was willing to cooperate in any way to make it easier on Bilbo. Fili, who had the common sense to lay out his clothes the day before, bathe the day before, knowing it would take him time with his injuries to get ready. But did the others? Nope, of course not! Why couldn’t you have picked Fili?

No…you picked Kili, thinking those sweet brown eyes would be easy to manage. And he would…had you not had to deal with the pain in the ass king. His pride made it so he wouldn’t accept help with anything. Never mind he had a gaping wound on his chest that he could pull open and bleed out from. Never mind that he couldn’t stand on one foot. Nope, fucking pride got in the way of that! And…Why? Why do you ask did you have two people instead of one?

BECAUSE FUCK FACE DWALIN WAS LAUGHING HIS ASS OFF ON THE FLOOR!

“Get your ass up and help me!” You shouted at Dwalin, but that just sent him into roaring laughter. The minute Thorin tried to bend over and his pants slid down, revealing a hairy dwarf ass, he fell over laughing. Then when Thorin tried using his good foot while sitting on the couch to pick it back
up... yea, Dwalin was useless after that.

“Y/n... that is not my belt...” Thorin grumbled, blushing from head to toe.

“I’M DONE!” You shouted, pushing yourself up from the floor and turning to storm out.

“No! Wait!” Kili called after you, trying to follow, but his injuries getting the better of him.

“Kili, no!” You ran to his side as he tried to chase after you. “I’m sorry... I’ll help you... but unless Dwalin gets off the floor Thorin is being crowned in his birthday suit!”

“Dwalin... enough!” Thorin shouted at his friend as you led Kili away into a quieter room. “Get up and help!”

You led Kili to the side, throwing Bilbo a look when he had the cheek to beam at you like he won the best prize of all. “Alright, Kili... what do we need to do first? We have like thirty minutes.”

“Uh... well, I may need some help getting into the bath...”

Fuck. Your. Life.

000

You gave an exhausted sigh as you watched Thorin, Fili, and Kili be crowned as king and princes. You were happy for them, you really were, but after this morning... you were exhausted. And the day was just get started.

But you stood there and smiled as the crown was placed upon Thorin’s head, as a circlet was placed on Fili and Kili’s. You gave one of the loudest shouts when everyone cheered, Dain announcing “Long Live the King”.

You had never been more proud of them in your life. And you were so happy for them. So, you started to look forward, how could you help them get through this day?
After the coronation was the party, which you didn’t think would be too bad, considering they would just sit and eat…right?

000

WRONG!

Once again, Bilbo got the best charge of all. Fili had the common sense not to get drunk on ale (like Kili), or start a wrestling match with some random soldier (like Thorin), or get up and try to dance a jig with a dislocated shoulder (Kili once again).

You now had him in the corner of the room as Oin tried to reset Kili’s shoulder. Of course, Oin was muttering and complaining about irresponsible princes who were just over grown dwarflings, and you had to agree with him.

“Are you mad?” Kili looked to you with puppy eyes. “I was j-just having *hick* some fun!”

You rolled your eyes and looked over your shoulder. At least Dwalin was having a hard of a time as you. Dain had gotten drunk and challenge Thorin to a duel, so now he was trying to diffuse the situation. Wonder how long it would-there it was. And Thorin was down for the count as he stepped back and on his bad foot. And down the great king went.

“Y/n?” Kili asked, suddenly serious. Pulling your attention back to him.

“Yea, Kili?”

“I don’t feel so good…”

000

When you left Kili last night, he wasn’t in great shape. He was hurting (physically) as he re-dislocated his shoulder, and somehow pulled the stitches from his stomach wound, and he was sick
from ale. A great combination, and you bet the hangover would be even better...you were being sarcastic.

So you walked down the corridor, waving to some of the other company members, flat out laughing when you spotted Bofur asleep in the hallway. You woke him gently and sent him home. Damn, these dwarves knew how to party.

You suddenly felt very sorry for Bilbo and the mess he probably had to deal with when they all showed up at his house, unannounced and unexpected as Bilbo liked to say.

Although the coronation was over, the king and princes still needed help. Today started their meetings and they still weren’t well enough (or physically able) to do some tasks, like pull up their freaking pants, in the Thorin’s case.

In Kili’s, he needed help getting his shirts and such on. With the dislocated shoulder, he couldn’t risk damaging it more so he always needed help. So, not having had enough grief the day before… you volunteered.

“Kili?” You shouted out as you knocked on the door. “Kili, can I come in? I’m here to help you get ready for the meeting.” You waited a moment before sighing. “Kili? Ki-fuck it.” You just pushed the door open and walked into the room.

It, like most of Erebor, needed a lot of work, but it was still nice. After moving through the sitting room, you made it to the bedroom and...why weren’t you surprised?

There was a sleeping Kili, stark naked for some odd reason, face down in his pillow. Seriously, he couldn’t get his shirt on, but he could get it off?! You rolled your eyes, picturing a very drunk Kili trying to get ready for bed, probably passing out before that point.

You gave a deep sigh as you walked up and shook his shoulder. “Kili?” Nothing. “Kili!” He was still out.

Well then...you eyed his ass, that little perky ass, and grinned.

You put your hands together, rubbing them as you stepped down and chuckled.
You know the shot heard around the world?

Yea, yours was further known as the ass slap heard ‘round the mountain.

But hey, Kili was up now!

Chapter End Notes

I’m ready to make my life in Erebor. (Go to "Human Relations")
Having Oin clear the king and princes to be able to function on their own was one of the greatest, and saddest, moments of your life. And that made you question your life choices…just a little bit.

On one hand, you were happy you didn’t have to fight with one of them each morning to help get them ready and off to their duties. But on the other…what were you going to do now?

The restoration of Erebor was well underway, and the problem was, you couldn’t really help with it. You weren’t a miner, or a stone crafter, or big and strong like Dwalin to be able to keep people in line. You were just a human girl who really wished these dwarves knew what indoor heating and cooling was.

It didn’t stop you from trying of course, you spent many different nights offering help where you could.

One night, you spent with Ori in the library. It was a library, no danger, no stress. It was the perfect job, right? Well, it was…until they actually started organizing the books…and you didn’t know how to read the language. So, with a heavy heart, Ori sent you to his brother.

Now, he meant to send you to Dori, but…Nori got to you first.

A life of espionage, spying, sounds cool right? Except…

“This isn’t going to work.” You deadpanned to Nori.

“Of course it is! Just walk in casually, sit down, and order an ale. Go!” Nori gave you a shove through the door to the establishment and in you went. And in your defense, you did exactly what Nori had asked you to do.

Downside? You were the only human in a room full of dwarves, so yea…you stood out, just a bit.
Then there was Dori, finally, who freed you from Nori’s grand schemes, not that you didn’t mind them. Dori tried to get you working with some guild leaders, organizing this here and helping with that there. But none of the guild leaders either trusted you straight out, or didn’t trust you with their product.

Bifur and Bofur? They started a toy shop…you could have helped them sell things…but with seven different types of coin coming through, your mind was swimming.

Bomber? Cooking, how hard is—there was no way in hell you were cooking sheep liver.

When you got sent to Dwalin, he didn’t even put on airs, just sent you on your marry way to Gloin in the treasury. It was simple enough, collect the coins and pile them up and count them. It should have been simple, but once you started there, the nightmares began. Smaug, fire, smoke, Thorin’s rage on the ramparts. You couldn’t stay there.

Oin offered to teach you the way of healing, but the line of Durin saw to it you would never offer to be a nurse again.

So here you were. You let out a deep sigh as you looked out over the edge of the rampart, looking down at Dale where little lights were flickering and you could hear the voices drift up on the wind. It was always peaceful out here, it let you think.

But that was the problem, the more you kept thinking, the more you realized it. Maybe you didn’t belong in Erebor. Maybe you belonged in Dale, or somewhere else? Bilbo had gone back home, the one person you felt would understand how you were feeling, and he was gone. You had written him some letters, but you were still waiting on a reply.

You put your head down on the edge of the railing and closed your eyes. Maybe then you would have a solution.

“Lass?” You smiled as you recognized that voice, that kind voice. “Are you alright? It is a cold night to be sitting out here.”

“I’m fine, Balin. Just…thinking…” He was quick to join you, taking out his pipe and lighting it up.

“Oh? And what has got you looking so serious?” Balin’s lighthearted attitude always raised your
spirits. You couldn’t help but feel lighter at his words. You had always thought Bilbo was the only one you could talk to about this, but he wasn’t. Balin was a dwarf of logic. If anyone could sort you out, it would be him.

“I feel. I just sometimes feel like I don’t belong here, that I don’t have a place.” You admitted.

Balin went quiet at your words. “I know you have all dreamed of this, and I’m happy you have your home back, but…”

“But you don’t feel like you are at home here.” Balin ended for you.

“It’s not that. I feel welcomed and happy here, but…what is my purpose? I don’t have a place here Balin. I am just a human, I don’t have anything that I can do to help…I’m useless.”

Balin sat in silence, just putting an arm around your shoulders. And there you sat for a while, just looking out over Dale. “I wouldn’t fret too much, lass.” Balin finally spoke as he rose up, tapping his pipe out. “I think an opportunity for you will appear soon.”

And with that, like freaking Yoda, he just dropped his advice and disappeared. You wanted to have hope at his words, but honestly, you weren’t going to hold your breath.

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It was a couple days later that you received official summons from Thorin. Normally, you would see him at the regular meal times, when the company would get together to spend time together, but he didn’t do that today. Whatever was going on was serious, and it made you nervous.

You walked into his office and was surprised to see Bard there, with Bain by his side. You gave them a little smile before stopping before Thorin’s desk, giving a deep bow and addressing him formally. “Your majesty, you summoned me?”

Thorin chuckled, “You don’t ever have to call me that, Fallen Star. You know that.”

You gave a little nod and stood still, looking at him nervously. Thorin must have picked up on it
because he motioned you forward and handed you a large paper with a bunch of writing on it. You wanted to tell him it was pointless, as you couldn’t read runes, but to your surprise, it was in English.

“I have been working on that for the past couple days. You must forgive Balin, but he brought to my attention how you were feeling.” Thorin paused, enjoying your sour look, that look that meant Balin was going to get a talking to later. “So, with the approval of King Bard, we have finally found your place.”

Your shoulders dropped. “Read the paper before you assume.” Thorin deadpanned. You glanced up at him before reading. It took a few lines before you realized what it was. It was an outline of duties.

Oversee relations between human and darrow within Erebor. Aid in the planning of events where humans would be in attendance. Be judge over altercations and disputes between darrow and humans within Erebor.

“What is this?” You asked, looking down further at the paper. It was signed by both Thorin and Bard, and there was a third line. “I don’t understand.”

“You told Balin that you were a human, you didn’t have a place.” Thorin stood and walked around the large oak desk, putting a hand on your shoulder. “I never want you, or anyone else to utter those words in my kingdom. I hope you will help me see to it.”

“This…is for me?” You held up the paper and he chuckled.

“Advisor of Human Relations to the King of Erebor. How does it sound?” Thorin said with a smile. “If you agree to the terms, list of duties, compensation for work, and everything else, sing below and you will be our official ambassador between Erebor and Dale, or any other human city we deal with.”

“I…” You were stunned. Bard gave you a smile, and you got a little choked up. “Thank you…so much!” You wrapped your arms around Thorin in a big hug. Bard gave a chuckle and you could feel Thorin shift.

“Laugh all you want, she will give you a hug too.”
“Damn straight I will!” And you moved over and wrapped your arms around Bard.

“Take your time to read the contract,” Bard advised, “and we will hope to receive it back by tomorrow.” He gave you one final smile before leaving.

This was it, you finally found your place. You were the Advisor of Human Relations to the King of Erebor. Take that brown nosing douche bag who got your promotion back home. You work for a mother fucking king now!

Chapter End Notes

This is going to be the best job ever! (Go to "Timing")
You stretched as you got out of bed, smiling as the light shone in through your window. Thank the heavens someone had the common sense to give you a room with a window, you would probably wither away without the sunlight. Okay, so you may have let that little thought slip while talking with Oin once and he overreacted, but hey, you have a window!

You smiled as you got up, walking straight past your desk with work on it. Not today! Today was your day off. As per your contract, you got regular days off for, as Balin had put it, “to maintain spirits of the party involved”. Honestly, you thought that meant, “so she doesn’t lose her temper and murder all parties involved.” Either way, you had a free day. And you knew exactly how you were going to spend it.

It had been months since everything settled down in Erebor, and life had been hectic, so today, you were going to visit all of your friends. Each and every one of them.

000

Thorin, Fili, and Kili

You knew you had a narrow window to visit with these three, so you had to be on your game. Balin had told you about their big meeting they had, and if you planned it just right…Yes!

Thorin walked out from the doors, Fili and Kili behind him. You gave them all a smile as you fell in between the princes.

“Y/n! It’s so good to see you!” Fili and Kili each put an arm around you, snuggling you close between them. You grinned as you gave each of them a kiss on the cheek.

“And it’s good to see you too! Sad I have to catch you between meetings though.”

“It is.” Kili pouted, which made Thorin sigh.
“I’m sorry being a prince is so hard on you.” He said with mock exaggeration. You stepped away from the princes and gave him a quick flick on the nose.

And oh, boy, did that send the guards into over drive. They tried to step in between you and Thorin, but he just shooed them away as he gave you a flick back. “Sorry, but I believe it is in my contract that you don’t take yourself too seriously.” You joked.

“I don’t believe it is.”

“Of course it is!” You defended. “How are humans supposed to relate to a king who doesn’t smile every once and a while?”

“She has you there, Uncle?” Fili backed you up as you turned the corner, sad to see the door to the throne room ahead of you.

“This is as far as I go, I fear. But I will see you later!” You gave them a wave, but that wasn’t acceptable for the princes, they each pulled you into a tight hug before sending you on your way.

000

Bofur and Bifur

The next stop was a special little toy shop in the market. It was before they were open, but you knew that was the only time they would be able to talk. You know, things get busy when you are not only the best toymakers in the mountain, but also famed members of Thorin’s company.

You came to the shuttered front window and knocked, leaning over as you waited for one of them to open up. You took a deep breath, loving the smell of the fresh mountain air that drifted through here. Give it another hour or two and it would be filled with the scents of baked bread, parchment, and steel. Just another day in the mountain.

“Well, look what we have here!” Bofur exclaimed as he threw open the shutters. “Bifur, it’s our favorite lass!” Bofur gave you a big bow, his eyes sparkling. “And what can we do with you, miss adviser?”
“Psh…please, I’m off today. None of that nonsense for me!” You gave a silent cheer as Bifur walked by, giving you a smile. “How are my favorite toymakers today?”

“Doin’ great, lass! I have to say, your idea to have us moved toward the front of the mountain was a grand one!” Bofur said with pride, his hat bouncing on his head.

“Yea, the people of Dale don’t like going too deep in the mountain, so that way they still see your shop!” You remembered when Bofur and Bifur first got started, at a dinner one time, Bifur mentioned how they never seemed to get human buys, and wondered why.

It only took a matter of asking the right people to see why. The people of Dale (previously Lake Town) were still a bit nervous of going too deep into the mountain a dragon used to live in, so they stayed near the edge. With a bit of a push, with your name and position behind it, you got Bofur and Bifur moved towards the entrance, and they have been doing great since!

“I see ya don’t have yer basket today. No shopping?” Bifur asked as he polished something in his hand.

“Nope. No time. If I want to catch some time with my thirteen favorite dwarves, I will need the whole day to do it. But worry not, I will be back tomorrow!” You watched Bifur curiously as he gave you a soft grin and then stepped up to you. “What do you have there, Bifur?”

He was always making something special for you, him and Bofur. You now had a collection of their works on your mantel. But today, Bifur had something special.

He held out his hand as Bofur held up something as well. It was a two piece gift. Bofur’s hand had a beautifully crafted and polished version of Smaug. It was gorgeous, and it took your breath away. And in the other…in Bifur’s hand, was a miniature you. They had taken to carving the members of the company, giving them as gifts to everyone, a way to keep everyone close. And apparently, they were adding you to the collection.

“Oh, boys!” You leaned over the window sill and hugged them both. These two really did spoil you sometimes.
“Hello?” You called out to the silent library. You knew it was only a matter of finding Ori here, but finding him was always a challenge. He could flit between shelves like a ghost and if you weren’t fast enough, he would be gone in a blink.

“Ori?” Nothing. You wandered around for a bit, running your fingers over some different books. It as thanks to Ori and this library that you now were able to read runes. Speaking the language was still off limits, but reading it, that was fair game.

You had spent almost every night for two months here, with Ori as your tutor. And it had paid off. But the question was, where was he…oh…Oh, your little Oridillo!

You had to hold back an “aww” as you saw Ori curled up in a chair, asleep with a book in his lap. You had to smile at how he was always sleeping in here. You had heard rumor that Dori had to carry him out sometimes because he just wouldn’t leave. Not that you blamed him, it was a great library.

You gathered up a blanket from another chair and draped it over him. You took the book and marked his place, knowing he would be so upset if it somehow got damaged. “Sweet dreams, Ori.” You whispered to him before giving his head a little kiss. You pulled a small jar of ink from your pocket, a special kind he loved to get from Dale, and set it next to his book on the table. He would know you were here when he saw it.

000

Balin and Dori

You had planned this visit days in advance, and you weren’t sorry. You walked into Dori’s home and smiled at seeing Dori and Balin sitting there, drinking tea.

“Welcome, Lass!” Dori moved and ushered you into a chair.

No one knew this, but you, Dori, and Balin had lunch and tea together every other week. These two
had really become like big brothers to you, so you always took extra care to see them as often as possible.

“So, Dori, just so you know, Ori fell asleep in the library again.” You chuckled as you heard his sigh, he started in on how Ori had to be careful or he would get a crink in his neck, and then a headache.

“Look what you started…” Balin sighed, handing you a scone as you giggled.

“Sorry, but it’s just too easy!”

000

Dwalin

Dwalin was always on the training field. He was in charge of training the new recruits, as well as overseeing security for the king and princes. So when you walked out to the training field, you weren’t surprised to find one or two newbies either scared stiff or almost in tears.

Damn, Dwalin. Give them a freaking chance!

There had been some benches around the sparring ring, so you took up your normal spot to watch and waited. Dwalin would eventually take a break, you would visit with him for a bit, and then head off to the next person on your list.

Little did you know, Dwalin would be accompanying you.

000

Oin and Dwalin

“I can’t believe he got that hit!” You said in awe as Oin was stitching up Dwalin’s arm. “Isn’t this the exact reason you have training swords, so you don’t get cut up like a block of cheese?”
Dwalin huffed and growled at you. “He was lucky.”

“Lucky…right…” You said, moving over so you could help Oin bandage the wound.

“You got something you wanna say?” Dwalin growled.

“Nothing…it’s just, and Oin, can you back me up here? But, it’s okay to start slowing down…in your age…” It was a joke, of course. You loved teasing Dwalin, especially how wound up he got.

“MY AGE?! I’ll tell you what, lassie, you don’t-.”

You and Oin started laughing as he dug a bag of coin out of his pocket and handed it to you.

“What…what?” Dwalin was appalled.

“I bet Oin I could get you to flip your shit in under five minutes. I won!”

000

Bombur

You were a little glum after leaving Dwalin. After winning a bet, you lost the war, as he deemed it important for you to brush up on your own (nonexistent) training. Yea, the next couple weeks would be hell.

But you put that far from your mind as the delicious scent of the kitchens wafted to your nose. That scent was always heavenly, and why wouldn’t it, when Bombur was cooking.

Bombur had been appointed the head chef for the royal wing, and he took that job with honor. He was always happy to cook for anyone, especially the company, so when you stopped by and asked for a small basket of goodies, he was happy to oblige.
“How is the wife?” You asked as you helped him cut up some carrots.

“Grand! Expecting!”

You choked on air. “Again?! Bombur, give the woman a break!”

Bombur tried to look a bit ashamed, but he wasn’t. He was proud, not that you could blame him. He had a great family, and his kids were absolutely adorable. They had taken to calling you Auntie Star. It made you smile each time.

“Best get going, lass, or he will be gone for the night.”

000

Nori

Of course, Nori was who Bombur was talking about. Nori was somewhat of an enigma now. He was in charge of intelligence gathering for Thorin, which meant he practically lived in the shadows. But for his family, he could be coaxed out, with the proper incentive.

You found a barely used hallway and sat down on the floor, setting the food out as you relaxed back. You took a bite of your scone, and that was when you noticed.

“If you take a bite of that pie without greeting me first, I will stab you with a damn spoon.”

Silence.

“It’s so great to see you, Fallen Star!” Nori was quick to give you a hug and a quick kiss on the cheek before picking up the pie and digging gin.

“You know, it doesn’t bode well for Thorin that you will do anything for food.” You chuckled as
Nori looked up, with some pie crust on his nose.

“Not anything…haven’t killed someone yet for…wait…well, shit.”

You bust out in laughter. Nori had become like your best friend, always able to make you laugh, and you were happy for that.

Gloin

Visiting with Gloin’s family was always the last thing you did for the day. Mainly because you ended up spending so much time there. You adored Gloin’s family, especially his wife, she was so sweet to you.

“And how is work going?” She asked you with a grin.

“Good! But trust me when I say, it ain’t an easy job.”

“Oh I completely understand.”

And on and on you talked, about gossip, things around the mountain, anything. But it always came back to one topic with her, not that you minded.

“So, no…interests yet?”

Of course she meant lovers. She seemed determined to set you up with someone. “No…and you know I would love to find love and start a family…but I guess the timing was never right. Don’t know if it will ever be.”

“Well, nothing wrong with that. Besides, you have a big enough family as it is, with those thirteen and more.”

You smiled. You really did. Each member of your family was special to you, and you wouldn’t have changed anything.
I am happy with my choices! (Go to "Neutral End")
Life went on in the mountain as it always had. You did your work, helping bridge the game between human and darrow, with some days being worse than others. Today...today was one of the worse ones.

“He called you a what?” You asked the darrow standing before you.

“A wee lad.” The dwarf growled at you. You had to take a deep breath before turning to the man from Dale...the one with a busted lip and black eye.

“Sir, did you mean to offer insult?” You couldn’t roll your eyes, that wouldn’t be professional, but if you were giving the mental middle finger to these two fuckwads, that was a different story.

“Of course not, but then this creature-.”

“You dare call me that!”

“You attacked me!”

“You insulted me!”

“Guys...guys!” You tried to scream, but then the fists were flying. The guards who were assigned to you that day slip them up quickly enough and escorted them down to the cells. You hoped a couple hours there would clear their heads. Or at least clear yours.

“Are you alright, lady Y/n?” One guard asked you.

“Why are people stupid?” You asked him, looking up with a look that could level cities.
“Because they are, my lady.” The guard offered. He was smart, that one, he knew how to handle your moods. You would have to request him more often. Granted, if you did that Gloin’s wife may try to set you up again.

You sighed as you looked over to Ori, who was helping you with the load today, taking notes and keeping you company.

“Please tell me that was the last one.” You begged.

Thank the heavens for Ori, because he said, “yes.”

000

It became tradition that once a month, the members of the company would get together for dinner. Tonight was that night. You were quick to get to the hall, greeting your friends with smiles and hugs.

“Your beard is getting longer!” You told Kili, loving how he puffed up with pride.

“You noticed.”

“I did…now don’t let it go to your head, or you won’t fit through doors.” You gave him a wink before moving on to someone else.

Nights like these were great. It was amazing to have just one evening every now and then that seemed like the old days. Days where you only focused on surviving the day versus thinking weeks in advance.

It was a happy time, there was no doubt about that. Friends, family, and even Bilbo wrote to you regularly. It was a nice life, and you knew this was where you would grow old, this was the family you would always have, and these smiles were the ones that would always make you happy. You could not want for anything else.

Chapter End Notes
Congratulations! You have reached the neutral end. You did not find romance on this path, but you still found peace and happiness with your new family! If you would like to start your journey over, and try for a different path go to "A Rough Landing"

Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed this path! On to the next!
Protection

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Being from another world had its benefits at times, you could feign ignorance on particular subjects (which was a saving grace at times), and it gave you and the company plenty to talk about. But there were some downsides.

You didn’t know many things in this world, so you didn’t know safe from dangerous, it made you rely on your new friends for that, like when helping Bilbo collect herbs from the forest and you almost grabbed some poisonous ones. Luckily, Bombur had caught onto that quick so all you had was a minor rash for a couple days, but it still put you on edge. You were so used to a life where the worst you had to worry about was checking both ways before crossing the street, but now you were here, where there were so many unknowns, and you weren’t handling it all that well.

Everyone was very patient with you, understanding that everything must seem so alien to you. But even still, being the unknowing foreigner didn’t stop you from being targeted for pranks and jokes. Normally, you would have found it hilarious, but right now, well, Kili…it wasn’t the best fucking time! It was one said prank, when Kili jumped out from behind a log to spook you, that the company learned a valuable lesson about you and your fight or flight response.

You were jumpy, and easily wound up. Not only that, but you tended to act…irrationally when you got spooked. That was why Kili now had a scratch going down his cheek as punishment for that prank. You didn’t mean to slap him, or get him with your finger nail…it just happened. Honestly, you blamed your friends from school for your reaction. They thought it was funny to jump out from around a corner. Once it happened the first time, you were always on edge for a second and third…which Kili took full advantage of that pratty little asshole!

In the case of the prank Kili pulled (the fourth time he did it in one day, honestly, how did he not get bored?), a high pitched squeal escaped your mouth as you went tumbling backwards into Fili. Fili was quick to latch onto you but it wasn’t enough to stop momentum…both of you fell back with force, collapsing into a mud puddle.

If that wasn’t embarrassing enough, having to be ‘rescued’ by a prince (a real fucking prince) and being covered in muck and mud while Kili laughed his ass off, having the entire company charge into the woods to ‘save you’, assuming you were in danger sure did the trick. Fili took the brunt of the blow, his clothes soaked through from the mud, and he was pretty pissed about that, not that he blamed you. You had gotten away pretty unscathed, except for your pride. You poor pride, it would never recover.
Still, you would take chip from the pride via that embarrassment over the ass chewing Kili got any day. Thorin and Dwalin lit into him! It had only taken a moment for Fili to right you again, Dwalin walking over and giving you a quick once over. His hands roamed, just barely over your skin, as if taking stock of your injuries.

He made sure to give you a good look before his eyes locked onto yours and you could feel the question ‘you okay?’ You gave him a gentle nod before looking away, god you felt so stupid right now. You were certain your face was eight different shades of pink, but that didn’t deter Dwalin… in fact, thinking back on it, you were pretty sure it just fueled his anger.

“What do you think yer doing?! Gonna give the lass a heart attack?!” Dwalin shouted as he put an arm around you, tucking you against his side, as he guided you back to the campsite. Dwalin was looking down at you as you felt your face heat up again. God, this was just too embarrassing, you felt like a little kid your parents had to come rescue from the boy who took your toy.

“I just thought it would be-.”

“So help me, Kili. If you say funny…” Thorin warned giving a harsh glare. With that, Dwalin led you away as Thorin lit into Kili. Fili followed beside you, offering a gentle apology before breaking off to sit with Ori. He really didn’t have anything to apologize for, it wasn’t his fault, but you accepted it anyway.

“Thanks…” You offered to Dwalin. He looked like he was going to say something, but he didn’t get anything out before you were swept up by Dori. Dori already had a fresh change of clothes and a spot picked where you could change, he ushered you off to change, saying he would take care of the muddy clothes. You had to chuckle at his affection.

After about an hour of scolding from Thorin, some choice words from Dwalin, making Kili apologize to you (and Fili), training with Dwalin (which made the seventh circle of hell seem like a Sunday picnic), Kili was complete with his punishment, after he took guard duty that night. You felt a little bad for him, but just a little. He earned it, that ass! He scared the living shit out of you, and he needed to know that it wasn’t okay.

But there was a downside to the event, everyone became a bit more protective of you after that. And to your surprise, it was Dwalin who led the pack. You had formed a friendship, albeit tense one, with him. Okay, so maybe it wasn’t a friendship so much as a mutual, ‘hello, fellow creature’ report, but still. It was something!

Either way, you hadn’t expected him to be so protective over you, but after the Kili incident, it
seemed like something switched inside of him. Honestly, if it wasn’t for the bald head and tattoos, you would think he was Dori with all the fretting he was doing!

Any time you went to collect herbs or firewood Dwalin would assign someone to walk with you, or go himself. When you laid down to rest, someone was assigned to be next to you. Go to take a bath, a guard was set (with their back to you) just in case (and it was never Kili). Dwalin tried to play it off every time you tried to ask him why he was being so protective, but you knew better. Something about that day had set Dwalin off, and he apparently didn’t want it to happen again. You wish you knew what it was, but every time you asked, you always got the same response…

“Have to keep you safe from…” he would always shoot Kili a glare here, “…unsavory creatures.”

You put on an air of minor annoyance when this happened, but truthfully, you were happy for the added protection. The company made you feel safe in this vast wilderness, this strange and unfamiliar world. But it still didn’t stop you from jumping at every stray sound. Damn fucking Kili and your crazy mind! Thanks to his prank you were wound tight waiting for the next one!

Bilbo lets out a stray sneeze? You jump and trip over a stick (to which your brave protectors laughed their asses off, it was chivalry at its finest). Wolf howls in the distance? You shuffle away, usually into somebody. Bombur’s stomach growls…now, you would think that it wasn’t scary, but when it is mostly quiet and it rumbles, it sounds like a great hell beast has descended upon you. Even Ori was startled by it!

The company accepted this oddity, comforting you by saying you would get past it when you became more accustomed to this world. You knew it would go away in a few days, but until then, you always had a protector nearby.

Currently, you were gathering firewood, making sure there was enough to get everyone through the night. The nights had become colder and colder, and after a night a couple days ago where the wood had run out and you woke up almost blue, you were determined to never let that happen again.

Dwalin had decided to escort you tonight, which made you feel like the most protected person in Middle Earth, which was probably why you didn’t jump when you heard rustling to your left. Why would you be afraid when you had the greatest warrior beside you? Instead, you just turned to your right where your strong warrior…

“Dwalin?” You spoke to the empty surroundings. A panic began to fill you as you heard the rustling getting closer. “Dwalin!!” You half whispered, half shouted. This was it, you thought, this is how I die. Killed by random creature, maybe Bofur could turn into a catchy tune? ‘Oh here lies
the lass that was eatin’ by a beast that was the first she’d be meetin’.’ Fuck it, Bofur was the song master, not you!

Whatever was coming towards you was gaining quickly which left you with two options: fight or flight. Damn it, where was Dwalin?! That asshat said he would be right next to you the whole time, well where the fuck are you Mr. Axe Man?! But before logic could grant you a decision, the creature to your left emerged from the bushes with a growl.

Before you could think, you panicked. You let out a yelp as you launched the firewood you had been holding at it before turning to bolt. Maybe if you were fast enough you could reach the company? Because, seriously, you didn’t want to die like this. You didn’t want to die, period.

The curse of your name left the creature’s mouth, halting your expeditious retreat. You froze for a moment, just the sound of your heartbeat in your ears filling your mind before you glanced over your shoulder to see a bark covered Dwalin glaring at you.

“Oh…no…Dwalin, I’m so sorry!” There wouldn’t be enough groveling in the world to get this stubborn one to forget this and you knew it. You could see him glaring at you and you held your head in shame as he started up.

“What were ya thinking?” You expected him to shout and yell and put you through some training drills like you had seen him do with Kili, but he didn’t. His glare wasn’t overly predatory and his voice was calm and understanding, it almost freaked you out as much as that jump scare. Why wasn’t he anger? I mean, you did just launch a small forest at him. Oh…should you tell him he has a twig in his beard?

“I…I heard rustling and you weren’t here…” Your cheeks flared red and tears began to tickle your eyes in embarrassment. Now that you were saying it out loud, you sounded foolish. You sounded like a small, frightened child instead of the strong woman you should have been. You lowered your head in shame, choosing not to say your weak words. You made the decision then to do better, you had to do better if you were going to survive.

A strong finger settled under your chin and made you look back up before he settled a hand on your shoulder. His warmth settled through your shirt and into your skin as you looked into his eyes, such intense eyes.

“Nothing wrong with feeling fear. All warriors feel it.” His gruff voice was confident and caring as he spoke to you his words of warrior’s wisdom. This was a new side of him you hadn’t seen, and it was awe-inspiring. “But you can’t let it control you.”
You gave a solemn nod, feeling a bit like a scolded child.

“You are safe here, lassie. We will keep ya safe. Me most of all, so you don’t have to be so jumpy or afraid. I’ll be here to keep ya safe and protected.” He gave your shoulder a solid pat that nearly sent you to the ground and then knelt down to pick up the logs.

The walk back to camp was silent as you thought over Dwalin’s words. They gave you courage, knowing he would always be there to protect you from the bad things in this world. When you got close enough to hear the company’s chatter you finally spoke up to voice the question you had.

“Dwalin?”

“Hmm?” A solitary grunt was all you got as he shifted the logs in his arms to look at you out of the corner of his eye.

You hesitated for a moment before giving him a shy smile. “…promise?”

That seemed to take Dwalin by surprise, even causing him to stop and turn to you. He looked you over for a moment. He took a deep breath, standing up straight before looking you in the eye and giving you a serious nod. “May my beard grow thin if I break it.”

You didn’t know how serious an oath it was, but you could see it in his eyes. There seemed to be no greater honor to him than his promise to keep you safe, and it made your heart skip a beat and make your body warm. It meant a lot to you that Dwalin would take such a promise so seriously.

“Well, we can’t have that, now can we?” You joked, giving his arm a little bump and getting an amused hum in return. There was a slight smile on his face as his eyes lit up in amusement. It was a side of him you had never seen before, instead of stoic and serious, he was lightening up a bit. It was then that you realized, there was much more to Dwalin than meets the eye.

Chapter End Notes

You really are a sweetheart, aren’t you Dwalin? (Go to "Axes")

That’s nice and all, but I’m not so sure about Dwalin. (Go to "Campfire Stories")
Every race has their own unique culture, but Dwarves seemed to have the most unique. You had picked up on bits and pieces here and there as you had traveled with the company. According to Gandalf, dwarves were very secretive about their ways, they had unique customs, ways to view friends and foes, and even their own language. And all of these secrets were heavily guarded, but you couldn’t help but notice a few.

Like their hair and beards. The elaborate braids and styles weren’t just for show, they were tended to with great care and pride. You even had a theory that different braids meant different things, but you never asked to be sure out of fear of insulting someone by accident, cause you had already done that a couple times. You never wanted to think of that moment again. You didn’t know if your budding friendship with Gloin would ever recover after you made the comment that he would look great with short hair, but he seemed to take it in stride.

Another thing you noticed was their care they put in their wares. Everyone had different things they carried that they treasured. And after spending a whole night hearing about the beautiful wife of Gloin, you came to understand that sharing the stories of these items were done amongst only the closest friends.

Gloin was easy to befriend (even after the incident), as was Fili and Kili, Bofur, Ori, but some were not so easy. But the way you saw it, sharing details of each other’s treasures was a way to strengthen a relationship. It was a way for you to get to know them better, understand who they were, and what they really were like. Some of them hid behind masks, and it was a way to see beyond that.

The first dwarrow who came to mind, the one you wanted to talk with and get to better, was Dwalin. He always had this intimidating look to him, but you were coming to realize there was more behind that gruff exterior. His wall of muscle and glares was his mask, and there was someone behind that mask.

You wouldn’t have believed it at first, but there were signs. The way he was with you, and hell, just last night you caught him, not that he knew about it, placing a baby bird back in its nest. He had been so gentle with it, even humming a little tune as he moved it. There had to be more to him, and you were determined to find out.

You first sat down to watch him, get to know who he was from afar. Watching Dwalin was like watching a lion move through the savanna. Deadly, graceful, and beautiful. Sure, Dwalin wasn’t
the typical definition of beautiful, but you couldn’t lie that you found him attractive. Others may have been drawn to Fili and Kili or Thorin, but Dwalin was in a class of his own.

After watching him one night, you found your opening. Dwalin was a warrior, and what do warriors covet? Their weapons. Dwalin was settled on a fallen log as he ran a sharpening store over the blade of one of his axes, a soft smile gracing his face as the repetitive action relaxed and cleared his mind…until you came along.

“Can I help ya, lassie?” He asked with an annoyed tone. It was common knowledge that he liked his solitude, but you felt that it was time for some company.

“I was curious about your axes.” You watched his hand falter slightly as you spoke, the stone shifting slightly as you spoke to him, fascinated by how gently he handled them like this.

“What about them?” Gruff and to the point, typical Dwalin. His eyes never left the axe as he carried on the conversation with you, never letting himself fully lose concentration.

“You always take such good care of them. Are they special?” Your eyes drifted up from his working hands to his face, watching and observing every detail. The tattoos on his head even seemed to tell a hidden story, a story you wanted to know. You couldn’t put your finger on it, but you almost had to know.

“Aye. Had them most of my life.” He paused for a moment to flip his axe over to work on the other side. “Got them when I completed my training. This one’s Grasper, that one’s Keeper.”

You smiled at the look of pride that crossed his features, almost like a proud father boasting about his child. Being a warrior, in Dwalin’s case, maybe it was similar to that. These weapons were his life line, it would make sense that he was protective of them.

“Balin told me once that great warriors name their weapons after great feats in battle. Is that why they have these names?” You shifted closer to him to better see Grasper.

“Aye.” He practically grunted, but you ignored it, watching him work the stone over the blade instead.

You let the silence settle for a moment as you took in the finer detail on the blade, the runes and
wrapping and embellishments. “You know, sharing is caring.” You joked, hoping to convince him to tell his weapon’s tale.

“Ya wouldn’t be able to stomach it, lassie.”

“Yes I could!” You bit back instantly. You were not queasy peasy, you could handle it…but still, your eyes glanced down to the blade. Grasper. Keeper. What were they grasping and what were they keeping…maybe it was best not to know.

Dwalin chuckled at your feigned offence. “Ya got queasy listening to Oin’s story of stitchin’ Thorin-.”

“I did not.” You mumbled, noting how Dwalin stopped his work on his axe. You were practically leaning on him, which made it a bit embarrassing when you looked into his eyes as he fixed you with a look.

You shuffled away a couple inches and mumbled under your breath, “Fine, I did…” Apparently you and Dwalin didn’t have that type of friendship, that you shared stories. A part of you told you that shouldn’t be surprised, but the other part was feeling too down to listen. He apparently didn’t see you as a friend, maybe he just saw you as someone to protect and that was it…

You were just the weird girl in the group who needed to be looked after. A sense of duty. You let out a sigh as you realized it. Fine… You went to get up, to sulk away with your thoughts.

Before you could put too much thought and fret into it, you felt a heavy weight on your lap. The metal reflected the nearby firelight and you sat in awe at its beauty, and the gesture that Dwalin was letting you handle Grasper. You looked up to him for confirmation, and when you received a gentle nod, your eyes drifted back down as you lifted the axe.

“It’s heavy.” Heavier than you thought. Dwalin must truly have strength to handle these with such ease.

“I like them that way. Even added extra weight in the handle core.” If Dwalin had been an animal in that moment, he would have been a lion tossing his head back, letting his mane flutter around him before letting out a proud roar. But there was something in the words he spoke that struck you, that formed a single thought that came out of your mouth in pure awe as you looked at him.
“You made these?” Your voice was filled with awe, a note that Dwalin picked up on. Your shock was clear, but so was your pride in him, and he seemed to smile at that.

“Of course! Part of warrior’s training to learn to craft and smith.” He made it sound as if it wasn’t a big deal…his posture said otherwise.

You quickly gripped the axe steady and held it out to Dwalin. “I don’t want to damage them.” Your voice had a twinge of fear in it, that Dwalin obviously picked up and thought was hilarious as he threw his head back and laughed.

“You couldn’t damage ‘em lest you throw them off a cliff, Fallen Star!” You couldn’t help but smile at the small nickname the company had given you. They didn’t use it often, and only when they took note of your quirks from your own world, but it made you smile wide when Dwalin used it. He gave a movement of his head, ushering you to look at the axe again.

After a few moments, he shifted and traded you blades, setting Keeper in your lap. It amazed you, these axes, so well-crafted and cared for by Dwalin himself. ‘A warrior is only as good as his weapon’ Dwalin had told Fili one night when they had trained, and here you were, being trusted with Dwalin’s best, his own handcrafted pieces of art.

Trust. That’s what it was all about, and it made your body tingle. You had come over to start a friendship with Dwalin, hear and share stories, but now he was trusting you to handle his most prized possession, not even any of the others had done that, instead just letting you look at their treasures. Gloin with his locket, Kili with his rune stone, Ori with his favorite quill. But Dwalin was different, just as you thought.

It made you feel a little guilty. You had wanted to start a friendship with him, so determined to do so that you didn’t realize he already saw you as a friend, a trusted one. You were so busy with your own agenda, you didn’t see it at first, but now you did. You weren’t going to throw it away needlessly. You would treasure it, as much as he treasured these axes.

“They are stunning, so well crafted, made by a true master.” You spoke as you ran your hands over the cool metal before handing Keeper back.

“Grand compliment, I thank you for that.” Dwalin spoke as he rose up, sliding the axes into their holder. “Get some rest,” He gave your shoulder a squeeze, as if reassuring you, “I’m on watch tonight.” And with that he stomped away, not angrily, it was just how he walked.
Sure, he could be a bit rough around the edges, but you were starting to see he had a heart of gold, and he was amazing friend, one you could promised to always cherish.

Chapter End Notes

I do cherish Dwalin, and perhaps something more? (Go to "Bodyguard")

It was nice to get to know him more, but I think he is more of a friend… (Go to "Campfire Stories")
“Orcs.” Kili said grimly as Bilbo asked about a stray sound he had heard. It was clearly a bird… and people called you jumpy, geeze. Just…calm down, Bilbo! At least, that was what you thought until you heard Kili’s response. What did you know, Orcs could sound like birds.

“Orcs?” Bilbo asked the questions you always wanted to know. You hadn’t really learned too much about them, just that they were bad. That lack of knowledge was really bothering you right now.

“Throat cutters. There’ll be dozens of them out there. The lone-lands are crawling with them.” Fili spoke up around his pipe, the smoke giving him a hazy, horror vibe. They were joking…they had to be joking…right?

“They strike in the wee small hours when everyone’s asleep. Quick and quiet, no screams. Just lots of blood.” Kili let out a grin after a second of silence. Those assholes were just trying to rile Bilbo up…What a bunch of fuck faces!

Problem was, Bilbo wasn’t the only one who was affected. As much as it pained you to admit it, Fili and Kili’s little campfire story had scared the crap out of you. Not even Balin’s stunning tale of Thorin’s valor spared you from fidgeting and fretting as the company slowly prepared for bed. But that was the problem…

“They strike in the wee small hours when everyone’s asleep.” Damn it Y/n l/n, pull yourself together, you scolded yourself. It was just a joke, there weren’t any Orcs out there…besides, even if there were…

You glanced around the camp. Out logic the fear, your father always said. Point out the flaw and you’ll always be safe. So that was what you did. There were two entrances to camp, both ways watched, and there was dwarves between you and them. Dwalin was between you and them. Dwalin, your protector from all things. You gave a soft smile in his direction before turning your attention back to your blanket.

As if reassuring yourself, you nodded, but Kili’s damn voice echoed in your head, mixing with Fili’s to send you in a near panic.
“Quick and quiet, no screams…throat cutters…just blood.” You took a steadying breath. Logic, you needed logic. Not even thinking of Dwalin was keeping the worries away. The orcs wouldn’t sneak up on you…because…come on…there has to be…Watchers! That’s right, someone would be on watch, so no orcs would be sneaking up on you, because—

“Ori. You have watch tonight.” Thorin spoke up.

Well, that’s it. No offense to Ori but you were going to get your throat slit by Orcs while he was fussing over his knitting pattern. That’s what your gravestone would say, if you even got a gravestone. ‘Fucked Over by Knitting Dwarf’, insert birthdate, insert whatever date it was tonight, there ya go…gravestone. You didn’t mean to be so mean to Ori, but the last time he had watch he left his post to sketch a bunny! A FUCKING BUNNY! He had to have seen a fucking bunny before!

Sure, Kili was on watch too, but still…was that really much better? Mr. ‘take this opportunity to plan all sorts of pranks while everyone is asleep’. Yea, keeping you safe wasn’t really his main focus right now. No, instead, he was too busy plotting your down fall with some elaborate prank.

A part of you knew you were over reacting, but it didn’t stop your head spinning with thoughts and flashes of images. You just wanted the fear to stop.

“Nothing wrong with feeling fear, but you can’t let it control you.” Dwalin’s voice rattled in your head and calmed your nerves, his words of wisdom from a couple days ago. “We will keep you safe, me most of all.” You remembered his promise to you, his words of encouragement. That was the flaw in the fear, you had Dwalin to watch over you. You had to remember Dwalin, and his promise.

But you wanted him close, in case something bad happens, you wanted to be right next to the best warrior. You rose from your spot, snatching up your blanket and found Dwalin bedding down on the other side of the fine. There were two spots you could take, if you moved—

Shit! Balin claimed one. You moved quickly, but within two steps Thorin had been there.

What the hell?! You shouted in your mind. You don’t need a fucking body guard, Thorcupine, get your ass out of my spot!
You gave a sigh, figuring this would just be a night you wouldn’t sleep, but then you had an idea. Well, you had worse ones. Sure, it could backfire, but it was better than nothing, and it wasn’t like it was a bad idea in all. It would keep you warmer, and the others around you…So… You moved swiftly, before Dwalin (or any of the other asshats who would judge you) could say anything.

You stepped over Dwalin, ignoring his sputtering as you just hopped over his laying form, and laid down on the thin patch of Earth between him and a wall of rock. To your surprise he didn’t say anything once you were settled, just watched as you shifted around, you back pressing against the cool stone and your eyes level with his as he laid on his back. His eyes just moved slowly, following your every shift until you looked up to his eyes.

Thorin and Balin chuckled, making your face turn to a red tomato as your eyes locked with an inquisitive and shocked Dwalin. He seemed genuinely surprised you did that, or that you were so close to him. He actually looked like he might pull away. Okay…hadn’t thought of that…man, wouldn’t that be embarrassing, your brave protector abandons you in the night.

You then whispered to him, the only thing you could think of to make your point very clear, “Your beard is very thick.” His face scrunched up into a grimace, not out of pain, but probably at the thought that there was a crazy person in the company, but the moment passed and his body relaxed as your meaning dawned on him.

Dwalin let out a deep sigh as he reached down and pulled his dagger from its sheath, holding it tight over his body, before shutting his eyes to sleep. Just like that. Wow.

But your eyes lingered on the dagger. Was he really going to sleep like that? What if he cut himself or rolled over and stabbed himself? Your previous fear of the Orcs was quickly replaced with fear for your friend, and yourself. You were pretty squishy, that blade could do a lot of damage.

“Dwalin?” You whispered to him, trying not to draw attention. You didn’t have to speak very loud, as he was literally right there.

“Hmm?” He grunted out, a mild sound of annoyance on him, but you noticed that quirk of his lips. Faking annoyance, such a Dwalin move.

You had to choose your next words carefully. You didn’t want to offend him in some way, and the gesture was sweet, if not a bit extreme for the circumstance, so you decided on some lighthearted humor.
“If you kill me in your sleep with that dagger, I will come back and haunt you.” You quipped, shooting him a playful glare.

Snickers sounded from across the group, clearly amused at your idle threat, you could even see Dwalin’s chest moving with a silent chuckle. His head tilted towards you, the light catching the skin and tattoos in the firelight.

“If I kill anyone in my sleep it’ll be the two idiots who put ya on edge.”

Wow. That stopped the chuckles and snickers quickly. You smiled as Dwalin’s slate blue eyes looked at you, and for one breathtaking moment, he smiled back. “Get some rest, Y/n.” He closed his eyes and turned his head back as you shifted closer until your arm was barely brushing his.

And through that slight touch, you could feel the warmth and power he held. You wanted to wrap around his arm. And you realized the next morning, you had never slept better since you arrived.

Chapter End Notes

What would I do without Dwalin? (Go to "A Great Need")

Dwalin is an amazing protector, but I want more than a protector… (Go to "Traveling Companion")
A Great Need

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dumped into the middle of nowhere, in a world you didn’t know or understand, with a bunch of dwarves, a hobbit, and a wizard who spoke in riddles. That’s your life, and you have come to terms with it, you were actually enjoying it for a while…until this moment. And yes, you did blame Fili and Kili for the entire thing!

“We should sit on them and squash them into jelly!” One of the trolls said as you tried to wiggle your hands out of the rope bindings. You know for such giant ass creatures, they could tie some fantastically marvelous fucking knots with this tiny rope! As you tried to free yourself, you couldn’t help the small sound of discomfort that left your mouth as the rope pulled on your skin, burning it and probably tearing away the outer layer of your skin. If the result was freedom, it was a sacrifice you were willing to make.

“Oi! Stop your fumblin’. We ain’t gonna lose our nice dessert, now are we.” You grimaced as one of the trolls leaned down and sniffed you. It was disgusting and gross and wrong on so many levels. It took all your will power not to gag. Or you know what, maybe if you did, they wouldn’t find you appealing and let you go…or they would kill you. Best not to risk it.

You caught the eye of some of the other dwarves around the camp as they shouted at the trolls, telling them to leave you alone and such, but it didn’t stop them. Thorin was struggling, biting at the rope of his bag, Fili was face down in the dirty…good, it was partially his fault for this whole mess!

Your eyes drifted around until you saw those on the spit. Bofur was just holding on, trying to blow out the flame. Then it rotated and you saw Dwalin. Oh, he was pissed. Monumentally pissed. You really shouldn’t have thought it, but he is kinda sexy when he gets on the volcano explosion level of angry. But even with all the distractions you were giving yourself…

It didn’t keep the facts from what they were. Half of the company was tied up in sacks, the other half turning on a spit…and you were tied up to apparently be the side of ice cream after the meal. Who knew that human women were like a delicacy to trolls?

On one hand, you were fascinated. Your world didn’t have creatures like these, and it was an eye opener to see just how different this world was from yours. It was one thing to hear stories from the others, but to actually witness it… These were live, breathing trolls. Nothing like the ones you had heard about from story books, and you almost wanted to speak out and ask them questions.
And that was the other half of your system, arguing that you shouldn’t be enjoying this, that you
should be ashamed that you were utterly useless to stop this, decided to step up and be a bit bitchy.
The more logical part of your brain shouted at you, screaming that there was no way you could have
stopped something like this, but it was put off by the other statement. If you knew how to defend
yourself, this wouldn’t have happened. If you knew how to fight, maybe you could have saved
them…

You went with Bilbo to take dinner to the princes, and somehow got caught up in this madness that
was the troll fiasco. You snatched up a fallen sword in the struggle, managed to nick one of the trolls
in the heel! Granted, in that same swing, you took off some of Gloin’s hair, so you couldn’t be too
excited…

Poor Gloin, his hair was almost always the butt of your mistakes…

You needed to be able to help, to fight, you needed a teacher…if you ever got out of here. And if
you did, you knew who you would ask…that was if he wasn’t cooked on a spit beforehand.

Luckily, that riddled wizard was your savior. And what an entrance as well! Walking up that rock
and shouting “Dawn will take you all!” It was like it was from a movie or something, some great
adventure story for the ages. And after being cut free by Nori, you were safely back with the group,
wedged between a triangle of dwarf that was Dwalin, Nori, and Oin.

In the few minutes you had before the next bit of chaos, you tried to call out to Dwalin, to ask him if
he would train you…but…

Your freedom was short lived as you had another startle (to which you did squeal again, you
couldn’t wait to get over that reaction, Balin swore it would happen eventually, wear out your nerves
so to speak) as a new wizard joined the group.

You would have been happy to see him, he seemed nice, and those cute little bunnies made you give
a little happy squeal as you bent down and pet them. And the wizard was a sweetie, even if he did
have bird shit all over his face. But he spoke of danger and trouble and you had about enough of
that at this point, so you let your mind wander to your thoughts from earlier. You needed to learn to
defend yourself. And there was only one person you wanted to teach you, the best warrior you
knew. Now was the time to strike.

“Dwalin?”
His eyes glanced over to you for a second before he grunted out a response that could have been considered an answer. Yea, he really needed to work on his vocabulary, this grunting thing was too ambiguous.

“I…I want to be trained.” It was almost comical how his head slowly turned and he tilted his body. His eyes clearly ran over you, his mind working to think if he had misheard you or misunderstood. But he didn’t.

“No.”

“Dwalin!” You barked out at him, straightening out to show him you meant business. Sure, you may be the human girl, but damn it, you wouldn’t be a helpless one! “I have to be able to defend myself, what if something else like this happens?!”

“It won’t.” He went to take a couple steps away, but you had other plans. You weren’t going to let him hightail it out of here, no, he was going to listen to you damn it! So you grabbed his arm and pulled him back…it was a mistake.

You know the phrase don’t poke the bear? Well…you just shoved a stick up his ass and called him Jose Jalapeno. The look he gave you was fierce. On instinct, your hands flew up as if to surrender, showing you came in peace, but your mouth didn’t seem to get the memo that your body did. It just kept on going without you.

“I have to learn. I’m useless to all of you, a burden, if I don’t.” That took a moment from him, he was thinking, you knew it was. “Please, someone could get hurt if I don’t know how.”

It was a fairly logical point, and you could see Dwalin was struggling against it. It made you beam with pride when you heard Dori behind him muttering how it wouldn’t be a bad idea to train you up in some self-defense maneuvers.

“She don’t need it!” Dwalin barked at him. “I-We can keep her safe!” At another time, you would analyze, to the point of over analyzing, that little slip up. But right now you had a point to make, and damn it you would!

“But what if we are attacked again?!” You shouted, not even realizing as you and Dwalin had you first little spat that the entire company were watching on with amused looks. They had learned, although you were a bit jumpy, you weren’t one to cross. It was amusing for them to watch you go
toe to toe with Dwalin.

“We won’t be!” Dwalin barked back before stepping away from you.

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Fuck you, Dwalin! Fuck you and the fucking jinxed ass horse you rode in on!

You were seething as you ran with the rest of the company, hiding behind large boulders and rocks to escape wargs. Wargs…big ass, ugly, vicious dogs! Yep, this day just keeps getting better. We won’t get attacked again my ass! And that’s not even mentioning the ugly things on top of the wargs!

“This is exactly what I’m talking about!” You whispered-shouted to Dwalin as you stopped behind him. You all were huddled together for a moment before Gandalf signaled it was safe to run again.

“Shh!” He bit back at you with a glare before grabbing your arm and guiding you around the rock with the group. Sure, he had a point, but it didn’t help your anger problem. In fact, when he shushed you, you had a very detailed daydream about taking Grasper and Keeper from his back and shoving it somewhere where the sun don’t shine…then giving it a good twist…

Run. Hide. Run. Curse all the living things in this damned world. Run more!

It was a never ending cycle, and you were finally just done. “Give me a weapon!” You whispered to him again.

“No! You don’t know how to use it!” He bit back. It was just too perfect of a response… Oh, nail in the coffin, here you came!

“Wouldn’t be a problem if you would train-mpf!” One of Dwalin’s large hands came up and clamped around your mouth, silencing your words. You would have been pissed, if it wasn’t for the intense look Dwalin was giving you. His eyes, those slate blue eyes, they almost were begging you to understand, to be silent.
It was then that you heard the breathing of some beast above you. Your eyes went wide when you realized there was a warg on the rock...they were going to find you...they were going to kill you?!

Dwalin must have seen something in your eyes, fear, panic, something, because his other hand had slowly came up and gripped your shoulder, pulling you closer to him as he released your mouth. He shifted you and pulled you close to him, letting you feel safe. You saw Thorin nod over your shoulder and you turned your head just a fraction to see Kili take a deep breath as he knocked and arrow.

Dwalin pulled you around as Kili took a step out and fired. In a fraction of a second, the warg fell and you found yourself once again hidden from danger by Dwalin. You put a hand on his back as the beast was slain, but then heard the rest of the pack howling. They found you out.

You closed your eyes and sighed. “Fucking perfect.” Funny, no one shh’d you that time.

It was a quick run before you were surrounded. You, Ori, and Bilbo were shoved back towards a rock as the warriors stood forward. Kili fired off some arrows, the others readied there weapons to fight. You were no warrior, you had no mind of offense versus defense, but you knew one thing. There were too many of them.

You looked over to Ori and saw his nervous look. You reached out a hand and grabbed his, trying to give him a bit of comfort as you both shuffled backwards. But still, you kept your eyes to the front. Dwalin and Thorin were in front of you, and they would defend you, if they could.

You pleaded to anyone you could think, begging in your mind, ‘please, please help us.’

“This way, you fools!” Gandalf's voice registered just behind you and your body reacted. You turned and bolted, pulling Ori with you and shoving him towards Gandalf. The wizard guided the young dwarf down a hole for protection, pulling your arm shortly after to get you to follow.

You got out of the way as your feet hit the ground, shuffling away as you took a mental count of the company as they came down, counting and naming them, feeling a sense of comfort when you saw Dwalin jump down and stride further into the cave, followed quickly by the last one, Thorin.

You went to speak to him when a horn sounded. Were they calling reinforcements, could they get down here? Your worries were turned to curiosity when you heard the sounds of a struggle, then down came a dead warg with an arrow in its body.
The company looked on for a moment of silence, all obviously a little shaken at what had happened. It was a peaceful trip up to this point, but it was pretty clear that it wouldn’t be after this…which only spurred your point even further. You snapped your head up and looked around, seeing Dwalin moving back into a crevice.

“This is why I need to be trained!” You shouted loudly, breaking the silence, making your voice echo all around you. You knew Dwalin was further in the cave, and you wanted to make sure he heard you…you didn’t mean to spook everyone else, made a few of them jump, some cursed at you.

“Mahal, woman!” Gloin barked out as he shook his head and glared at you.

But you didn’t care as you stared straight ahead at Dwalin. “You know I’m right.” You said with a smirk before turning to follow the rest of the group as they moved deeper into the cave.

Chapter End Notes

So help me, Dwalin, you will train me! (Go to "Excessive Force")

Fine, if you are going to be an asshat, I will look to someone else for help! (Go to "Handle the Situation")
“Come on, Dwalin! If I am going to be a part of the company, I need to defend myself!” This was probably the 200th time you had tried to convince Dwalin to teach you to fight. You were going to ask Thorin, but he was always busy, so you went to Dwalin. He always brushed it off, saying that if you were in danger, your best bet was to run.

But now here you were, in Rivendale, and it was the best time for you to learn. The company was resting for a few days, they had nothing to do...you were determined. “Just teach me, Dwalin!” You whined, pulling on his arm.

Thorin was sitting with Balin, both of them chuckling as they saw you try to convince the stoic warrior to teach you again. They were both in favor of you learning to fight, but for some reason, Dwalin wouldn’t teach you.

“Lass, leave me be!” He growled at you, trying to scare you off with some macho display of some sort.

“No!” You said as you cross your arms over your chest. “You will teach me! Or else I’m dead weight!”

“Then stay behind!” He yelled at you. “You don’t need to fight!”

Thorin and Balin sat back and watched the exchange. It went on for a while. Honestly, they both thought it was amusing. Dwalin would get so worked up and you would just give it back to him tenfold. But as they sat back, they were shocked at the deal that came from the argument.

“So, if I wrestle you, and win, you will teach me?”

“Aye. And if ya lose, ya stop pesterin’ me.”

“Deal!”
That was what brought you here, this little area in Rivendale. The other Dwarves were sitting the on veranda, watching down to the wrestling match. You and Dwalin shook hands and stepped back before starting.

“I wanna learn sword first, Dwalin.” You taunted.

He could only chuckle in response. “No one beats a dwarf in wrestling.” He said before lunging at you. Whereas Dwalin had strength, you had agility. You were able to stay out of his reach for a bit of time. But you knew you had to take him down to actually win.

You could tell that Dwalin was beginning to lose his temper at how he couldn’t get a hold on you. The boys taunting him from above wasn’t helping. But maybe you could use that anger to your advantage?

“What’s wrong, Dwalin? Can’t hold onto me?”

He growled, actually growled, before lunging again. That was your opening. When he ducked down to reach around you, you quickly moved to the side and hopped up on his back. You latched your arm around his neck and pulled tight. Your legs wrapped around his waist and ducked your head down against his head.

You were basically a backpack, a strangling backpack. Dwalin started moving around, trying to pull you off, but you just wrapped your arm tighter against his neck. You didn’t want to hurt him, but if you could just wear him out a bit…

Dwalin felt the air start to become harder to get. Damn woman, she was strangling him. He roared out a curse as he reached back and began pulling at you. The roar was a mistake, it got rid of more air.

“Concede, Dwalin!” You shouted into his ear. “Just give up, and I’ll let go!”

Mercy? Did you just offer him mercy?! He went down to one knee. No, he wouldn’t lose to you of
all people. Dwalin reached over his shoulder and grabbed your arm. He wouldn’t lose! He let out a string of curses as he pulled on your arm…

That was how it happened. In his anger at being trapped in a strangling hold, Dwalin let his full strength out. He hadn’t meant to…he told himself he wouldn’t use his full strength against you. You were just a small human woman. He could hurt you…

But he forgot that when he heard you whisper your words of mercy into his ear. It was as if you thought he was weak, and he had to prove he wasn’t. So he pull with all his might, your arm quickly snapping from his neck. He then grabbed up at your shoulder and heaved you over his body and slammed you down against the ground on your back.

He didn’t even realize it for a moment. He just put on a victorious smirk and looked over to you…then froze.

“Y/N!” He heard the voices of the others cry out to you. You yourself had this look of utter shock and pure pain on your face. You tried to pull breath into your body, but it wasn’t happening. The sheer impact from your body connecting to the ground had done you in…it knocked all air from your body and left you there to just gasp for your breath.

Tears welled up in your eyes as you felt the pain radiate from your back and shoulders. It wasn’t even until you had to draw in air that you realized you were screaming out in pain. You heard someone say your name, put a hand on you, but you just coughed hard and tried to breathe, succumbing to the pain.

Dwalin tried to comfort you. When you finally were able to get breath, he thought you would be fine, but then you let out that cry of pain. He put a hand on your shoulder, another on your head as he tried to help you up, but he was heaved away from you.

“Don’t move her!” Oin cried out as he fell down to his knees next to you. “We need a stretcher!” He cried out, sending Bilbo and the princes off at a run to find help.

“I didn’t mean to…” Dwalin whispered to himself. “I didn’t…I didn’t mean to…” The arm that had a firm hold on him softened and he looked over to see his friend’s face giving him a hard look.

“Why would you use your full strength?” Thorin asked him. His voice was firm. He was trying to be gentle with his friend, he knew Dwalin hadn’t intentionally hurt you…but still…
A few elves appeared with a stretcher. With Oin and the elves help, they were able to get you onto the stretcher and take you away. Dwalin tried to immediately follow, but he was shoved back by a couple other dwarves, who started screaming and shouting at him. But he didn’t hear any of it, he could only watch as they took you away.

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All in all, you weren’t in that bad of shape. You were able to get your breath back, which was most important. And apparently, the impact with the ground had left your entire backside deeply bruised, and a couple muscles cramped from the trauma. But thanks to some herbs from Oin and Lord Elrond’s healing, you were able to get up and rejoin the company.

It was night by the time you got back, and the minute one of them laid eyes on you, they were all up asking how you were doing. If you were feeling well, if there was anything they could do. You smiled at them all and answered with the only thing you could ask. “Stop giving Dwalin a hard time.”

Bilbo had snuck into your room while you were resting in the afternoon and told you how all the dwarves were treating Dwalin since the accident. And that’s what it was, it was an accident, and it was time they all realized that. A couple, like Dori and Nori tried to argue with you, but you put it simply. “It was an accident. If I had fallen out of the tree, would you blame the tree?”

That seemed to silence them. After a few more comments and well wishes, you made your way over to Thorin and Balin, who both gave you sad smiles. “Where is he?” You asked them both.

Thorin only nodded off to the stairs leading down from their little veranda. You tried to put a smile on your face, but there was only one thing on your mind. “How bad is he taking it?” You asked Balin. You knew Thorin would stay silent, but Balin…Balin would be honest with you.

“He hasn’t eaten…hasn’t even left since you were hurt.” Balin’s eyes showed sadness. You knew it was for a number of reasons. He was probably sad that you got hurt, he was sad that Dwalin had done it, and he was sad that, even though it was an accident, that Dwalin was feeling guilt.

You quietly made your way down the stairs and back to the area where your wrestling match had taken place. And just as Balin had said, there was Dwalin sitting down on the ground, staring down at his hands.
You got a bit closer before you spoke. “Dwalin?”

His eyes snapped up to you. There it was, all the guilt and pain over his actions. “Y/n?”

You moved over and sat down next to him, grabbing one of his hands in yours.

“Don’t…I could hurt ya again, lass.”

“You wouldn’t hurt me, Dwalin.” You said softly as you gave his hand a little squeeze.

“I already did.” His voice was low and soft. He let out a sigh as he tried to take his hand back, but you held it firm.

“It was an accident, Dwalin. We were wrestling and we got too into it. It could have happened with anyone. Please, don’t let it weigh on your mind.”

Dwalin said nothing, just looked down to your hand around his. “I can’t offer enough apologies, offer anything to make up for this.”

“Yes, you can.” You said with a smile. You pulled on his chin to get him to look at you, his beard being surprisingly soft under your hand. “Train me. So no one can hurt me like that again.”

Dwalin shook his head. “Thorin will train you. I don’t…I don’t want to hurt you again.”

You ground your teeth before you gave his arm a slap. “I don’t want Thorin as a teacher, I want you!” You rolled your eyes and sighed. “Damn it, Dwalin…It was an accident. If I had accidentally knee’d you in the groin, would you hold it against me? No, because it was a damn accident!”

Thorin and Balin got up when they heard you yelling at Dwalin. Everyone else was busy carrying on, so they were the only two on lookers. Sure enough, the words you said to Dwalin struck his spark and he began to argue with you, just like he had earlier in the morning.
They both chuckled. “They are quite a pair.” Thorin said softly to Balin, as they heard you call Dwalin a stubborn oaf.

“That they are.” Balin responded, just as Dwalin called you an impossible woman. “Perhaps one day they will realize they are a perfect match…until then…perhaps we should stock up on some bandages and herbs for injury. Especially if Y/n is going to start her training.”

Thorin just hummed a response and smiled when, after a bit of arguing, he saw you lean against Dwalin, both of you having yelled all the insults you could muster by that point, but still you two had smiles on your faces. Truly, one hell of a pair.

Chapter End Notes

I forgive you, Dwalin, you sweet dwarf. (Go to "Midnight Snack")

Fuck you, asshole! I’m out! (Go to "New Family")
Midnight Snack

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Never had you heard such a symphony of stomachs rumbling all at once, or the amount of whining that came afterwards. You would have thought the dwarves hadn’t just been fed a wonderful dinner. Dinner with the elves was a lively affair, complete with music and a one-sided food fight. You didn’t mind it, the food or the chaos, but then again, you didn’t mind all the extra greens on your plate. The dwarves on the other hand…

“Where’s the meat?” Dwalin deadpanned, looking out to everyone. You couldn’t help but snort at him, enjoying that moment of how he looked completely lost over a bowl of salad.

“I don’t like green food.” “Is this edible?” The phrases they tossed around through the whole meal still made you chuckle. Even now, relaxing on the veranda that had been set up as ‘base camp’ you were relaxing and enjoying hearing the voices and seeing their shocked faces when dinner was served. Honestly, you thought it was pretty delicious. Those little onion things were DIVINE!

Your remembrance of the dinner was interrupted by muscle twinge in your back, shooting a pain up your spine and into your shoulder. You let out a light hiss as you shifted, drawing the attention of the nearest companion.

“Still in pain, lass?” Nori asked as he laid back on his bedroll, staring up at the sky as he lazily puffed at his pipe. “This will help.” He offered the pipe, but you just shook your head no, feeling like you were already drugged up on enough herbs from Oin and Elrond for your own good. There weren’t many similarities between dwarves and elves that you could see so far, but one of them was their fussiness over someone who was injured. And to think you thought Dori was a mother hen, he had nothing on Elrond.

“Just can’t seem to get comfy.” You spoke softly to Nori, shifting again on your makeshift recliner. You figured out last night that lying flat on your back, or flat at all, wasn’t going to work, so you enlisted Nori to snag some pillows from a few linen closets and you made your little nest.

“Can’t help you there, Y/n.” Nori offered as his eyes slowly began to drift shut. Another wave of stomach growls echoed around the group, even from those who were fast asleap. It was sad, it really was. If you were at home, you would be baking and cooking up a storm to keep them well fed, your little company of short people…and one really tall person.
That idea struck you, though. What if you could cook something? You managed to get up without making too much of a fuss, Nori only giving you a sideways glance as you got up and moved back into the large building. It took a bit of wandering, and asking for directions to find the kitchens.

A few elves had offered to cook you anything you liked, but when you explained you wanted to do something special for your friends, they seemed to understand. The two that were left helped you gather some ingredients and got you some tools to make what you were hoping to and then left you alone to do your thing.

It was a nice change of pace. Instead of walking for miles on end, or running, or sleeping on rocks, it was nice to be doing something you knew how to do...even if you were using a wood burning stove instead of an electric one. Still, that didn’t stop you from making any and every little thing you could think of. Scones. Cookies. Cupcakes. Cinnamon bread. Fruit crumbles, which was essentially a pie that wouldn’t cooperate.

The first couple things were made up and cooking in the oven as you took stock in the things around you. If you played your cards right, maybe you could make some things that would travel well, grant some different food in the long haul of this trip. Your mind kept you grounded, against the worries of what was to come, the small pain and twinges in your back, and apparently the entrance of the world’s gruffest dwarf.

“You should be restin’.” Dwalin spoke softly as he walked into the kitchen. His voice heavy with sleep.

You turned to look at him, a little shocked at his state. He looked a bit winded, as if he had been running or something. “Couldn’t get comfortable. Figured I would put my restlessness to use and make some food for the company, seeing as you all are about half-starved,” You raised your fist up to shake, mocking him, “Blast those elves!” You heard Dwalin chuckle before you continued on, “How did you know I was here?”

“Didn’t.” Dwalin spoke as he slowly approached, his eyes practically shining like headlights when he spotted the cooling rack of cookies. “Went looking for you. Smelled something good...followed my nose.”

You chuckled as Dwalin cautiously picked up a cookie and took it all in one bite. And curse your sass, because you damn near made him choke when you joked with him, “Used to sticking big things in your mouth are you?”

After a few glasses of water, and handing over an entire batch of cookies in ways of apologies for
nearly killing him, you were back to baking while Dwalin sat at the table and watched. You wanted to make another joke about how he looked, sitting at such a large table, his feet barely touched the ground, eating cookies...he reminded you of a kid you used to babysit...but you decided against that. You wanted to live after all.

“You still cookin’?” Dwlain asked as he watched you start measuring out some flour.

“So far, scones next.” You said simply, as you moved away for a moment to check on the replacement batch of cookies in the oven. Your arm extended out to pull out the tray of cookies, but you let out a soft groan as the pain flared up in your back again as you bent over.

“Stand up straight…I got this.” It gave Dwalin some credit that you didn’t even hear him move, or see him, before he was at your side, taking over the oven duties and then stepping over to lead you to a chair. “This is why ya got to rest, won’t heal otherwise.” A small accident via Dwalin’s hands now turned him into a mother hen. Great, that made…what, six of them now?

“It hurts too much to rest.” You let it slip out without thinking, and were rewarded with the crushing guilt-filled eyes of your favorite dwarf. “Dwalin…shouldn’t have-.” You put a hand on his shoulder as you locked eyes with his steel blue ones. “I’m fine.”

“No, yer not.” He gruffed out. “Shouldn’t have-.”

“If you finish that sentence I will maim you with a spoon!” Dwalin gave you a look of mild amusement at your threat. “I’m serious!” You even reached over and snatched up the closest spoon before hitting him in the stomach with a ‘twack’, leaving behind an oval shape of flour and what not behind on his tunic. “There ya go. Your tombstone shall read, ‘death by spoon’! Not a very heroic end, and in the land of elves, no less! How will you ever bear the shame?”

You went to get up, wanting to get back to your baking, but Dwalin was having none of it. He stood in your path and rested his hands down on your shoulders, ensuring you weren’t going anywhere.

“I want to get this done. I don’t offer much to the group, but this I can do.” You put on your best pleading face, letting your hair fall forward as you looked up with wide eyes. “Please, Dwalin?”

It is a rare opportunity that you get to see a great wall crumble, a mighty tower fall…but you just witnessed it in Dwalin’s face. That look of stubbornness, that protective barrier he put up not only
for himself, but for you, it came falling down like the walls of Jericho. “Fine. But I’m doin’ the heavy lifting.”

Like you were going to argue with that.

It was dawn when you finally finished everything, and you couldn’t wait to show everyone. “Okay. You take that and that, I’ll take—Dwalin give it back!” For the twentieth time that night, and morning, you grabbed your trusty wooden spoon and gave him a playful bop on the arm. You made a note to ask Elrond if you could keep it. Could be useful when keeping the dwarves in line. “I can carry something!”

“Gonna shove that spoon somewhere you don’t like if you keep it up, lass.”

“Well we would match! A spoon up mine and your head up yours.” This playful banter had fallen over you and Dwalin as you both worked, neither of you really being insulting or harmful to the other, just enjoying some lighthearted comments and jokes. It really was showing you Dwalin’s softer side. He would offer a sweet smile or a laugh, tell you stories of Erebor and the Blue Mountains. In return, you regaled him with stories of your world, showed him the only thing you had left, letting him see it up close, the necklace your mother had given you with the moonstone center.

“Best get a move on if you want to get it there in time for breakfast.” Dwalin moved past you, arms loaded with tins and trays and baskets of food…at least what was left after you and Dwalin munched on it all night.

“Pain in the ass…” You muttered under your breath.

“What was that?”

“Nothing, sensei!” You joked. The topic of your training had come up during the baking campaign, and you made the joke that Dwalin was now your sensei. Not only was it funny on a, he is definitely no ninja side of things, but also in the fact that he had no idea what that meant…and you weren’t going to tell him, just let him simmer in it for a bit.

When you both arrived with the goods, most of the company was already up and were more than happy to welcome you, and more importantly your baked goods, to the party. Everyone said their thanks to you and Dwalin as they claimed their share of food.
“I don’t want to hear a single rumbling stomach today!” You playfully joked as you settled next to Dwalin on one of the benches. “They seem to like it.”

“Way to a dwarf’s heart, through his stomach.” He mumbled as he leaned back, arms crossed over his chest as his eyes slowly closed.

“I’ll have to keep that in mind…” You followed his example, savoring the feeling of the warm sun on your skin, the good company you had all around you…

It was Balin who came to thank you again for your generosity. He knew Dwalin would have had little in doing anything with the actual making of things, his brother was a terrible cook. But what he stumbled across warmed his heart more than the snacks…

In just a matter of minutes, the exhaustion from being up all night caught up with you and Dwalin. Both of you were fast asleep on the small bench. Dwalin was leaned slightly to the side, propped up against the railing, and you were leaned against him, your head settled gently on his shoulder, and his head just grazing yours.

“Y/n, this was really…oh…” Kili spoke as he walked up next to Balin.

“Let’s leave them be. They deserve a bit of rest.” Balin led the group away from the two of you, doing his best to keep everyone quiet so not to disturb you and Dwalin’s rest. But of course, he could only do so much, especially when the bets started on how long it would take the two of you to realize you were mad for each other.

Chapter End Notes

I feel so safe and warm with Dwalin. (Go to "Training")

Dwalin can be really sweet, but I don’t know… (Go to "Myths and Legends")
“Shit!” You hissed as your sword slipped from your grip again. Your fingers were sore, your back was sore, everything was just sore, and this wasn’t helping matters much.

“You gotta keep a hold of it!” Dwalin scolded for the second time.

“I’m trying!” You bit back as you bent over and retrieved your sword. Today was your first day of training and Dwalin decided to start with how to properly hold and grip your sword. The company helped you decide on a weapon, many of them letting to test out with their own weapons before deciding.

After almost shooting a passerby with Kili’s bow…almost stabbing yourself with one of Nori’s daggers…and you were repressing the axe incident…sword was really the only thing left. Ori tried to offer up his slingshot, but the company all quickly jumped on the ‘no’ bandwagon after the bow incident. Honestly, the elf dodged the damn thing, so what was everyone so worked up over?!

Lord Elrond must have overheard all the commotion because within an hour of starting your training, an elf maid was sent to you with two twin blades. They were absolutely gorgeous, and light. There were some grumbles from the peanut gallery about it being ‘elf made’ but you didn’t care. They were yours and you loved them.

The beautiful carvings on the blade, the way the handle was angled instead of straight, the slight curve to the blades. It was like something out of a fairy tale, and you were now the grand warrior!

And owning your own pair of twin blades, you felt like an utter badass! You playfully spun them around after the elf left, but Dwalin put an end to that, claiming you would start training only using one.

“That makes no sense! I have two!” You argued with him until you were blue in the face. You knew it would take a certain training to wield both, so why not get on it now?

“Aye, and that will be the replacement when you drop this one because of your lack of grip.” And after dropping your sword for the tenth time that day, you were beginning to understand that logic.
Dwalin stepped up to you again, tapping your foot with his to get you to fix your stance before turning his attention to your grip, shifting your fingers and hold so it would keep the blade in your hand. “Like this. Grip it hard.” He squeezed your hand, getting his point across.

It had been a long day, so you needed some laughter. “But if I grip too tight then the boys won’t want to play with me anymore.” You joked. It took Dwalin a second before his eyes went wide and he released your hand in a huff. “It was a joke, Dwalin.” You said playfully as you watched him for a moment. Geeze, he got so worked up over a little sex joke. But then you saw it…

You couldn’t believe it, you actually couldn’t believe it! “Are you blushing?”

“Bah! We’re done for the day.” He moved to quickly retreat, but you couldn’t let him go that easily.

“Holy shit, you really are blushing!” You shouted as you ran after him.

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That was the last day you and the company were in Rivendell, instead you were hiking up the path towards the mountains. The routine was much like it was before. The company would walk most of the day, conversing with each other over one thing or another. You personally enjoyed hearing old tales and such from Middle Earth, comparing this world to your own. Lunch was usually done while walking, munching on whatever provisions were easy to hold while eating. Just a bit before sunset, the group would stop for the night and set up camp.

That was when your training would begin again. While others ran around to get camp going, you would train with Dwalin, sometimes with Fili and Kili joining you. You were still learning the basics, but you honestly thought you were starting to get it. After a few days of training after walking, you managed to hang on to your sword when Dwalin would swing at you, you didn’t flinch every time anymore, and you were staying in good footing the entire time. Little steps!

And you never spared a joke during the process, using laughter and lightheartedness to keep your morale up…otherwise it would have been crushed in the ground with the worms. Dwalin was a great teacher, grand even, but he needed to learn some tact. He tended to be a bit blunt, and it came off rude. At first you thought it was just you, but then after watching him with Fili and Kili, you just realized that was Dwalin being Dwalin. But nevertheless, you still made it your personal goal to get that stubborn dwarf to laugh, or blush, again.
“Dwalin, tell Kili I’m right.” You joked as you squared off against Kili. Fili and Dwalin was sitting behind you on a rock, watching and making comments on both you and Kili’s form.

“What are you supposed to be right about?” He questioned, looking critically at the dark haired dwarf, looking for any errors in his stance or such that would indicate you had made a good point.

“Women have a better grip.” You threw a wink over your shoulder, and reveled in the fact that you saw Dwalin stiffen. It had been the little joke between the two of you, no one ever caught on, about your ‘grip’ jokes. It was just too easy.

“Focus on the lesson, Y/n.” He chastised before you went to work again. Dwalin would have been cross, but even he admitted (you overheard him tell Thorin once) that you were dedicated to learning, and you were a quick study.

Tonight, you found yourself getting restless again, like you were in Rivendell. Too much energy to burn, so you got up and moved a bit away from the group before going through some basic steps again with your sword. Honestly, you hoped you would be able to use the other one soon. Seriously, how badass would that be!

You slowly moved your body, ensuring that each step and shift of your arms and legs were in line with what Dwalin taught you. It was a defensive maneuver, that was really all he had taught you so far, but it was great practice for when you got into a real sword fight. You brought the sword up and around, and upon hearing the snap of a twig behind you, spun a leg out and turned, pointing your sword at whoever had joined you.

Dwalin had a look of pride on his face, a soft smile as he watched you work. “I’m proud of ya, lass.”

“Oh?” You said, a bit shocked that he was so easily granting praise.

“Aye. You didn’t squeak or throw something at me when I snuck up on ya.”

Your deflated, letting your sword fall to your side as you shot him a bitch face of epic proportions. “Yea, see, you stared out all sweet with the pride thing…then you ruined it.”
Dwalin chuckled. “Can’t sleep again?” You could only nod as started your maneuvers again.

“You too?”

He grunted out a reply as he stepped forward. “Might as well teach ya something new since we’re both up.” Dwalin’s instructions were clear and precise as he told you what to do. He insisted on always demonstrating first. Usually, he would use Thorin or Fili to help him, but seeing as one was on watch and the other asleep, that wasn’t an option, so he used you. “Come at me straight on, and watch carefully, I’ll move slowly.”

You did as he said, shifting your feet and giving a lunge. He said he would move slowly, but even Dwalin’s slow movement in battle was still lightning fast. His body shifted and bumped yours as he twisted around and under your arm before pinning you back against his chest, your arms crossed over and your wrists locked in his. It was a perfect defensive hold. And…there went your sword to the ground. Great grip you had. But honestly, it was hard to focus on grip when-

You gulped as you felt his warm body behind you, strong like stone against your back. You shifted your head to look at him, your faces both so very close… The scent of stone and wood and steel invaded your senses, taking over as you could only look at him. Unconsciously, your eyes darted down to his lips for a second and back up, your mind playing a quick fantasy of what it would be like to be kissed by those lips.

Your heart was pounding, your head reeling, you had never thought of Dwalin like that before…and for the life of you, you couldn’t imagine why not. He was caring and protective, he had such a sweet and gentle side, and he put up with all your jokes and quirks…

And most importantly, he hadn’t moved yet. He could have released you, let your arms move away from your body, let you step away, but he didn’t. He stayed right there, being so close, just watching you with a calm expression.

You swallowed a small lump down your throat and you saw his eyes flicker for a second, seeming to come out of a haze. You didn’t imagine it, you know you saw it, you saw him lean forward for a bit. There was no hesitation as you mimicked the action. It was like a dream, wrapped up in his arms, safe, warm, he was so gentle. And you both leaned forward just a bit…

But then Dwalin blinked and pulled away. You had to fight back the small whine that wanted to leave you, disappointed that you didn’t get that moment with Dwalin.
“Dwalin?!” Thorin called out, and you finally realized why he moved away. Thorin came into the small area you were at and gave you and his friend a look. “I was calling you.”

“Just getting ready to head back.” Dwalin said with a strong tone.

“Good. It’s your watch. Y/n, you should get some rest. The mountains are no easy pass.”

“Of course.” Thorin gave each of you a nod, and you thought you saw a smirk, but you let it go as you turned to Dwalin, wanting to say something or do something. But you never got the chance as he quickly walked off to his post. It left you standing there, a mess of emotions, a bundle of needy nerves. The only thing that was clear from all of this, you were about to kiss Dwalin. Were you falling in love with Dwalin?

Chapter End Notes

Oh hell, I’m falling in love with Dwalin… (Go to "Personal Nurse")

Nope! Ain’t happening! (Go to "Fear of Falling")
Thoughts of love and possible kisses were far from your mind as you tried to take in deep steady breaths, calming yourself against the onslaught of emotion and terror. It seemed like it was years ago that you and Dwalin were training on the mountain side, the quasi-embrace, the almost kiss.

It was only two nights ago. TWO NIGHTS!

AND ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE SINCE THEN!

That night you laid down to sleep, determined to talk to Dwalin the next day, to try to feel him out on how he felt about you as well as sort out your own mixed feelings. But you barely survived the day, let alone the night.

The storms hit the mountain like monsoon season, nearly pushing you off the damn cliffs. Had it not been for Nori and Kili, you probably would have been dead by now. And if the storm wasn’t bad enough, the stone giants sure were. Because you didn’t feel small enough in this world, let’s add titan sized creatures that hurl mountains like they are baseballs.

You damn near kissed the floor of the cave when you final got in it and out of the rain and terror. And in hindsight, you were glad you didn’t. That floor didn’t deserve your praise, not when it fucking dropped you countless feet down into the pit of despair and stench.

And then the goblin king…nope, not even going there. At least you had managed not to be squashed underneath him. Dwalin had helped push you out of the rubble just seconds before. You nearly kissed him then in gratitude.

Then running. Why was there always so much running? Never in any of the stories you read as a child did they ever say the hero ran his or her ass off for days on end. No, they got a majestic horse to gallop on, or some winged creature.

Granted, giant eagles were nothing to wave a finger at…even if you did mount it midair after fuck face Gandalf pushed you off the tree. Although, in hindsight, seeing all the dwarf faces as you plummeted to your possible death was almost amusing. Poor Ori looked like he was going to die of fright.
But that was all in the past-

“Ow!” You shouted as the eagle who had dropped you off pushed you with its talons before flying away. “That was unnecessary!”

Okay…so you may have pulled a few feathers out…but you are not a fan of heights, not really your fault it got caught in the cross fire.

You took a deep breath as you looked around, the dwarves shuffling about with worried looks on their faces and…Thorin… Gandalf had his hand held out over Thorin’s face, muttering something. All you could do was silently beg as you stepped forward with the rest of them.

Dwalin was by your side, you could feel his heat against your arm. You didn’t have to look at him to know what he was feeling. His best friend was lying there, possibly dead. You didn’t hesitate to reach out and grip his hand tightly, waiting for Gandalf to say something.

It was an utter miracle, a resounding sigh of relief when Thorin’s eyes fluttered open and took a breath. In a matter of moments he was on his feet and hugging Bilbo. You couldn’t help but feel that things would be better from here on out.

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Camp that night was a quiet affair. Everyone was either exhausted or injured, which made poor Oin just run around in a tissy. Thorin was not an easy patient, which left everyone else to tend to their own minor wounds.

That was how you sat as Bilbo wrapped a thin piece of cloth around your arm where you got cut with a goblin blade. He was saying something, muttering and whispering some story to you, but you weren’t paying attention. Your eyes were locked on the far side of camp where one particular dwarf was standing with his back to you, leaning against a tree, staring out over the surrounding area, guarding.

Now that you thought of it, you didn’t see Dwalin tend to any wounds. Surely he had some.
“Bilbo, thank you. Could you excuse me?”

“Oh, of course. I saw Bofur had some scrapes…”

Bilbo’s voice drifted off as you moved silently to stand next to Dwalin. He didn’t look to you, only let out a sigh to acknowledge you were there. You could only look him over, seeing the small cuts and bruises that peppered his arms and face. One in particular on his cheek was a bit deep. It didn’t need stitches or anything, but it should at least be cleaned.

“Sit.” You said as you pulled on his arm, trying to lead him over to a rock.

“M’fine, lass.” He grumbled, rolling his shoulders as if he were literally brushing you off.

Well, that wouldn’t do. “Sit. Please?” That please got his attention. He turned to look at you, his eyes revealing just how tired and worn out he was. He just nodded as he shifted up and moved over to the rock, sitting down with a thump.

You wasted no time in snatching up a cloth and your water skin and got to work. You started on his arms, not wanting to go straight for his face, taking care to gently dab at the wounds to clean them.

“You fought well, lass.” He spoke softly as his eyes watched your every moment. He relaxed a little under your touch, but he was still always on edge.

“I think you mean I ran fine. Didn’t really fight much.” It was true, you didn’t. You could have, but every time you tried to swing at something, Dwalin was right there taking its head off. “You were the one who did great. I didn’t even have to fight, thanks to you.” You gave him a little smile, enjoying how he coughed and turned away.

“You’re always watching out for me, aren’t you?” You asked as you finally stood up and started working on the cut on his cheek. “Nothing to fear when Dwalin is near.” Your joke seemed to make him smile. It wasn’t his usual one, that was all or nothing, but a simple little turn of the lips.

Dwalin turned back to watch you as you tended to his cheek, looking you over as you moved. It made your heart pound to have those slate blue eyes so clear and so near. It made you remember that night of training, that almost kiss.
Could you kiss him now? Would he let you?

You give one final dap to his cheek and smile at him. “I think you’ll live.” He just huffed out a reply as he stared up at you.

You wanted so badly to just step between his legs and wrap around him. You wanted his strong arms around you, protecting you from all the bad that had happened, telling you that everything would be alright from now on. But you couldn’t. You didn’t know how he felt, you had an idea, but…

Before you could talk or logic your way out of it, you leaned forward and gave his forehead a gentle kiss, your hand drifting up to cradle the back of his head, his hair teasing your fingers as you did so. When you pulled away, you could see the emotion swirling in his eyes. There was a flicker of something you didn’t quite recognize as your hand drifted away, barely grazing his beard, but you didn’t want to get your hopes up.

“If you need anything, just let me know.” You whispered to him with a shy smile. And you walked away.

The ball was in his court now. Now all you could do was wait…

Chapter End Notes

Please, Dwalin…do something to let me know you care! (Go to "To Impress a Lady")

I don’t know if I want to wait for this…I feel like I am just wasting my time. (Go to "Giant")
“Lass?”

You looked over your shoulder and smiled as Dwalin walked up beside you. After having successfully made it down the carrack and Gandalf saying he knew someone nearby who could help them, everyone seemed to be in better moods, Dwalin included.

“What’s up?” You said softly as he fell in step beside you.

“Wanted to make sure you weren’t hurt. Didn’t see ya tend your wounds last night.” You had to bite your lip to keep from smiling. How was it the one dwarf in the entire company who could probably kill someone with a death glare alone got so awkward when he talked to you?

“I’m fine. Just some scratches. Bilbo wrapped them for me.” Dwalin nodded as he stopped, falling into the clump of dwarves with everyone else as Bilbo went to go scout. Honestly, you didn’t see the reason for it. The eagles flew you so far, there wasn’t any danger here anymore. Right?

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“RUN, Y/N!” Dwalin screamed at you as you felt his hand push against your back, moving you forward.

“I AM!” You cried back, panting as you did your best to cover as much ground as possible. You couldn’t believe it. You survived trolls, goblins, wargs, orcs, and now you were going to be done in by a bear.

A Fucking. Bear.

You ran, Dwalin staying right next to you, both of you panting as you tried to push faster and faster. You made the mistake of looking back over your shoulder just as this giant, furious bear broke from the tree line.
“SHIIIIIT!” You called out to the others, who looked equally as horrified as you.

That sealed it in your mind. You were going to die. You were going to be eaten, and then shit out by a fucking bear. And you didn’t even get to kiss from Dwalin! Damn, had you know this was going to be your fate, you would have demanded some lovin’!

“Well make it! Just keep going!” Dwalin screamed out from beside you. You glanced up and saw the house, the door. That beautifully crafted wooden door of salvation. “We’re—” Whatever Dwalin was going to say was completely ended as you both went wide eyed as you watched a practically bouncing Bombur tear past you.

Well…fuck.

But it didn’t matter anymore. The door was right there! You could reach out and- “Omf!” You let out as your body collided with the door. You felt Dwalin’s body press up against yours as he tried to push it open.

“Open it!” Thorin shouted out from behind you. You weren’t sure who reached up and pull the plank up, but suddenly the door gave and you fell through the door. Your knees nearly gave out, but you felt a strong arm around your waist and then you were air born.

You landed with a hard thwack against the floor and rolled, just in time to see the dwarves struggle with the door, the bear’s mouth snapping at them as they pushed him out and locked it. Then silence.

“That was our host.” Gandalf spoke, and you just ignored him as you tried to piece together what had happened. You were against the door, being squished. The door opened…then you magically flew about ten feet.

There was only one conclusion. Your eyes widened before pulling down with the rest of your face into a snarl. “Which one of you asshats threw me?!” All eyes were on you as you looked them over. You could see it almost as a sign above each head. Innocent. Innocent. Innocent. Guilty of something, but not this. Innocent. Innocent.

Guilty.
And below that sign was none other than the dwarf you were so fascinated with. You let out a huff of air as you stood up and dusted yourself off.

“You were in the way.”

You snapped your head towards him and fixed him with a glare. “Then I guess I’ll have to be sure to stay out of your way for the rest of the quest, won’t I.” And off you stormed to the corner of the room to settle down, leaving a gaping Dwalin staring after you.

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You had to admit, when Dwalin wanted to apologize, he went all out. Granted, it took a few others putting in their two cents, and Bilbo explaining how extremely rude it was to toss you like a sack of flower across the front entrance to get him to realize his wrong doings, but he had now. And boy was he making up for it.

As you settled down for sleep, you heard him step up next to you, but chose to ignore him. He didn’t huff or grunt, no sound at all…except the sound of his cloak falling from his shoulders as he laid it over you for warmth.

And then he made sure to have a plate of breakfast for you when you woke up, guarding against the others who were devouring whatever delights Beorn was offering that morning. It was sweet. So very sweet, and so very Dwalin. He didn’t ever verbalize his apology, but you could hear it with every action he took. How could a girl hold up against that?

“Thank you.” You said as you climbed up to your chair for breakfast. Dwalin just nodded before taking a bite of his bread. With a smile, you leaned over and gave his cheek a little kiss and then turned quickly back to your food.

Dwalin didn’t hesitate to give you a look of disbelief, and he failed at hiding his smile, but he didn’t care how he looked. With a roll of his shoulders he shifted in his seat, scooting just a bit closer to you.

Perhaps Dwalin did feel something for you after all.
And after that, everything was back to normal. Dwalin continued your training, you both joked and had a good laugh over different things. It was great! So how it go to this point, you didn’t know, but you couldn’t help but laugh.

“Why are you doing this?” You asked as you followed him outside to the stump. There was this sinking suspicion in the back of your mind that this action was spurred on by how you said you were impressed by Beorn’s strength when you saw him chopping wood. Apparently Dwalin saw that as a challenge.

“Just curious.” He replied as he stepped up to the axe Beorn had buried into the ground after chopping. Dwalin was quick to step to the side and grab some logs to try to split.

“Dwalin, seriously… it is literally taller than you!”

“Size don’t mean anything.”

Oh, you couldn’t help it. It just slipped. “Heard that often, have you?”

Yea, now he was determined, absolute in his resolve to do this now. You had to roll your eyes at the macho display. “You are going to hurt yourself!” Reason was the wrong path to take.

“Just curious.”

“Killed the cat.” You deadpanned.

“What?” He gave you a look as you sighed.

“Curiosity killed the cat. Or in this case, damaged the dwarf. Come on, let’s just go back in.”

But Dwalin would have none of it. He gripped the axe handle, which was at head level, mind you, and pulled. It came easily out of the ground and Dwalin took a moment to settle it into his hands,
shifting it, making a complete show of it.

He glanced over his shoulder at you for a split second before he suddenly swung it down and cleaved the thick log in two and embedded the axe head into the stump. A proud grin filled his face as he looked over to you, his chest even puffing out a bit.

“Wow.” You said with a flat tone. It seemed to take the wind out of his sails as he looked you up and down. “You do realize that I had no doubt that you would have the strength to wield that, right? I mean seriously, you could probably bench press the Ur family.”

You just shook your head as you pulled your cloak tighter around you. “Well…I’m going to go inside before it gets too cold. Enjoy!” You said, signaling to the axe. You took a few steps and stopped. “Dwalin?”

You waited for him to look over to you, meeting your eyes with his. “Just so you know, you don’t have to work so hard to impress me. I’m already impressed.” And if that wasn’t enough to send him into shock, the little wink you sent him when you blew him a kiss sure did the trick.

You had a grin the size of Texas on your face as you walked back into the house. “Hey, Thorin? You should go check on Dwalin, I may have broken him.”

Broken indeed, as he came in a couple hours later, damn near blushing every time you made eye contact with him. Granted, each time you did, you winked at him. Kili caught on quick and tried it too…didn’t end so well for him.

He got put on guard and breakfast duty. You got a warm cloak to cuddle under that smelled like Dwalin, and a sweet and gentle, “Good night, Y/n.”

Chapter End Notes

Dwalin, you adorable goofball! Just kiss me already! (Go to "Replacement of a Cloak")

*rolls eyes* Yea, I’m done. You’re acting like a child. (Go to "One on One")
Replacement of a Cloak

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Every night since that first night he did it at Beorn’s, Dwalin would always quietly walk up to you and drape his cloak over you as you laid down for the night. It didn’t matter if you were asleep or awake at the time, he always did it. And each morning, you would always give it back with a sweet smile and a light kiss to his cheek. He would give off a slight blush and mumble something about only doing his duty so you didn’t freeze or some nonsense, but you knew better by this point.

It had gotten to the point, during the first night in Mirkwood, that he would just see you shiver and he just immediately wrapped you up in it. That big brown cloak with the overly enormous metal clasps on the front. A few times you had slept wrong on top of those clasps, but you never complained. And that day he wrapped you up in it in Mirkwood, he worked his hands quickly to secure it around you before whispering a gentle, “stay close to me.”

You wished you had that cloak now. But if you had to guess it was probably being burnt in a victory fire being held by King Douchy-Douchebag Thranduil. Just because he had a stick up his ass, why did Dwalin’s lovely cloak have to suffer?! That lovely cloak that smelled just like Dwalin, that was warm and soft and made you have happy dreams of being wrapped up by something (someone) else.

It had been a hard day. There had been many others on the journey, but you would rank this as the hardest. The spiders, well, you were pretty much used to things trying to eat you, but the elves. After being in Rivendell and making friends with some of them there, it was almost like a slap in the face how cold they were here. And that was what made the day the hardest. The cold uncaring nature these people had.

The one random guard, after they started to “escort” you to the king, had yanked on your arm and gripped you so tight you felt the bruises he left behind still held fingerprints. And oh, did that sight cause a fucking catastrophe.

You had slipped on a root and went down, stumbling to your knee. The elf yanked you back up to your feet before you could regain your balance. He did it so hard you let out a yelp in pain.

“YOU KEEP YOUR FILTHY HANDS FROM HER!” That was Dwalin’s response, before he promptly head butted the elf holding him into submission and charging over to you.
“DON’T HURT HER!” “HOW DARE YOU TREAT A WOMAN LIKE THAT!” “WHY ARE YOU BEING SO CRUEL?!” Those were the other responses. But Dwalin’s was the one that make you worry. When he got to you he ripped that elves’ hands from you and pulled you close against him. You knew he would keep you safe, he always did, he promised on the life of his beard that he would. But the way he called out when you yelped, the sound of his voice, so defeated, almost frightened. It put everything into perspective for you.

“You touch her again, I’ll gut ya like a fish.” But his threat was empty, not because he wouldn’t do it. Oh, you had all faith he would do it with a smile on his face, honestly, he would probably be kinder to the fish, but he didn’t have his weapons. Or his cloak.

It always came back to the cloak. Rest in Peace you beautiful cloak.

The elves let Dwalin walk beside you after that, seeing as every time they tried to come close to you their trip home got delayed by thirteen dwarves throwing a fit, Dwalin being the worst one as he would pull you back against him. Hell, he even bit one of the elves who tried to reach for you. And after each time, he would whisper something in your ear, trying to reassure you.

And it worked, but then there was the king. Of course, he wanted to speak with Thorin. That was expected, some big king versus king show off. Sure. But when the guard so eagerly told the king about you, the random human girl who traveled with them, he wanted to talk to you as well.

You didn’t say anything. The elf king was an ass, and you wouldn’t speak. Fuck him, was your opinion, and not in a good way. It only took a little while for the king to grow bored of you. He had offered sanctuary, freedom, life of luxury, but you didn’t want that. You wanted your friends, and when he realized that you weren’t going to give them up, he sent you down to the cells. “To rot with your friends who your loyalty is so strong to.”

You wanted to spout some insult, but you didn’t have the drive anymore. You just wanted to be with the company, with Dwalin. The exhaustion and the emotional strain had you at your limits. It was all you could do not to just break down. The elf who escorted you didn’t help your mood. He didn’t say anything, didn’t do anything, but it was obvious he was the king’s son and that was a major black mark on his record for you.

He saw you down what seemed like an army of stairs, past different members of the company who called out to you to make sure you were okay. You tried to reassure them, but your heart wasn’t there. The elf led you in silence and to an empty cell. Empty. He opened the door and looked down to you, unfeeling, uncaring. “Get in.”
You shivered as you imagined just sitting in there, alone. Tears welled up in your eyes as you looked at him. “Please…just…let me stay in a cell with one of the others.”

“No. Get in.”

A solitary tear, despite your best efforts, fell. “Please…Let me stay with one of them. Dwalin, let me stay with him.” You added, knowing that at least if you were with Dwalin you would feel safe in this forsaken elf kingdom.

You don’t know if it was the tear, your begging, or some eclipse of nine planets or something, but your world immediately go brighter when he sighed and shut the door asking, “which one is that one?”

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Dwalin was pacing his cell, growling every few minutes, in an almost constant state of panic. Only when his cell door opened did he stop.

“Dwalin?” You asked as you stepped in, shivering as you looked around the dark cell.

“Y/n?!” And in an instant you were wrapped up in his arms, tucked safely underneath his head, hearing his heart pound in his chest. “What did they do to you?”

The elf didn’t even dignify it with a response as he shut and locked the door and walked away. Dwalin’s attention turned to you, trying to get a good look at you. “Oh, lass. You’re shakin’ like a leaf.” He ran his hands up and down your arms as you curled up against him.

“What’d I do for your cloak right now.” You said flatly. Your mind began to slow as you let some of your worry slip away. He was right here. Dwalin was right here. You would be safe now. You couldn’t help but smile shifted into him more. “You’re so warm.”

“Aye. Us dwarves have the fire of Mahal’s forges within us.” Dwalin said with a soft voice, right against your ear.
You just nodded and felt your eyes droop in exhaustion. You felt Dwalin’s hand against your cheek, “Come on, lass. You need rest.”

That was the first night you spent sleeping in Dwalin’s arms. He propped himself up in the corner of the cell and wrapped you up as best as he could with his arms, letting your head rest on his shoulder and chest. Your lullaby was his heart beat, your warmth was his, and you may have imagined it, but you swear you felt his rough lips against your forehead as you drifted off. And you were glad, in that moment, that Dwalin had lost his cloak. This was a much better replacement.

Chapter End Notes

I want to spend every night wrapped up in his arms. (Go to "The Bravest Knight")

I don’t know… I think I want the cloak back. He seems a bit possessive. (Go to "Barrels")
You couldn’t believe where you were. It was right there. The damn mountain was right freaking there! You sat on the steps outside of Bard’s house, curled up in a blanket as you stared up at the mountain.

It seemed strange to you. This didn’t look like anything different from the mountains in your world, at least not from where you were sitting. You could see its peak, the expansion in the middle, but not the base. Apparently that was where the gates and such were. But still, looking at it now, it was just a mountain.

A little part of you, a part that used to play in the flowers looking for fairies as a little girl, smiled as you wondered…did the mountains in your old world hold dwarves and dragons inside of them. Were the Smokey Mountains smoky because of dragon’s breath? In this instance, the logical part of your brain shut off as your imagination took over.

You started to daydream of what it would be like in that mountain. What would it be like to roam the halls? What would Thorin look like once he is king? Hopefully not like a drowned cranky porcupine like he does now.

You chuckled at your own joke as your mind began to realize some other things. Soon, you would step foot in that mountain. Soon, everything would change. But that didn’t bother you. You knew everything would have to change eventually. Thorin would become king, Bilbo would go back to the Shire, the company would settle down with their families in their homes. And you, you figured you would stay in the mountain too…if you could avoid pissing Thorin off too much.

There was something that did bother you though. It came as a random thought when you all spotted the peaks of a mountain through the fog around Lake Town.

There was a live dragon in that mountain.

Now, a part of you wanted to squeal when you heard this. A live dragon. Dragons were nothing but myth in your world, nothing but a fantasy. And here you were. You were going to see a live fucking dragon! Would it have many scales like a lizard, great horns, strange colored eyes? Would it have four legs and wings? Would the wings be attached to the front legs? Would it be like those dragons from anime where they don’t even have any and wiggle around like a snake?
A real, live dragon.

That thought would then give way to logic. You were going to see a real live dragon. And it would burn you to cinders in a flash, tear your flesh from your bones, crush you with its foot. What were you against something like that? What were any of the company, even Dwalin, against that?

You pulled your blanket tighter around you and gave a sad sigh. It was then you heard the door open, followed by some loud clompy steps. “Lass?”

You knew it was Dwalin before he spoke. Only he could make so much noise walking down some stairs. You didn’t turn to look at him, you didn’t have to. He sat down right next to you on the stairs and followed your path of vision, setting his eyes on the mountain again.

“Do you really think there is a dragon in there?” Your voice was small, almost that of a child. You were scared, of course you were scared, who in their right mind wouldn’t be scared?!

“Aye. I…I saw it myself.”

You closed your eyes for a moment and cursed your stupidity for bringing it up. Of course there was. They had fought it before. They had lost so many friends and family in that battle, that losing battle of fire and death. When you opened your eyes, you could turned to look at Dwalin.

His shoulders were hunched forward as he stared down at his hands. He would flex and relax his fingers every few moments. He did that sometimes when he was thinking, or when he was nervous.

“You know, in my world, dragons are just myth.” You told him.

He looked up to you with sad eyes, “I wished we lived in a world like yours, Y/n. Then there would be no fear of that mountain, only joy.”

It was breaking your heart to hear him like this, to hear him so distraught, so unsure. “You see, in my world, the dragons are said to be these villains that would guard over princesses in towers and were greedy.”
“Sounds ’bout right, save the princess part. Dragons have no use for princesses here.” He added. But it was enough. You could see a little bit of the light come back to his eyes as he watched you. You turned a bit to face him.

“But, the dragons were always defeated. The bravest knights from those kingdoms plagued with the flying beasts would set forth, ride through the days and nights and finally challenge the beast. It would be a great battle, lasting for days sometimes. But you know what?” Dwalin just blinked, not vocalizing the question. “The knight always won. He would always slay the beast.”

Dwalin nodded as he heard the end of your story, giving another glance to the mountain. “You see, I’m not worried about that dragon, if there is one. Do you know why?”

Dwalin turned back to you, his blue eyes reflecting the moonlight, his hand gently brushing yours as if he were urging you for your answer.

“Because I know the bravest knight of them all.” You reached up and pushed some of his drying hair back off his shoulder. “And if the knights of my world were worth a hundred men, then my bravest knight in this world would be worth a thousand.” You gave him a gentle smile and a little nudge. “I’m talking about you, in case you didn’t figure that out.”

“Aye, lass. I did.” He let a small smile grace his lips before he lifted his arm and wrapped it around your shoulders. You didn’t hesitate to shift closer to him and rest your head on his shoulder. You had spent so much time sitting with him like this in Mirkwood, it was almost second nature now.

But what you did do differently was reach out and weave your fingers through his. “Fuck that dragon.” You spoke to him. “We’ve got you, he don’t stand a chance.” And there the two of you stayed, for hours it felt like, just watching the mountain and the stars around it.

Chapter End Notes

Dwalin will always be my brave knight. (Go to "Holding Onto Hope")

Dwalin has been a great friend, but I think I’m only ever going to see him as a good friend. Sorry, Dwalin. (Go to "Dragon")
Holding Onto Hope

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The dragon had fallen. It was dead at the bottom of the lake. And although you were happy for that, that you had seen a real live dragon and lived to tell the tale, that all of the company was safe, that no one was seriously hurt, it broke your heart.

Not because Smaug was gone, but because a different dragon had taken its place.

Thorin.

He had been acting odd, that you had noticed, in Lake Town. But now…that oddity had turned to insanity, and you couldn’t believe what you were hearing. You couldn’t believe what Thorin saying. Let the people of Lake Town starve because the elves came to their aid. He would not part with a single gold. Lake Town deserved nothing.

You stood in the background at each event. Every time someone tried to talk Thorin from his madness, but it never worked. Not when Bard tried, not when Fili and Kili tried, or Balin. Not even with Bilbo.

Bilbo…

The image of him dangling off the edge of that drop would haunt you for the rest of your days. You were certain your nightmares would take that form. Either Thorin would drop Bilbo, or you would be in his place. And why wouldn’t you? Thorin had taken to no longer calling you by name, but ‘girl’ or ‘human’, as if you weren’t worth his time and space.

Each night you would lay down to rest with the company, all keeping close in your heartache, your despair, and fear. Never would you have ever imagined that you would say the words, “I fear Thorin Oakenshield.” It was one of the worst moments of your life when you whispered those words to Balin. He had asked you to take Thorin food, but you didn’t want to go alone.

But that moment, when you spoke those words, was nothing now. You stood behind a pillar, a hand clamped over your mouth as you let the tears fall. You couldn’t believe your ears. You couldn’t believe what Thorin was saying. To Dwalin, no less. His best friend, he spoke those words.
“Many die in war. Life is cheap. But a treasure such as this cannot be counted in lives lost. It is worth all of the blood we can spend.” Thorin bit at Dwalin when he tried to convince Thorin to act in the war. You could hear them, dying, screaming. It was too much.

You choked back the sobs as you heard Dwalin’s defeated voice speak. “You sit here in these vast walls with a crown upon your head, and yet you are lesser now than you have ever been.” Thorin took offense to that, the mad king screaming at his once friend. He demanded loyalty. “You were always my king. You used to know that once. You cannot see what you have become.”

It was true. Dwalin’s words, they were true. Thorin couldn’t see it, but all of you could. Your fear of him, Bilbo nearly dying. Fili and Kili couldn’t even look at their uncle anymore. And now Dwalin.

“Go. Get out. Before I kill you.” Was all Thorin could say.

Dwalin walked away. What else could he have done? Your sobs were sneaking out as you heard Dwalin’s steps come closer. You had walked with him here. He had taken the time to walk with you when you had to approach Thorin, so you did the same for him. But having heard this…

Dwalin turned the corner and didn’t even register you standing there. He just kept walking, the look on his face was soul crushing. It was in that moment you saw it. Dwalin, your strong and brave Dwalin, the unbreakable, the unmovable.

He was crying.

His foot caught on a crack and he stumbled, catching himself on the wall. It was too much as he let out a gasp of air.

“Dwalin!” You called out to him, quickly wrapping an arm around him, steadying him on his feet. You reached up and tried to wipe away the tears, but there were too many.

“Y-Y/n…Thorin…”

You didn’t know what to do. He looked so lost. So you guided him to a fallen stone and sat him
down, pulling his head against your chest as you held him. His arms snapped round you like a vice grip, holding you tightly as he fought back the sobs trying to escape.

“Let it go, Dwalin. Just…let go.” You whispered to him, setting your cheek against the top of his head. “I’m here…and I’m not going anywhere.”

“They need me.” He said as he tried to clear his throat. He put his hands on your hips, trying to push you away.

“No.” You pulled his chin up to look at you. “Right now, you need you.” You kneeled down in front of him, putting your hands on his knees. “Dwalin, what just happened…”

“It’s fine.” He grunted, trying to hold his head high as if nothing had happened, but those tears said otherwise.

“How many nights did you protect me?” You asked him. “How many times were you there when I needed your strength, or your warmth?” You reached up and wiped the tears away again. “It’s my turn now, to help you. To protect and comfort you.”

He stared down at you, his head slightly shaking as if he were going to say otherwise. “We survived a dragon, Dwalin. A live, fire-breathing dragon. If we can survive that, we can survive this. It will get better.” You tried to reassure him. “And I will be here, whenever you need me. I won’t think less of you, I won’t think you weak. I will just think of you as…Dwalin.”

He thought for a moment, staring into your eyes, searching for any doubt or fallacy.

He found none.

Balin came looking for Dwalin a little while later, wanting to know if they had permission from the king to go to war. He found you both in that same spot. You were standing in front of him again, running your fingers through his long hair. Every now and then you would whisper to him as he let his eyes drift close and just focused on breathing, his head resting on your chest, his arms around your hips. He just sat there, soaking in every touch and word, grounding himself against the topsy turvy world that was now his reality.

But you both now knew that you would get through this. Dwalin would be your strength, and you
would be his comfort.

Chapter End Notes

I will always stand beside Dwalin. I will be his comfort, and he will be my strength. (Go to "A Warrior's Welcome Home")
“No…no…” You whimpered to yourself as you looked out over the battlefield. Thorin had broken free from his madness, the dwarves had rallied, and out they went on the battlefield. After much argument, and a threat from Nori to tie you up, you were told to stay in Erebor.

So, you wished all of them well, giving them hugs and making them all promise to return. For Dwalin, you pulled him aside and told him you would melt down his axes and make them into flowers if he died out there. He only huffed out what could have been a laugh and turned towards the battle.

You walked (ran) up to the overlook after they left. You wanted to keep an eye on your friends, but the problem was, once they mixed with everyone, it was hard to keep track of them.

You would catch a glance at some, breathing a sigh of relief when you would see them. You would catch the white haired color of Oin, the little squeal that alerted you to Ori’s whereabouts. But some of the others, Thorin, Fili, Kili…Dwalin.

You couldn’t find him.

Your eyes scanned, looking for those axes or his tattooed head. But nothing. You thought you saw him get on a chariot thing, but every time you looked at all of them, they didn’t have your dwarfs on them.

What if he was hurt? What if they were all in trouble? What if…

Your mind was racing. You couldn’t handle the stress. The battle raged on and on, almost never ending. Your saw the fall of many orcs, but also many men, dwarves, and elves. Those people had lives, families, and they were being lost over this war.

It was more than you could take. You had to turn away and step back, trying to cover your ears to keep out the screams and sounds of metal clashing and the sounds of death. You couldn’t do anything from where you were, except pray. “Please…please, let my weird little family come home.”
You took a ragged breath as you walked down the steps leading to the front gate (hole in the wall). You lost sight of them, but you would be damned if your eyes weren’t the first one to spot them when they came home. As you walked, you passed a strange statue of a dwarf, but not quite dwarf looking. You don’t know why, but the name Dwalin had told you in Mirkwood came to mine.

“Mahal.” You said as you looked up to the statue’s face. “You are their deity aren’t you? The one who watches over them?” It would have been silly to talk to this man of stone, but it was the only thing you could do, so you continued. “Please, watch over them. I don’t…I don’t know what I would do if thirteen dwarves and a hobbit don’t come walking through that door. I don’t know how I would…please…”

Tears fell down your eyes as you turned away and took up residence near the gate. They would come back, you told yourself over and over again. He had to.

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“One! Over here!” You called out.

One by one the members of the company had started to return. Bofur, Bifur, and Bombur being the first. And did that give you a shock when Bifur just walked by and said, “Glad you are well.” Thought you were dreaming for a moment, until you saw the missing axe. At least they were safe.

3 down. 11 to go.

Gloin had returned with an injured Nori, half carrying the starfished dwarf through the gate. “Gonna give us a kiss for a welcome back?” Nori puckered his lips at you.

Gloin dropped him. You gave Gloin a kiss on the cheek in thanks.

5 down. 9 to go.

Dori and Ori was next. You had to actually separate them for a while, as Dori was fussing over Ori instead of tending to his own wounds. Nothing major, but a few cuts and such that needed to be cleaned.
Ori helped you with the others, all of you gathering in one spot to await news of everyone else. It was going to be a long night.

7 down. 7 to go.

Oin was next, thankfully. You learned that other than cleaning wounds and tying a wrap, you were useless with healing. You tried to help out the company and any other person who walked through the gates, but you could only do so much.

Relief came in the form of Balin. When you saw his white hair you ran to him, hoping for news. And he had news, of them going towards Ravenhill to challenge Azog. No news yet on whether they were…successful.

All you could do was wait.

9 down. 5 to go.

It was hours later that any news came to you, and honestly, you were elbows deep in helping Oin with anything you could that you almost missed them entirely. There was a great commotion, but you didn’t think anything of it, until Nori tapped your shoulder.

“Lass…” He nodded over your shoulder. You turned and looked up just in time to see a very hurt Fili and Kili stumble in, leaning on each other for support.

11 down. 3 to go.

In came Bilbo, stumbling a bit as he took up residence on the closest rock, settling back and shutting his eyes for some rest.

12 down. 2 to go.

Where the hell were they? Where was-
Dwalin.

He walked in beside Thorin. Thorin was limping, but kept pushing Dwalin’s hands away as he offered to help.

“Dwalin…” You whispered to yourself.

“Go get him, Lass!” Nori urged you on.

You didn’t need to be told twice.

“DWALIN!” You shouted, taking off at a sprint. Everybody cleared out of your way as they saw you run. Well, all but some random elf from Mirkwood. You knocked him on his ass, but he was fine (you would find out later).

Your shout got the attention of not only Dwalin, but the others as well. Thorin shifted away just in time as you plowed into Dwalin, wrapping your arms around his neck and squeezing. Dwalin had just enough time to register you as a blur before you hit him, making him stumble back as he tried to keep his footing.

“Mahal, Lass! Give me a chance!” He grumbled as he reached out his hand to grab the nearby wall to keep from falling on his ass. “Just fought a war, Y/n. Take it easy,” but he didn’t really mean it in a grumpy way. You knew that as you felt his arms latch around you and hold you close as he finally found his ground and held you tightly. He leaned his head against yours and took a deep, steady breath. “Kept my promise.” He spoke to you, his voice low so only you could hear it.

“You did.” You whispered into his shoulder, “and so did everyone else.” Dwalin was covered in blood and sweat and god knows what else, but you didn’t care. He was here. He was alive. And he was in your arms. It was done. It was over. And right now, you were happy as the sun at sunrise.

Chapter End Notes

Dwalin, you scared the hell out of me! But I’m so happy you are home! (Go to "Hand
in the Cookie Jar")
The battle had been won. Elves, dwarves, and men were all at peace. The orc and dragon smell was finally starting to drift out of the mountain. Bilbo had started his trek home. And you? Well, you found a wonderful little room in what you called the Company Quarters, an official (yes, official, there was paperwork you had to sign and everything) citizen of Erebor.

The Company Quarters, as you called them, were actually the entire temporary royal wing. They had been assigned by Thorin as a gift with the promise that when the actual royal wing was repaired, everyone would move their and live in comfort. Your room was between an interesting group. Fili and Kili were in the rooms across from yours whereas on either side of you was Balin and Dwalin.

You hadn’t picked them, you weren’t sure who was, but you were glad you were there…even if it meant you woke up almost every other day to Dwalin screaming for revenge against some prank the princes pulled… They never went after you or Balin though, which you found absolutely hilarious.

It had been a couple of weeks since then and you decided that since you weren’t really able to do much of the heavy lifting and stone work like the others, you would help in a different way. Down a couple hallways from your room you had found a massive kitchen, and with the help of some recipes that Bilbo had written up for you before he left, you were a baking machine!

Sure, you had your own unique recipes, but some of these other ones were divine. You had been doing well, getting a nice amount going…until word got out you were baking. Now you had been forced to spend half your time baking and half the time defending your fresh out of the over cookies like a dragon guards gold.

…Too soon?

Honestly, it was getting ridiculous. Fili and Kili had both been in a couple times, but at least they gave up when you threatened their hair with paste if they didn’t scoot. Bombur…oh, the moment he stepped in you fixed him with a glare. No words needed, he said he would be back in a bit. Bofur actually helped…and stole a dozen scones.

The others, to your surprise, were either super crafty (you know those missing cookies were Nori hiding around you somewhere and no one would tell you different!) or were being patient.
All except one particular darrow who you were staring at right now, trying so hard to keep a straight face. You blinked a couple times as you watched him struggle before he let out a sign and looked up to you.

“You got some butter, or ya want me to break it?”

Dwalin. Dwalin, Erebor’s captain of the guard, greatest warrior of Middle Earth (in dwarven eyes and in yours), stoic man who just grunted out responses to anyone no matter king or peasant. Dwalin, the fucking love of your life.

Got is big as hand….stuck in the fucking cookie jar.

Had to give him props, had he not gotten stuck you wouldn’t have even realized he snuck in for treats. When Thorin stopped by to inquire if he could snag something for lunch he mentioned that you had to watch Dwalin and sweets.

“He will eat them all in the blink of an eye. No one has a sweet tooth like him.” Thorin had said. You didn’t believe him then. You believed him now.

“Lass?” Dwalin asked. “Y/n?”

You blinked before you started to giggle. “Oh, sweetie.” You couldn’t help but laugh as you wiped your hands off on your apron and came around the counter with a bit of butter in a dish. “Come here.”

You couldn’t help but laugh as you buttered Dwalin’s hand up, trying to ease it from the narrow opening in the jar. This big brawny warrior being reduced to a pout by a glass cookie jar. Oh, yea, he would never live this down.

“How in the hell did you even get it in there?!” You said with a laugh, your tears watering because you were laughing so hard. Dwalin only rolled his eyes as you gave a final yank on the jar, freeing his hand.

You set it down and looked up to him with a smile, and then lost it as you saw him eyeing the jar
again. “I just got your hand out! Don’t go back in!” You curled over in laughter for a moment before straightening out.

“Damn, I love you.”

Dwalin’s head snapped forward as he looked at you, his eyes searching yours. “W-what?” He looked so shocked, as if you hadn’t made it obvious in the past how you felt about him.

You straightened up before lightly smacking his stomach with a wooden spoon like you did in Rivendell. “I said I love you, you adwarfable git.” You couldn’t help the shy, yet mischievous smile cross your face. You had been waiting for this moment for so long. So many times in the past couple weeks you almost breeched the subject with him, but never did. It was time.

“What are you going to do about it, Cookie Theif?” You shot him a shrug, challenging him.

Oh. That challenge was fucking accepted!

Dwalin licked his lips before he stepped up to you, pulling you straight into him and in for a searing kiss. It was everything you could have imagined. One hand cupped your cheek as the other held you close to him. His lips were a bit rough, but they sent sparks down your body and made your heart pound.

You were quick to push his hand away so you could wrap your arms around his neck, pulling him closer. He seemed to get the hint as he grabbed your rear and hefted you up onto the counter, never pulling away from the kiss.

“Dwalin…” You moaned as you pulled back for air. Dwalin pressed his forehead against yours as he beamed, actually beamed at you.

“Amralime.” He whispered to you with the thick accent of his native tongue. Oh, did that do things to you. “I’ve loved you since…never would have dreamed you would love me back.”

You couldn’t help but laugh. “Dwalin, I’ve loved you for some time. How have you not noticed?”
He grumbled something you couldn’t make out before stepping up close to you. You took the time to run your fingers through his hair and down his cheek, stroking his beard. “Might improper to do that before we’re wed, love.” He spoke to you with a husky voice. “Beard play is reserved for married couples.”

“You, well, since when have we been proper?” You spoke as you pulled him closer and into another kiss, letting your hands drift over his bear and shoulders. His own roamed up your legs and around your back.

You fell into the feeling, savoring it, just as you knew Dwalin was, given the little moans that would sneak past his lips when they weren’t being used. You grinned as you leaned in for another kiss.

“MAHAL MY EYES!”

Your head snapped back and around to look over at the door where a fumbling Kili was running into the wall and table as he tried to make for the door with his eyes snapped shut.

“I’ll have your hide!” Dwalin growled at him, making Kili finally open his eyes before bolting. Dwalin was a blur behind him, spewing what you assumed were dwarvish insanities.

Thorin was quick to enter after Dwalin made it out, taking in your disheveled hair with a soft chuckle. “About time.”

“I know, right?!?” You said with a laugh as you jumped off the table. “I was beginning to think it would never happen!” You smiled as you handed the butter rimmed cookie jar to Thorin. “Thanks for the idea to make some sweets.”

“The way to a dwarf’s heart, or at least to Dwalins, will always be through his stomach.” Thorin said with a grin as he bit into a cookie.

Chapter End Notes

FINALLY! Oh, now we can really spend some time together! (Go to "Passing the Test")
Ever since that day in the kitchens, you couldn’t help but notice that a smile typically graced your face now. But how could it not when you were courting Dwalin, who turned out to be the biggest fluff that had ever fluffed?!

And of course only a couple people believed you, mainly Thorin, Balin, Gloin, and Bombur. Pretty much the two who knew him best and the two who were married. It made for some interesting encounters. Like this morning.

Admittedly, you loved living in Erebor, especially in the Company’s wing. You were happy with your rooms across from Fili and Kili (as it was never boring), and having your room sandwiched between Balin (who you could always go to for dwarf-based questions) and Dwalin (for obvious reasons. Hell, you and Dwalin’s room even had a connecting door! How perfect was that?!

But there was one downside…as other provisions hadn’t made it to the mountain yet, everyone was still being rationed, which wasn’t actually bad. Bombur could make little food go a long way and still taste delicious, but…

It meant you couldn’t eat breakfast in your room (in your pajamas). It sounds like such a little thing, but until you can’t, because you have to dress to go to the dining hall, it does make a big deal. And it was that type of thinking that cause the latest round of chaos and adventure under the mountain.

You had just gotten up and was glaring at the small wardrobe that held your two changes of clothing (Dori could only sew so fast for 13 dwarves and a human), secretly hoping it would burst into flame so you would have a reason to walk around in your very comfortable bed clothes. But alas, pyrokinetics were not your cup of tea.

Before you could actually get up and dressed though, two loud thumps sounded from your door. It made you giggle, that even though you knew Dwalin wasn’t upset, he still knocked as if he were going to bash in the door. You practically skipped over there, excited to greet him so early, when you heard the voices.

“Aww…is that a flower, Dwalin?” Oh no…that was Kili’s voice. “Is it for me?”
“Ya know exactly who it’s for, bugger off!”

“You know, I think that is a morning picnic, Ki.” Fili added. Wow, you could hear his snark through the door.

“Oh, gonna treat Y/n to a nice breakfast? Perhaps with a special…dessert-”

The cacophony of sound that followed made you quickly throw open your door to see a very red faced, dark haired prince in a choke hold. Dwalin had one of his thick arms around Kili’s neck, holding him in place. Fili was desperately trying to pry him off, but Dwalin paid no mind as he smiled brightly at seeing you.

“Mornin’, Fallen Star.” Dwalin spoke to you, dragging Kili with him as he stepped up and gave you a sweet kiss.

“H-Hel-lp.” Kili stammered out, making Dwalin’s arm tighten.

“Ignore him, love.” Dwalin then shifted forward, revealing his hand (the one hooked to the arm that was currently killing Kili…Kili Killing…Kililing?) with a beautiful wild flower in it. “For you.”

You beamed as you took the flower and gave it a little sniff, enjoying the sweet scent it gave off. “Thank you, Dwalin.” You leaned in and gave him another kiss. “Why don’t you let him go so you can come in?”

Dwalin just grunted as he released the prince. Kili gasped for air as Fili held him upright.

“What is wrong with you?!” Kili screamed at him.

“Him?! Seriously?!” You bit back, ready to defend your new man with every ounce of bite you could. “You practically torture him every morning and then get upset when he strikes back?” You just rolled your eyes as you led Dwalin into your room and shut the door.

“Those two are idiots.” You said with a laugh. It’s a miracle someone hasn’t killed them yet.
“Aye. But let’s not think on them.” Dwalin pulled you into his arms, smiling down at you. “I brought breakfast, you always say you want to eat in your…is that my tunic.”

You had the common sense to look bashful. Especially since you had snagged his best one. “Well…”

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Apparently Dwalin liked seeing you in his clothes, as he “helped” you get dressed that day by practically begging you to keep wearing his tunic. It was a bit too big (okay, way too big), but it was warm and smelled like him, so you gave in pretty easily.

That was what started incident two. Typically you would spend the day helping Ori in the Library or Balin with sorting histories, but today, you decided on a different route. You spent it in the kitchens with Bombur and Bofur. With all the soldiers being housed in Erebor, there was always cooking to be done, meals to be prepared for those in training, those on watch, those on guard duty. And it just so happened that Dwalin fell into one of those categories, so you decided to surprise him with some lunch.

Bombur was thankful for the help as you and Bofur hauled the food up to the sparing rings for Dwalin and his trainees. It was a grand plan, the soldiers were overly thankful to you and Bofur not only for the food, but your presence meant that they got a break from Dwalin trying to kill-they mean train- them into submission.

“Kind of you to think of us, Lass.” Dwalin spoke before he took a bite of his sandwich. You gave a witty reply as you leaned onto his arm, resting your head on his shoulder as you ate your own meal. The both of you easily fell into a little banter, like you would on the journey, talking about random goings on.

And then some asshat opened his fucking mouth.

“Oi, Y/n! Is that Dwalin’s shirt?!” Kili shouted out before letting an over-exaggerated gasp. “What were you two doing this morning!?!” You rolled your eyes as your comfortable spot suddenly jolted up and stormed over to the prince.

Seriously, what would it take to shut him the fuck up?!
Apparently this is exactly what it would take. You glared down a Kili and Fili from across the table, waiting their response. They looked at you skeptically as your anger just boiled hotter.

“Well, what is it boy toys?! Scared you couldn’t handle me?” You taunted.

That’s how it all started, a taunt. Kili and Fili teamed up against you and Dwalin at dinner, making jokes that Dwalin had better take care to treat you right, since in his old age he may not be as... good, as you would expect.

You snapped like a twig under a boot. You had it! Three times, today alone, they had ruined special moments between you and Dwalin, and they were getting down right mean in their comments now. So you wasted no time to tell them to shut their mouths or you would shut it for them. A bit of laughter sounded around the table from the others, which Dwalin silenced with a glare. So you decided to taunt them.

“Well?!”

“Please, Y/n. You couldn’t take us both on.” Fili said, his playful manner gone and replaced with one of worry. Not that he would lose, but what everyone else would do to him if he or Kili hurt you while sparring.

“Yea, Y/n. You wouldn’t stand a chance against us!” Kili said, mockingly.

Your eyes narrowed in on both of them as you let an evil grin out. “Wanna bet?”

Silence descended upon the arena, which was pretty much some random guards and the company, as you walked out with Dwalin behind you. It had been a well-guarded secret between the both of you that every morning and every night you both had private training sessions. You had suggested it once your official courtship had started. There were a lot of rules about courting in the darrow culture, but nothing said you two couldn’t get close while practicing. It gave you both reasons to
spend time together, and it also made you feel like a badass when three weeks ago Dwalin finally started training you with both of your swords at once.

But, as you remembered, it was a well-guarded secret, only Oin and Balin knowing about it. So when you walked out in your leather armor, your hair expertly braided back by Dwalin himself, they were a bit taken back.

“You may look the part, Y/n, but that won’t help you.” Kili said with a grin as you stepped into the ring.

“Remember that when you have to hold up your end of the bargain.” You growled. You stood on your side of the ring, the princes on the other.

“At least let her take them on one at a time!” Gloin bellowed, every the worrier.

“Agreed! This is excessive, Dwalin!” Dori offered in.

“She wants them both at once, she will get them both at once!” He shouted above everyone. “She’s got this.”

Kili scoffed as Fili shook his head. “Take care not to hurt her.” You heard Fili whisper to Kili. You saw red.

The minute the match was on, you went all out. It shocked the hell out of everyone when you moved the moment that red flag hit the grown, both swords drawn, and reigned hell down on the princes.

Clashing of metal against metal, moving of feet in the dirt, curses stringing from the prince’s mouths, it made your own personal symphony of success. In the end, had one prince on his knees with your sword at his throat, the other one rolling on the ground after you broke his nose with the hilt of your sword.

“Yield, Fi.” You warned, holding the blade steady. You saw him want to fight, not wanting to give in (especially given the bet you three made), but he just nodded and held up his hands.
You then turned your attention to Kili.

“She broke my nose!” He shouted over to everyone, who was stunned as you pulled a dagger and buried it in the ground by his head.

“And I’ll break more than that if you insult Dwalin again, do you under-fucking-stand me?” You glared at him before putting on a cheerful smile. “I guess that means I win!” You pulled your dagger out of the ground and sheathed it, before jogging over to Dwalin’s open arms. He was quick to wrap you up in a bear hug and spin you around with a laugh.

He was quick to pull you into a kiss, making you feel weak in the knees. Certainly someone would have said something about the almost disturbing display of affection you were giving each other, but they were all still too stunned to speak.

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Two days later, you walked out to the sparing field being escorted by an almost giddy Dori and Nori. Dwalin was quick to spot you and tell the soldiers to take a break, some of them just flat up falling to the ground at that signal. You chuckled as they left you with Dwalin and went to find their own seat for the show, other members of the company trickling in.

“What’s all this?” Dwalin asked with a curious glance, especially after Thorin walked in and took a seat with Dain.

“Remember that bet I had with Fili and Kili?” You asked. You knew he remembered it. Not only would it probably go down in history as the most badass day of your life, but also the most amazing...or would have if Balin wasn’t such a fucking cock block. Dwarves and their fucking courting rules. Watching you fight and win had been like an aphrodisiac to Dwalin, one you were happy to take advantage of. Balin and his all-knowing asshat power saw that and made sure to keep you busy and away from Dwalin until the next day.

Dwalin seemed to have the same feeling as he pulled you closer to him, pressing his forehead against yours. “Best not bring that up, or I won’t be seeing you for another day.” You chuckled at the joke, giving him a sweet kiss.

“That’s okay, at least you will have help.” You said playfully. Dwalin just raised an eyebrow as you grinned. “They have to do everything you say, every task and command, they have to stay in...
uniform…and they have to call you and all your trainees master.”

Dwalin’s eyes went wide as you winked at him and called in the princes. “Oh, Maid Fili, Maid Kili, come in please!” And out they shuffled, pulling at the clothes they were now forced to wear, as was the bargain, which showed way too much skin, whole bodies flushed from feet to head.

Dain and Thorin was the first to burst into laughter, everyone else following, including Dwalin. “What did you do to them?” Dwalin asked with a wide grin. “What are they wearing?”

“You know, it was hard to explain to Dori what I needed. You all don’t have French Maid outfits here, but he did an excellent job having not seen one before!” You grinned as Kili bent over to pick up a stray shield, flashing his ass (and those frilly panties) to everyone. “I don’t think they will give you any more trouble, love.”

You don’t know if Dwalin heard you. He was struggling to breathe as he was laughing too hard. But what you did know is that the princes never once gave Dwalin flack for any shows of affection or love, never made any old man jokes, or sex jokes to him again. And as for their usual pranks, this granted Dwalin a reprieve for about a week.

Sure, you could have gotten them to stop that too, but why take away all their fun? Besides, it was fun to see Dwalin all riled up in the morning.

Chapter End Notes

I passed the test! And now I get to spend even more time with you, don’t I Dwalin! (Go to “Forging Love”)
The forges of Erebor had always fascinated you. Granted, after the whole thing with the dragon, you couldn’t really look at them too seriously, but they were still magnificent. Every worker there was able to make the most incredible things. Small jewelry that seemed like strings of gold tied together, special weapons with runes on them, armor, just fascinating to watch.

You tended to sneak down and watch every now and then, standing off to the side just to listen to the sounds of the hammers hitting the anvil’s, the gold bubbling, the silver being cooled. But today, you got a special surprise when you trekked down to the forges with your lunch in hand.

There, in the corner area, stood Dwalin as he hunched over some paper with a piece of charcoal in his hand. It was strange seeing him like this. You knew his craft was in blacksmithing and forging, but you had never watched him before. You weren’t sure what he was doing, so you kept your distance, taking up your usual spot and enjoying lunch.

Dwalin sketched for a little while before finally setting the paper aside and began heating some silver in the flames. It was a slow process, he was clearly taking his time to make sure every detail was proper. While the metal heated and melted, he got to work on some type of mold by the looks of it. He sat down with this black material and began shaping it with some tools.

What in the hell was he making?

But that question soon became fascination as he set the mold up and then poured the silver in. And then he did the most frustrating thing. He just set it aside and started on something new! WHAT?!

You watched as he then set up a different mold, one you had seen enough times to recognize, a dagger mold. You rolled your eyes as you finished off the last bite of your sandwich and got up, walking over to Dwalin. You waited until he managed to get the metal poured, not wanting to disturb him until he was done.

Granted, that was before he took his damn shirt off. Then yes, you were more than happy to disturb him.

You couldn’t help yourself as Dwalin stretched to reach out and run your hands up his back. He
tensed for a moment before he spotted you, then relaxed under your hands. “I think you should come to the forge more often.” You whispered to him, kissing his shoulder lightly.

“I think you are gonna be my doom if ya keep that up.” Dwalin spoke with a husky voice.

“Oh? Am I distracting you too much?” You said playfully as you let your hands wrap around to his front and run down his hard stomach, his eyes closing as he let out a big huff of air through his nose. “Do you want me to leave?”

“Mahal, no.” Dwalin’s voice was soft as he turned to you. “I’d take any time I can get with you.” He brought you close to him, watching as your hands slowly moved up his chest and to his shoulders. He didn’t hesitate to reach down a lift you, stepping back and setting you down on the drafting table. His lips were on yours, but worked slowly as he kissed you, ran his hands up and down your sides.

You let a soft moan escape as you pushed your body against his. He gripped your hips and pulled you closer to him, stepping between your legs as he kissed you harder. The passion between you was intense, always was, like a flame being fed by fresh, dry wood and oil. And you savored that heat, loved it, but nothing could be done, not here at least.

Dwalin let out a sigh as he dropped his head to your shoulder. “Gonna be my doom, love.” You ran your hands through his hair, kissing the top of his head as he took a few deep breaths.

“Sorry. Couldn’t help it after you took your shirt off.” You joked.

He looked into your eyes, his slate blue ones brimming with amusement. “Glad I tickle you that much.” He gave you a wink before pressing his forehead to yours for a moment. He took a few more steady breaths.

“Are you alright?”

“Just need a moment.” You couldn’t help but bite your lip and let your eyes drift down. Oh. You licked your lips as you decided to tease him a bit. “Is this a secret fantasy of yours? Taking me in the forge? On the anvil? With your hammer?” Oh sure, you were laying on those forge puns pretty intensely, but it was driving him absolutely mad.
“Y/n….” He groaned your name, looking up to you with an almost begging look. You could only pull him in for a sweet kiss before yielding. You really hadn’t meant to distract him, but you could just picture it, you laid out on the anvil with Dwalin’s—nope, you had to keep your mind from that.

Dwalin took another few moments as you fought your own mind for control of your thoughts. Besides, you could always sneak into his room later tonight to deal with those thoughts.

000

You had spent a few hours with Dwalin in the forge, both of you talking about random things. He even let you help at times, showing you how to hammer the metal just right and to sharpen the blade of the dagger he was making. It really was a beautiful piece, small and light. He had put engravings on it, which you stayed away from. It amazed you how delicately he could work, getting those fine details down.

When he was done with the blade, he set it in the water to completely cool before looking at you. “I need to work on my other project.”

“Oh, yea! What was it?” You asked, looking over to the mold. But when you looked back to Dwalin, he just had his arms over his chest. “What?”

“Closer yer eyes.”

“What?”

“It’s for you, so close your eyes while I…wait.” He then walked over to you and lifted the chair (the one you were sitting on, mind you) and turned it so your back was to him. “There.”

You looked at him with a gaping jaw. “You don’t trust me not to peak?!?”

“No.” He said simply before giving your jaw a little push so you faced the back of his workspace.

“I can’t believe you. Courting me and everything and don’t even trust me not to peak!” You said with a grin. Let’s be honest…you would have peaked. So you let out a playful huff as you heard
Dwalin chuckled and got back to work. “Can I have a hint?”

“It’s made of metal.”

Thinks he is fucking clever, doesn’t he? But you still smiled and shook your head as you got settled, resting your head in your hands, using his work desk as a prop. You would find out eventually, right?

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A gentle kiss being laid upon your forehead woke you, your eyes fluttering open as your body registered the warmth coming from the forge. You turned and saw Dwalin smiling down at you. He knelt beside you as you shifted your body, easing your sore muscles from the awkward position you were in.

“How long was I out?” You asked him.

“How long was I out?” Was all he replied, ignoring your shocked look as he held out the dagger to you.

“Oh, wow!” You took it in your hands and looked it over. “Dwalin, this is amazing!” The look of pride on his face, and absolute joy was unspeakable. It took you off, seeing him brimming so much. “I…This is special, isn’t it?” You asked, seeing how he looked at you. You clearly missed something, he wouldn’t look like that over just any praise.

“Aye.” He took the dagger from you and put it in a leather sheath before setting it on the desk. “It’s for you. It’s how it is done in my culture. You speaking so highly of it…” Dwalin spoke nervously as he brought forth his hand, closed in a fist. You wanted to ask about it, and why he suddenly became more nervous, but stayed quiet so as to not scare him off.

“I believe this is how it is done in yours.” He slowly opened his hand to reveal a shining silver ring. There was a small engraving you could make out on the inside, ‘forever by your side’. Forever by your side?

Then it clicked. Your eyes went wide as you looked to him. “Dwalin, is this…?”
He nodded as he gulped in some air. “I know we haven’t been courtin’ so long, but—”

“Yes.”

His eyes snapped up to yours, looking at you in shock. “What?”

“Yes.” You beamed as some tears of joy came to your eyes. “Yes, you…” You let out a half laugh, half sob as you surged forward and wrapped your arms around him, kissing him. He held you gently, kissing you as sweetly as ever.

“Let me…” Dwalin whispered as he leaned back, picking up your hand and sliding the ring on your finger.

“It fits perfectly.” You told him. “How did you know?”

“Part of my craft, to know sizes. Although your wee little hands gave me some trouble.”

“You have wee little hands.” You grumbled back to him jokingly. He smiled at you as he pressed another kiss to your lips.

“Aye, but those hands will be yours from now on. Always.” Emotion surged through you as you wrapped yourself around him, holding him close. You couldn’t believe it as you looked down to the ring on your finger.

You were now engaged to Dwalin.

Chapter End Notes

I can’t wait to be your wife! (Go to "Small Company")
“Oh, Dori…” Tears filled your eyes as you clamped your hands over your mouth, trying to keep it together. “It’s…it’s just….” And you lost it. This day had been so full of surprises, and you couldn’t believe what was happening. With everything else that had happened, this was just the little cherry on top and it made you overflow with tears.

“You MADE HER CRY!” Nori screamed at his brother, slapping him upside the head.

“THOSE ARE HAPPY TEARS!”

Those two went at it while you felt Ori give you a little hug before he and Bofur helped you into a chair.

“I can’t believe this…Dwalin…” Your mind drifted to this morning when it all started…

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You felt Dwalin’s arms tighten around you as he kissed the tip of your ear, his beard tickling your neck as he did so. You gave a smile and a little giggle, and just soaked in the voice of love that responded.

“Good morning, Amralime.” He purred in your ear.

“Good morning, love.” You turned in his arms, not even opening your eyes as you buried yourself into his chest. You and Dwalin had been staying in his room ever since you got engaged, or betrothed as they called it here. There were many benefits to it, and one of the best was that Dwalin never wore a shirt to bed, so you could just bury yourself in him as you woke for the day.

“Gonna have to come out of there, love.” Dwalin chuckled as he spoke, halfheartedly pushing you back. You gave a playful groan as you tightened your arms around him.
“Five more minutes…” You grumbled, giving his chest a little kiss right over his heart.

Dwalin usually had a remark back, but not this morning. This morning, he stayed silent, and that was the first clue something was up. You glanced up at him and took in his grinning face, and a mild look of mischief in his eye.

“Dwalin?”

“I don’t want to wait five minutes.” He said simply. When you didn’t respond right away, he clarified. “I don’t want to wait three more months.” Dwalin pulled you chin up so his lips could meet yours, giving you the softest of kisses you had ever had. His hand cradled your cheek before he pressed his forehead against yours and whispered to you.

“Marry me.” He begged.

“I already said yes.” You joked with him. You loved when Dwalin went all fluff master on you, and this morning was the day you were about to have the fluffiest Dwalin you had ever seen.

“No…Marry me…today.”

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That was what brought you here. Dwalin was serious in his recommendation. He said he had been working to get everything together anyway, and he didn’t want to wait any longer…unless you did?

Yea, like fucking hell you were going to wait!

So off you went. Thorin was the first to know, as he was to oversee the ceremony. And just like that he had Kili beside you and Fili beside Dwalin. Off you went to get ready for your wedding!

The first stop was the brother’s Ri. Bofur had been there enjoying breakfast with them, so when you came in and announced the news, everyone was in a flutter.
“Do you like it?” Ori asked as you wiped away the happy tears from the surprise Dori had given you.

“Like it? I love it!” You said as you looked back over to the beautifully crafted wedding dress. It was perfect. Instead of a huge gown you had a simple knee length dress, cut perfectly to accent your figure. Little side sleeves balanced it on the hanger as you looked it over, the pure white material, the silver thread (actual silver you would find out later), the beading.

You felt your eyes fill up with tears again and quickly got up and threw your arms around Nori and Dori, thanking them profusely.

“Well, let’s go!” Kili said excitedly. “We have a bride to get ready!”

“Wait!” You shouted, the realization dawning on you. You thought you had months left, not hours… “I need a couple things first!”

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“Where’s Nori?” You fretted as you stood just inside the mountain. The ceremony was being held outside the mountain on a beautiful hill. It was only a couple minutes’ walk to get there. You and Dwalin had discovered it on a day out, and you loved it. You both decided you would marry there.

“He’ll be here.” Ori tried to calm your nerves, but it was no use. Dori of course was no help, flittering back and forth, fixing your gown, your hair. You had asked him and Bofur to both walk you down the aisle and give you away. The concept was new to them, apparently dwarves do it differently, but they were honored. Ori and Nori were to be your brides-men.

And if Nori wasn’t here in ten seconds, he would be a dead-man.

“HERE!” Nori shouted as he huffed in air. “No need to threaten anyone!” Apparently you had said that last bit out loud. “It’s a bit unconventional, but I got everything you asked for!” Nori beamed with pride as he held up a little sack. “Ready?”

You took a steady breath and nodded as Nori reached in. “For our something old…”
Out came a simple necklace, a string of pearls by the look of it. But you could tell they were old, ancient even. The light caught them and sent little sparks of rainbow everywhere.

“Talked to Balin about this, it was their mother’s way back when, he said she would have wanted you to have it.” He handed the pearls off to Bofur’s waiting hands. You fought back the tears as Bofur secured the string around your neck.

“Ready for the next one?” Nori gave you a look, not wanting to overwhelm you with what was in the bag. Honestly, how could it get any more intense than that?! But you nodded…and were proven wrong.

“Something new…” It was a shawl. But…no…

Your mouth fell open as you looked at the detailed stitching, the lace work, everything. It…written, in the material, was Mrs. Fundinson. Your hands reached out and touched the material, it was so soft, and warm as Ori carefully wrapped it around your shoulders.

“Bilbo sends his best wishes.” Nori said sweetly, his own eyes tearing up. Oh, Bilbo. When you sent him a letter telling him you and Dwalin were married, he swore he would be here. And with it being early you were sad he wouldn’t. “Sent him a letter a couple weeks ago about it, sent it ahead and said he would be with you this way until he arrives.”

Yep, you were crying again.

“But, how did you know?”

“Oh, lass. We all knew Dwalin wouldn’t make it that long, he loves ya too much.”

Dear God, this little bunch was just too sweet for your hear to take.

“Ready for the next one?” Nori waited for you to nod, wiping your tears away with Bofur’s handkerchief again. “Something blue…”

“What about something borrowed? You messed it up, Nori!” Ori panicked. When you recited the
little rhyme to them earlier, they all seemed to love it, but now they were taking it too seriously.

“I’m saving the best for last!” Nori defended. “Something blue.”

Out came a beautiful blue ribbon with embroidered runes on them. Nori didn’t even hesitate to step up and wrap it up in your hair. “Everyone in the company sewed a rune on it. Bilbo will add his when he gets here. Speaks of our well wishes.”

“It’s perfect.” You added with a smile. “You said the best for last?”

“You…” Nori shifted a bit. “So… I had some troubles with Something Borrowed, so I hope you don’t mind it too much.”

Seeing Dwalin’s face light up in awe when he first caught sight of you was something you would never forget. He looked at you like you had hung the stars in the sky and made the moon rise. And he… oh, did he look amazing.

He had on a deep blue tunic with silver embroidery. His hair had been braided back, everything on him almost shined. His hands were around yours the entire ceremony, holding you close to him as Thorin spoke the words.

Honestly, you didn’t hear them, and neither did Dwalin, based on how Thorin had to give him a shove to say “I do”. He seemed a little lost in your eyes at that point.

But now you paid attention.

“It gives me great honor to bear witness to this, before everyone of the company, and before Mahal. I declare you, now and forever, husband and wife. You may kiss—”

You reached out and gripped Dwalin’s tunic and pulled him forward and straight into a searing kiss. Half the company burst out in laughter as they watched Dwalin struggle to stay on his feet, the others cheered. The kiss went from clumsy to perfect in seconds, Dwalin lifting you up into his arms,
carrying you bridle style.

Granted, then your something borrowed fell off.

“Bride lost a shoe!” Kili shouted, making you giggle.

“Mahal, I have to know lass, why are ya wearing my boots?” Dwalin asked with a great grin.

“I needed something borrowed, I hope you don’t mind.” You said shyly as Balin slid the boot back onto your feet.

“Never, Amralime. I’d give ya the stars if I could.” He leaned forward and pressed a sweet kiss to your lips. “I love you, Y/n.”

“I love you too, Dwalin.” You whispered back to him, wrapping your arms around him tightly as he carried you off to your future beside him.

Chapter End Notes

I am so happy to spend my life with Dwalin. (Go to "Little Break")
Little Break

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It had been a little over two years since the day you married Dwalin, and every day since had been damn near perfect. Sure, there were rough days. You called them “grunt days” when Dwalin would be in a mood and just grunt responses. Yea, those days could get a bit rough, but he always pulled out of it, and made it up to you in very fun ways the next day!

But it had been a while since any of those days came along. Instead, you were living in happy bliss. You smiled as you looked up from your baking and spotted the beautiful flowers Dwalin surprised you with this morning. Every night he had guard duty, when you would have to sleep without him, he would always greet you the next morning with some flowers or trinket of love.

Last night he wasn’t gone the whole time, but you were asleep before he came home, so he still brought you some flowers. It was so sweet, waking up with those beautiful sunflowers next to your bed.

Dwalin was a one of a kind husband. When he was home, he would dote on you. Any small form of affection he could think of was always bestowed upon you. He would walk by you and give your cheek a kiss (or your butt a squeeze). He would see you rub a sore spot and he would be on you in a second, rubbing that sore spot loose…or rubbing something more fun.

And that part of your relationship was mind blowing…

You had to shake your head to pull you back into reality, pulling your mind from the dirty thoughts of your husband and to the task at hand. Dwalin had been so loving and attentive lately, you decided to do something special for him.

With a basket filled with lunch and fresh out of the oven cookies, you headed off to find your loving dwarf. It wasn’t like you had to look hard, your seasoned warrior had a schedule, and today he would be training with some new troops.

You couldn’t help but smile as you got to the sparring ring, watching him take on three new soldiers, tossing them off of him as if they were little feathers. With his shirt off, tight trousers, that little snarl he does (what, you found it fucking sexy!)…
You let out a little sigh before whistling a little tune. It was one of your favorite songs from your old world, and you had done it some much at home that Dwalin recognized it immediately. His attention shifted for a moment, looking around until he saw you, sending you a wink before quickly (and by quickly, it was painfully (for the soldiers)) ending the match.

“Break!” Dwalin shouted as he moved to intercept you. There was a favorite spot with a little bench you two would always sit on when you brought him lunch. “Didn’t know my beautiful wife would be joinin’ me today.” He was quick to pinch your rear, making you jump.

“You behave, or I’ll have to take the cookies back home. Shame, since they are still warm.” Oh, the look on his face was absolutely heartwarming, that heartbroken look of utter betrayal over some cookies.

“Ya wouldn’t!”

“Oh, I would…if you don’t kiss me this instant!” You put your hands on your hips to prove your point.

Dwalin wasted no time in plopping down on the bench and pulling you onto his lap. “Well, since yer practically beggin’.”

You couldn’t help but smirk at that comment. You gave him a sweet kiss before leaning forward and whispering into his ear. “I never beg, but I promise you will be tonight.” You leaned back and gave him a quick wink before setting out lunch.

Dwalin’s half aroused growl was enough to make you giggle and blush as you handed him his sandwich. And the banter went on for a little while as you stole away some of his time. Of course, the trainees didn’t mind.

But a couple others seem to…

You lifted a cookie to Dwalin, letting him take a bite of it from your hand. “Ugh…I think my teeth are rotting.”

You could only roll your eyes as you ignored the thorn in your side named Kili.
“Aye. Do you feed her two Dwalin, or just—“

“I’m so happy ya volunteered for clean-up duty tonight.” Dwalin shouted out. Somewhere someone cheered, probably for not having to do it later.

“You know you only encourage them when you do that, right?” You said with a grin, nestling against his side.

“Aye. But at least they do a good job of it.” He said with a grin. “Best be getting’ back to work.” His voice took on a sad tone as he got up. “I should be home in time for supper.”

“Good.” You said with a wicked grin. “Because I have a special dessert planned.” You shot him another wink before sauntering off, giving your ass a little more wiggle than normal.

That night Dwalin made sure to be home early. “No harm in having dessert first,” was all he could say as he handed you a little flower before kissing the breath from you. Dwalin always knew how to make you feel special, whether with the looks he gave you, the way he kissed or touched you, even by those rare moments when he would whisper his love for you. And that night was no different. As you drifted off to sleep in his arms, his deep voice rumbled softly.

“You’ve made me the happiest darrow in Middle Earth, Lass. I don’t know who or what brought ya here, but I thank Mahal every day for it.” He gave you a gentle squeeze before settling back. “Goodnight, my love.”

Chapter End Notes

Happy Dwalin End

Congratulations! You have reached the happy conclusion of Dwalin’s path. You found love with Dwalin, the ever stoic, but surprisingly sweet dwarf.

If you would like to start your journey over, and try for a different path, with new adventures, go back to "A Rough Landing".

Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed this path! On to the next!
It was easy to find your place in the company, once you had a chance to get to know everyone. And even though you were different, and they thought many of your ways were strange, the company was always welcoming and had a smile for you.

Well, most everyone. Dwalin seemed to only talk in grunts to you, a brief acknowledgement of your existence, and after a day's travel you could see him including you in his nightly head count, but other than that he was fairly distant. Not that you minded, because to be honest, he kinda scared the crap out of you…

The other person you couldn’t seem to reach was the leader himself, Thorin Oakenshield. You thought you were making progress a while back when he talked to you for a few minutes, but then Dwalin and Balin walked up and that was the end of that conversation.

You wanted to break through that exterior, get to know the future king. What made him so special, what made him so unique, what made him…him? Since you couldn’t ask him these questions directly, you decided to go to the next best source.

“Fili. Kili.” You whispered to them from your spot on the pony behind Bofur. He overheard you trying to talk to the young princes and sped his pony up to walk beside them. “Thanks.” You gave Bofur a little smile before you dove into the conversation with your new friends.

“What does our fair maiden need today?” Fili joked with a big grin, making his moustache braids sway back and forth.

“I was…well, I was wondering about Thorin. He is pretty distant, I was just wondering what he was like.” You expected a simple answer, a quick few lines about who he was and what he was like, but that twinkle that arose in both of Fili and Kili’s eyes made you realize that you were about to get his whole life story.

And his whole life story was exactly what you got. Sure, they didn’t know it all, just what they were present for, but still…that was like 70 years worth of stories (and didn’t that make you feel like a little pup with the big wolves! They were fucking 70-some years old!). Thankfully, Bofur enjoyed the stories as well or you would have felt bad pulling him into the day full of story time. But there was one thing that they kept mentioning that you didn’t believe.
“I’m calling Bullshit.” You deadpanned. This was the fourth time now that they had told you of pranks and such they pulled with their uncle. Thorin? Pulling pranks? Having fun? No way. “He doesn’t even smile. I think the world would literally end, if he smiled.”

“Well, he can be pretty serious, but once you get him going there is no stopping him!” Fili defended his uncle with a proud look as Kili went on to tell yet another story of how they did a prank that broke through their uncle’s exterior and made him laugh.

“Maybe we are the only ones who can make him laugh?”

“Perhaps you are right.”

“No, now…I’m sure anyone could. Just have to have the right moment and the right joke.” Bofur added quickly. “I bet I could get him to laugh.”

You gave Bofur a dubious look, aiming it at the back of his head. He didn’t see it, but based of the snickers from the brothers, you imagined they did.

“Y/n doubts you!” Kili chuckled as Bofur’s head whipped around and he feigned hurt.

“I’m wounded, lass. You think I couldn’t make our leader laugh?”

“No that I doubt your ability, Bofur…I doubt his.”

“You think you could do any better?”

“Well…”

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It had been two days since that conversation, and since the bet took place. You, Bofur, Kili, Fili, and
Nori, that sneaky bastard was listening the whole time, decided on a bet. You would all try to break Thorin’s exterior and get him to laugh, a true laugh, not a chuckle. The first one to do so would be the victor.

Deciding what to bet with was a challenge. Of course, being dwarves, they wanted gold to be their first choice, but seeing as you didn’t have any, they had to settle for something different. You didn’t like it, but it just gave you more incentive to get Thorin to laugh, because the losers had to walk around camp that night in their underwear. The guys seemed to band up against you once that deal was struck...so unfair. Granted, you knew that if you had to step out in your underwear, Dori would have you swaddled in blankets before anyone could see.

But luckily, no one had succeeded yet. Fili and Kili started the day off the night that the deal was struck by pulling a prank on Dwalin, thinking that Thorin would be more likely to laugh with his friend...but when the prank went south and ended up with Dwalin’s tunic being set on fire...no laughs were heard anywhere, in all of Middle Earth. Except you...in your head.

Bofur tried the next day with some random jokes and one liners. You had to admit, they were good! They were really good! You almost fell off the damn pony, and almost took Kili with you, because you were laughing so hard. But it still wasn’t enough to crack Thorin.

Nori said he would go tonight, but after an eventless night of nothing, you were beginning to question his words. At least, until Fili motioned over to Dori where you saw him sitting and glaring daggers towards his brother. You couldn’t help but share a smile with the others that Nori was out of the running since big brother Dori wouldn’t let him play.

Fili and Kili had tried again to tell funny stories from their childhood, leaving only you the one who hadn’t given a go at it yet. You had to think hard about this...something that would really make him laugh, something he couldn’t help but laugh at...

“Miss Y/n?” You quickly turned you head to the soft and gentle voice. You didn’t have to see or hear it to know who was behind that sweet voice.

“Hey, Ori. What’s up?” You patted the log next to you for him to take a seat, which he did so in such a nervous manner, you were beginning to worry about what he would say next.

“I was wondering...about your world.” His head was down as if he were ashamed to ask...such a cute little Dwarf.
“You can ask me anything, Ori. You know that.” You gave his arm a little bump of reassurance, and that seemed to finally get him to speak up.

“I was wondering about your music. You said it was different than the songs we sing. What did you mean by that?”

“Well…our songs…” How do you explain this to him? Electric guitars, lights, concerts, metal, rock, jazz, soundtracks from Disney songs, they were all so…OH THAT WAS IT! You grinned like the Cheshire Cat as you slowly turned your head to Ori, probably freaking him out in the process. You guessed you looked like Dr. Evil met the Grinch with the smile you were sporting. “Would you like me to sing you an example to show you?”

Whatever fear your weird grin had instilled in him was forgotten as he nodded excitedly. He then was quick to silence the group as he told them you were about to sing. All eyes were on you as you tried to pick the best song. You could do “Under the Sea”, a classic but not very funny… “Make a Man Out of You”, they would probably like it, but not a lot of laughs without the visual…

Your eyes wandered the camp until they fell on the scary dwarf Dwalin. The line stuck your head and you couldn’t help but bark out a bit of laughter. The dwarves and hobbit and wizard looked at you strangely until you spoke up. “Well, I do have a song, but if it is okay, I will change some of the lyrics up to suit all of you?”

After a round of agreement, and explaining that you would only change a couple of things, such as names, you walked over and leaned against Dwalin, pointing at him as you started to sing.

“He’s malicious, mean and scary. His sneer could curdle dairy, and violence-wise, his hands are not the cleanest. But despite his evil look, and his temper, and right-hook… He’s always yearned to be a concert pianist.”

You turned to stand behind Dwalin as you pretended to play the piano over his head, sending most of the company into laughter, giving you hope that you could do it…you could get the great Thorin Oakenshield to laugh! So you continued on…

“Can'tcha see him on the stage performin' Mozart? Tickling the ivories 'til they gleam?” Here, you actually used his head to play, which you would probably pay for later, but oh well. “Yep, he’d rather be called deadly for his killer show-tune medley! ’Cause way down deep inside he’s got a
You stepped out to sing as you identified your next victim for the Disney song. “He's got a dream! He's got a dream! See, he ain't as cruel and vicious as he seems! Though he does like breaking femurs, you can count him with the dreamers. Like everybody else he’s got a dream!”

You spotted him, it was just too perfect! No one would fit as perfect as Bifur for this next part. So you quickly moved over to him and sat down next to him as you sang, pointing to different parts of him as you did so. “He’s got scars and lumps and bruises, plus something here that oozes. And let's not even mention his complexion. But despite his big ass nose, and his language no one knows… He really wants to make a love connection.”

Those who weren’t laughing their asses off before…they were now. You couldn’t see Thorin from your spot, so you just went on. You sat up next to him and fluttered your eyelashes as you sang. “Can’t you see him with a special little lady, rowin' in a rowboat down the stream?”

You quickly threw your arm around his shoulder and gave a big smile. “Though he’s one disgusting blighter, he’s a lover, not a fighter! ‘Cause way down deep inside he’s got a dream.”

You stood up again as you sang the chorus, a couple of dwarves joining in, much to your amusement. “He’s got a dream! He's got a dream! And I know one day romance will reign supreme! Though his face leaves people screaming, there's a child behind it, dreaming. Like everybody else he’s got a dream.”

You quickly took stock of the people around you and who was laughing, and decided to use them next. “Kili would like to quit and be a florist.” Kili gave you a wink as you turned to his blonde brother. “Fili does interior design.”

From there on out, you just went around the circle. “Bofur’s into mime. Bombur's cupcakes are sublime! Ori knits! Dori sews! Oin does little puppet shows! And Balin collects ceramic unicorns!”

You turned your head and finally locked eyes with the one you were trying to get to laugh. Thorin…and he had this wide smile stretched across his face as he enjoyed the craziness of the song. It was then that you had to take a breath because…damn…you had never seen such a beautiful smile before.

His blue eyes shone as the edges were crinkled. His shoulders shook with the chuckle he was
granting you. It took but a split second, but you regained yourself, ignoring the way your heart was pounding, and you continued to the last verse you would sing.

You signaled to Thorin and gave him a wink. “He has dreams, like you, no, really! Just much less touchy-feely… They mainly happen somewhere warm and sunny. In a mountain that he owns, crowned, rested, but not alone. Surrounded by lovely company.”

That was it. That was what broke the flood gates. Thorin heard that last line and threw his head back in a full bodied laugh. His deep voice of the laugh, the thick timber, echoed around the group as your face lit up, not because you had won the bet, which you were happy about, but because in this moment you felt like you were seeing the true Thorin Oakenshield. And it made you feel almost lightheaded, for some reason.

You heard the applause erupt around you and gave a little curtsey before you stepped over and sat down between Thorin and Balin. “I take it you liked it?”

“I did. That was quite amusing.” Thorin said with a big grin. “Thank you for that.”

“Oh… I should be thanking you.” You let him give you a questioning look and you bit your lip, not sure how he would react when you told him. “Well, Bofur, Nori, and the boys and I had a bet… on who could get you to laugh first. I just won.”

“Mahal, is that why we had to listen to those awful jokes?!” Dwalin roared as you broke out in laughter again.

“They weren’t that bad! Bofur’s jokes were funny!”

“Because you haven’t heard them twenty times before.” Thorin defended his friend, making you blush under his gaze. His stare was intense, but it wasn’t angry or upset, like you feared it would be. It was just different, as if he was observing for the first time ever, really getting to see you.

“If I may ask, what was the price for the victor?” Thorin asked you in a soft whisper, leaning down towards you as he signaled across the group. “I see the others who lost are now missing.”

You let out a big grin as you leaned in and whispered back. “Humiliation.”
Just as you spoke the words, Dori was in an uproar, sending all heads turning toward the commotion. “NORI! HOW DARE YOU?! WE HAVE A LADY IN OUR CAMP!”

You burst out in laughter, curling over as you saw Nori walk out with his hands covering vital areas, completely in the nude.

“I…I don’t wear underwear…” He said shyly, his whole face turning red as the princes stepped out. They were covered a bit more, flaunting their young bodies as if they were god’s gift to women, shooting you winks and doing poses.

“You don’t look that good, lads, sit down!” Oin grumbled out.

The last was Bofur, who called your name out sweetly. “Do you think I can leave my hat on?” He gave you a pleading look as you turned to Thorin.

“What do you say, your majesty?”

“I think mercy may be in order.” He joked back, that amazing grin still stretched across his features.

“Leave it on!” You called out as he took a seat, giving you a little nod.

“Y/n.” You looked over to meet Thorin’s gaze, “Remind me to never bet against you.”

You smiled and nodded, trying and failing to not let your blush run up your face and onto your ears. If Thorin noticed, he didn’t acknowledge it, thankfully. But you couldn’t help but let your mind wander to the thought of Thorin losing a bet to you. You filled in the image of seeing him at the stream…

You cleared your throat as you got up and moved over to your spot to sleep, trying to keep that amazing image from taking over your mind. But damn, it was a nice fucking image.
I wouldn’t mind exploring that image a bit more… (Go to "Insomnia")

Perhaps it would be best if I put it from my mind, before I get too ahead of myself. (Go to "Campfire Stories")
You let out a deep sigh as you stared up at the night sky, looking at the shining stars that were hovering above you. As beautiful as they were, just sitting here and looking up at them in the middle of the night…it was frustrating the fucking hell out of you!

You would spend all day trekking through the wilderness with the company, over hills and rocks and streams and tripping and falling and cursing and riding…your body was sore, it ached unlike anything you had felt before. Even your mind ached, trying to grasp onto what had happened, how you were here, would you stay here, would you ever see your home again?

There was no other way around it. You were physically and mentally exhausted. Completely and totally exhausted. But even so, you still couldn’t fall asleep! You would lay down and then your mind went through this barrage of crap that wouldn’t let you get any sleep. It had been the last three days like this, you would be able to fall asleep for maybe two hours and then you would wake up and not be able to get back to sleep again.

You didn’t know what it was. You were able to feel like you wanted to sleep, you were able to get your mind to stop churning and spinning, eventually, but you just couldn’t do it. Not only was it frustrating, but it was also starting to become a hindrance. Just this morning you fell asleep on the pony you were sharing with Fili. Good thing he is strong, cause when you tilted to the side you about went over…and you almost took the prince with you.

You let out another irritated sigh as you sat up, pulling the blanket around your shoulders and walked around the edge of camp, hoping beyond hope that maybe if you just burned off some excess energy you would be able to fall asleep.

You managed to make five big circles before you gave up and decided to do some stargazing instead. There was a little outcrop of a small cliff that hung near the edge of the camp. It was the perfect spot to just look over the valley and see the stars.

Making your way over, you didn’t notice the still body that was sitting by that cliff as well. You didn’t notice how his bright blue eyes followed your movements as you had circled the camp earlier, how he has been noticing your lack of sleep, how you were falling asleep during the day instead.

So naturally, when you took your seat and pulled your blanket closer to you, saving the warmth it
was giving you, you were a bit startled when he called out to you.

“Y/n.”

You jumped in place, whipping your head around to give him a slight glare. “Thorin!” You wanted to yell at him for scaring you, but instead you whispered it, not wanting to wake anyone else. “You scared the crap out of me!”

“My apologies.” He spoke as he rose up from his spot, gripping his sword tightly in his hand as he joined you on the cliff, letting his legs dangle as he looked out over the world to watch for any signs of danger. “You haven’t been able to sleep as of late.”

You could tell he wasn’t asking, he knew. A part of you wanted to make up some crazy excuse, like “well, the day/night cycle is flipped in my world” or something like that, because how would he know any different? But at the same time, you wanted to share this trouble with him. Thorin always seemed like an enigma when you tried to approach and talk to him, and maybe this would be a way to open up a friendship with him…and who knows, maybe he could help?

“Yea…I just, I wake up after a couple hours and can’t get back to sleep.” You spoke sadly, giving him a sideways glance, catching his eye as he gave a knowing nod.

“It is a common affliction for those unaccustomed to a journey like this. You will adjust with time.” He seemed so sure of himself, which partly gave you hope, but also gave you dread as he was basically saying ‘give it time’. Fuck giving it time, you wanted the problem fixed now! …maybe Gandalf could magic you asleep?

You scratched the back of your neck as you watched the world below you. “Maybe I should take a round of watch duty, if I’m going to be up anyway.” You joked. Thorin gave a small smirk at that. You almost expected some comeback about how you weren’t strong enough or skilled enough to protect the group, which made you even more thankful that he didn’t say anything.

“But then you would be tired again. And I don’t know how many more times Fili can keep you on your pony.”

A scoff escaped your mouth before you could stop it. “That was once, and you know it!” Without thinking you gave his arm a playful shove, which barely registered against the granite that was Thorin’s build, but it made you feel a little better.
“Aye…but there are bets to see who will be your next victim.” Thorin was smiling…it was amazing and completely irritating at the same time. That smugness that was all over his face, as he looked down at you, poking fun at you.

“Ha Ha…keep it up and my next victim will be you…and I’ll make sure to take you down with me.” You waved a warning finger at him before settling back on your elbows and looking up at the stars again. “It is amazing though, all of these stars. In my world, they are hidden by the lights and smog that we produce…I haven’t seen stars this clearly since I was a child.” You let your mind wander back to the camping trip you took with your family all those years ago. It brought the faces of your family to light. As if on instinct, you reached up and rolled the small pendant that sat upon your neck around in your fingers.

“That is an interesting trinket.” Thorin spoke, looking at your pendant. “I don’t believe I have seen a jewel like that before.” His hand hesitated as he reached out to touch it. “May I?”

You nodded and held the necklace out for him to inspect. “It’s called a moonstone. It is my favorite jewel, besides an amethyst. My mother used to be very into the different stones and their meanings. She gave me this when I moved away for work.” your fingers drifted over the necklace as you spoke. “To protect me.”

“A very well made trinket, indeed. It must mean a lot to you.”

“It does.” You had to swallow the lump in your throat that always seemed to swell up when you thought about your family. “I miss them very much…and…and I don’t think I will see them again.”

Thorin had no response to that. It had been whispers around the camp for some time now, wondering if you would be stuck in this world for the rest of your days. And surely, it seemed like that now. “I have something similar.” Thorin held up one of his braids, letting you see the small metal bead at the end. “These were crafted by Fili and Kili. I always saw them as a way to keep them close.”

You couldn’t help but smile at that, letting your eyes take in the detail on each bead. “They’re beautiful. How…” Your words were cut off when you heard a wolf howl in the distance. On instinct, you shifted closer to Thorin, the great warrior who sat next to you. Only when you realized what you had done did you give him a sheepish look. “Sorry…”

“It is alright. You do not need to fear, I will watch over you and the company. No harm will come
You let the silence settle as you stared up at the sky, letting your mind fill with questions you had been always wanting to ask, and now maybe tonight you could. “What’s Erebor like?” You turned your head to meet Thorin’s eyes, enjoying how a small spark seemed to be stirring behind them as he thought to happier times.

“It is truly a magnificent sight. Large halls that seem to go far down into the mountain, and extend up through the peak. Halls of crafted stone and marble and gold. Heated by the greatest of forges that Middle Earth has ever seen.”

You settled back as you watched Thorin fall into his reminiscing, letting him speak of his old home and what he loved about it. Your mind worked to conjure pictures of what you thought it would look like and how it would feel and such once you and the company made it to the mountain. You could almost see Thorin and the company standing before a large group of dwarves in an elaborate hall, praises coming from the group of how they reclaimed their homeland. How they were the heroes of Middle Earth.

Thorin’s deep voice continued to speak, his deep timber settling you into comfort. You weren’t sure when reality ended and sleep overtook you, as the reality of Thorin’s stories blended with the dreams you had of Erebor. It was as if you were a bird, flying around the halls, seeing them as Thorin spoke softly to you of what they were like.

Honestly, you didn’t even realize you had fallen asleep until you shifted, barely awake, as you heard Thorin and Dwalin speak to each other, feeling someone hold you up in their arms.

“She fell asleep while we spoke.”

“Good, maybe she won’t pull me off my pony tomorrow.” Dwalin grumbled. If you weren’t half asleep and barely able to form a sentence, you would have given some witty remark and slap to the arm. Instead, you just pressed your head deeper into the soft fur that was beneath you.

“She can ride with me tomorrow.” Thorin spoke before giving Dwalin some direction about his shift as watchman. You then felt Thorin move and then could feel the ground take form underneath you. “Sleep well, Y/n.” He whispered to you as he covered you with something heavy and warm.

“Thank…you…Thorin.” You sighed happily as you tucked under the warmth (Thorin’s cloak) with
a happy smile, letting your mind drift back to your dreams of the great dwarf kingdom of Erebor.

Chapter End Notes

You are a sweetie, Thorin, aren’t you? (Go to "Epic Hero")

You’re nice, but I don’t think this is going the way I was hoping. (Go to "Travelling Companion")
Kili and Fili were assholes. No doubts about it. They were always pulling pranks and making ill-timed jokes, it was a wonder someone hasn’t knocked some sense into them yet. They were always trying to scare you or Bilbo, you two being the odd people out, and as much as it hurt your pride to admit it.

It was working.

Orcs, throat cutters, whatever other colorful words those assholes could think up. It made you shiver in worry, looking out over the wilderness as if something was just going to pop out and scream ‘boo’.

But then Thorin called them out on their shit.

Then Balin told the story of the great Oakenshield.

“After the dragon took the lonely mountain, King Thror tried to reclaim the ancient dwarf kingdom of Moria.” Balin spoke to Fili and Kili.

You looked over to Thorin as he stood off from the rest, staring out into the night. You saw how stiff and tense he looked, and you bet his eyes were downcast, looking haunted by the memory. Just hearing Balin’s tone, you knew it wasn’t going to be a pleasant story.

You were right.

“Moria had been taken by legions of Orc, led by the most vile of their race. Azog, the defiler.” You listened to Balin’s story, but your eyes never left Thorin’s form. He shifted when Azog’s name was spoken, as if the very name brought him pain. “The orc had sworn to wipe out the line of durin.”

Your heart began to break, a small crack forming in the center that left little spider lines reaching out. He had been hunted, you thought. Thorin, and his kin. And you felt it in your bones that the story wasn’t over.
“He began by beheading the king.” Thorin’s grandfather. Thror. Your heard lost a chip at that moment, the tears starting to slowly fill your eyes. You took a steady breath as Balin continued. “Thrain, Thorin’s father, was driven mad by grief. He went missing, taken prisoner or killed, we don’t know.”

Thorin. You wanted to reach out to him, but stayed seated next to Ori. He had lost his home, so many people in the attack of the dragon. Then to lose his grandfather, his father, all in one battle. No one should know pain like that.

“Death was upon us. That is when I saw him. A young dwarf prince facing down the pale orc. He stood alone against this terrible foe. His armor went, wielding nothing but an oaken branch as a shield. Azog, the defiler, learned that day that the line of Durin would not be so easily broken.” Oakenshield. You realized now that was how he got his name. You could almost see it, in your minds eye, a bloody and battle raged Thorin, crying out for vengeance as he held his shield steady. He looked like you would imagine a hero from the epic stories would look, like the ones they drew paintings of.

“And I thought to myself then, there is one who I could follow. There is one I could call king.” You rose with the rest of the dwarves, understanding the significance of it. You rose to your feet as Thorin turned back around, looking at all of you. You wanted to give him a comforting smile, but you couldn’t when his eyes turned to yours. The silent tears falling down your cheeks was enough to portray your condolences.

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You lay on your blanket as you stared up at the sky that night. Thorin was back on guard duty, looking out over the world below. You would glance over to him ever couple of moments, wondering if you should go talk to him.

You wanted to. But would he want to be left alone after those memories had been brought back up? Would he want your company then?

Eventually you gave in, quietly getting to your feet and joining him on the rock he had been using as a perch. Thorin nodded, unspeaking as he acknowledged your presence. You waited for a moment, collecting yourself before you spoke.

“You are truly amazing.”
The snap of Thorin’s head to look at you would have been comical under other circumstances. You could see the look he was giving you, one of confusion and disbelief. You turned and looked into his eyes. Those perfect blue eyes.

Your heart pounded, and ached, at the same time. “In my world, only the most epic and legendary heroes go through trials like yours. And even then, they don’t always succeed.” You gave him a sad smile as you shifted towards him more. “And although I’m amazed…and in awe, of all you have done. I’m sorry.”

“I’m sorry for all you had to go through. No one deserves a pain such as that. No one deserves to lose their home and family.” As you spoke it, it struck a chord with you. To lose a home and family, you understood what that was like. You understood the pain, but at least you knew your family was living in peace back in your world. In this one, Thorin’s family…

Thorin didn’t say anything in response, just turned forward and gazed out over the land. You joined him on his watch, sitting in silence as your mind ran through all the new things you had learned about Thorin, about his past. It really did put everything he did into a clear bottle now. You understood him more.

You sat there for hours, until the exhaustion caught up with you. You then said a very hushed goodnight and rose to leave.

“Y/n.” Thorin called out to you as you stepped away. You turned and locked eyes with him, seeing the weariness, but also gratitude lingering there. “Thank you.”

You gave him a gentle smile. “Goodnight, Thorin.”

“Goodnight, Fallen Star.”

Chapter End Notes

I also call you king, Thorin. (Go to "Geared Up")

I’m sorry for your loss. I don’t know if I can help ease your heartache… (Go to "Shield")
You couldn’t help but sigh a sigh of relief as you settled back in the hot water. A bath. A true, honest to god hot bath! Oh, it was glorious. No cold stream, no worry about peeping toms, nothing but you and this glorious bath.

Yea, you decided. You fucking loved Rivendell! And the elves were so nice to you, always having a sweet smile and kind words. Even when you made a mistake and got some of their names wrong or wandered somewhere you shouldn’t, they still were sweet to you.

And Lord Elrond had been very kind to offer you sanctuary here. He said that if you didn’t want to continue the journey with the dwarves, you could have a home here. And honestly, you didn’t really give it any thought, but after this bath…you might…

You let your eyes drift closed as you recalled the conversation from earlier.

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“You have a very interesting tale, Miss Y/n.” Lord Elrond spoke to you as you enjoyed the salad he offered for dinner. The dwarves were complaining about it, but hey, you weren’t about to pass up good food!

“Yea, it’s a bit strange, I know.” You said with a nervous chuckle.

“She has been through a lot, but she has shown true strength in it.” Thorin added, putting a comforting hand on your shoulder for a moment. You looked up just in time to see the little smile he gave you. Thorin thought you showed strength? That…your heart was pounding as his warm hand slipped from your shoulder and returned to the plate before him.

“It takes great strength to overcome things like these. And I must say, that if you wish, you would be welcome to remain here.” Lord Elrond spoke with a gentleness you couldn’t help but smile at.

“What?” Thorin spoke lowly. You could hear the twinge of anger in his voice, that fire that
threatened to burn out of control. It was a small flame right now, and it needed to be doused soon, so you stepped up.

“That is very kind of you, Lord Elrond.” You wanted to go on to dismiss the offer, because you actually enjoyed your time with these silly guys, but you didn’t get the chance.

“What?” Thorin’s attention turned to you and you froze. Oh yea…so, that flame you were supposed to douse? Yea, you just did a dance around it, added some lighter fluid, stoked it up a bit. It was full on fucking wildfire now.

“I-I-I…” You tried to take a breath but Thorin was up and storming away. You glanced back to Gandalf and Lord Elrond but they wouldn’t meet your eyes. Fucking assholes.

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You wiggled your toes in the warm water as you brought up the memory of apologizing to Thorin afterwards, making it clear you were trying to dismiss the offer. But of course, he couldn’t let you have that.

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“I was trying to say ‘no’.”

“Then you should have said something.”

“I was trying, you interrupted me!”

“You should have spoken up!”

“…Thorin, pull your head out of your ass, it isn’t a fucking hat!”
Yea…so, that may have not been the best way to deal with that situation. But he was being so condescending and grumpy. A Thorcupine if there ever was one. But what was stranger was the odd ways he had been acting ever since.

It had happened a couple times now he just walks up to you, does something weird, and walks away.

Like yesterday…

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“Y/n. Come here.” Thorin called you over as he ended his conversation with Balin, who gave you a strange, almost amused look. You swallowed the lump in your throat and got up to greet him.

“Yes?”

Thorin held out his hand, all but two of his fingers in a fist. “Squeeze my fingers.”

Your brain short circuited for a minute. He…what? Was this some weird dwarf custom? Is squeezing his fingers an apology, cause you felt like he owed you one with how douchy he acted the other night. “Why?”

“Don’t pester me with questions. Just do it.”

Okay, so now you were pissed. So you reached out and squeezed his fingers as hard as you could. But of course, he didn’t seem to register it.

“With all your strength.” He tone had an almost amused tone to it. It fucking pissed you off.

“I AM!” You screamed at him.
“Hmmm.” He then just turned and walked away.

What?! WHAT THE FUCKING HELL?! You turned to look at the company, your mouth agape as you wildly swung your arms around in confusion.

“Best not to question him, Lass.” Bofur added with a chuckle. “His is our leader.”

“Gonna fucking lead us off a cliff with that strangeness!”

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You chuckled at the memory, but then let a frown takes its place as three loud thumps echoed from the door.

“What?”

“I need to see you for a moment.”

Great, that fucking weirdo was back. “What do you want, Thorin? I’m bathing!” Seriously, could you not get ten minutes? You had just gotten Fili and Kili to leave you alone, a girl needs her fucking private time damn it!

“It will take but a moment. It is urgent.” The tone of his voice left no room for negotiation. So you braved the cool air and wrapped yourself up in a towel before sticking your head out of the door.

“What?” Your question had a bit more bite then you had wanted, but…oh well.

“Raise your arm.”

It had to be fucking magic to be able to say such strange things to people and keep a straight face. It had to be. “Why?”
He fixed you with a look and you sighed as you lifted your arm above your head. The sooner you dealt with this, the sooner you could continue your affair with your bath.

“To the side.”

You then slowly stretched your arm out. It only took but a moment and Thorin nodded before just walking away.

“Fucking weirdo.” You mumbled under your breath and closed the door.

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And that was what brought you here, helping the others get their gear together to head out of Rivendell. Poor Ori, he had stowed away so many books his poor back looked like it was going to bust open. “Are you sure you can handle—“

“I got it.” He said shyly, giving you a little nod.

“Alright. But if you need help, let me know and we will sneak some into Nori’s bag, okay?” You gave him a wink, turning away, only to be stopped by the king of weirdness himself.

“Here.” He held out a leather pack with a blanket and bedroll attached to it.

“What’s this?” You asked as you took it up, feeling the weight in your hands. You didn’t recognize this one as anyone else’s pack.

“It will be a long journey, you need to be properly outfitted.” Thorin spoke, and as much as you couldn’t believe it, he seemed almost…shy.

“You…you got this for me?” Thorin gave you a small nod and it clicked. “Is this why you have been having me do all that weird shit?!”

“I needed to know what you could handle, your size and such for the clothes.” Thorin then shifted,
standing up tall again. “We head out!” He barked before turning away from you.

Oh, well… who would have guessed the king has such a soft spot for you?

Chapter End Notes

I can’t believe you did this for me! Thank you! (Go to "A Simple Gift")

This will be helpful, but you could have gone about it… less strangely… (Go to "Myths and Legends")
“Fallen star!” You heard your nickname called out. That’s what they called you, fallen star. Because when you somehow were magically yanked from your world to this Tolkien Universe, you fell from the sky…and to the feet of Thorin Oakenshield, much like a fallen star. This company of dwarves, and a hobbit and wizard, they all took you in. It wasn’t out of want of you there…at least not at first. It was merely because none of them wanted your death on their conscience if you were left to wander on your own. Cause let’s be honest…you wouldn’t have made it long.

It had been hard. The trolls, the wargs (or demon dogs, as you liked to call them). When you reached Rivendale, which was by far the most beautiful city you have ever seen, you were certain that Thorin would leave you there, that he would insist you stay for your safety and the sake of his mission. But he didn’t. Instead, when the time came to leave, he thrust an elvish pack into your arms, along with a new change of clothes, and gruffly said. “Be sure to keep up.”

Such an inspiring string of words from the fearless leader, but hey, at least he let you stay. After everything so far, you felt emotionally and physically invested in this cause. Besides…who from your world could honestly say they went on an adventure with a dwarf king? Faced a dragon? Can you? No, you can’t…so there.

“Fallen Star!” You heard your name called again as you set down your pack. It was the first time the company had rested since leaving Rivendale, and you were glad when Thorin called out to set up camp. The new boots were nice and warm and kept your feet safe…but breaking them in was a pain.

You looked over to your right to see who was calling to you. “Yes, Bofur?” You smiled at the dwarf as he nodded at you, his hat and braids bobbing as well.

“Do ya have any matches in your pack, lass? We seem to be short.” He asked softly. Bofur was always kind to you, like a big brother you could always count on. When you first started out, it had been him, and Bilbo, along with the princes Fili and Kili who came to your immediate aid, offering any help they could to help you get settled and used to this world.

“Uh…I’m not sure…let me check.” You honestly didn’t know what was in your pack. For all you knew, it could be rocks. That would seem to be a Thorin thing to do…or at least Dwalin…to toughen you up. Wow, you even heard that phrase in Dwalin’s voice. You flipped open some smaller pockets and began digging through, surprised at what you found. When Thorin shoved the pack at you, you didn’t know what to expect. He obviously went through the trouble to get you
some gear, but this went beyond. One small pocket was all medical supplies, wrap and herbs and
salves. Another was random odds and ends, twine, a small knife, flint and steel…oh wait, matches!
“Bofur!” You shouted as you tossed them over.

“Much obliged, lass.” He worked quickly to lite the fire and tossed them back. “Be sure to keep
them where they will stay dry.” He added with a tip of his hat. You chuckled as you put the
matches back in the exact place you pulled them from. You assumed Thorin or Dwalin packed it, so
they must know what they are doing.

Curiosity got the better of you and you started digging even further into your pack, searching out
what was hidden in there. It was pretty much what you would expect. A bit of clothes, trousers and
shorts. Socks. A cloak! That would help keep you warm at night…

You kept rummaging around, finding some rations, a waterskin that had been filled, the list went on.
But when you reached the bottom, you felt your hand brush something hard. You pulled a couple
times before it came loose and was in awe at what you found. It was a beautiful book. You flipped
it open and found you could read it, it was in English…no…wait, that’s not what they call it.
Common tongue…that’s it.

You flipped through a couple pages, scanning the text before you realized…it was a story book.
Why would he put a story book in your pack? It wasn’t needed for the trip. He had you toss
everything else you had in your pockets when you landed that wasn’t useful, so why would Thorin
put a book in here. Did he know it was in here?

That was when your mind recalled a moment from the beginning of your journey.

~Flashback~

Bilbo had been going on for a while, telling you all about the Shire and his hobbit hole. But when
he got to the part about all of his books, you had to stop him. “Oh, I would love to read them! It
sounds like you have quite a library!”

“Oh, yes!” Bilbo said proudly. “One of the biggest collections in the shire.”

“It seems a shame to have left it behind.” You said softly.
“There are no use of books here.” Thorin said shortly. You actually jumped at the sound of his voice, hell, you didn’t even realize he was next to you while you walked. Usually he was in the front of the group, leading majestically as the wind tussled his hair. It sounds silly, but everything the damn dwarf did was freaking majestic. Maybe because he was a king? Who knows. “Why read about something? Just go do it.”

His deep voice shook you from your thoughts as you replied. “Because of the escape. Sometimes you can’t do it, or your anxious, or scared, or sad. But books, they can take you to other places, where you can be free to adventure or fly or be whatever you want to be. I love reading. They help me cope when things get bad, if I’m scared or lonely…homesick.” You offered, defending your new friend Bilbo. You turned back to the hobbit and gave him a small smile. “Maybe someday I could visit your grand library, Bilbo.”

“I would like that. And I could show you the Shire!” He said excitedly, going on about all the wonderful things about the Shire and his home.

Thorin just huffed as he picked up the pace and walked onwards.

~End Flashback~

You couldn’t help but beam when you realized what Thorin had done. He bought you a book…for when things get bad, for when you missed home. You clutched the book to your chest as you looked around for him. He was over with Dwalin and Balin, speaking in hushed tones about something.

You chuckled as you got up and walked over to him. The conversation seemed to stop as Balin gave you a questioning look before you leaned down and gave Thorin a soft kiss on the cheek. “Thank you for the book.” You quickly turned and made your way back to the fire and got settled next to it, propping the book open on your knees.

“Oh, is that a story book?” Kili asked as you smiled up over at him, nodding excitedly.

“Why don’t you read it aloud?” The shy little Ori said, shifting closer to you. A couple other dwarves agreed, trying to get you to read out loud to them, as if you were going to read them a bed time story.

“Alright…I guess I can.”
Thorin was in an utter state of shock as he watched you walk away. He heard the others speak with you about reading out loud, but he could only watch as you smiled and held the book with such care.

He saw the little thing when he went with Dwalin to get you your pack and gear. He figured if you were going to travel with them, then you should at least have some gear, instead of using everyone else’s. Dwalin had been looking over some small daggers for you when he spotted it. It was a story book, little short stories for children, but he couldn’t help but hear those words from that day in his head. How books and stories helped you cope with bad times. When you were homesick. That was what has stung him. Sure, he missed his home, but he was now returning to his. You may never see yours again…

He heard a throat clear behind him and Thorin was pulled back to the present. He shifted in his seat as he shook his head, disbelieving. “So worked up over such a simple gift.”

Balin chuckled at him, not missing that moment of awe when you had given the king a kiss. “Aye, a simple one. But it shows the lass you care, none the less.”

Thorin just hummed in response, but in the back of his mind, there was only one thought. If you got so joyous over a simple story book, he couldn’t wait to show you the library deep within Erebor.

Chapter End Notes

You really know how to make me feel special, Thorin. (Go to "We Would Miss You")

…It’s just a book, no need to get all worked up. (Go to "Fear of Falling")
You had never been one to have great reflexes. You were always a shy too late in catching a ball, or not quick enough for certain sports. So when you did have your body lash out in an instant with a quick reflex, you were proud!

For about two seconds.

Then you regretted all life choices.

You see, you saw when Bilbo snapped forward, slipping on the slick mountain side, about to tumble off the cliff. And you were proud of yourself when you reached your hand out and snatched him back, securing him back onto the path.

But then your foot slid.

And down you went.

A scream erupted from your mouth as you fell, desperately grasping at anything to hold you. You managed to get your fingers around a little outcrop and clutch to it for dear life. But your hold wouldn’t last.

“Y/n!” You heard someone scream. You wanted to shout back, to beg for someone to help you, but you didn’t have the time. Your grip slipped for a moment and you knew, this was it…

And then you felt a tight arm around you, hefting you up to an outstretched hand. You took it quickly, letting Bofur pull you back up and into the cave nearby. A look over your shoulder confirmed what you thought, who your savior was.

You were trembling as you spoke, but you had to say something. “Thorin…thank you. You save ___“
“What do you think you were doing?!” He screamed at you. It was so abrupt you jumped in place and tried to retreat backwards, but only met with Bofur’s back instead. “Do you want to get yourself killed?!” Those normally calm blue eyes were now enraged, terrifying you to your core.

“No…I-I just slipped…” You tried to defend yourself, in such a state of shock after everything, but that didn’t deter Thorin.

“I have better things to do than to watch over you! If you were planning on being such a burden you should have stayed behind! Stupid girl.” He growled that last insult out at you and with that he stormed off to talk with Dwalin.

You…you didn’t know what to feel. Your mouth was just hanging open as you shook fiercely, with cold and fear at just having almost died. And Thorin…

“Let’s get you warmed up, Lass, lest you catch a cold.” Dori tutted as he wrapped a cloak around you. You could only nod and let him guide you away to a corner of the little cave. You got settled on the ground as Oin stepped up, looking you over to make sure you weren’t hurt.

“Going to need a few more cloaks and blankets, if you can spare them. Lest she catch a fever.” Oin announced, and immediately those things were thrust in your direction from different people. You would have smiled, thanked them, but then you heard Thorin’s muttering, catching the tale end of it.

“…is a burden…”

Your eyes filled with tears as you wrapped yourself up in a tight little ball against the cold air. You felt someone sit down next to you, shifting in their spot before they spoke.

“Would you like me to read one of your stories?”

The cave seemed quiet, at least to you, so you only whispered it, “I’m not in the mood for any stories now, Ori.”
Everyone, except you, had made their distaste for Thorin’s words exceedingly clear. While you were curled up in the corner under your army of blankets, distracted by Ori’s chatter and your own doubts of self-worth, everyone else took advantage of your lack of attention to make something very clear to their fearless leader.

It started with Kili, who walked by Thorin without a glance, bumping (or shoving) his shoulder hard. Hard enough to get Thorin’s attention. Thorin went to say something, but fell silent as Kili took up the space on your other side, throwing an arm around you as he tried to cheer you up.

Fili didn’t do anything as drastic, just fixed his uncle with an unhappy look before setting down. Dwalin didn’t really say or do anything, but Thorin could feel the air of disproval wafting off of him. Oin had made quite a few comments about how mental health was as important as physical health, how a smile and kind heart could go a long way. How it was needed in the company.

The implication was clear that he was talking about your smile and your kind heart.

It didn’t help Thorin’s mood.

It was finally Bilbo who spoke up, enough for you to hear. “Shall I leave as well?”

Your eyes snapped up in shock at Bilbo’s words. You looked at him as he squared off to Thorin. “Because she only fell because she grabbed me. I would have tumbled off that cliff if not for Y/n. She saved my life, and I am grateful to her. So if you are going to punish her for those actions, send her back, then I feel it is only fair you send me too.”

Bilbo straightened out as he awaited Thorin’s response, but it never came.

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You were so mad at yourself right now. Honestly, how dare Thorin speak to you like that! And how dare you let him speak to you like that! At the time, you were shell shocked, from falling, almost dying, you didn’t fight back, didn’t defend yourself. Now that you were calm, and all warmed up from the blankets and cloak…oh fuck yea, you were ready for war, baby!

You got your pack all put together, quietly, as everyone slept. Bofur saw you doing it, but he didn’t say anything. He also saw something else, something you missed, which was probably why he
didn’t try to stop you.

“What are you doing?”

Oh…so here is where the battlefield will be? “Packing. Apparently I need to return to Rivendell. Being a stupid girl and all, I hope my dumb ass can find the way.” You bit back, extremely pissed that Thorin ever dared to call you a ‘stupid girl’.

“Y/n.”

“Oh, back to using my name now? That’s new!” You growled, your voice rising. A few shifted in their sleep and you heard Thorin lower his voice to be quieter.

“I owe you an apology.”

“What else is fucking new.” You got up and tried to swing your pack onto your shoulder, but Thorin just snatched it from you and tossed it to the side. “What the actual fuck, Thorin?!”

“I need you to listen to me.” Thorin shifted his eyes around, becoming a bit shifty, worried that others were listening in. “I…My choice of words was unfortunate.”

Really?

Your face fell into a ‘very un-fucking-amused’ face and you felt your teeth grind together as you really tried to keep yourself from punching him.

“I was…concerned…for your wellbeing at the time. And I believe that may have spurred my anger to rise, and I voiced it, inappropriately.”

You just blinked. “If you are going to be king you are really going to have to work on your political talk, because that was all fucking bullshit.” You deadpanned.

Thorin let out an irritated sigh as he looked over to the others, ensuring they were still asleep. And
that wasn’t going to fly.

You reached up and snapped your fingers by his ear, making his head snap back. He clearly didn’t like it. You clearly didn’t care.

“If you want to apologize, then fucking apologize. Get off that high horse called pride and do it. Otherwise get out of my way so I can leave.”

Silence echoed the chamber as you stared at Thorin, and he stared at you. Neither was willing to give. You wanted a fucking apology and he seemed incapable of giving you a real one.

“I…” Thorin started but let it fall flat.

“Fine.” You growled as you knelt down and picked up your pack. Once it was in your hand you turned towards the exit. Only then did you see Bofur’s smile as he tried not to snicker or let a laugh out. You were about to snap at him, tell him you were serious on your threat…

“I’m sorry.” Thorin called after you. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have spoken that way to you. It was wrong, and you did not deserve my ire. You are a member of the company, and if you wish to return, no one would fault you…but we would miss you.” You turned to look over your shoulder. Thorin stood there, his body unyielding. But his eyes, those blue eyes, they told another story. You could see the remorse of his actions there, how sorry he was. He almost looked scared as his eyes drifted down to look at your pack. He seemed scared for you to leave.

You sighed. “You and I…” You signaled between Thorin and yourself, “we need to work on communication.”

Thorin took the little joke as an acceptance of his apology and let a soft smile come across his face. “Then you will stay?”

You stopped to think about it for a second and shrugged. “For now…who knows when you will piss me off again.” There was a chuckle from behind you, from Bofur who as on guard, but you didn’t pay them any mind. It was Thorin you were focused on. He let out a sigh and the tension seemed to drift from his body.

You stepped up to him, cautiously, and smiled before wrapping your arms around his shoulders for a
hug. “Thank you, Thorin. For apologizing.”

You felt Thorin’s arms tighten around you, holding you gently against him. “You are a brave woman, Y/n. Don’t ever doubt yourself, or let others doubt you.”

“Not even you?” You whispered into his ear, feeling the soft wisps of hair tickle your cheek as you tightened your hold on him for a moment. His scent filled your nose as his warmth radiated from him.

“Especially not me.”

Chapter End Notes

How can you be so frustrating, yet still make my heart pound? (Go to "Empty Threats")

Your an asshole, I’m out! (Go to "Giant")
After Thorin had apologized, he “escorted” you back to your bedroll. It was cute, actually, how he guided you over and then when he realized Nori had rolled over onto it, he put a foot firmly on Nori’s back and used it to shove him off.

“I suggest you get some rest. The mountain is a difficult trek.” Thorin offered you, but first giving your head a light bump.

“Goodnight.” You whispered to him and settled down.

You had approximately 38 seconds to enjoy this peace.

Then the floor decided to say a big “FUCK YOU” and disappeared.

Goblins were awful, but this was worse.

“Y/n, run!” Thorin shouted at you.

“Up the trees!” Someone shouted. You reached the far one and looked back to see the Wargs running towards you. And a little part of your brain, in the very back, just rolled its eyes and said, ‘did you really expect anything else?’

“Y/n.” Thorin caught your attention, putting his hands out to help you into the tree. Dwalin was there on the other end, ready to hoist you up. And they managed to just in time, allowing Thorin to get up before the Wargs attacked.

“Climb!” Thorin shouted as the wargs managed to get at some of the close branches. “Y/n, go up. I’ll stay behind you.” You nodded and quickly climbed up higher and higher until you found a safe
place, Thorin across from you.

It gave you a front row seat to hear when Thorin whispered the name of the one hunting them.

“Azog.”

000

“THORIN!” You screamed as loud as you could. You had tried to stop him from going after Azog, but slipped and had to focus on not falling. “THORIN!”

But no matter how hard you screamed, you could do nothing. You could only dangle there and watch as the warg bit down on him as if he were a plush chew toy. Dwalin was screaming next to you, trying so hard to get up and go to him.

No, you cried in your heart. Thorin can’t die. He can’t! You kept trying, harder and harder to get up into the tree, so you could help. You did manage to get a foot hold and hoist up.

Then the limb snapped.

000

A giant eagle had caught you on your plummet to Earth, but frankly, you didn’t give a damn. Thorin. Where was Thorin?!

You thought your heart would break, you had to know he was okay. You had to. The eagle a few before you had dropped him off, followed by Gandalf. “Please…Please live…” You begged him from afar. “I can’t… I can’t watch you die…”

You bolted to him once you could, with Gandalf muttering a few words, Dwalin had to grab you to keep you from going forward.

“Let me go!” You screamed at the dwarf. You needed to be with Thorin, Thorin needed help!
And then Thorin took a breath. The breath of air you hadn’t even realized you were holding rushed out of you quickly as your knees gave out, leaving only Dwalin to hold you up. “He’s alive…”

You worked to regain your senses as Thorin yelled over to Bilbo, hugged him, and then walked away. They all did, leaving you to just stand there in shock.

Thorin nearly died.

Your heart was pounding, your body felt faint. He almost died. You would have never heard his voice again, seen that smile again, looked into those eyes again. You could feel the hug he gave you in the cave, almost imprinted on your skin.

You would have never been able to talk to him again. To tell him…

“Y/n?” Your head snapped up as the tears fell down your cheeks. “We’re safe now, Lass. No need to cry!” Gloin walked over to comfort you, but then you looked up and your eyes connected with those blue ones.

And you saw red.

“YOU CLOT HEAD!” You stormed over to him and grabbed his tunic in your hands, pulling him forward. “WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!” Your voice broke as you spoke, making you have to take it down a bit.

“You could have died! DIED!” You didn’t even realize your hands were shaking. “You are our leader, our king, what are we supposed to do if I lose you?!” You didn’t realize the slip up. A few others did though.

“What if…” A sob left you and you finally broke down. “What if…”

“I’m sorry.” Thorin whispered to you, pulling you close to him as you sobbed into his chest. “Forgive me.”
“You stupid head.” You growled out. “Pull your…head out…”

“Of my ass, it isn’t a hat, I know.” Thorin finished for you, his amusement in his voice making you a bit fussy. But you just held onto him until you had calmed down.

“Don’t do it again, ever again! Do you understand me?!” You shouted as you looked up to him with your tear stained face. Thorin’s eyes softened as he looked to you. “I’ll run you through with that elf sword of yours if you do.”

“Of course, Fallen Star.” Thorin whispered to you, pressing his forehead against yours, closing his eyes as if he were memorizing the moment, before stepping away. “We should head down the cliff.” He paused for a moment, leaving a hand on your back, smiling for a moment before completely walking away.

You just nodded as you wiped your eyes and took a steady breath. “It’s alright, Y/n. He will be fine.”

“Don’t get me started on your little fucking stunt Bilbo Baggins.” You growled at him playfully. “You were equally as stupid.”

“Oh, I agree. But it worked, didn’t it?” He joked with you, helping you over to the edge of the cliff where you could follow the others.

“It did.” You smiled for a moment, looking ahead to see Thorin slowly sliding down a little incline, wincing as he did so. It did work. Bilbo did save Thorin’s life. He was alive, and well. “Should he be doing that?” You asked to yourself, watching Thorin jump from one rock to another to get down.

And for the first time in…ever…Oin actually heard exactly what you said. “What are ye…THORIN STOP THAT THIS INSTANT!” Wow, you didn’t realize Oin could move that fast. “Ye are like a dwarflin’! Know your limits, you daft fool! Or else I’ll sick the lass on ye!”

That got a good round of laughter, even from you, as Thorin looked sheepishly over his shoulder, meeting your eye. “We wouldn’t want that, now would we.”
Chapter End Notes

I am going after you, if you would open your eyes and see it. (Go to "Stinging Pride")

I don’t know if I can deal with all of this, it’s a bit too much. (Go to "Giant")
You were a mess of emotions and nerves. After everything, and then almost losing Thorin…it really made you stop and evaluate everything. And honestly, the number one thing that came to mind.

What do I feel towards Thorin?

You had no shame to admit that you found him attractive. Like, having dreams about him that would make people blush if you talked about it attractive, but what else? You thought back to all the little moments you had with him so far, staying up late and talking, the little arguments, the big arguments, the way he held you when you sobbed on the carrock. Every time, your heart would pound. Even now, just looking up to him as he talked with Gandalf…

“Y/n?” You pulled your mind back as you looked up, practically straining your neck to do so, at your host. “Would you like more milk?”

“No, thank you, Beorn.”

Beorn, he was a bear of a man…literally. It seemed so strange to imagine that this kind hearted soul and that raging bear were the same person, but Gandalf assured you it was so. And you couldn’t complain too much, as it was only with Beorn’s generosity that you and the company could rest here, in peace. And it was that peace that allowed you to do all of this thinking.

Think. Think. Think. That was all you had done for the last couple days. Ugh, it made your head hurt. You glanced back over to Thorin, noticing how he was fidgeting in his seat as if he were uncomfortable. Every now and then he would wince. Was he still hurt? You opened your mouth to bring it up, but then he excused himself and made a hasty retreat.

Well, fine then.

So you sat with the company, just poking at your food. You felt a little twinge in your heart and you realized, as you looked up at the now empty seat, you missed Thorin. Oh hell, you were that girl, weren’t you? You were that lovesick girl in every romantic comedy that started out by not liking the guy and then you saw his good side.
You let your head fall forward and thunk the table.

“Lass?”

“Hmmm…”

“Never mind.” Gloin stated, thankfully having picked up on your tone. You didn’t want to talk to anyone about it. Actually, that wasn’t true. You wanted to talk to Thorin about it. That was what needed to happen. After everything, you wanted to talk to Thorin, and to make sure he was alright.

That’s it. You got up and excused yourself quickly, following after the direction Thorin went. You needed to get this sorted out. So you would go make sure he was okay, see how you felt about that, and then make a decision on what to do. Yep, great plan.

You heard Thorin’s voice drift in from the side room, so you didn’t even think twice about opening the door. “Thorin, I wanted to make sure you were…okay?” Your mouth formed and ‘O’ shape as you took in the sight before you.

You caught the King with his pants down.

No…this wasn’t a joke.

He had his pants, down around his ankles, his shirt had been pulled over so his ass…and what a fine fucking ass it was…was just standing out for you to see. You had to bite down on your lip to keep from giggling as Thorin stared at you and turned red. Oh holy shit, even his cheeks were blushing! AND NOT THE ONES ON HIS FACE!

A snort left you before you could stop it, quickly clamping a hand over your mouth. You took a steady breath as the door swung closed behind you, Thorin just staring at you like a deer in the headlights.

“Uh…what…?” You tried, but you couldn’t. You…just…just… “Why are your pants off?” Your voice was about two octaves higher as you tried not to laugh.
Just…let that sink in for a moment.

…

“I thought I locked that door.”

You couldn’t help it, you just reached out, no taking your eyes away from him, and flipped over the little lock. “Didn’t answer my question.”

“I would like some privacy.” Thorin practically growled that. You could tell he wanted nothing more than to bend over and pull his pants back up…but…pffs…butt….he couldn’t without giving you a great view…of his butt…

“Oh huh…” You took a step back as Thorin nodded towards the door. “Okay…I just…you seemed hurt at the table, do you need help? After you pull your pants back up, of course.”

Oh…now…that was a look you hadn’t seen on Thorin’s face yet. Oh, that was a guilty look, like hands caught in the cookie jar look. Heaven help you…you had to know what was causing that look.

“I, um,” He took a breath before rolling his eyes, submitting to his fate. “I sat on a bee.” You couldn’t respond, because frankly, you didn’t understand. “And, uh, the stinger is…stuck.”

Yea…let it settle in.

…

You. Fucking. Lost it.

“It’s not funny!” It only made you laugh harder, using the door to keep you upright as he glared daggers at you. It was like the glare of a little fluffy kitten. Yea, he may be pissed, but he couldn’t do anything about it now!
“Oh, sweetie…” You straightened out and put your hands on your hips. “Is it still stuck?”

Thorin nodded sheepishly, but then panicked as you stepped forward. “What are you doing?!”

“I’m going to pull it out. You can’t exactly sit with a stinger up your ass…although it is—“

“Don’t you dare.” You fixed him with a look, just chuckling.

“Okay, but seriously, just let me do it. I can just pull it out right now, and it will be done.”

You honestly thought he would say no, but when a knock and the excited voice of Kili came about, he must have panicked. “Quickly.” He ushered you as he shifted so you could see.

And there it was, a little black stinger stuck in his right ass cheek. You know…he had a nice perky, round ass.

“Wow, Thorin. Seeing a whole side of you today.” You snickered at your own joke. Oh, you would never forget this moment.

“Anytime now.”

“Sorry, just enjoying the view…” You joked (it wasn’t a joke, you were being honest). You bit your lip to keep from laughing as you tried to grab the singer, but…

“You’re going to have to bend over.”

“What?!” Thorin turned around so fast his braid side swiped your face. “Absolutely not!”

“It is stuck! If you bend over it should push it out a little and I can get a grip on it!” He just glared at you. And if glares could kill…whoooy boy… “Or would you rather me let Kili in here to do it?!?”
“I can’t bend over.” Thorin left no room for discussion. But you didn’t care about that.

“What? Why?”

“If I bend over you will…see things…”

“Like what, your ass? You may be a royal ass, but it’s still just an ass. Kinda already have…oh…” You couldn’t help it as the realization of what he was talking about, your eyes drifted down. A little flush crossed your face before you looked back up to him. The look he gave you was one of shock. Why yes, Thorin, I was just checking you out. “What? You know what, just bend the fuck over!”

“No!”

“Yes, I need to get it out!”

“I said no, end of discussion!”

“Thorin, so help me, if you don’t bend over, I’ll bend you over by fucking force!”

“You wouldn’t dare.” He growled at you.

“Try me.” You growled back, leaning in so you were just a nose away from him. There was a moment of tension between you. Clear tension. “Bend. Over.”

Thorin seemed to wilt at that. He was going to give in, you knew he would. He shifted forward, turning away from you and then slowly, he would bend over just a bit, and then straighten with a sigh of exasperation. Then do it again.

When he bent forward a bit again, you put your hand on his back and pushed him forward with some force. “You are enjoying this far too much.” He grumbled.
“I literally caught the king under the mountain with his pants down. I’m having a fucking ball!” You admitted as you then reached out. And as you guessed it would, the stinger came right out.

“Did you get it?” Thorin asked, hands on his knees, red faced and red cheeked again.

“Yep.” You couldn’t help as you reached out and gave his butt a little pinch. “You got a cute butt!”

The speed with which he put his pants on was the funniest thing you had ever see in your life.

At least until you opened the door and saw Kili in shock, having heard you and Thorin yelling at each other about him bending over and your comments about his ass. Then, as quickly as you had opened the door, Thorin strode forward and slammed it shut and locked it.

“You will not say a word.” He warned. And to take some credit. You didn’t. But you did laugh your fucking ass off when Kili asked you about it later. And if you happened to catch Thorin later when it was just the two of you, and gave his butt a little pinch, that was your own business. Between you and him. Especially when he walked past and pinched yours in retaliation.

At least you had no doubt about your feelings for Thorin anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Nope, no doubt. I want to touch that butt…again. (Go to "Defending His Honor")

Yea, I already touched that butt, I’m good… (Go to "Mascot")
The surprisingly light hearted report you had going with Thorin lasted for a bit. After the whole bee sting incident, he seemed to not take himself so seriously around you. I mean, he really couldn’t anymore, could he?

Still, it was nice, and it really did show you his fun loving and relaxed side. When you were walking beside him or riding your pony from Beorn, he would chat with you about Erebor and the Blue Mountains. He would share his hopes with you, what he wanted to see Erebor become.

There was a light in his eyes that sparkled like a diamond in the sun every time Erebor was brought up, that little ray of hope.

But that little ray of hope was gone now.

So was Thorin’s smile and light heartedness.

You couldn’t blame him, so was yours.

You couldn’t feel happy or joyful when you had a guard flanking each of your sides while some pompous asshat elf talked down to you. The spiders were bad enough, but this guy? You wanted to pull his hair out and shove it down his throat, especially with how he was talking to Thorin.

He tried getting you to talk to him first, but you just stared at the elf. Honestly, you got along so well with the last elves you met, what made these ones so different? Maybe Lord Elrond should come teach this dick bag a fucking lesson in manners!

But you didn’t think on that too long, you were instead focusing on your massively growing anger. Thranduil…more like Thrandick…bent at the waist to look Thorin in the eye. You couldn’t quite hear it, but you saw Thorin’s shoulders tense, his eyes burn a whole into Thrandick. You had enough.

“What is your fucking problem, blondie?!” You spat out at him, speaking for the first time since you
arrived in this ridiculous place. Seriously, it’s called weeding, y’all. Wouldn’t have such a problem in this place if you did some damn weeding.

Your statement left both kings speechless as they both slowly turned their head towards you. Thranduil look at you with a mix of shock and rage. Thorin, and this is what really made you up your game, had this look of intense pride on his face. That smirk…damn, it made you want to kiss him.

“And excuse me?”

“What? I thought elves were supposed to have good hearing.” Thorin bit back a smile at that. “I do apologize though, I feel a bit bad for you. Thorin, we really should help him…” You gave Thorin a mock sad look. “That pompous stick is shoved so far up his ass it’s coming out his head!” You pointed to Thrandick’s stick crown thingy before leaning towards him a bit.

“You know, give us a couple good pulls, we might be able to get it back out.” You mimed as if you were holding something and giving a good tug, and the king’s face became nothing but a snarl.

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The bars slammed in your face as the guards stalked off, leaving you alone in your corner cell with Thorin. Seriously…some people couldn’t take a fucking joke. Especially that elf king. Your aunt always said, after a few drinks and stumbling around like a daft idiot, ‘if you can’t laugh at yourself, others will do it for you.’ You were providing a service for that elf, really.

But still, you looked over your shoulder to see Thorin staring down at the floor, thinking to himself. Perhaps they could have figured out an agreement for freedom, had you not spoken so poorly.

“I’m sorry, Thorin.” You whispered to him as you leaned back against the wall across from him.

Thorin looked up, and you were surprised to see smile on his face. “What for?”

“We could have been on our way to Erebor by now if I kept my mouth shut.” You said with a sigh.
Thorin just chuckled as he held his hand out to you, pulling you over next to him. “There is no need for apology. I thank you, actually, for coming to the defense of my honor.” He lifted your hand up and pressed a sweet kiss to your knuckles. “I must say, I never thought I would see the day when someone would say something like that to Thranduil.”

“Yea…You know, I always thought your hatred of elves was odd, but now…yea, they can be real dicks.”

Thorin chuckled with you.

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The two of you found yourselves sitting in the corner of your cell just talking a while later. It had gotten a bit cold, so you were snuggled up next to Thorin for warmth, his arm wrapped around you as your head rested on his chest.

“Do you think we will get out of here?” You asked softly, so no one else would hear.

“I have faith in our burglar.” You felt his hands drift up and run through your hair. You closed your eyes and hummed in approval at the nice feeling, shifting against Thorin some more.

“You are going to make me fall asleep.” You mumbled, barely able to keep your eyes open.

“Then rest.” He whispered to you, his lips almost skimming your forehead as he did. “I'll wake you when we leave.”

“You better…” You let your mind relax, listening to the beating of his heart against your cheek. In moments, you then felt a rumble in his chest. After a few moments, you realized he was humming to you, comforting you to help you sleep. His hum became soft words as your mind drifted off.

“Far over the Misty Mountains cold…”

Chapter End Notes
I will always come to your defense, Thorin. (Go to "Lighten His Heart")

I think I'm becoming a bit too attached… (Go to "Barrels")
You sat at the table with the other dwarves, smiling as they sang songs and drank and told tales. It was strange to have this little reprieve after all the bad that had happened so far on the journey. But at the same time, you all had worked hard, and you deserved it. So when the Master of Lake Town welcomed the company and threw a big party for them, you didn’t hesitate to enjoy yourself.

But it was hard to stay completely happy when you noticed something off. Or more importantly, someone off.

Thorin.

He would have these moments when he would be jovial and happy with the others, and then just like a switch being thrown, he would seem down. You couldn’t place it, what was making him feel like that. It bothered you. If anyone should be happy and joyful today, it should be him. Tomorrow you and the company would take a boat and be in Erebor by night fall.

It was after a little bit you noticed Thorin get up and sneak off on his own, not saying anything to anyone, just walking away looking so stoic. You gave it a few moments and followed. You walked down the hall and up a flight of stairs, trying to keep a light heart about the situation, but it seemed so dire, the look on Thorin’s face.

You had found him standing outside on a big balcony, looking towards the mountain. The moon was high in the sky, lighting it’s peak with an almost unearthly glow. The solitary peak blotting out the stars behind it, demanding attention to all those who looked in its direction.

“It’s beautiful.” You spoke as you stepped out into the cool night. Thorin just too a deep breath at hearing your words.

“It is even more so inside.” He lamented. “At least, it was.”

“And so it will be again.” You tried to keep your attitude chipper, happy, hoping it would rub off on him. “And I am certain it is still beautiful, those crafted halls you always tell me about, the bridges that crisscross up and down the mountain.” You stepped up next to him and looked out over the lake. “I suppose I will see firsthand tomorrow, won’t I?”
You gave Thorin a smile, but he didn’t reciprocate, only looking at you for a moment before looking down. You reached out and put a hand on his arm, “What is it?”

Thorin shook his head as he spoke. “I have spent all this time, all these years, dreaming of this day.” He looked up to the mountain with this look of utter awe on his face, as if he never really thought he would have made it this far. And then he looked to you, almost helplessly, “Now that I’m here, I’m not sure what to do.”

Oh, sweet Thorin. You could only beam at him as you reached up and pushed his hair back from his shoulder, pulling the curtain away from his face so he could see you properly. “Enjoy it.” You spoke as you met his eyes. “Enjoy the happy moment, don’t let it slip away with thoughts of tomorrow and what if’s.”

Thorin’s lips turned up in a soft smile. “You always seem to know what to say to tame my thoughts, Fallen Star.” He chuckled as he thought back. “That or to put me in my place.”

“Well, I guess that makes me the Thorcupine tamer.” You gave him a little wink.

He smiled wider as you turned back to the door. “Don’t let those worrisome thoughts bring you down, alright?” You went to step away, to give him some privacy, but he caught your arm. His hand gently encircled where he was holding as he sent you a soft, almost longing look.

“Stay with me?” He asked with a whisper. “I dare not be alone with my thoughts this night, lest they take me over.”

Your heart skipped a beat as you nodded. It took you but a moment to lift his arm up and around you so you could step up against his side, setting your head against his shoulder. “I’ll stay with you as long as you want.” You whispered back to him.

His arm tightened around you as he rested your head against him. “Be careful, I may never let you go.”

You turned to face him, looking into his eye seriously. “I wouldn’t mind that.” You felt your heart would burst from your chest as you gripped your courage tight and leaned forward, pressing a gentle kiss to his lips. A kiss he gave into and followed with his own.
You both spent the rest of the night out there, wrapped in each other’s arms, sharing gentle kisses and embraces. The only time you separated was when Thorin went in to fetch a thick blanket to wrap you both up in.

The sun rose in the East and your eyes fluttered open as Thorin shifted. You looked up and smiled at him, enjoying the smile you got in return. “Ready to go claim your mountain, King Under the Mountain?” You said sweetly.

He just chuckled as he gave you a little squeeze. “We have some time left yet…” He settled back and enjoyed the morning, as did you, with just each other’s quiet company, oblivious to the warm smile and look you were receiving from a few dwarves inside.

Chapter End Notes

I will stay by your side, my dearest Thorin. (Go to "Sickness")

It was a sweet night…but… I don’t know… (Go to "Dragon")
Sickness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You were reaching your limit, in both patience, anger, and the feeling of helplessness. And Balin, as sweet as he was and how he always tried to think of the best for everyone, he was just adding fucking fuel to the fire.

“Please!” You begged. “Just let me see him!”

This was the third time you had to beg your case to Balin or someone else. Everything was grand, that night in Lake Town…the kiss, the embraces, and although you didn’t voice it out loud, you had no doubt what Thorin felt for you and what you felt for him.

But once the dragon was gone…he changed. You heard everyone talk about it, calling it dragon sickness or gold sickness, whatever it was it was a sickness, meaning that Thorin wasn’t himself. If he was sick, maybe you could help. But that was the problem, no one would let you near him.

It started with Fili and Kili. You were going to talk to Thorin, everyone saying that he wasn’t sleeping or eating like he should, so you were going to talk to him. Fili and Kili came out of the room with dark looks on their faces. You met them with a smile, but they didn’t respond. They did drag you back away from the room, insisting they needed you to come with them at once.

And it was little things like that the others did to keep you away. Bilbo needing help with something. Ori got hurt and needed someone to sit with him. Dwalin just up and tossed you over his shoulder and took off at a run at one point.

And you couldn’t understand why. And it was pissing you the fuck off.

“I’m sorry, Lass.” Balin said with a sad look. “I can’t…I can’t in good conscious let you go to him.”

“Why not!!” You shouted at him. “Balin, it’s Thorin! Thorin! He won’t hurt me!”

“You don’t know that!” You didn’t know what shocked you more. The statement, or that Balin had
actually raised his voice to you. But as soon as he did, he took a deep breath and you could see his age catch up with him, all that worry and fear. “Lass…you haven’t been around someone who was sick with this. You don’t understand.”

“Then tell me, Balin. Maybe, maybe I can help him.”

“Lass…this sickness makes him just like a dragon. He is quick to anger, possessive, and…I don’t want to push it.”

You looked at him with confusion. So he continued. “I saw you two that night in Lake Town, Y/n.” He gave you a sad smile. “I’ve never seen Thorin with anyone like that before, not in all his years. You mean something to him, something special.”

“Then maybe—“

“Which is why it is dangerous for you.” Balin took your hands in his. “Lass, he isn’t himself. If he,” Balin sighed as he finally let his fears out. “He could lash out at you, Lass. Please…just…stay away from him, until we get a grip on this, alright?”

You couldn’t help but stare down at your feet. Thorin…the Thorin who, sure, he could lash out with mean words, but he always apologized. The Thorin who smiled and brightened your world, who held you in Mirkwood and in Lake Town, who got a fucking bee stinger stuck in his ass…

He would never hurt you.

You wanted to tell Balin such, but you didn’t get a chance before Thorin’s voice barked out orders from inside the treasury, the one place you weren’t allowed to go. “Stay here, Lass.” Balin spoke sadly before walking away.

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Thorin would never hurt you.

You were certain of it. So when the armies of Dain and Thranduil and Lake Town came, and the
battle started, you knew you had to do something. Thorin would never hide away like this. You had to talk with him, make him see. You could make him see.

You slipped away just as Dwalin came back, red eyed and looking broken. You didn’t stay to listen why, instead you just walked forward. You first went to the treasury, but he wasn’t there. Not the throne…

It was then you remembered, your feet guiding you to the hall where the golden floor was. And there, standing in the center, with his crown on his head, his armor, and furs…

The love of your life.

Thorin.

You took a deep breath and stepped forward. It was time you spoke to him.

Chapter End Notes

I can do this, for you Thorin. (Go to "Lifeline")
You stepped forward, your feet guiding you as your heart pounded. You didn’t dare let your eyes leave Thorin, letting them stay glued to his back. As you got closer you could hear him muttering to himself, his voice different than it was before, harsher, colder.

He went to take a step and stumbled. “Thorin?” You called out to him, but he must not have heard you as he tried to take another step. You could hear his breath coming out in quick pants, as if he were terrified. You got to his side just as he stumbled again.

You were quick as you reached out and gripped his arm, pulling him back to you. “Thorin!” You called again, his hand snapped around your forearm as his eyes met yours. The look of panic, grief, disbelief fluttering about.

“Y/n?”

000

Thorin walked through his golden hall, the shine captivating his mind, setting it free. He heard voices around him, his own, Balin’s, Dwalin’s, others. They were swirling around him like a symphony, pulling him in and out of reality.

“Treasure such as this cannot be counted in lives lost.” The voice he heard say that was his own, but he didn’t recognize the words. He couldn’t remember when he said that. Why he said it. He closed his eyes as the symphony got louder, crying out to him, multiple at once calling out to him.

Was he mad? Had he really fallen mad?

Thorin looked down and saw his reflection, a king he did not recognize. A voice echoed in his mind, “Oakenshield.”

“It drove your grandfather mad!” A voice screamed, making him stumble a moment.
Was he mad too? The gold below his feet beckoned him forward, calling him to come closer, to come deeper into the darkness. It had an almost glow about it as the voices slowly drifted away, leaving only his own.

“I am not my grandfather.”

There was a sound behind him, a sound that made him shiver. He didn’t look back, because he couldn’t believe it. That deep stuttered intake of breath, the sound of the scales shifting. He looked down into the gold and he saw him, swimming just below the floor. Smaug.

He tried to escape, but stumbled as the floor started to rise up around him, engulfing him in nothing but gold. He tried to escape, tried climbing out, but it was too slick, too smooth. He felt his feet fall out from under him, he was falling down, down into the molten gold that would consume him.

But something grabbed him, it latched onto his arm and pulled him up and out of the depths of the gold and into reality. He clung to it desperately as the world around him faded back into view. There was no more voices, no more shifting floor, no more Smaug. It was just him.

He was just him. And then he looked at the hand around his arm, and then up.

“Y/n?”

000

You watched in shock as Thorin’s face contorted in pain. He looked away and around for a moment before he took a ragged breath. “What have I done?”

“Thorin…” You whispered to him, pulling on his arm gently to keep him grounded. “Look at me.”

“The company…Dain…Bilbo…” Then his eyes snapped up to you. “Y/n?” A tear fell from his eyes and down his face as he looked to you, so broken, so lost. And you knew then. Your Thorin. Thorin Oakenshield, was back.
You didn’t hesitate to pull him closer to you. “It’s alright.” Your own eyes filled with tears as you wiped his away. “You are alright.”

“I…I killed Bilbo?” He struggled to remember, that was clear.

“No. Bilbo is safe. He is with Gandalf.”

Thorin looked into your eyes, a pain flashing there that was unmeasurable. “Did I hurt you?”

“No. Oh, Thorin, no!” You pulled him against you, his thick armor making it difficult to hold him properly, but that didn’t matter. You let your hands drift up and into his hair, lightly rubbing against his head as you felt him take a staggered breath. “I’m just…I’m so happy you are back.”

Thorin seemed to sag against you, as if hearing your words made the weight he was holding crumble. You helped him stand back straight as you ran your hands over his chest. “Let’s get you out of this, okay?”

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You walked beside Thorin as he rejoined the company, standing next to him with pride as he addressed the company. You would stand strong, for Thorin’s sake, if anything else.

The company began to discard their fancy armor and weaponry, taking up their own tools they had traveled with to Erebor. They finally looked like the company again, the company that took you in and made you welcome in this world. And Thorin…

Thorin.

You smiled as you saw him talk with Balin and Dwalin, bumping their heads together in a familiar way before he stepped up to his nephews, doing the same. You waited off to the side until he turned back to you, a sad smile on his face.

“You have been like an angel to this company, guiding us, helping us on our way.”
“Please,” you joked. “Don’t you see my horn and tail?” Thorin smiled at you, a true smile as he reached for your hand, taking it slowly into his. You knew what he wanted to tell you he would be back, but you also knew he couldn’t make that promise. So you made a different one.

You pulled your hand from his and reached up to your necklace, the necklace your mother had given you. “Wear this for me?” You held it out to him. “For luck.”

Thorin could only give you a little bow as he let you fix it around his neck. “My mother said it would protect me if I wore it. May it do the same for you.” You left your arms around his neck, letting him pull you against him again.

You took a steady breath as you pulled him into a kiss, ignoring whatever whistles and sounds were around you. Thorin held you close, bringing a hand up to weave into your hair as the kiss deepened. Your heart ached, knowing what dangers were lying before him.

“Promise me. I know you really can’t, but promise me anyway…” You begged him. “Promise me you will come back. I love you too much to lose you now.”

Thorin’s face crumpled as he pulled you against him, burying his face in your neck. “I promise, Amralime. I will do all in my power to return to you.” He pressed a kiss upon your neck. “My love.” He reached up and cupped your cheek, wiping away the stray tear that dared to fall.

You reached up and gripped his hand tightly before giving his palm a kiss. “I’ll be waiting for you here.” Thorin pulled you in for another searing kiss, as if he were sealing the promise he had made to you. And then he had no choice but to step away. To step away and go down to battle.

Chapter End Notes

Please, Thorin. Come back to me. (Go to "Recovery")
Recovery

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You took a ragged breath as you stepped into the tent. Dori had walked with you, guiding you along, holding your hand. You would apologize later, you felt like you would break his damn fingers. Especially when you laid eyes on Thorin. A shiver ran through your body as you looked upon him.

“Oin?” Dori called out, getting the old healer’s attention.

“Lass…come in.” But you couldn’t move. You had to hear, you had know first. You gave Dori’s hand a squeeze and he asked the question that damn near had you in tears.

“Oh, he’ll be fine. He will struggle for a bit with the healing, but he will recover.” Oin whispered to you, putting an arm on your back and guiding you forward. “He would want you by him, Lass. Can you keep an eye? I need to check on the two twits next door.”

You nodded as you gave him an unfeeling smile. Twits, he probably meant Kili and Fili. They were conscious, you could hear them in their half drugged state singing tunes and such in the distance. But Thorin. He just lay there, asleep. Beaten. Bruised. Cute up.

“Can I…he is covered in dirt, can I?” You reached out for the bowl of water and a wet rag, taking it from Oin as he nodded before ducking out. Dori also gave you a little nod and stepped out, giving you and Thorin some privacy.

You started with his face, gently running the cloth down his cheek and pulling up the dirt, blood, and sweat. With every swipe down his face his normal color started to come back, making him look like the Thorin who kissed you before leaving.

“You know, I didn’t think I would have to stipulate.” You sighed, “When I said come back, I meant well and alive, you ass.” You grumbled to him, secretly hoping his eyes would open and he would have some witty response. But he didn’t, so you just went on.

“Bilbo is fine by the way. He says he forgives you for what happens, we all do.”
It had been well into the night when you finally drifted off to sleep. You had cleaned Thorin’s face and neck, his shoulders and arms, hands. You were going to clean his chest and such too, but you didn’t want to risk getting water in the bandages. When you finished, you laid your head down on his cot by his hand, letting your head rest against his side as you drifted off into a fitful sleep.

The dreams were your nightmares, where Thorin didn’t come back. None of the company came back. You stood before their graves and cried, and cried. You sobbed and screamed and begged, but they never came back. And then you heard a voice, a soft hum.

It pulled you from the nightmare and back into reality. You felt a hand weave through your hair as the hum took on a smiling tone. “Do not cry, Amralime.”

You knew that voice.

Your eyes opened and met with those wild blue ones. The tears (which were already falling down your face due to your nightmare) intensified. “Thorin.”

You were up and in his arms in a matter of seconds. He let out a huff, which was a laugh, or so you assumed, as he gently wrapped his arms around you. “Y/n, my Fallen Star.” He whispered into your chest. “I thought I would never see you again, my love.”

“You… YOU!” You snapped back, grabbing his face in your hands to make sure he was looking at you. “I ought to skin you alive! I was worried sick, you ass!” And just like that you pulled him in for a kiss, one he happily returned.

“Forgive me.” He whispered against your lips, a smile falling there when you nestled against him. “Oin will have words about you joining me here.”

“Oin can suck it.”
And Oin very well did. When he walked in, you just fixed him with a look. He didn’t say a damm word. You did eventually move when he had to fix Thorin’s bandages. Instead, you helped Thorin sit up straight and move the wrapping around his stomach. “Do you want some water?”

Thorin just nodded as he took deep breaths against the pain as Oin fussed about. You had helped him take a deep drink when someone you didn’t recognize joined the fun.

“Cousin! You’re well!” You looked up to see a, honestly he looked a bit ridiculous, dwarf. Really… did he actually make his beard look like tusks? Oh boy. You just ignored him as you set the water back on the table. “Get out, Lassie. Need to talk to the king alone.”

Oh. Okay.

You heard Thorin mutter your name, but you didn’t take heed of his warning. Cause like hell whoever this jerk was was just going to come in here and demand time with Thorin. You thought not.

“Fucking excuse you?”

“Y/n…” Thorin said with a chuckle.

“No, I don’t know who you think you are fuckface, but you can get out right now!”

“You dare talk to me like that, lassie?!”

“Oh, I dare!” You got up and stormed up to him, glaring him down. “What are you going to do about it? I mess with the bull, do I get the horns?” With that statement, you flicked his beard tusk thing and it sent him into a red faced rage.

The stranger’s voice became very low and very dangerous as his eyes narrowed at you. “You remove yourself from this tent, or ye be leavin’ in a less than savory way.” He gripped the handle of his axe for emphasis.

“I trained with Dwalin. Bring in on, shorty!”
“Y/n! Dain!” Thorin shouted, followed by a chuckle. “Y/n, this is my cousin Dain, Lord of the Iron Hills. Dain, this is Y/n. I suggest you not insult her further, seeing as she will be the next Queen of Erebor.”

“What?” Dain’s eyes widened, and for the first time ever, you agreed.

“What!?” You snapped your head around to look at Thorin.

He had this smile on his face as he gave a little nod. “I had hoped to talk with you in a more private setting. But I would like, and I hope you would agree, to court you.”

“Well, duh.” You said, as if it was obvious. “But what does that—“

“If he courts ya, then marries ya, you will be Queen.” Dain stated in a bit of shock.

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Now, you wanted to emphasize this. To everyone one you dared dispute it. Yea Nori, talking to you!

You.

Did Not.

Faint.

You just…temporarily lost the cognitive power to remain upright.

Oin fussled over you as you now had your own bed next to Thorin’s in the king’s healing tent. Thorin just looked at you sheepishly as you drank the disgusting liquid Oin gave you. Dain stayed by Thorin’s side as he watched on in amusement.
“Forgive me, Y/n. I thought you would have realized that fact by now.”

You just nodded. “Yea…hain’t really…thought that far in advanced…” You said shyly, feeling a little woozy.

“Lean back, Lassie. Yer gonna go down again.”

“Fuck off.” You said weakly as you did as he said and leaned back against the “pillow” (it was straw) and took a deep breath.

“I like her, she has fire in her!”

You gain Dain’s approval that day. And many other’s approval, especially the ones who heard you go off on Dain before you little cognitive loss issue. But there was only one person who thoughts mattered.

You looked up to Thorin from you resting spot next to him and smiled. “Any other big ideas you want to drop on me today?” He just chuckled and shook his head, kissing your forehead sweetly before settling back. “Good…”

“You never answered me.”

“Huh?”

“Will you allow me to court you?”

You smiled widely. “Well, duh.”

Thorin looked at you. “I hope that is an affirmation.”

“Well, duh.”
“Y/n…” He chuckled as you kissed him sweetly.

“That’s a yes, your majesty.” You settled against him again and let yourself drift off, happy in the arms of your king.

Chapter End Notes

I can’t wait to be courted by you! (Go to "Nightmares")
It had been a few weeks since the battle, almost two months really. You couldn’t believe that much time had passed so quickly as you stared into the fire. You sat on the love seat before it, wrapped in a blanket as you just watched the flames flicker.

The nightmares had come for you again tonight, always the same, but still a little different. They started out differently each time, either the trolls or goblins or the dragon or Azog. But they all ended the same, you standing before fourteen graves with the names of your friends on them.

Thankfully this night you didn’t wake up screaming or sobbing like you did most nights. Instead, you just had a quick intake of breath and then were able to get out of bed. There were only two thing that could calm you. The first you were doing right now, a quiet moment alone with your thoughts, staring at the fire.

The second was sound asleep still in bed. You didn’t want to wake Thorin. He had long days with the reconstruction and all the meetings, he deserved some extra sleep, so you decided to comfort yourself tonight.

You should have known Thorin would have other plans.

You felt his arms wrap around you as he lay a kiss on your neck. “You should have woken me.”

“I have woken you too many nights as it is.” You watched him as he moved around the loveseat and took up the spot next to you, settling himself back before pulling you to him. You didn’t hesitate to burry yourself in his embrace.

“I do not mind that you wake me. I am happy to comfort you.” He whispered to you, kissing your head sweetly. It was something you noticed he loved doing. He loved giving you little forehead kisses any chance he could, whether it was passing you in hallway or in the morning. You got them at least five times every day.

You took a deep breath, engulfing yourself in the warmth and scent of Thorin. “Will they ever go away?” You asked him quietly as you stared at the fire.
“Eventually. It takes time, Amralime.” That was something you always admired about Thorin, he never sugar coated anything. He always told you how thing were. He didn’t put pretty words around something to make it easier to swallow. He was just honest.

You couldn’t say anything as you felt a yawn drift up and through your body. Thorin reacted as he always did, he shifted so he could hold up in his arms and walked you back into your bedroom.

“Noooo.” You whinned as he set you back down. “I don’t want to sleep.” You told him, getting a bit grumpy at that look of ‘how adorable’ that crossed his face. “The dreams will come back.”

Thorin then shifted and crawled up over you, settling his body against yours with a wicked grin, his hair falling forward and cascading above your head. “Then perhaps I should find other ways to keep you awake?”

You couldn’t help the little moan that escaped you as he kissed you, letting his hands run up and down your body.

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And what a distraction he was.

You couldn’t help but chuckle as you relaxed in your seat with your little story book in your lap. You could feel the little tingles still left on your neck from the attention he paid you. You free hand drifted up and ran across them as your eyes ran across the page, taking in the story you had read probably ten times by now.

But you didn’t really pay it too much mind, instead letting your mind happily drift to the night before. You had to admit, Thorin was very—

You squealed as your door slammed open against the wall. Your book went flying as you jumped off the loveseat and turned to face the attacker, it had to be an attacker, that was invading your home.

It wasn’t an attacker, at least not the usual type.
“You have to come quick!”

“KILI!” You screamed at him, “You scared the shit out me!”

“I’m sorry!” He grabbed your hand and was literally pulling you out the door. “You have to come quick, but be quiet!”

“What are you-mphf!”

You growled in displeasure as he slapped his hand over your mouth. You were tempted to lick or bite him, but god knows what those hands have been into lately. So you just went along with his chaos, letting him lead you down some hallways and into a room you recognized. Why was he taking you to the council chambers?

Kili stopped and motioned a finger over his lips, reminding you to be silent, before pointing in the door for you to see. You glanced in and couldn’t help but chuckle.

There was your handsome king, in all his glory, with his braids done perfectly and his clothes smoothed down…asleep in his chair. His head was rolled to the side a bit as you watched his chest rise and fall with even breaths.

“Wore him out, did ya?” Kili joked, which you were more than happy to “accidentally” stomp on his foot for before walking in. Balin and Dwalin were there of course, being quiet as they worked. You paid them no mind as you walked up to Thorin, kneeling beside his chair.

“Thorin?” You reached up and ran your fingers through his hair “Thorin, love?”

He took a deeper breath before his eyes slowly opened, turning towards you with a questioning glance. His eyes looked around, taking in his surroundings before he let his head fall into one of his hands. “Mahal, I fell asleep.”

“For shame, King Thorin!” You playfully bumped his arm before leaning in close to him. “Perhaps you shouldn’t have stayed up all night…enjoying yourself.”
Thorin’s lips turned up in a perfect grin. “I will never regret that, my love.”

You chuckled as you turned to Balin. “I’m going to steal him away, is that okay? He needs rest.”

Balin just nodded, not even looking up before waving you off.

“No, I will stay.” Thorin grumbled as he sat up straight in his chair, reaching out for his papers.

“You will not!” You grabbed them quickly and tossed them further down the long banquet table, out of Thorin’s reach. He just sighed as you stood up, giving his forehead a little kiss as you removed the crown from his head, setting it on the table. “You need some rest.” You took his hands in yours and pulled him from the chair as he grumbled.

“Yes, yes. Grumpy King, I know you are.” You joked. “When is his next meeting?”

“Two hours.”

“Perfect,” You pulled him along, smiling as you passed Kili.

“Try not to wear him out again!” Kili called after you.

You then realized how easily Thorin gave into you about resting, because your body was jerked back when he decided to stop walking. You looked over your shoulder to see him glaring Kili down.

“Dwalin, Kili just volunteered to help you train the recruits!” Thorin called out before continuing walking. Poor Kili, he looked like the world just took all of his joy away.

“Now that was just mean.” You joked as you walked hand in hand with Thorin.

“He knows better than to poke fun at you like that.”
“Well…” You put on a seductive look as you reached your door. “Does that mean I don’t have to take his advice?”

Later that afternoon, it was Dwalin who knocked on your door. He pushed a guilty looking Thorin in, much to your confusion.

“What?”

“He needs rest!” Dwalin growled. “Actual rest, he fell asleep again!” He walked over to you and hoisted you up over his shoulder. “Balin needs help with some paperwork, you’ll do.”

“What?!” You could only laugh as Thorin tried to argue with Dwalin about taking you away.

“If I leave her here you won’t actually rest!” Oh, Thorin turned red at that statement. “You two act like dwarflings who can’t keep their hands to themselves. So I’m removing the temptation.” And like that Dwalin carried you out the door and slammed it shut.

“Spoil sport.” You grumbled at him as you let him carry you down the hall to Balin’s pile of paperwork. At least when Thorin appeared two hours later, he looked well rested.

Both of you looked at each other, the message clear in your eyes. You two would fix that later.

Chapter End Notes

Damn straight we will fix it later! ;p (Go to "A Bigger Gift")
Thorin walked ahead of you, holding your hand as he kept looking over his shoulder back at you. He looked like a kid pulling a parent towards the sweet shop. He was so excited, and he kept smiling at you. This must be one hell of a surprise!

He got a letter this morning, delivered by Dori, and once he read it, he threw it in the fire and then excitedly worked to get you ready. He said his courting gift to you was finally ready. You giggled as he finally stopped and oriented you in front of a set of double doors.

“Thorin, where—”

A well timed kiss stopped that line of questioning...for now. You gave into the kiss as he then turned and walked behind you, covering your eyes. “Doors!” He shouted before whispering in your ear. “Step forward, Y/n.”

You took a number of steps forward, walking awkwardly before Thorin gave your hips a little tug to make you stop. “During the journey, I gave you a gift. A simple little gift, and it lit your face up in a smile, and you even gave me a kiss for it, do you remember?” He whispered.

You grinned as you recalled that little story book, the one that was on your nightstand, the one you or Thorin would read out loud to each other every night. “I do.”

“I wondered then. If you could get so worked up over a book, how would you react, when I showed you this?” His hands drifted from your eyes and you let them open.

Your mouth fell open as you gasped a breath of air. You took a couple steps forward as you took it in. It must have been five floors tall, the dark shelves a stark contrast against the light stoned walls. The tables made of sturdy wood and chairs, the fireplaces, the rolling stairs on each floor. You were at its epicenter.

The epicenter of the great library of Erebor.
There were no words. You couldn’t form the words. So many books, you hadn’t even seen this many books in your life.

“We have it organized by section.” Ori pipped up. You hadn’t even realized he was there. “The top most floor is those written in elvish script.” Of course it was.

“The two floors below that in…English?” You chuckled as he remembered what you called the language you spoke. “The rest in ours. And I have arranged with Balin that we would split the time between us to hold lessons to teach you the other two languages.”

Your eyes widened at that, turning to look at Thorin for confirmation. “I’m going to learn Khuzdul?!” Before you could watch for his nod, your eyes caught something even more unbelievable.

Your mouth dropped open, then you tried to speak, failed, and tried again. Thorin chuckled as he watched you try to form words. “You look like a fish, my love.”

“You…you named the Library after me?” There in big letters, etched into stone: The Y/n Library.

Thorin just grinned as you looked back at him. You sprinted the ten steps to him and jumped into his arms, peppering his faces with kisses with each word you spoke. “I… Love… You… So… Much! Thank you!” The final kiss was on his lips, pulling him with you as he already struggled to hold you in place.

Then you tore away from his arms and engulfed Ori in a tight hug. You knew Thorin couldn’t have done this all on his own. And then you wrapped your arms around Thorin again. “I love you so much!”

“And I you.” Thorin whispered to you, holding you close for a moment. “Now…” He looked at you with a little grin. “Why don’t you go pick out a book for this evening?”

The look that lit of your face would be forever burned into Thorin’s mind, the happiest look he had seen on you in all of the journey. Your head snapped over to Ori.

“Stairs are over there.” As soon as he pointed, you were off at a run. Thorin just let himself laugh out loud as he watched you.
“HOLY SHIT IT IS EVEN BIGGER OVER HERE!” Your shout echoed, making both dwarves laugh as they heard your voice drift off.

Thorin turned to Ori, “make sure she doesn’t get lost.” Ori just nodded as Thorin stepped out of the Library, pulling the doors shut. It didn’t officially open until next week. He wanted to make sure you got to enjoy it before everyone else.

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It was two weeks later that the king arrived in the Library again, a look of pure amusement on his face. He stopped by the director of the Library’s desk, Ori’s desk, not even having to ask the question. Ori just looked up and then back down. “She was on the third floor last I saw, West wing.”

Thorin just nodded as he walked towards the stairs, nodding at those he saw in passing. Up the stairs he went, the spiral staircase first, then across the second floor to the next spiral staircase. And then deeper into the West wing.

He moved slowly as he ducked his head between rows of books, looking for you there or in the different seating areas. He finally found you in the far corner, tucked up in the armchair next to the fireplace. You had the book laying open in front of you, it almost falling from your sleeping grasp.

Thorin chuckled as he knelt down, taking the book from you, marking your spot in it before setting it aside. He then took you up into his arms and walked back down. He told Ori about your book that he set aside, “I’m sure she will be back tomorrow, just leave it there.” And he carried you home.

You nuzzled into him, barely waking halfway there. But you just smiled and held onto him as he carried you. It brought Thorin great joy to see you enjoyed your courting gift so much, although he was happier still that you stopped getting lost in it. But it just made his mind drift to the next topic at hand. When would he give you your betrothal gift?

Chapter End Notes

Oh you can give that to me anytime, I’ll say yes! (Go to "Everyone Knew")
“Ready for a lunch break?” You asked as you walked into the conference chambers with Bombur, carrying to baskets of food with you. Fili, Kili, Balin, Dwalin, and Thorin were all in here, working hard to finalize the next steps of the restoration of Erebor. It was a fine line between restoring everything and keeping everything up and running, so they had to do it in phases.

“And just like you did, every time. You grabbed his chin and tilted his head so you could give him a sweet kiss on the lips as well. But there was something different from this time versus all the other times. Kili didn’t make a weird gag noise, picking on you both. Dwalin didn’t mutter something about being too sweet, Fili didn’t chuckle.

You looked over your shoulder, wondering if everyone just slipped away, but they didn’t. They just looked at you and Thorin. Actually, strike that. They were all just looking at you.

“What?” That seemed to break the spell they seemed to be under, and they went straight back to work and chatting. “That’s…odd.” You looked to Thorin, but he just shrugged, kissing you again before you left to help Bombur with other tasks in the kitchen.

And the strangeness left you mind.

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At least it did until right now. You had been walking with Thorin, enjoying a chat with him between his meetings. Dwalin, his ever faithful guard, behind him. It was fine, until you stopped at the conference doors. You weren’t allowed in, so you just said your goodbyes to Thorin while Dwalin took up his position outside.

You went to say goodbye to Dwalin when you saw him smiling at you. Like, legit smiling. Like, hung the stars in the sky smiling. It fucking terrified you.
“Is something wrong?”

“No.”

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“No.” Was all he replied, turning back from you, his smile still present.

But there was something else. His eyes. “Dwalin?” Your eyes widened as you realized it. “Are you crying?”

“No!” He said with a huff, turning his head away. You clearly weren’t going to get anything else out of him, so you just stepped away.

“That was fucking weird.”

And Dwalin wasn’t the only one. You ran into Dori and Nori and they kept looking at your neck for some reason. It made you self conscious. Was this some weird dwarf thing? Were they sizing you up for something?

Then Ori kept trying to chat you up when you stopped by the Library. Usually he barely spoke because he was so engrossed in his own work, but not today. Today, you didn’t even make it past the front desk.

On and On it went, everyone acting strange. Bofur calling you “princess” for some reason. Bifur and Gloin, those saps, just broke into tears when they saw you. They claimed it was for happy reasons, but you couldn’t figure out why. But the pinnacle of this madness was Fili and Kili.
“He was just acting weird, are you sure he is okay?” You asked Thorin, bringing up the weepy Dwalin incident from earlier.

“I am certain.” Thorin chuckled.

You were going to tell him it wasn’t funny, you were really worried, but then you spotted the princes. Each of them were “hiding” behind one of the pillars. It wasn’t exactly hiding because they kept peaking their heads out to see what was going on.

“What are those fucking weirdos up to now?” You said with a sigh. This was the sixth time you caught them doing that today. Thorin followed you line of sight and sighed when he saw them. He shook his head before turning towards you.

“My apologies. It seems my loyal friends and family don’t keep secrets very well.”

“Secrets?”

“Aye.” Thorin spoke in a gentle tone. “They all are curious if I have given it to you yet.”

You tilted your head as you asked. “Given me what?” Seriously, was he giving you another courting gift?! The library, the jewelry, the actual fucking tiara…it was too much. You were about to tell him so, but stopped when he pulled out something from his pocket and utter the words.

“Your betrothal gift.”

Betrothal gift. Betrothal—oh! Your eyes went wide as you looked into his eyes, seeing the love he held there, the nervous energy that was around him.

“Y/n, you have made me a very happy darrow. Nothing gives me more joy than to wake with you by my side, to have your smile to be the first thing I see. To hold you in my arms, to love you, to have you love me, it is all I could ever want. And if you would have me, I would be honored… Please, be my wife?”

He held out his hand and unfurled it to reveal a sterling silver chain attached to a small charm. You
knew that charm. It was the same from your necklace, the one your mother gave you, the one you gave Thorin as your courting gift.

But this one was different. Instead of the Moonstone that rested in the center of yours… You glanced to Thorin’s neck, seeing the necklace on display. It wasn’t yours from your mother. But this seemed familiar. The stone in the center, it almost glowed. Honestly, it looked like a little piece of the—

“The Arkenstone?” You whispered it in awe as you looked back to his eyes.

“Aye. I had it shattered, a piece was given to Bilbo before he left, to Bard, Thranduil, and Dain. And I have pieces for each of the company as well. But this one, is for you. If you will have it?”

That wasn’t the question he wanted to ask, and you know it. Instead of ‘If you will have it’ you knew he meant, ‘if you will have me’.

Your lips turned up into a grin as you spoke. “Now we have a matching set.” You spoke softly. “And yes…I will be your wife, if you will be my husband?”

Thorin’s smile was like an eclipse of the sun, if you looked at it too long, surely you would go blind in its aura. He pulled you close with one hand, kissing you sweetly. You heard the princes shouting and ‘wooting’ in the background. You could only giggle as Thorin then unclasped the necklace and put it around your neck.

“It suits you,” He whispered against your lips, holding you as close as he could, “My Queen.”

Chapter End Notes

Yes! Yes, of course yes! (Go to "Words of the Heart")
Words of the Heart

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You had been terrified when a week after you and Thorin got engaged, his sister arrived. And now, honestly, you had no idea why you had been so nervous. When you two walked up to each other, you eyed one another for a moment.

“Aawful scrawny, isn’t she, Thorin?”

“Doesn’t seem to bother him none.” You bit back at her, a challenge on your face.

Her eyes held a playful manner as she stepped up to you, getting in your space. “You mean to tell me you are being inappropriate with my brother?”

“Every day.”

You and Dis had become best friends after that. You damn near gave Thorin a heart attack, but you got along with Dis, and that was very important to you. Cause not only was she your biggest helper when it came to planning this beast that was a wedding, but she also told you all of Thorin’s dirty little secrets…which you used against him mercilessly.

Yea, that stinger in the butt incident…that was nothing on what Dis had in her back pockets in terms of blackmail.

And right now, you were glad she was by your side. You stood in your gown, a bit elaborate, but since you were going to be Queen… It’s white, full length material shined with threads of silver and mithril, little sapphires sewn in as your “something blue.” Your betrothal necklace around your neck, a signet ring of Thorin’s mother’s as your “something old”, and a silver bangle from Dis as your “something barrowed” rounded up your jewelry.

Oh, except your new little ear cuff. Mithril made, given to you by Fili and Kili, the engravings in runes that said “Queen Aunt” on it. That was your “something new”. But here you stood, your hair perfectly braided, your dress perfectly sewn by Dori himself. And now you were perfecting something else, with Dis’ help.
“I swear to honor my people and guide them in the days to come.”

And you would repeat that line, in Khuzdul. That was the biggest challenge to date. Normally, it wouldn’t matter if you spoke in English or Khuzdul, the language that was tripping you up more than Nori’s damn wires he liked to plant in your rooms. It was unlike anything you had learned before. But since you were not only marrying Thorin today, but being crowned Queen…you had to do everything in Khuzdul.

Dis stayed with you until the start of the ceremony, going over and over the lines with utter patience. When she finally said her goodbyes, she whispered a phrase in your ear. “Tell him that after you kiss, I promise, it will make his day.”

“What does it mean?”

“You will see.” And with a wink, she walked away.

It gave you great pleasure as Bilbo stepped up next to you, holding his arm out. You had asked him to guide you down the aisle, and he had been honored. And he did his job well, handing you off to Thorin at just the right time, and whispering words of encouragement to you as you felt nervous in front of all the people of Erebor…and Dale…and some from Mirkwood. Fuck, what you would give for a small wedding.

Balin did the ceremony, reciting the old words that you only caught half of, but that was fine. Instead, you focused on Thorin’s eyes, how they locked on to yours, his smile, those little dimples that hid under his beard, the warmth of his hands.

And when the time came, you recited your lines of your wedding vows perfectly. And when that was done, Thorin helped you step forward and kneel before Balin, having you recite the words of your oath as Queen. You may have mixed one word up, based on Kili’s snickers, but it went well anyways. You rose with a crown of sliver and onyx upon your head, matching Thorin’s.

He stepped forward and took your hands again as Balin then recited, in English, just for you. “I now pronounce you husband, and wife. You may kiss your bride, and Queen.”

Thorin moved slowly, lightly brushing his lips against yours before sealing you in a completely deep kiss. The hall erupted into a cacophony of sound, deafening even. But you pushed it away as you held Thorin close, leaning in, as Dis had instructed, and whispered the words into his ear.
You heard his breath hitch, you saw his eyes darken in arousal. Oh...you definitely needed to know what you said...

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The party that followed was a magnificent one. Music and drinking and laughter and stories. You sat at the head table, surrounded by the company and your new family. Fili and Kili would stop by, giving you a kiss on the cheek, call you Auntie and then head off for another dance with someone.

As the night began to wind down, you finally worked up the nerve. “So, what did I actually say to you up there to elicit such a response?” You asked, not really paying attention to the others.

Thorin hesitated, which was his mistake, as Fili was happy to help. “What did you say, Auntie y/n?”

Thorin panicked and squeezed your hand, but you didn’t pick up the cue before you repeated the line again. Members of the company, except Bilbo who didn’t understand it, started coughing, spitting out food or drink they were choking on.

Your eyes widened as you looked to Thorin. “What the hell did I say?!”

“You told him, Lassie,” Dain spoke up with a wicked grin, “He may be King Under the Mountain, but you would be Queen under the Sheets.”

Well, there went Bilbo, hacking a lung from his cake.

You took a moment to let it sink in before turning to Thorin with a grin. “Well, he’s not wrong.”

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The next morning, when you joined Dis and the boys for breakfast, you couldn’t help but grab Dis’ arm and lead her away. There was only one thing you could say after that phrase she taught you,
after what it led to, multiple times, last night.

“Thank you!”

Chapter End Notes

Oh, I love my new family so much, especially my new Husband! (Go to “The Lost King”)


The Lost King

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It had been five years since you had married Thorin, since you had become Queen under the Mountain. You still were used to being called that. You never wore your crown, but neither did Thorin. It was nice to just walk around in trousers instead of some stuffy dress, frankly.

You settled into the roll nicely though, your ‘take no shit’ attitude keeping everyone in line. Well, everyone except…

“FILI! KILI!” This was now the third time you had to chase them out of your kitchen with your wooden spoon in hand. “This isn’t for you!”

“But it is so good!” Kili whined as he dipped another finger into the melty chocolate mixture. “Please, Auntie Y/n, just one more?!” Oh, fuck him and those big brown eyes. You would say no, you would say no…

“Please?” Fili added, mixing his blue begging eyes with Kili’s. You just rolled your eyes and sighed, handing over the bowl.

“Fine, but you have to help me make the next batch!”

They didn’t.

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But that was okay, you still got the dinner put together, the dessert, a close relative of chocolate lava cake, and everything was set. Today was your five year anniversary. You had planned to spend all day with Thorin, but when there had been an unexpected issue pop up, he swore he would be back in time for dinner.

So here you sat, in a nice dark blue dress, one you were sure would drive him absolutely insane, with dinner waiting. He would be home any minute to love on you, just as he did every night.
Thorin was fantastic with his displays of affection. Even out in public, he didn’t hide a kiss or a smile for you. He loved having a hand on you, whether on your back, or holding yours, or perhaps pinching your butt, he wasn’t picky. And when that wasn’t working, he didn’t hesitate to pull you into his lap and re-braid your hair, whispering words of love to you. Now that you knew Khuzdul, you understood those little endearments he would whisper to you every night, whether before bed, while braiding your hair, or during love making.

Treasure or all treasures.

Beauty of all beauty.

Love, my love. Queen of my heart.

Fallen Star (which sounded much sexier when said in his native tongue).

Those were just your favorites. And you knew tonight would be no different. You just had to wait for him to get home.

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To say you were a bit panicked was an understatement. When an hour ticked by without Thorin, you assumed the meeting went over. They usually did, so it wasn’t the end of the world. The food could be re-heated.

But when the second hour went by…and Dwalin stopped by to drop something off to Thorin. You panicked.

“What do you mean the meeting ended five hours ago?!” You knew you shouldn’t scream at Dwalin, but you couldn’t help it in your panicked state. “Then where the hell is he?!”

“Lass, I don’t know. Just give him this when he gets back.”
You reached out and grabbed Dwalin’s arm. “Please, go look for him.”

“What?!”

“Dwalin, it is our anniversary, he wouldn’t miss that for nothing. He said he would be back for dinner, after the meeting, he would come home, he gave his word.”

Dwalin nodded, Thorin never backed out of his word. You knew this. Dwalin knew this. Everyone in Middle Earth knew this.

“I’ll find him. Stay here in case he comes back.” And Dwalin was off, barking orders at different guards for help.

You shut the door and sat in Thorin’s armchair, curling up in it. “Where are you, Thorin?”

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Dwalin.

He made you promise, after an initial sweep of Thorin’s usual places came up empty, to not open the door unless you heard that knock. You flew to the door and swung it open.

“Thorin!” You breathed a sigh of relief as you wrapped yourself around him, holding him close. “Thank god!” You pulled him in, ignoring the snickering of Dwalin. “Where the hell have you been?!”

“Yea, oh great king. Tell yer wife where ya’ve been.” Dwalin grinned and gave you a wink. You looked to Thorin, whose eyes were downcast, his jaw set in a line. There was no denying the little dust of pink on his cheeks.

“Amralime?” You whispered to him, lifting his chin to look at you. “What is it?”
“I…” He pulled some flowers, crushed and half dead, from his pocket. “I went to pick you flowers. For our anniversary.”

You smiled at him, it was sweet, even if it looked like he used them to slay an Orc. “Thank you, love.” You gave him a sweet kiss on the forehead, trying to get him to relax.

“Tell her the rest.” Dwalin demanded, enjoying this situation too much.

Thorin then mumbled something. “What?”

“I said…I got lost. I wanted to be home early and surprise you, so I took a…different way.”

You looked to Dwalin for a moment, connecting eyes with him before you both doubled over in laughter. “Oh, honey, I love you!” You ran your fingers down Thorin’s cheek as he rolled his eyes at both you and his best friend laughing at him.

“It is no laughing matter.” He spoke so seriously.

“Of course!” You agreed. “It isn’t when the king gets lost in his own kingdom.” You gave Thorin another sweet kiss before thanking Dwalin for his help, sending him on his way.

“You are probably starving, aren’t you?” You helped him to his feet and guided him into the kitchen.

“Mahal, you had all this planned.” Thorin looked onto the banquet you had set on the table. “My love, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.” You said with a chuckle. “I will remember this day for many years with a smile on my face.” Thorin wrapped his arms around you before sitting, pulling you onto his lap.

“Let us enjoy our dinner, my wife.” He picked up a small piece of roasted carrot and held it out to you, letting you take a bite before eating a piece himself. “Happy anniversary, my queen.”
“Happy anniversary, Thorin. My amazing husband.” You captured his lips for a kiss, loving how he melted around you, holding you closer, kissing you deeper. “My Lost King.”

Chapter End Notes

Happy Thorin End

Congratulations! You have reached the happy conclusion of Thorin’s path. You found love with Thorin, King Under the Mountain and you became his Queen.

If you would like to start your journey over, and try for a different path, with new adventures, go to "Rough Landing"!

Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed this path! On to the next!
A Sweeping Prince

When you were a young girl, the thought of riding a pony all day through the wilderness would have made you so happy and excited, but now…

Your ass hurt, your legs hurt, your back hurt, and something of Nori’s was digging into your leg…you were pretty sure it was a dagger. Why he had a dagger strapped to his thigh, you didn’t want to know, but it was digging something fierce. Sure, the first couple days had been great, riding with everyone, but now when Thorin told everyone they were moving out, it made you want to sign in frustration.

“Did I lose you, Lass?”

“Huh?” You automatically responded when you heard Nori’s voice in your ear. You blinked slowly, trying to get the grogginess from your mind to be able to focus on what he had just said. …What had he said?

“Not important. Although I am concerned for ya, Lass. You feeling alright?” Nori’s worry warmed your heart. He was a good friend, and you gave his knee a pat, just nodding your head.

“Yea, just tired…and sore…and your dagger is about to cut my leg open.” That got the dwarf’s attention. He worked quickly in adjusting the dagger, or what you assumed was a dagger so it wasn’t bothering you anymore, while you let your mind wander around a bit. At least, it would have wandered…

“Are you alright, Fallen Star?” Your half-awake brain began to function more as you looked up to see the worried eyes of Fili. The blue color making the look seem even more emotion filled as he glanced over you to make sure you were alright. “Nori said he was concerned.”

You smiled at him tiredly. “I’m fine…just tired…of riding ponies and I’m kinda bored, you know?”

Fili just nodded, but the worry was still on his face. He seemed to consider your words for a bit as he rode next to you and Nori. It was odd to see him without his brother…where was—
“Damn you, boy! Stop yer pesterin’!” Ahh, there was Kili. Driving Dwalin up a metaphorical wall all on his own today. You glanced back at Fili, who had a soft smile on his face as he watched his brother annoy the large warrior.

“You joked, letting out an annoyed huff as Nori pushed you forward so he could check for his other daggers and such. “Really not helping the sore back and ass, Nori!” Your growl came out almost as a whisper, but Fili had heard it.

You rolled your eyes as you shrugged your shoulders to Fili. What the hell were you supposed to do about it, walk? Your mind resigned itself to the pushing and shifting until Nori was done, but it seemed someone else had other plans.

Fili shifted in his saddle, moving back in it as he pulled his pony up close to Nori’s. He reached out and pulled on the reigns, making both animals stop. “Hold onto my shoulders.” Fili requested of you as his right arm secured around your waist, the other holding firm onto the saddle and reigns of his own mount.

“What? Wh—Woah!” You let out a yelp of surprise as the blonde prince lifted you almost effortlessly with one arm and shifted you off Nori’s saddle and onto his. You held onto Fili for a second as he shifted back more, giving you some space to get comfortable enough to ride with him before moving on.

You held onto his shoulders for a moment before chuckling. “Well, well…that was impressive.” Impressive was right…You weren’t blushing! Everyone else was blushing! You were just…hot…from the place…the shiny thing, you know, the thing in the sky…it made you feel hot…

“Light as a feather.” Fili said with a grin, making his mustache braids shift as he gave you a smug look, tightening his arm around your waist so he held you tightly in the saddle.

“That’s a lie, but I thank you for the compliment you are granting.” You teased. “And for saving me from…” You glanced back at Nori, letting your head tilt to the side, your eyebrows scrunching up as you watched him. “What the hell is he doing now?”

Fili shifted in the saddle to look behind him. Sure enough, he started chuckling. “Shall we have some fun?”

“Fun?” You inquired, enjoying the glint of mischief that was filling those pretty blue eyes of his.
“Well, the fair lady said she was bored. Who am I to deny her some entertainment?”

You bit your lip, trying (and failing) to contain the smile stretching across your face. “Alright, Prince Charming, let’s see what you got!”

Fili let your wording settle in for a moment. It was clear he wanted to ask about it, the Prince Charming comment you made, but instead, he shifted back to look at Nori. He took a moment and then licked his lips, glancing around quickly. Then suddenly, with a raised voice, cried out, “Nori! Get your hands out of your pants! We have a lady with us!”

Holy shit could Dori move like the Flash when he wanted to!

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Fili had spent the rest of the ride with you, snickering back and forth as you listened to the talking down Nori kept getting from Dori, then someone else, the back to Dori. You felt a little bad, sure, but Nori seemed to take it in stride.

“I was just fixin’ my dagger!” Nori screamed for the eighth time, sending you into another fit of giggles.

Fili chuckled with you, shaking his head as you leaned back against him. “That was good. I’ll give you that, you know how to entertain.”

“Of course, my lady.” He gave a little half-bow, as much as he could in the saddle. The little flourish made you smile.

“Wow…protecting me from discomfort, aiding me in my moment of need, going above and beyond to see to my needs…you really are Prince Charming. Guess that leaves Kili to be the Royal Pain in my Ass.” You said with a smirk.

“You said that earlier…Prince Charming?” Fili pulled gently on the reins, letting the pony come to a slower pace as it traveled over some rough paths. As if on instinct, when the pony shifted, Fili let his arm drift around your waist again, securing you into your spot.
“Yea, you know…Prince Charming. A lot of stories in my world have the ‘Prince Charming’ character. The one that comes and sweeps the princess off her feet and takes her to her happily ever after and such.”

You spent most of the rest of the ride that day regaling the stories from your world of the Prince Charming character. Stories like Snow White and Cinderella were the big ones, but you couldn’t help but dive into other princely characters and stories as well. Fili listened intently, enjoying each one you spoke, others having joining in on the story time as well.

It wasn’t until the sun was starting to descend in the sky did you let the stories wind down and you were sitting in a happy silence with Fili, both of you listening to Kili as he whispered his plans to drive Dwalin mad tomorrow. You both let out a relieved sigh when Thorin called a halt for the day, excited to get your feet back on solid ground.

“So, you called me your Prince Charming” Fili dismounted the pony first, moving the reins to the side as he stood there, looking up at you. “Does this mean I have swept you off your feet?”

Well…That was smooth. You looked down at him, the setting sun making his golden locks shine, the way his dimples seemed to accent those perfect braids, the way he looked at you. You shifted in the saddle, swinging a leg over. Fili was quick to reach out, helping you gracefully dismount from the pony.

When your feet were back on solid ground, you let out a little happy sigh. You weren’t sure if it was the long ride pushing you to an exhaustive state, or the mood Fili had set with such daring words, but you let your courage spike as you leaned into his touch.

“I guess only time will tell.” With your flirtatious line of sass, you leaned forward and pressed a kiss to his cheek. Fili seemed stunned at that, but very pleased at the response he got. “Thank you for today, Prince Fili.” You gave him a little wink as you stepped away, letting a smile fill your face as you walked over and joined with Ori and Bofur to gather firewood.

“Oi! Where’s my kiss?!” Kili followed after you, pouting as you rolled your eyes. You made some comment back, missing the way Fili’s eyes followed you with every step, a gentle smile blooming on his face.

Chapter End Notes
You are most definitely a Charming Prince! (Go to "Your Prince Charming")

You’re sweet, Fili…but I don’t know… (Go to "Shield")
There was a unique satisfaction that you felt every morning when you would wake up and stretch. It was like out of a cartoon that you would raise your arms up and stretch, feeling and hearing as your back and shoulders and neck seemed to pop back into their normal position. Or at least what was normal for you now.

You let out a soft sigh as you looked around the camp, chuckling as you watched some of the company still sleeping the beautiful sunrise away. You took stock of every one of them, giggling as Gloin and Oin seemed to sway like old oak trees against each other with each breath. Bombur with his mouth hanging open as he practically squashed Bofur, who was actually awake and struggling a little bit.

“Guess I should help.” You mumbled to yourself, steeling your nerve for the task of rolling Bombur off your friend. You went to pull the blankets off your legs when you realized a strange notion. You had two blankets.

Why did you have two blankets?

The one you normally slept with was from someone in the company, Bilbo you believed, but the other was different. Instead of the light brown color of your typical one, this other one was darker, and it felt warmer to the touch. You glanced around, trying to take stock of who was sleeping with what, but you weren’t able to complete your task. A quick yelp for help from Bofur had you moving quickly to his aid.

You managed to roll Bombur over, who seemed to amazingly sleep through the whole ordeal. Although it took you, Bofur, Fili, and Dori (who you accidentally kicked in the face when you slipped) to do the task. Dori was quick to get settled down and started packing his things while Bofur decided to ‘walk off’ his soreness from the sleeping arrangements.

“What are you doing up so early?” You asked Fili with a grin as he helped you traverse the minefield of dwarves and hobbit to get clear and back over to your spot.
“I was on watch.” He spoke simply. “Thought you could use some help in rescuing dear Bofur. You would think he would learn to move his bedroll further away.”

“If Kili rolled onto you would you move your bedroll away?” You teased, giving his arm a little pinch.

“No, of course not.” He sounded a bit offended you would even suggest such a thing, but you could tell from that shine in his eyes he was just playing you. “But then again, Kili doesn’t match the weight of a boulder.”

You gave Fili’s chest a little slap, scolding him for picking on Bombur like that, before turning back to your little spot in the corner. And there, sitting on top of everything, was the blanket. “Hey, Fili?”

“Hmm…” He hummed as he straightened out behind you, both his hands resting behind his back.

He looked strangely at you, but you ignored it. “Do you know who’s blanket this is?” Fili shifted a bit nervously before giving you a little nervous grin. “It’s yours?”

“Well, I was on watch. Thought you looked cold, so I gave it to you.” He seemed to have found a sudden wave of courage as he reached up with a little flower in his hand, quickly tucking it alongside of your hair behind your ear.

“Fili…” Goodness gracious, how did this dwarf keep making you blush like this?! And your heart…yep…he was going to send you to an early grave for making your heart go pitter patter.

“It is a shame. Next to such beauty, the flower seems dull now.” Fili gave you a little bow and a truly dazzling smile and just walked away.

“W-wow…” You mumbled, pressing your hand to your heart. That was…that was something.

You didn’t know what had gotten into Fili, but you weren’t sure if you wanted to kiss him senseless over it or knock him unconscious. He just, every time you went to do something, Fili was there
being just stunning.

You rode with Dwalin that day, but Fili stayed close, as did Kili, both talking with you and driving Dwalin to an early grave. But then when you took breaks, Fili was always there to help you off your horse, or to walk you to the edge of the woods, or to help you travel a difficult path.

After dinner, he gave you a pretty stone he had found in the river bank, joking that he knew it was meant to be yours. When he did, he leaned against you for a moment, and you thought...just for a split second, that he may actually kiss you! And then Kili opened his mouth and said something in their native tongue and Fili was up in a flash wrestling him.

But the one that just had you sitting with your mouth open in shock, as you were right now, was the one that just happened.

You had just finished dinner and had to evacuate your seat quickly as Fili and Kili dashed away after a poorly timed joke aimed towards Nori. You laughed as they took off at a run, bumping you around and nearly to the ground as a result.

Dori straightened you out, catching you before you fell. You watched with the others, making joking bets on who Nori would catch first. You won, alongside Ori and Gloin with picking it would be Kili who Nori would catch first.

It took some time for everyone to settle down and make their ways to your bed roll. As you got to yours, you just beamed and chuckled as you picked up a beautiful wildflower that was placed on Fili's blanket. "Do you like it?"

You didn’t have to look up at him to see who it was, you just nodded. "It’s beautiful. ...and I see you are giving me your blanket again. What will you be sleeping with?" You finally glanced up at him. He kneeled down next to you with a timid grin.

“I have another.” You could hear him shift a bit as you lifted up the blankets to get everything settled, setting the flower in a safe spot for morning. “Sleep well, Y/n…”

“Fili?” You caught him by the arm as he tried to stand up straight. “Why are you being so sweet to me?” Your joking tone and grin made it clear you were joking, but the look in his eyes, the way he let one of his hands surround yours for a moment before pressing a kiss to your knuckles, it made it clear that the words that followed were not in a joking tone for him.
“I am technically a prince. Maybe…maybe I want to be your Prince Charming?” That serious note settled for a moment, your breath being stolen away by it. You didn’t respond, your mind wouldn’t let you. After a moment, just a moment, Fili broke out into a grin. “Or maybe I’m making up for something I have planned tomorrow!” And with that he strode away.

Yep, this dwarf was going to be the death of you…

Chapter End Notes

I want you to be my Prince Charming! (Go to "What Did He Say?")

You are a charming prince, but I don’t know if I want you to be my prince charming… (Go to "Shield")
You were laughing at the story that Bofur was telling, completely entranced with the narrative. Bofur was always an amazing story teller, you loved it when he would share stories around the fire. You leaned back a bit and bumped into Fili, who was sitting next to you. “Oh, sorry.” You said as you shifted. “Didn’t mean to bump you.”

“No worries, lass. Doesn’t bother me.” He said back quickly, giving you a soft smile that made you want to melt. Those blue eyes, those perfect blue eyes, you couldn’t think when they were looking at you.

So instead of speaking, you just nodded like an idiot and turned your attention back to Bofur. But your attention was soon diverted again when you heard Kili mumble an ‘ow’. You turned back to your friends, Kili on one side and Fili on the other. Kili was holding his arm, looking at his brother with a strange bit of anger as Fili…well, if looks could kill, let’s just say Fili would have incinerated Kili quicker than Smaug.

“You two alright? Do I need to move? Cause I don’t want to be in the middle of something…” You said cautiously. The Durin brothers were your best friends, out of everyone in the company. You found their companionship to be welcoming, the three of you becoming instant friends, regardless of the hardship and trials from this journey. But you learned quickly that when a brotherly spat was starting, it was best to just give them their space.

“It’s nothing. Kili just needs to learn to keep his mouth shut.” Fili gritted out before turning back to look at you. The coldness that was once in his eyes seemed to dissipate when he looked at you, turning soft and sweet before he shifted his weight to his arm, leaning closer to you, not that you minded.

“Oh, okay.” You looked over at Kili and gave him a questioning glance. “You’re arm okay?”

He nodded, the little bits of anger rolling off of him and was replaced by something else. “You know what, you are right, brother. Perhaps I should learn to keep my mouth shut…or else I could mutter something…like…”

You didn’t quite catch what Kili said afterwards. It was in another language. You would assume it was Khuzdul, but you had no way of knowing for sure, you didn’t know the language. But it sounded pretty, and it was obviously directed at you, as Kili kept your eye contact the whole time.

“What?” You said quickly, once he was finished. But he offered nothing but a victorious grin. So you did what anyone would do, and turned to the eldest brother for support. “Fili?” The blonde dwarf only stared into your eyes, there was something there, something you didn’t understand. The way he looked at you, he seemed…scared, nervous, hopeful? All in one package and wrapped in furs. “Fili…uh…” It was all you could get out. The intense stare he was giving you, your lack of understanding, what the hell were you supposed to say?
You heard him grind his teeth, saw his shoulders shift forward. “I understand.” Fili spoke quickly before standing up and moving away. You didn’t understand…what was happening? Looking back to Kili, you saw him staring after his brother before looking to you.

“You shouldn’t have given him hope if there was none!” He yelled at you before following the other prince away from the fire. You turned back to the rest of the group, but they were all so into Bofur’s tale that none of them seemed to notice what happened.

Seriously…what the hell just happened?!

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It had been a couple days since that night by the fire, and to say things were changed was an understatement. You usually would spend your days walking with the princes, joking and having a great time. But now, anytime you would get close, they would storm away, saying nothing.

At first, you brushed it off as nothing, but now, you knew they were avoiding you for a reason, and you wanted to know why! So you did the only thing you could think of…you cornered one of them. And the unlucky soul you cornered, was Fili.

“Fili, why are you avoiding me?” You said, catching him while he was taking the early watch. It was the perfect time, because he couldn’t storm away or he would risk Thorin’s wrath. No one, under any circumstances, should risk Thorin’s wrath. You learned that the hard way.

You stood there, waiting for your answer, but he never gave it. He never even muttered a word. He just stared forward and ignored you, as if you didn’t even exist. It broke your heart. In a moment of misunderstanding, you somehow lost your two best friends…and admittedly, your blonde haired crush who was so keen on ignoring you just now.

“Fine.” You gritted out and stormed back to the fire, plopping down next to Bilbo who was quick to pick up on your distress.

“Is everything alright, Y/n?” You turned to see your little friend, his curious and worrisome look brought a little sting to your heart. You contemplated just lying, not wanting to stir up trouble, but maybe he understood what was going on. You were human, he was a hobbit, you two were the outsiders here, but maybe he knew more than you.

“No…something happened and I don’t know what to do about it.” You quickly explained what happened to Bilbo, who listened intently to every word, muttering under his breath at certain points before finally offering some sound advice.

“It sounds like whatever Kili said has upset them both. Maybe ask one of the others what it means?”

Well, if the hobbit is going to be all logical. You hadn’t thought about that. You quickly turned your attention to the group, trying to figure out who to ask. Bofur was your first choice, but if it was something embarrassing, then he would tease you. No way in hell you were going anywhere near Dwalin, Ori was too innocent. Thorin…no. Wait! You spotted the white hair of a certain understanding and kind dwarf and you realized who you had to ask.

It was when everyone was settling down for the night when you decided to approach Balin. “Balin? Can I talk to you in private for a moment?” You asked politely. He was seated with Dwalin and Thorin, and you didn’t need to start any other drama, you had enough on your plate with Fili and Kili.

“Of course, lass.” He replied in kind, leading you a little ways away before inquiring about your
You quickly ran through what had happened with Fili and Kili, explaining that something was said that you didn’t understand, and was hoping he would translate so you knew why they were suddenly so distant.

“I can do that for you, lass. What is it those boys said?”

You stumbled and tripped over the words, but when you finished the phrase, Balin’s eyes went wide. That couldn’t be a good sign.

“What did he say?” You asked quickly.

Balin just sighed and grabbed your arm. “Lass, come with me.” He led you back to the camp while you kept asking the same question over and over again. But he didn’t answer. You quickly found yourself in front of Thorin, who was eyeing you and Balin with mild curiosity.

“I think it is best if you tell Thorin what you just told me, lass.” The older dwarf spoke gently to you.

You looked to Thorin and felt your heart pound. “It’s…you know what, it’s nothing. It’s fine. I’m sorry to have bothered you.”

“Y/n.” Thorin’s voice was commanding, freezing you in place. “Tell me what has you so troubled.”

You let out a little sigh. “I just…I don’t want to start any drama. I’m sure it will just blow over.”

Great! Now on top of having already pissing the boys off, you were going to tattle on them. You couldn’t even imagine what ‘snitches get stitches’ was like in the dwarf culture.

“This isn’t on you, lass. You didn’t understand. But only Thorin, I think, will be able to set it right.” Balin offered, giving you a little smile of encouragement.

“O-okay. Um…” So you went about your story, once again stumbling over the foreign language and explaining your troubles. And once again, you were greeted with wide eyes and a shocked look.

You didn’t think Thorin could actually be surprised…this couldn’t be a good sign.

“Fili! Kili!” Thorin shouted quickly while rising. You scurried out of his way as he stomped over to them. “Follow me. Now!”

You watched as the princes carefully followed after their uncle before turning to Balin. “Did I just get them in trouble? What did he say?!”

“It’s not my place to say, Y/n.” That was all Balin would say.

You made your way back to the fire and sat next to Bilbo, giving him a bit of an attitude. “Thanks for the advice. Now they will definitely hate me.” You grumbled as you tried to focus on the conversation between Ori and Nori.

You didn’t see Kili, Fili, or Thorin the rest of the night. They were off talking while the rest of the company laid down for rest. “Best enjoy my last night of peace.” You said out loud to yourself, rolling over and trying to get comfortable. Your worry didn’t allow for a particularly restful night of sleep, but at least you got some amount of rest…

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You woke to the sound of Bilbo yelping. Someone stepped on him again. Poor little hobbit, he was
just so small that no one seemed to realize where he was sleeping, you had stepped on him once or twice too. But on the bright side, it was like a working alarm clock that would wake you every morning, usually right before sunrise. At least it was consistent.

You sighed and stretched as you shifted up from your pack, but froze when you saw a little bouquet of wildflowers by your pack. “Uhh…” You picked them up and gave them a little sniff, the subtle floral scents reminding you of home and making you smile. You worked the flowers together and attached them to your pack, a little bit of happiness in this now dreary journey, a little light to brighten the darker nights.

No thought went into who put the flowers there, or why, so it came as a surprise to you when Fili approached you and smiled at you. “You like the flowers, then?”

It took a moment to respond. Honestly, you felt as though you had whiplash from the last few days. “Yea, they are beautiful. Thank you…but why did you pick them for me?”

“Would you mind taking a little walk with me? I would rather speak with you in private about this.” His words seemed serious as he bent down next to you, offering a hand to help you rise.

His hand was warm, the little callouses from working in the forge and fighting were evident, but that didn’t draw away from the tenderness in the way he held your hand in his as he walked you away from the group. You walked in silence, until he turned to face you, then all the words you had been wanting to say just came tumbling out.

“Listen, Fili. I don’t know what I did, but I’m sorry. You and Kili, I know you both have been avoiding me since that night. I really don’t know what was said, or what I did, but I’m sorry.” Your eyes fell to the ground as you admitted your next guilt. “I was just hoping to figure out what went wrong, that’s why I went to Balin. Had I known he would have dragged Throin into it I would have kept my mouth shut. I swear.”

There was only silence for a few moments, followed by a soft chuckle. “You have nothing to be sorry for, Y/n. You did nothing wrong. It was Kili and I who should be apologizing to you. Thorin explained your lack of understanding, and the error of our ways. We should have asked if you understood before we judged…And now here I am, begging for your forgiveness.” You looked up and saw those pretty blue eyes staring into yours. His face showed such sorry, his brow curled in on itself, his lips in a tight line. “What Kili said…he shouldn’t have said, it was my duty to say those words to you. And when you didn’t respond, I assumed you were dismissing it. I never stopped to think that it was because you didn’t understand.”

You sighed as you put a comforting hand on his arm. “Fili, it’s okay. But…what did he say?”

Fili sighed. He knew this question was coming, but it didn’t mean he was ready for it. “He…He made a declaration on my behalf. A declaration that made clear my desire to court you, to ask you to be mine.”

You let out a silent gasp, your jaw nearly dislocating from your mouth for a moment before you snapped it back in place. “Fili…you, you want to court me?”

Fili smiled, making his moustache braids sway as his face widened. “Oh, Y/n. I have wanted to court you since we first met. The want has only intensified since then.” He answered honestly, making you smile wide in return.

“I…I would really like that, Fee.” You managed to get out. Your face was flushed, your heart was pounding, but you were still on cloud nine. And you only floated higher as Fili leaned forward and
laid a soft and sweet kiss upon your lips. His little scruff of beard and the braids tickled your face, but you still loved it.

“Then if I may ask, lady Y/n. May I please place a courting braid in your hair?” He gave you a flourished bow and a wink, sending you into a fit of giggles.

“You are ridiculous, but yes. Yes, you may.”

When you walked back to camp a bit later, the group had breakfast nearly done. You walked hand-in-hand, which caught the attention of everyone pretty quick. And if that hadn’t done it, the nice pretty braid on your right side sure did the trick.

“About time!” Bofur got out before everyone else said their congratulations, which was right before others started arguing about ‘paying up’. Apparently you and Fili’s budding romance had been the group gossip for some time now. And in a funny twist of luck, the person who got the biggest payout, was Kili.

“What?! You two were taking too long! I had a deadline!” He defended as the little bags of gold flew to him. Thorin stomped up behind him and dropped a small bag of gold into his nephews lap.

“It was cheating. Which is why you will be taking guard duty for yourself and Fili for the next three days.” Thorin gritted out before taking his plate and sitting next to Balin, muttering how he bet Fili would wait until Erebor to court you. You couldn’t hold back your laughter, and neither could Fili, at the look of pure heartbreak at those words that appeared on Kili’s face over his punishment, and the surprising twist of Thorin being involved in the betting.

“It’s not cheating!” Kili shouted back.

“That’s what you get for meddlin’, brother.” Fili offered before leading you over to a seat for breakfast. You leaned against him as you ate, happily enjoying the little moment. This journey was a perilous one, but at least you found light and joy in it as well, in the form of your love, Fili.
What…what just happened?! Your mind was screaming at you, just repeating that phrase over and over and over again as you tried to calm your heart and steady your breathing. Massive beasts, massive strange looking dogs and rotting creatures…Orcs and Wargs. They had chased you over the countryside.

It was all you could do not to faint, trying to pull in steady breaths and avoid the oncoming panic attack you knew would occur if you thought too hard on it. But you had to focus. You were safe now. You jumped down some hole, as per Gandalf’s orders, and you were safe now. Nothing would.

You let out a screech as something grabbed you. You turned to fight it off, but then let out a sob of relief as you realized who it was. “Fili!” You wanted to yell at him, scream at him for scaring you so, but instead you just buried your head in his neck, holding him tightly.

He returned the favor, wrapping you up in his arms as he whispered to you. “I’m here, Y/n. My Fallen Star, I won’t let anything hurt you.” You took a steadying breath, inhaling Fili’s scent as you nestled against him. “We are safe now.”

You mumbled against his skin, making him shift suddenly. “Don’t like those things.”

“I know, but we have to keep going. Do you want me to carry you?”

You chuckled and shook your head. “No, I’m okay. Just give me a moment more…”

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Fili granted you that moment, and many moments after. You could both spare them, after all, considering you were in the peaceful city of Rivendell. It was gorgeous, the pretty buildings and the nature and the openness of it. It was perfection.

And don’t get you started on those hot spring baths. No lie, you kinda wanted to stay just for
those…but you didn’t think you would be able to convince anyone to stay with you.

“I’m just saying, they are just…amazing!” You spoke as you leaned against Fili’s side. The amazing…boyfriend? Do they call them boyfriends here? Anyway…

The amazing man he was, arranged for a private-ish picnic for you. He had some of the others help him out, and true you were in the garden below the veranda where the company was, but it was still nice. At least when someone wasn’t whistling at you both. Apparently there were rules, such as needing chaperones, that came along with your pretty new braid.

“Well, maybe we will have to visit these springs.” Fili spoke as he let his arm wrap around you. It was a little thing he had started doing. No matter where you both were, he always was touching you in some way. You didn’t mind, of course, you loved it. You loved when he had an arm around you or wove his pinky around yours under a table or such. It was so sweet, so romantic.

“Now Fili, are you suggesting we go take a bath together?” You gave him a little nudge and a wink. “Because I’m not saying I wouldn’t be opposed.” You whispered into his ear, then casually shifting to give him a kiss on his cheek.

Fili chuckled, his grin making you giggle as the little metal beads on the end of his mustache braids caught the light. “You are trouble, aren’t you?”

“For you?” You grinned, taking a bite of the fruit that was in the picnic basket. “Always.” You finished your snack as you leaned back against him. “Now, tell me more about Ered Luin, I want to hear more!”

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“And I’m tellin’ ya that it ain’t gonna be like that ‘ere!”

You watched in mock boredom at the two dwarves on the other side of the veranda. While Thorin and some of the others were off with Gandalf discussing something about a map, you were still at the campsite enjoying the little eccentricities of your group.

For example…
“They have to ‘ave something sim’lar!” You chuckled as you listened on. It always fascinated you how with an argument, as the tempers flared up, so did those thick dwarvish accents. You giggled as Nori and Bofur went at it, with a few others chiming in as they did so. You weren’t even sure what was being argued about, but you were enjoying it.

You watched as it became a bit heated, Nori starting to spout something in that other language of theirs, Bofur looking right put out by it. Just as you were about to get up and shout out to them, end the craziness, the world went dark.

“Guess who?”

Your hand drifted up to those that were covering your face. You slowly ran your thumb over Fili’s knuckles as he pressed a light kiss to the crown of your head.

“I’m glad your back.” You waited for him to sit next to you, Kili taking up the spot on your other side.

“How did you know it was him?” Kili looked a bit put out. Granted, it was him who asked the question, but it was Fili’s hands that covered your eyes.

“Please, I think I know the difference between my boyfriend and his brother.”

Kili scoffed before moving away, mumbling something about sweetness and rotting teeth. You just rolled your eyes as you turned back to Fili, who was looking at you a bit perplexed. “What?”

“Boyfriend?”

You chuckled. “Well, I guess that’s what you are. I haven’t heard another word for this.” You motioned between the two of you. “So, I don’t have anything to call you.”

Fili’s mouth twitched, fighting between wanting to look amused or confused. “Why can’t you call me Fili?”
“Well, of course I call you Fili.” You reached up and ran your fingers through his hair, pulling the little braid you made earlier in the day to the front. “But in my world, when people are in a relationship like this, they are boyfriend and girlfriend.”

“So,” Fili thought for a moment, shifting forward on the bench. “I’m your boyfriend?”

“Yep.” You spoke softly, leaning back as a little tease from the oncoming kiss you knew Fili was trying to sneak to you.

“So, you’re my girlfriend.”

“Got it in one, Fee.”

His lips pressed against yours, his arm wrapping around your back to pull you back against him. You let your body be moved as he saw fit, letting yourself just fall in the kiss and savor it. There was something about Fili, whenever he kissed you, it was otherworldly. His lips were so tender, as if he were barely letting himself touch you. The softness of his beard pressing against you, how he would hold you close each time, it was perfection. With that you let out a little sigh and a shiver, your hand running up his chest.

Fili pulled away for one breathless moment. “Are you cold?”

“ha…that’s not why I’m shivering.”

Oh, those eyes. Those blue eyes seemed to darken for a moment, and paired with that proud smirk. Yep…you melted. “How about I wrap you up in my coat anyway?” Fili shifted his coat off of his shoulders and moved his arms around you, pulling you closer as an excuse for putting the coat over your shoulders.

“Just in case you do get cold as the sun goes down.” Fili pressed another gentle kiss to your lips, “or I could just hold you closer.”

You gave a gentle tug on his mustache braid, leading him back in for another kiss. “I like that idea a lot better.”
You really did, and when you laid down to sleep that night, you were more than happy to have those arms tightly around you keeping you safe and warm.

Chapter End Notes

I love being wrapped in your arms, Fili. (Go to "Bulls-eye")
It saddened you to have to leave Rivendell. You really did like that place, but at the same time, you were happy to be moving on. There was something among the company, even with Bilbo, that you could see. Something that gave them excitement as they pressed forward towards Erebor.

Those who had come from Erebor were obviously very excited to be heading towards home. And those who weren’t, like Fili, they still felt the excitement, but also a bit of reticence. It was something you had noticed in Fili as you began your trek from the elvish city. He seemed quieter, with both you and the others.

You allowed him the day of travel, as you had to focus on your own footing when climbing a mountain, but that first evening, you didn’t want to let him fret. “Fee?” You whispered to him as you handed over his dinner. He smiled up at you as he shifted to the side, allowing you to sit next to him.

You looked over to Fili’s other side, catching Kili’s worried look at his brother. You pantomimed to him, but he didn’t seem any surer of what had Fili looking so down than you did. Kili nodded for you to give it a go as he got up and started making his way over to Ori, striking up a conversation.

You watched Fili for a moment as he stared down into his food, seeming to be lost in thought. You brushed his arm, hoping to catch his attention. “Penny for your thoughts?”

No response. Damn, he was practically catatonic. “Fili? Fee?”

Well, if he wasn’t going to pay attention…

“Oh…my back is killing me!” You lowered your voice as you spoke, hoping to keep everyone else from hearing. “This bra, man…don’t even know if you all have bras here. Bindings I guess you would call them, huh. I mean, maybe I should just take it off?”

Nothing.
“And maybe my shirt too, just run around half naked, dancing in the wind, paint my body with the colors of the wind…go marry an elf…”

“What?” Fili’s head snapped up at that, making you bark out in laughter. He seemed so serious as he uttered the words, “you were asked for marriage by an elf? Who?!” Oh, he looked so pissed. Laughing probably wasn’t the best idea, but it was just too funny.

“No!” You smiled at him, pressing little kisses against those worry lines on his forehead. “But of course, that is what you heard, of all the things I just said.”

“I’m sorry,” Fili set his bowl aside, leaning forward onto his knees, his hands coming up and running through his golden mane. “I’m just…my mind is running with thoughts of the mountain.” You nodded, rubbing his back in comfort as he spoke. “With each step we get closer to reclaiming our home.”

You didn’t quite understand it. “And what is so bad about that?” He sounded so upset about it, as if he didn’t want to reclaim the mountain.

“I won’t be just Fili anymore after that. …I’ll be Crown Prince Fili.”

There it was. He wasn’t worried about the dragon, or the travel, like a normal person, he was worried about what came after. “Fee…we have a long time until then.” You gave his arm a squeeze as you tried to pull him back to sit up straight and talk with you.

“I know,” he gave in, letting you guide him back against the tree you were sitting under. “But my mind worries.”

“I get it…” You leaned against his shoulder, resting your head against his. “Hey, how about after dinner I help keep your mind from worrying?”

Fili’s mood shifted in that instant. Gone was the melancholy prince and returned was the mischievous devil and those damn blue eyes and that perfect smirk. “Oh? What did you have in mind?”
“You know, this isn’t what I thought you had in mind when you said you would distract me.” Fili chuckled as he watched you eye up the ‘target’ Ori had drawn and pinned on the tree at your request.

“Is it keeping your mind busy?” You asked as you stretched, making a show of the whole thing. You bent at the waist and let your arms fall above your head as you reached for your toes. Your back felt the tug of the stretch before you straightened up.

You turned to sass Fili once more but paused mid-movement to give a scoff. “Excuse me, my eyes are up here!” You playfully taunted him. Fili’s eyes drifted up your body, the slight blush crossing his cheeks at having been caught checking out your ass.

“Now, are you gonna man…dwarf-up or what?! Gonna leave your lady all defenseless or you gonna teach me something?” You pouted, putting your hands on your hips in the most challenging stance you could. Fili just smiled at you and nodded, shifting around the space to guide you to the best spot.

Sure, learning to throw his knives probably wasn’t the best past-time, but if it gave him something to focus on other than his worries about the future, you would take one for the team and learn to throw things. Besides, how hard could it be?

“Alright, you want to plant your feet, just like that…now you hold it like this.” Fili was gentle in each touch, guiding you through the proper form and motions to be able to hit the target.

“So…what do I get if I hit a bulls-eye?” You taunted as Fili stepped back, letting you go for your first attempt.

“It takes time to be able to do this. Took me weeks to just hit the target.” Well, wasn’t that just a pick-you-up?

“What would I get?” You sassed back, lifting an eyebrow as a dare to have him say that you wouldn’t, or couldn’t. He may be a prince, but he was a bit clueless sometimes. “Hypothetically, what would you give me if I got a bulls-eye?”

Fili crossed his arms over his chest as he thought for a moment. “Well, would my undying love be enough?” He gave a little shrug, as if he hadn’t just said the sweetest thing you had ever heard,
making you sigh happily.

“More than enough,” you whispered back to him as you took your stance. You listened to every note and comment Fili made to correct you before taking a deep breath. You gave yourself a little internal pep talk, building up to when you brought your arm back with Fili’s knife and launched it forward. You took care to let your arm follow through, shifting your weight just so.

Thunk!

You took a breath before looking up and—“HOLY SHIT!” You brought your hands up to your mouth as you had your internal freak out. You looked back to Fili who was just standing there dumbfounded.

Okay, sure, it wasn’t perfectly centered…but Ori had shaded that center circle. And technically, the tip of the knife stuck…just at the edge, but still in that little circle. Sure, it fell out after like two seconds, but it hit! IT FUCKING HIT!

“Is that a bulls-eye?!” You squealed, turning to Fili, who just looked at you in awe. “IS THAT A FUCKING BULLS-EYE?!”

Fili burst out in laughter as he closed the gap between you, lifting you up off your feet as he pressed forward for a hungry kiss. He seemed to ravage your mouth, not stopping until he had you wrapped up in his arms and pressed against a nearby tree.

“I love you, Y/n.” Fili whispered to you, his lips trailing over your cheeks and jaw and neck, until finally finding home at your lips again.

The feeling in your heart made it seem as though it was about to burst. It made your chest swell with love and joy, it made you want to cling tighter to Fili and at the same time dance in happiness. “Amralime,” his whispered in his native tongue, pressing his forehead against you. “I will never doubt you again.”

“Damn straight!” It seemed stupid, but you even had a tear or two of joy streaming down your cheeks. “Can’t have the one I love doubting me, can I?” You wrapped your arms around his shoulder, holding him close, neither of you feeling any rush to get back to the campsite any time soon.
Although, when you did head back, you made Fili laugh out loud as you fetched the target with the hole from your hit and folded it neatly. And when Kili taunted you about probably missing the target, Fili took great pride in unfolding it and showing everyone how well his princess did.

Chapter End Notes

You are amazing, Fili, my love. (Go to "Brush with Death")
It seemed your story, the entire story that would be told about your life to this place and how you lived it, would revolve around trees. You were leaning against a tree, and then tripped over its roots when you fell to this place. You landed on a tree when you first arrived. The first time you told Fili you loved him, pressed up against a tree. And now?

You were going to die because of one.

You had been scrambling to get up the tree, everyone hurrying to get high enough that the wargs couldn’t reach. You didn’t know what happened, you followed the same path up that Bifur did, but when you went to pull yourself up, getting a safe distance off the ground, the limb snapped.

The impact jarred you. It sent the breath out of your body as you collided with the ground, the second time you had felt that sensation in such a short time, although this wasn’t as bad as the first fall about a month ago. And for that moment, you didn’t even realize the danger. You opened your eyes, reality slowly drifting back into focus as you looked up.

The branches in the tree swayed gently in the silence, almost as if they were waving at you. It was peaceful.

But then, you heard him.

“Y/n!”

You heard Fili screaming your name. “Y/N!” It was filled with desperation and despair. You looked over to the sound of his voice, seeing him trying to scramble as fast as he could down the tree. That look of terror on his face. Why?

Reality hit you hard. The air swam back into your lungs as you let out gasp of breath. You realized you were on the ground, the wargs. You had to get free of the wargs…

You shifted up, grimacing against the pain trailing down your back and around to your chest. You
managed to shift to your knees, getting one up so you were kneeling, trying to push yourself off the ground.

“Y/N!” You heard Fili’s desperate cry. It wasn’t just his voice now though; the others were screaming at you to move. Even Thorin. With that, you snapped your head up.

You let out a stuttered breath as you saw the warg, the one that would kill you. Its jaw was open, snarling and growling as it ran forward. Its claws dug into the dirt each time it pressed forward, hurtling towards you in an almost graceful fashion.

You were going to die.

You tried to shift again, managing to get to your feet, but stumbled back against the trunk of the tree in pain. You couldn’t climb, not like this. You had to…run…but where? All there was, all that was left was the cliff.

“Y/n!” You heard a voice above. You lifted your head, fighting the pain in your neck as you saw Dwalin jump down two branches and reach out to you. The cry of pain ripped from your mouth as you reached up, his hand encircling yours. With a mighty tug, he lifted you back into the tree where the others quickly pulled you to safety.

“Y/n! Y/N!” Fili’s voice was still desperate as you shifted against Dwalin.

“We’ve got her!” Dwalin shouted back to Fili, moving as quickly as he could back up the tree.

“Fee…” You managed to get out, looking over to the tree next, seeing him shouting at you. “I’m…” No more words were said. But words didn’t matter, not when the trees were now falling, not when you had to manage to leap to the next. They didn’t matter when you were dangling over the cliff, and words didn’t matter when your grip slipped and you fell…

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When the slid off the Eagle’s back and onto the rock face, you just let yourself collapse. You were in so much pain, but it didn’t matter. Fili…you had to find Fili…and Thorin and Bilbo, and the others. Where? Where were they?
“Y/n!” You managed to open your eyes, to right yourself on your knees just long enough for Fili to drop to his own, pulling you into a tight embrace. Another cry of pain erupted from your mouth as his arms pressed against the new bruises from your fall, but you just clung to him. His arms went slack at hearing you, but you just pulled him tighter against you.

“No, don’t let go…don’t let go.” You nearly sobbed into his chest, so happy to see he was alive. You had saw him fighting the wargs, and then when you fell you couldn’t find him again. The fear of having lost him was more than you could bear, and the thought made you cling to him more.

“You fell…twice. I thought…” Fili couldn’t get a hold of his words, only holding you tightly was all he could manage. “I love you. I love you, and I can’t lose you. Not you… Y/n…”

“I love you.” You whispered back to him, just taking deep breaths. “We’re okay…” You were both safe now, in each other’s arms. That was what mattered now.

Chapter End Notes

I’m so happy we are both okay. (Go to "Rest")
Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Huffing and puffing, you managed to make your way over to some cleared spot in this giant house and let your body just scoot down the wall until you were sitting on the floor. You really didn’t think it would get worse than almost becoming Kibbles and Bits for a warg or falling off a cliff, but this took the cake.

Chased by giant bear.

What could you say, when it rained in Middle Earth, it apparently fucking poured all the creatures that could ever want to kill you. You took a deep breath, steadying your heart from that epic run you just did, letting your eyes drift close as your body ached. It was still sore from your latest fall from the tree, and then you added that cardio without stretching…your muscles hated you. But at least all of you were safe…for now.

“Y/n?” You opened your eyes to find Kili sliding down the wall next to you. “Are you okay?”

You chuckled, looking over to your friend. “Fili send you over here?” Those blue eyes of your love were trained on you, but he was being held up by Thorin and Dwalin and Balin discussing something. Poor guy looked dead on his feet. “I’m fine.”

You patted Kili’s shoulder, shifting a bit so you could lean against him. “Although, I could use about eight days rest and a spa week.”

“Don’t know what a spa week is, but I agree…” Kili shifted with you, so you were both essentially propped up against each other, settling down as you waited for the others to finish their conversation.

“Will it take long?” You asked as your eyes drifted closed.

“Who knows.” Kili huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. “Just glad I don’t have to stand through it…” And then came the little light snores. You couldn’t help but smile at Kili’s almost child like ability to just fall asleep at the drop of the hat.
“G’night.” You whispered to him, knowing that Fili would come wake you when he was done. Until then, just getting some rest sounded good.

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“I just want to make sure she is well.” Fili’s (not so hushed) whisper woke you, then the feelings of his fingers drifting across your cheek. “Amralime? Can you hear me?”

You hummed and took a deep breath, your eyes opening to a rather exhausted looking blonde prince…and a rather put out looking healer. “Oin?”

“Let’s just get ya checked so I can sleep!” He grumbled, reaching forward and helping you up suddenly.

“Oin!” Fili tried chastising the older dwarf for handling you so, but you just gave him a quick peck on cheek to silence him. Fili walked over to the kitchen of this fantastically giant home and helped you get settled.

He stood in front of you as Oin carefully lifted up the back of your tunic to take a look at the bruises and damage done by the fall. He had given them a once everyone was landed and settled from the eagles, but it was only a moment and he said he wanted to check them out more later. But why did it have to disturb your sleep?

You let your head fall forward, laying on Fili’s shoulder. As Oin pressed against some of your more tender bruises, you pushed into Fili, letting your hands toy with some strings on his tunic for a distraction.

Fili offered silent support, neither of you saying anything until Oin was finished. He confirmed that nothing was broken or too badly damaged. You would be sporting deep tissue bruises for a while, probably some limited motion, but other than that you would live.

“Yea, I just resigned myself to being sore the rest of my life.” You joked.

“Poor?” Oin spouted out. “Nonsense! We all agreed you would get a portion of the treasure, and even so, you have the prince here to see to ya. You will never be poor!”
Fili snorted in amusement as you mentally prepared yourself. “No Oin, I said sore not…never mind.” Fili pressed a kiss to your temple as you leaned against him, turning to face Oin so hopefully he could read your lips instead of trying to hear you.

“THANK YOU VERY MUCH!” You enunciated, speaking louder than usual.

“No see here! No need to shout, I ain’t deaf!”

An eye roll was all you could offer as Oin stomped off, seemingly offended that you called him out.

“Yea…And I ain’t human.”

“Now, Y/n…no need to be prickly.” Fili teased, guiding you over to your bed rolls. Kili must have set them up, as he had taken the spot on the other side of Fili…although he was now spread out like a starfish taking up most of Fili’s bedroll too.

“Do you mind if we share? I don’t want to wake him.” Damn, you didn’t know Fili could make his eyes look even bluer, even more loving. The way he looked at you, even if you had wanted to say no, would have made your heart melt and you would have gave in. And since you were already for sharing and cuddling up together, you just pulled him down onto your bedroll with a grin.

It took a few moments for you both to get settled. Fili shed his cloak and coat, settling them over both of you as extra blankets. The boots had to go as well. And then he had to shoo away Kili, who apparently was a sleep cuddler and tried to latch onto Fili. Poor Ori, he wouldn’t know what hit him in the morning, but he was the next closest person, so Fili just gently rolled his brother that way.

Then Fili turned towards you. He pulled you close, letting you bury yourself into his chest as he wrapped a protective arm around you. After a few moments, his hand drifted up and began teasing your hair, giving light touches over your cheeks. The touches were just enough you could feel them, but they were like ghost touches.

“You should rest.” You whispered to him.

“I will.” Fili pressed a kiss to your forehead before settling back and continuing his light touches.
“No you won’t. You will play with my hair all night.” You let your eyes drift open. It warmed your heart to see Fili watching you with that special smile. It was gentle, true. It was just the turn of his lips, a glimmer in his eye, so soft and loving. It was looks you believed only could have been fabricated in a movie. Yet here you were, on the receiving end of it.

“I love you.” You whispered to him, leaning forward to give his nose a little kiss. Fili mumbled something in return in his native language, you assumed it was a similar phrase. You followed Fili’s example, letting your hands drift up and tease over the beginnings of his beard, tease those mustache braids you loved so much.

“You shouldn’t…” Fili practically moaned to you. “Touching a beard…it’s very intimate for us.”

Intimate indeed. There was no mistaking the want in Fili’s eyes now. “I’m sorry…but I have played with your braids before…”

Fili nodded. “Yes, but that was just play. Tying my mustache braids together are different than the touches you give me now.”

“Oh,” You let your voice take an innocent tone as you let your hands drift once more over his jaw line, teasing his beard in a loving caress. “I’m sorry. Do you want me to stop?”

“No.” Fili moaned, straight up moaned, but then grabbed your hand. “But we should. You need rest, as do I.” He pressed a light kiss to your knuckles before tucking you back into him, holding you close.

“Alright…maybe later?”

Fili laughed, a good and hearty laugh as he tightened his hold on you. “Nothing but trouble, love. You are nothing but trouble.”

Chapter End Notes

Yea…but I’m your kind of trouble. (Go to "Can't Wait for Love")
Can't Wait For Love

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Beorn, that was the name of the Bear Man whose home you were currently inhabiting. He was an interesting character. Exceedingly tall, quiet, could snap your neck with a single look. Fascinating. Oh, and he turned into a ravenous fucking bear…that’s pretty cool too.

Now normally, you would have loved to sit down and talk with him (like Bilbo was doing) and gotten to know him and learn about these skin changers. And yes, you did spend a bit of time doing just that…but you found that your mind was being taken up with one singular question. A question you had asked the others about even, because it was starting to worry you.

What the fuck was wrong with Fili?

It seemed that the morning you woke after arriving here, he went all sorts of crazy. He seemed to be taking time on his own, which wasn’t anything too surprising, but he spent the whole day yesterday out in the garden…just standing there and muttering to himself. You tried going out to talk to him about it, but he just gave you a soft smile and a kiss and told you to go back inside and rest.

So, you did the only thing you could. You sent Kili out there. Kili had also noticed his brother acting oddly, which didn’t make you feel any better, and tried to get to the point. Fili must have confided in him.

When Kili came back inside, you pounced at the opportunity to see what was wrong. Honestly, you were starting to think that maybe Fili was sick or something, but what Kili did surprised you.

“Kee…is everything okay? What did Fili say?” Kili had become your partner in the trials to figure out the Fili question, but it seemed that whatever Fili said would keep Kili from talking. Or doing anything except for smile widely at you with teary eyes before pulling you into a big hug.

And then the fucking weirdo just walked off! Squeezed you so hard it cracked your back, let out a smiling sob, and then just walked away! So, the question changed…

What the fuck was wrong with your dwarves?!
It seemed you would never get the answer. Everyone else had, which was totally un-fucking-fair! Even Thorin knew what was going on! Fili came in for lunch, and was happy to sit next to you, put an arm around you, everything being normal…and then back out into the garden he went. Only that time, he took Thorin with him.

Then Thorin came back in. He stopped by you, looking at you with a strange look before nodding and moving on.

“Well, that was odd.” Bilbo commented, making you frown more.

“You noticed that too?” Bilbo just nodded before turning back to his little sword. “Promise me, Bilbo…if you figure out what the hell is going on, you will tell me right?”

“Absolutely! It does no one any good to keep secrets that cause such worry.”

Of course, a couple hours later, you had to mentally call Bilbo a fucking hypocrite when Bofur whispered something to him and his eyes snapped up to you in shock. You had thought, in that one moment, you would finally figure out the answer to this god forsaken question. But that fucking hobbit just excused himself in that asshole polite manner and snuck away.

What an asshole.

Little did you know you were about to get the answer to your question. You were leaning against Fili, his arm draped over your shoulders as you conversed with Ori about details from your own world. Fili would every now and then reach up and twirl your courting braid, making you smile over at him or give him a quick kiss.

“Ori, I don’t mean to be rude, but can I borrow Y/n?” Fili finally spoke up, giving your waist a little squeeze as he spoke over your shoulder.
“Oh…Of-of course!” Ori practically squeaked before turning tail and going to Dori. “It’s going to happen isn’t it?!” He whispered. Clearly not softly enough because you heard it. But that phrase had your heart pounding.

What was going to happen? Was this some weird dwarf thing? Were you being inducted into the dwarf-illuminati or something? What the hell was happening?!

You allowed Fili to guide you outside, to the very garden he had been inhabiting earlier in the day. Hell, you could even tell where he had been pacing as he wore in the dirt there. He held your hand as he turned towards you, looking rather terrified at the moment.

“Fili…Fili, what’s going on? I’m starting to get freaked out.” You had to admit that. With all the secrets and the whispers behind your back, you were beginning to fear the worse. Were you being booted from the company? Had you done something wrong?

“I’m sorry, love. I didn’t mean to worry you.” Fili smiled a little, giving you a sweet kiss before he stepped back. “I needed time to get my thoughts about me. I… I didn’t want to rush. I don’t want to rush…”

Of course, you wanted to ask your questions, interject with some comments, but you kept your mouth shut. Fili was starting to shake a little, his nervous or his energy getting too high. Something big was about to happen, and you didn’t want to interrupt him.

“I wanted to wait. I wanted to wait until the journey was over and I could do it properly. I wanted to do it like those princes in your stories, the ones you love so much…but…” He let out a sigh as he gave your hands a squeeze. “This journey is getting more dangerous. And I can’t lose you.”

“You won’t.” You couldn’t stop that from slipping out of your mouth as you stepped closer to him, putting a hand on his cheek. Your thumb drifted over his cheek bone, making him relax just a bit into your touch.

“I can’t lose you…And I don’t want to wait. I want to…I want to be yours. I won’t let anything happen to you, but if anything happens to me, I want to have had the time to be yours.” Fili’s voice was becoming quickened, he was becoming almost desperate in his speech.

“Fili…I am yours.” You reached up and touched the braid in your hair. Fili’s eyes followed with a happy smile.
“But…I am greedy. I am selfish…” His voice was low as he let his fingers gently roll over each part of the braid.

“No, you are not!” Your voice raised in your shock. Fili was many things, but greedy and selfish was not one of them. How could he even think like that?!

“I am…because I am not satisfied with just one braid. I-I want to add a second.” He looked into your eyes. The shades of blues that seemed to glow, they were heightened in the moonlight. The flowers around you making a gorgeous scene. It was in that moment, a small part of your brain realized that Fili picked this spot for this moment…

“Y/n…Amralime…Marry me?”

Chapter End Notes

YES! (Go to "A Day To Remember")
Everyone, at some point, dreams about their wedding day. They wonder who they will marry, where, and sometimes the little details. You were no different. You had spent some time as a child wondering about your own future wedding, dreaming about what it would be like.

“No, no! Absolutely not! I will not allow Y/n, a proper young lady, to walk on her wedding day in such garb!”

This…this was not it.

Now, you would have thought the person who belonged to that statement would have been someone like Dori, maybe Bilbo, hell, maybe even Fili demanding you get a dream wedding or something. But no…of all the people it could have been. It was Dwalin that was acting like a damn bridezilla.

Well, in his defense, the others were doing the same. But still… And truthfully, you probably should have expected it when you asked him to “walk you down the aisle”. He seemed to not really put his two cents in until that moment, then all hell broke loose.

“I do not have any other garb. This is all I can offer you.” Beorn (yes, the bear man) said as he held out a slightly stained white tunic.

“She needs a dress.” Bilbo deadpanned, shaking his head as Dwalin backed him up.

“Oh great…now you were picturing Beorn in a dress. Not the image you wanted in your head on your wedding day.

“I still think—”
“ENOUGH!” You finally screamed. “YOU ARE ALL DRIVING ME BATTY!”

Now, you weren’t a bridezilla. Of course, you didn’t exactly need to be. Dwalin, Dori, and Bilbo were all banned from any “planning” from there on out. That wasn’t your rule…it was Fili’s. He had heard you shout from his place out in the garden where he was with his brother and uncle walking through the last-minute things they needed to go over before the wedding.

Being the daring prince he was, he came storming into the house after hearing you scream and set everyone straight. And thank god for that because you were beginning to contemplate homicide to get some peace. No wonder brides were so stressed out all the time!

But that stress was behind you now. You smiled over to Dwalin, who grinned at you as he took your arm on his. “Ya look lovely, Lass.”

You just chuckled as Bilbo placed a little flower crown on your head. “I agree. Never will there be a more beautiful bride.” You burst out in laughter at that.

“I’m a bride wearing a pair of hand-me-downs from a pack of dwarves, beauty isn’t what I would call it. Fierce maybe, but not beauty.”

“Ya can be fierce and beautiful, Fallen Star. Fili will love ya the same.” With those words, you let a little butterfly of nerves flutter through you as Bombur opened the door to lead you outside. Dwalin walked beside you, leading you around the corner and into the flower garden where Fili stood. His hair was brushed back, expertly braided, but the thing that caught you the most was how he looked at you.

He seemed in awe. You didn’t look any different, with the exception of the flower crown and you weren’t dirt covered, but still, it made you feel as if you were wearing the finest of clothes, jewels, or something. It was, the only way you could think to explain how he looked at you so.

Dwalin stepped up to Fili and held out your hand. A few words were said before you were standing next to Fili, beaming up at him. Thorin had officiated, but in the coming days you wouldn’t be able to recall what words were spoken.
The entire time, you just stared into Fili’s eyes. His hands in yours, drawing little shapes on the backs of your hand. It took just a moment to realize he was writing you little messages, secret words for just you. Love. Wife. Forever. Those were just some that you were able to pick out.

“Y/n…” You felt Thorin’s hand on your shoulder. You turned to him for a moment, blushing a bit when he chuckled at you. “Do you take Fili to be your husband?”

Your face hurt, truly hurt, as your smile stretched even wider. Never had you smiled so much. “If I must.” You sassed, happy to see Fili chuckle as well. The word Trouble was the next to be traced on your skin.

“And you, Fili. Do you—”

“Yes.”

“You could let me finish…” Thorin grumbled, making you and most of the others laugh. “Now, with these witnesses and with the blessing of Mahal, I now pronounce—”

The rest was lost. You were certain there was a cacophony of shouts and whistles, probably grumbling from Thorin about being allowed to finish his words again, but it was all drowned out as Fili pulled you forward and into a searing kiss.

A deep kiss that started on your lips and burrowed into your very soul, lighting it on fire and searing Fili’s name there. His arms slowly wrapped around your waist as you held onto his shoulders.

This you had dreamed of, the perfect, and most true, first kiss with your husband.

Chapter End Notes

Fili, my husband. I can’t believe it! (Go to "Ups and Downs")
How do things manage to go from so amazing and happy to so shitty and depressing? Really, is there a rule in this world where karma just decides to be a little fuck and kick you while you’re down? You arrive in the world, make some friends…get chased by wargs…relax in Rivendell…death trees and eagles…Survive and get married…attacked by spiders and locked in cell.

Yea…fuck you too, whoever decides these things!

But it was times like this that you let your mind drift to a happier time. It had been how you kept your wits about you in the forest. You would think about that sunset wedding. You would think about that kiss. You would think about how Fili held you during the celebration…and after.

“Y/n?” Fili whispered against your head, “What are you thinking of, love?” You smiled as you nestled into him a bit more, hoping to capture a bit more of his warmth and comfort in this dark and barren cell.

“You.” Your whisper tickled his neck as you spoke. At least that was a silver lining, these asshole elves had bleeding hearts. Originally, you were supposed to be put in the cell next to this one. But Fili wouldn’t have that. He raised hell, screamed and shouted, nearly pushed one of the elves off the walkway trying to get to you. It warmed your heart to hear him shout ‘I will not be separated from my wife!’

Wife…that new title was still settling in your mind, but you loved it nonetheless.

“Me? And what are you thinking of about me?” He asked as his hands drifted up to your cheek, wiping away a little bit of cobweb that was left from the spider attack.

You smiled up at him, letting your hand trail over his beard and down his chest. “I was thinking of our wedding. How beautiful it was and how amazing that first kiss was.”

“It was pretty spectacular.” Fili would never argue that point with you. He too would think back on that moment when he needed a smile.
“And then the party that followed.” You continued as your hand circled his chest a couple times, soothing him as he rested against the stone wall.

“Aye. Didn’t think Bofur would be able to make such songs on the spot like that. Nor that Nori would recite poetry.”

You snorted. “I don’t think that constitutes poetry. Just because it rhymed does not mean that it was poetry.” Between Nori’s love (read pornographic) poetry and Bofur’s rowdy songs, you were all in a fit for laughing so hard. Except Dori, who seemed affronted at such conversation in front of Ori.

“Aye, but it did give us some spectacular ideas.”

Oh…

You let your hand drift up to Fili’s cheek, teasing his beard. It was just long enough you could start moving your fingers through it, instead of a light dusting of a beard as it was when you first met. The reaction was instantaneous. He melted into your touch, nearly growling out his words. “You are testing my restraint, wife.”

“Me? What about you?” You sat up, shifting so you were straddling him, sitting on his lap. Your hands moved up his chest again and began shifting through his hair. “Bringing up our wedding night…adventures…”

Fili couldn’t argue that as he pulled you down for a kiss. “Such adventures they were.” Oh hell yes they were. Nori’s ridiculous “poems” would have made a holy man blush, but for you and Fili, you both took it as a challenge.

You pressed against him, loving the gentle movements of his lips against yours. “This isn’t the honeymoon I was hoping, but I will take it if it gives me some time alone with my husband.” Fili grinned, making you chuckle as he said a few curses under his breath, his arms snapping around your waist to secure you to him.

You gave a glance out the cell, making sure no one could see you before you pressed another kiss to his lips. At least you had your privacy in your cell. It would be really awkward if someone—

“Excuse me…” You froze. That voice. “I’m terribly sorry to interrupt…” You looked over your
shoulder to see Bilbo standing there, an almost amused look on his face as he held the cell door open. “We are in a bit of a hurry.”

Fili let out a pitiful whine as he shifted you off his lap before helping you to your feet. You giggled a little at the sight of him looking so out of sorts, and not because of the cobwebs and the torn up clothes and the messed hair, but because he looked so deprived of something so precious to him. You were glad that precious thing was you.

Following Bilbo into the cellars, you claimed the barrel you would be riding in. Fili jumped in right after you to be close. “You know…we really do need to take a nice long honeymoon when this is all done.” You grumbled.

Fili smiled at you as he shifted around, finally getting settled against the edge of the barrel. “And you think you could handle me all by yourself for such a time?”

Such cheek! Couldn’t handle him? He wouldn’t be able to handle you! You would show him! And show him…you would have. You had planned to kiss him silly, tease him like crazy and leave him hanging…but then Bilbo pulled the lever.

You both had rather nasty bumps (and you even had a bruise) on your heads by the time you got into Laketown. Poor timing…it was that fucking karma-like loop coming back again. Had a nice time kissing in the cell…so you nearly gave each other concussions trying it in the barrels.

Chapter End Notes

Bilbo…we need to work on your timing. And Fili, my love…I will show you what I can handle, you just wait and see! (Go to ”Not Your Fate”)
The lost kingdom of Erebor. There was a time when thinking of this place would have made your mind swim with images of vast halls and roaring fires. Parties with malt beer, roast meats, and large desserts. Dancing. Laughter.

But the reality was far from it. It had a long way to go before it was that kingdom you had dreamed up in your mind. At least you figured. Honestly, you hadn’t seen more than the entry way and the gold chamber since.

You had stayed with Fili in Laketown with Kili. You held Kili’s hand in one of your own while Fili claimed the other. Kili survived, Fili survived, everyone who was with you survived, and you made your way to the mountain. The others were so broken hearted, assuming the worst since the dragon had come to Laketown, but you stayed positive.

“I bet they are in there drinking a mug of ale and rolling in gold.”

Only one of those things were true. And to be honest, there was no rolling to be had, otherwise it may set Thorin off and someone would get hurt. Whispers had went around, you heard things like ‘gold sickness’ and ‘dragon sickness’ spoken. Whatever it was, Thorin needed to snap out of it.

He needed a good left hook to the face. And damn it, you were tempted…but you see there were two things. One; You didn’t think it was okay to punch the new king who was essentially like a father-in-law to you now. Two; You didn’t think it would make an impact. Now, if someone like Dwalin did it, maybe you could slap some sense into Thorin, but not you.

Dwalin, Balin, and Bilbo tried to handle Thorin, trying to make him see reason, so you stepped back from that need. Instead, you turned your attention to two princes who seemed almost broken hearted.

Fili did what he could to keep the worry and heartache hidden behind a face of stone. It would take time to chisel away at it, so while you worked, you also tended to Kili. Poor Kili, who had always put his uncle on a pedestal. He broke down when you got him alone, hugging you close as he whispered how he wished they had never come here.
“But then you wouldn’t have met me.” You whispered back. “Fili and I would have never been married.”

That seemed to make him smile. “I’m glad for that. And I guess we wouldn’t have met Bilbo either.”

“Exactly. We will get through it, I know we will!”

Kili was always quick to cheer up, to see the brighter side of things. Sure, he would continue to get down every now and then, but you saw to it to keep his smile going.

Fili, on the other hand, was a different story. Even alone, he didn’t want to whisper his worries. It was as if he was scared that if he spoke them, that they would come true. Each night you both settled down for sleep, or at least a nap since Thorin would wake you in an hour to get back to work, and you whispered to him that everything would be okay in the end.

His only response was to hold you tighter, to kiss you longer, to see your comfort and never want to leave. And you did just that, holding him close, letting him tuck himself against you as if he were a small child, running your fingers through his hair as you hummed a tune. It was everything you could do to get him to stay above the sorrow.

But today was different. Fili stopped searching through the gold, just staring down at it. You glanced over and saw him looking at a large gem, one that seemed to hold a number of colors, depending on which way you looked at it. There was something in that gem that captured him.

“Fee?” You made your way over to him clumsily, tripping over gold and coins as you went. “Fili?” You reached out an arm and touched his shoulder, making him snap out of it. As he looked over to you, you could see the tracks of silent tears that had fallen in his daze.

“Oh, Fili.” You were quick to wrap him up in your arms, holding him as he latched onto you. “Talk with me, Fee.”

“Uncle has fallen to the sickness…” You knew it was something bothering him, just like it was bothering Kili, but you were wise enough to know there was something else in that heartbreak as well. “…And someday… I will fall to it too.”
“No.” You didn’t have to process what he said, because you wouldn’t believe it. “No, you won’t.”

“I already have.” Fili’s voice cracked as a sob seemed to rip through him. You didn’t understand what he meant. It was no secret that Fili had come to despise the gold hoard, so what on earth was he talking about? If he hated the gold, how could he have gold sickness?

“Fili, you don’t have gold sickness.” You soothed his hair down as you shifted him to a sitting position on the pile you were searching. “I swear to you, you don’t.”

“I must have. I am greedy, and selfish.”

“Fili, you’re not—”

“I rushed our courtship and betrothal because I couldn’t be without you! I get angry when the others touch you. And Kili…I get so protective of him. Everything seems dangerous to him now. I have to protect you both, I can’t…I can’t…If I have the sickness, I’m dangerous. I’m dangerous to you both. I have to stay away.” Fili released you with that comment and started moving away from you. “You and Kili are not objects to be claimed. I won’t let that happen to either of you.”

You couldn’t help but smile. Your husband really was a ditz at times. “Fili, my love,” you grabbed his hand, keeping him with you, “that is not the sickness.” Fili looked back at you, a little glimmer of hope in his eyes at your words. “That is love.”

You pulled him back, moving his arms to wrap around you. “I didn’t want to be without you, either. And I don’t care if we rushed, because now I can call you my husband.” You pressed against him, letting him hold you fully. “So hoard me, my prince, because I know I will hoard and treasure every moment I get with you.”

Fili’s breath came out staggered as he tried to fight off the emotions that were overwhelming him. “And it is the same with Kili. I get protective of him too! He is like a brother to me, and we…we did almost lose him. He got a splinter yesterday and I freaked out! It doesn’t mean you are sick, it means you are worried about him.”

You pressed your forehead against Fili’s, offering comfort as he worked to think over your words. You watched as the recognition in his eyes and the look he gave you showed as the message you were giving him sunk in. He wasn’t sick, he was worried and sleep deprived and famished and about eighty other things, but sick with gold sickness wasn’t one of them.
“…What if I do fall to the sickness, though?” He spoke as if he were a child. His voice was small and distant, but the way his arms tightened around you, you know he was throwing a boone, a life saver, something to hold onto in the coming days.

“Then I will still love you and stand by your side…and hold you down as Dwalin slaps you out of your stupidity.”

The little laugh, it was only a huff, but it Fili laughed. It made your heart soar. It was a sign you had gotten through that worry addled brain and made him see reason.

“Now, are we to put these worries behind us…or shall I fetch Dwalin a bit early?” You continued to joke, happy to see him smile, even if just a bit.

“No need.” He enveloped you, making sure every sense you had screamed Fili before releasing you. “Let’s go rest. We need it.”

“Alright.” You gave in easily, knowing that Fili was reaching his limit of emotional and physical exhaustion. You could only hope that things would get better, before they got worse.

Chapter End Notes

Even if it gets worse, I will still love you, Fili. (Go to "Gentle Care")
“Her eyes light up my world…such beauty and kindness in her heart…an angel, no no no no no, a goddess among us unworthy…”

Oh boy.

“Her smile radiates…her ass is crafted in perfection!”

Oh boy.

That was all you could think as you heard Kili nearly dying in the background. Not from the wounds he took during what is being called the Battle of Five Armies. No, he survived that…he is dying from laughter. And fucking Thorcupine is giggling (yes, Thorin is giggling) right next to him.

Why were they giggling? Why were they laughing at this moment? It was because your husband, your loving husband, your apparently injury prone husband, was high as a kite off of whatever mixture and tonics Oin had given him for the pain.

It made you nearly faint when you saw the extent of Fili’s injuries. Any of the Durin’s injuries, at that rate. But Fili’s hit you hard, for obvious reasons. He had a damn near literal hole ripped into his side from where Azog tried to skewer him. He had a dislocated hip and fractured arm from the fall. And those were just the big ones. Not to mention all the cuts and bruises and the head injury he had.

And so Oin had given him some tonics to ‘help the pain’. You honestly thought it was so he had a more compliant patient. You had been with the ‘Ur’ brothers when word came in that the Durin’s had been found. You rushed to him, running across the battlefield and into the tent someone had set up.

Fili was fighting off the healers, screaming that he had to find you. You ran straight into his arms and he finally went lax. Whether it was from relief of finding you safe or the blood loss, you weren’t certain. But shortly after that, Oin made him drink something, and now…here you were.
“And…And she-she married m-me.” Fili was not in tears, practically sobbing in joy. “I must find her. I must find my goddess, my-my princess!” You sat down on the edge of his cot, pressing a hand to his good shoulder to get him settled back. Fili was quick to snatch your hand up, his pleading and glazed over eyes seeming to look through you instead of at you. “Please, you must help me find her. I…I have to find my w-wife.”

Seriously, if Kili didn’t shut the fuck up you may have to kill him. You let out a sigh. A part of you loved how even in his drug riddled state, Fili was still so loving towards you, and wanted you near. But at the same time…you were sitting right in fucking front of him!

“Fili…Fili, look at me.” You watched him turn his head back towards you, blinking the sleep from his eyes. “No, really look at me. Who am I?”

It took a moment, but then the recognition bloomed. The smile, that just incredible, blinding smile made Dwalin even chuckle as he watched as you struggled with the prince. “Amralime…Fallen Star.”

“I’m here. But you need rest.” You guided him back to lay against the pillows. “Okay?”

Fili looked down at the cot for a moment before grinning up at you. Oh shit, you recognized that look. “I don’t need rest…but I do need your perfect little tight as—”

“OKAY! No more of those meds for you!” You gave Fili a quick kiss to the forehead, appeasing him as he whined and begged for you to lay down next to him. To lay with him. Oh, wow…he was just so out of it. The laughter behind you only doubled.

“If you don’t all shut the fuck up I will finish what Azog started.” You growled out, glaring over your shoulder at the line of Durin. Was it a poorly chosen threat, yes, probably, but hey, it worked. They all fell silent, except Dwalin, he was still chuckling, but you could deal with that.

“You are so beautiful.” Those words made you look back to Fili. His hand drifted up and toyed with the half-destroyed braid at your temple. “I’m…” His eyes drifted closed as he spoke, his words drifting away into sleep. “I’m gonna…marry you…someday…”

It was your turn to chuckle as he finally drifted off to sleep. “Only Fee could go from dying to raging to loving to asleep in five minutes.” You offered those words to those behind you before you pressed another kiss to his forehead.
“Yer good for him. He’s lucky to have you.” Dwalin spoke with a pride laced voice.

“Agreed!” Kili shouted, but then was silenced by Dwalin ordering him to be silent and get some rest too.

“I hope so,” you spoke to yourself. “But I think…I’m the lucky one.”

Chapter End Notes

I am lucky to have Fili as my husband, and I will never forget that! (Go to "A Reason To Be Happy")
This was the Erebor you had dreamed of after hearing all the stories. You couldn’t contain your smile as you looked out over the crowd to see dwarves, men, and elves all celebrating the victory and reclamation of the mountain (officially). The laughter and music, the dancing, the feast, it was exactly as how it was when you thought of it.

“Amralime?” Well, maybe not all of it. “Are you ready?” Fili took your arm in his, watching you closely as you gave a nervous nod. This was the part you hadn’t expected and hadn’t even realized until a couple days ago. But here you were…

“Announcing,” Balin spoke loudly over the crowd, bringing them to a silent hush, “the royal family of the line of Durin!” Balin nodded as Kili was the first to step out, apparently they were working backwards to leave Thorin for last. The rest of the company had been announced a little while ago, getting a place of honor for the feast right below the elevated platform for the royalty.

“Crown Prince Fili and his wife, Crown Princess Y/n.” Oh shit, here it was. You gripped Fili’s arm tightly as you felt your whole body begin to shake with nervousness. You stepped out with him, Fili taking caution to take smaller steps so you wouldn’t trip. The gown you had on you shifted as you stepped out to the cacophony of sounds of cheering, the loudest being from the company.

“You look beautiful…a perfect princess…” Fili whispered little words in your ear as he led you over to your spot.

“And finally, returned to his throne, Thorin, son of Thrain, son of the Thror, King Under the Mountain!” You joined the cheering as Thorin stepped out. It gave you a bit of comfort that Thorin looked equally as uncomfortable under all the praise and applause, but that was that. Now it was time for the partying.

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You laughed as Ori twirled you again in the dance. Each member of the company insisted they get a dance for you. You assumed it was planned this way, because between them taking the faster songs and Fili claiming you for the quieter moments, no one really had a chance to approach the new princess, which you were immensely grateful for.
“Ori, do you mind if I steal my wife?” Fili’s voice drifted from behind you. You turned, still laughing as he beamed at you, pulling you close. “I think it is time I got a dance or two in.”

Your laughter died down to a chuckle before you whispered to him, “Are you sure? I don’t want you to over do it…”

“You worry too much, Amralime.” Fili brushed you off before starting up a dance.

“Fili, I’m serious. I love you, and I want to dance with you, but I don’t want you to pull your stitches.”

Fili brushed you off again. “I made sure to wrap them specially so we could enjoy today.” He began to pull you into the dance. It was hard to believe, but even with all of his injuries still healing and his hip still causing him pain, Fili was just bouncing around everywhere with you in this dance.

Hell, he was out-dancing you.

You broke into laughter when instead of twirling you, Fili lifted his arm and twirled himself. “You are such a dork! How are you so energetic!”

Fili laughed along with you, pulling you close to claim a quick kiss. “I have reason to be energetic… I’m happy. We have our home, I have my beautiful wife, what greater reason is there to be happy?”

You couldn’t agree more, so you pulled him in for another kiss before letting him lead you around the dance floor. Besides, what could one or two dances hurt…

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You opened your mouth as you stared down at Fili with a worried and put out expression.

“Don’t say it.” Fili grit out against the pain as Oin pushed him to the side to get a better look at the damage.
“Say what?” You spoke innocently. “Oh!” You snapped your fingers as if it had just clicked in your brain. “Do you mean ‘I told you so’?” Were you being a bit pissy…yes, yes you were…but you had good reason. “I thought you said you wrapped your stitches so they wouldn’t have any problems?”

Fili grumbled before looking up at you guiltily. “I knew you wouldn’t dance with me otherwise.”

“Fili!”

“I wanted a dance with my wife!” He countered, making your heart nearly break when it was followed up with a horrible grimace of pain as Oin worked to re-do the stitches on his side.

“Fee…” You sat down on his other side, taking one hand in yours and the other guiding his head to lean against yours. “Just focus on me, okay?”

Fili nodded slowly and gripped your hand tightly. “I’m sorry…I just…”

“It’s alright. But we could have danced, just not as enthusiastically.”

“Recklessly!” Oin shouted. “It wasn’t enthusiastic, it was reckless! Yer not a dwarfling anymore!” Oin worked in silence from then on out, not even you or Fili would speak as he finished stitching up Fili. “Now lad, I hope ya learned yer lesson.” Oin gave Fili a little glare.

“I won’t overdo it. I’ll be more careful.” Fili answered dutifully, earning a little kiss on his cheek from you.

“Aye. And?”

Fili looked to you in confusion for a moment, as if you had the answer. You didn’t know what the hell Oin was asking for, so you couldn’t help. “What?”

“Next time, listen to yer wife!” And with that Oin stormed out, leaving you a giggling mess as Fili
just shook his head in exasperation.

“Yea, geeze, Fee…listen to your wife.” You mocked, making Fili pout a little as he looked over to you. He seemed to eye you up for a moment before smirking.

“Alright, my wife. What would you say we do now?” Fili gently rolled his shoulders back, letting his bare chest sit on display as you thought over his words.

You had to say, you enjoyed the view. But the irritated skin and wound kept you from making any sassy or sexy comments. Instead, you just leaned forward and kissed your husband tenderly. “I say, let’s get you dressed and go watch the others make drunken fools of themselves?” Fili smiled and nodded as you reached for his tunic, helping it back over his head and arms. “And maybe in an hour or so, we slip away back to our rooms…”

“A private party for us?” Fili asked, damn near hopeful with his words as he stared up at you.

“We’ll see.” You gave him a wink before snatching up his hand and guiding him back to the party. And sure enough, after an hour, practically on the dot, Fili’s hand was in yours, leading you back to your rooms.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, Fili. You will be the death of me, in a good way of course! (Go to "Paperwork")
Now that the mountain was reclaimed and everyone had gotten settled, life had become more relaxed. There were no more nights worrying about Orc raids or running from wargs, or falling from trees, it was just you and the others working to make life perfect in the mountain. Now, you weren’t a dwarf, but you were now crown princess, perhaps someday Queen (wasn’t that a terrifying thought), so you did have your duties.

Although, Thorin and Balin had discussed it with you and Fili and decided to ease you into the work load, since it was something you hadn’t done before. So it started small, with a meeting or two each day that you sat in on with Balin or Dwalin there to help you. They were small little tasks, such as meeting with a head of a family to discuss if they could reclaim their old family home in the mountain. Making sure that the areas that people were claiming were actually homes and safe for construction.

It was nice. And your workload was steadily increasing, you found that you actually enjoyed it. Especially when your duties coincided with Fili’s and you both got to be in meetings and such together.

So it was with a smile on your face you made you way home. You had a little basket of cookies in your arms, a thank you from one of the families that moved into the mountain today. You had heard of some of the family names’ arrival and Ori helped you get a jump start on them, so they could move in right away. It was worth the extra work for cookies.

Besides, you knew Fili would be at home doing some paperwork or something so it seemed like a great treat to share.

Or at least it would have been if you wouldn’t have walked in to see an irritated and exhausted Fili nearly drowning in the paperwork that covered his desk.

“Having some trouble?” You offered as you set the basket down and walked over to him. Fili just let out a sigh and nod as he motioned to the desk. You found out early that Fili could handle a lot, just not paperwork. He despised paperwork. He found it tedious and boring, so he usually put it off. But then he had days like today where he had to get it done and it made him hate life.

“Why don’t you take a small break. I have cookies!” Your temptation worked as he smiled up to
you and followed you into the front room. “And afterwards, I’ll help, okay?”

Fili hummed. “I don’t know how much help you can offer. It’s just having to read through them and write responses. I just…I hate doing it!” He whined as he took a bite of the cookie. “And… these are pretty good!”

You agreed, the treats were fantastic, but that was far from your mind as you tried to think of a way to help Fili. He looked so down and miserable when doing paperwork. Surely there was something you could do…

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“I will get it done, you don’t have to—” Fili tried to give you an out, not wanting to drag his wife down into the pit of endless paperwork with him. You had your own pile of papers on your own desk to deal with. Granted, there were only three versus the about…thirty that accumulated on his desk, but still.

“Hush.” You sat yourself on your husband’s lap, kissing him sweetly. “Besides, I think I came up with a perfect system to help you.” You remained on his lap as you shuffled the papers together into one big pile, effectively clearing the desk.

It was actually a nice desk, when you could see it. It was much like yours where it had a built in “box” on each side. One for new items to deal with and ones that had been completed and could be sent off. It was made this way so those who helped you and Fili and kept your rooms in order knew what was good to be sent on to others and what wasn’t. The only difference is that his box to do was filled while the other was empty.

“Now…” You got up from Fili’s lap and turned around, sitting yourself on his desk. You shifted the writing utensils and wax seals closer before looking at your husband, who seemed to be enjoying the view of you sitting before him like this on his own desk. “This is the deal. I will help you by reading you the correspondence and even write whatever you want me to write. You will do the seals and we can get this done in no time.”

Fili looked over you one more time before giving a solemn nod. You had to hide your smirk. You could imagine that in his mind he was saddened that there was no secret to it, that you would just read them instead of him. He still had to suffer through everything. But…
“Oh, and I forgot! Every one you complete, you get to remove one item of my clothing!”
Goodness, that got Fili’s attention. “Now, shall we get started?” Fili just nodded as he shifted up closer to you so he could prop his arms up on your thighs.

“Ready when you are, Amralime.”

It took no time at all to get through the first one, a simple ‘check yes or no’ type of situation. Fili pressed his ring down in the wax to seal it and dropped it into the completed box before grinning wildly. He immediately eyed you before you lifted your foot to him.

“Mind removing my boot?” Aww, wasn’t that pout adorable. “You didn’t think you would get my shirt right off the go, did you?” You teased as you wiggled your foot. Fili just licked his lips, giving you a playful glare before slowly unlacing your boot. He slid it off your foot and then just tossed it over his shoulder.

Before you could move your foot back, Fili held your foot tenderly. He gave your foot a little squeeze before he shifted your pant leg up and pressed a kiss on the inside of your ankle, just above your socks. It was such a tender moment, you couldn’t help but let out a happy sigh.

“I was hoping to get that shirt, aye. But I’ll wait…I’m patient…”

000

Yea, he wasn’t so patient now, you thought to yourself. Fili had gripped your knees, massaging them slightly as he tried to focus on your words. Of course, it may have been hard for him to focus since all you were wearing now was his own tunic. It was long enough that it hid everything from sight, but still…just one more paper and he was—

“You know…there are five buttons on this shirt and five papers left. We could finish this tonight and still keep the deal if you—FILI!” You squealed as Fili’s restraint broke and he pounced on you. His mouth ravished yours as he pressed you down against the desk, pushing all the unfinished work away as he shifted to press against you more. “We didn’t finish…” You said as his lips traveled from yours to your neck.

“Oh, you will finish…” He teased, leaving little bites on your neck. “I promise you that.”
Well, now. Who were you to argue?

Chapter End Notes

Okay…we are doing paperwork like this from now on! (Go to "Got It In One")
Damn you, Bofur! That was all you could think as you leaned against the wall of your bathing room. It was all his fault you were in here, after all. If he hadn’t insisted on cooking breakfast this morning, you wouldn’t be in here sick to your stomach with food poisoning. Granted, you were partially to blame. When you bit into what he called ‘egg delight’ you knew something didn’t taste right. But you didn’t want to ruin Bofur’s breakfast so you kept your mouth shut. But no more!

“Fuck you, Bofur.” You mumbled as you took in deep breaths, trying to keep down what little sustenance you had left in your body. “Gonna fucking kill…you…” Of course, that would have to wait until after your sickness passed.

It was a couple days later that you were back on your feet. Fili was so sweet during the last couple days, insisting you stay in bed to rest, stopping by between every one of his meetings to check on you. It was so sweet, so you decided to do something really special for him.

It had been three days since you were sick, and you hadn’t had any problems since, so you were going to surprise your husband with a special homecooked meal and a special dessert. But…

You looked in the mirror, turning every couple of minutes. Maybe you should skip dessert…

“Have I gained weight?” You asked yourself. It seemed impossible. Between the sickness and your daily training and hiking all over the mountain for meetings, it wasn’t like you didn’t want for exercise. You didn’t eat poorly, so what the hell?! Must be the meat…all that meat that is giving you some curves.

But hey, on the upside, you knew for a fact, dwarves liked curves…

Two days later, at if you had to guess about two in the morning, the dots connected. You sat up in
bed, thankfully not waking Fili, as you went over everything. You had been so sick, and you had a
it of an upset stomach in the mornings since…the weight gain…when was the last time you…

OH HOLY SHIT!

000

In retrospect, immediately running to Oin’s room and banging on the door wasn’t the smartest
option. But you had to know. You had to know now! And besides, who gets to say that saw Oin
with his hair all out of sorts and practically standing on end in his night shirt? You, that’s who…you
wish it wasn’t that way…

But at the same time, Oin had been understanding when you explained. He was happy to do the
examination, excited even, but he had one rule… he wouldn’t do it without Fili.

You made your way back to your room, surprised to see the light peaking out from under the door,
hearing raised voices in your room. You pushed the door open, stepping into the front room to see
Dwalin, Thorin, Fili, Kili, and Balin all gathered together.

“We will find her.” Kili was trying to appease an utterly distraught Fili. “You have my word.”

“Find who?” You asked suddenly, it not clicking in your brain.

“Y/n!” Fili pulled you into his arms and held you so tightly you thought you would break like
china. “Where were you?! I woke and you were gone!”

“Oh…” You glanced around the room, looks of relief, confusion, and mild irritation being clear.
“I’m so sorry for worrying you.” You spoke to all of them, knowing that Fili wasn’t the only one
who was probably freaking out. “I went to see Oin.”

“What? Are you hurt?!”

“Fee…” You hushed him, giving him a little kiss before bumping your forehead with his. “I was
actually coming back to get you. I need you to come with me.” Fili’s face just contorted into more
worry as he continued to look you over. “I just need him to tell me if what I think is true.”

You took Fili’s hand in yours and settled it on your stomach, giving his hand a little squeeze as you looked back up to his worrisome face. It gave you the chance to watch the worry turn to a bit of confusion, questioning what it could…and then realization at your words.

He looked up to you. “You…you think…”

“I think so. I wanted to know right away, so I went to Oin. He wants you there for the examination…I want you there too.” You worried your lip with your teeth, unsure of how Fili would take the news. “If my math is right…it would have been our wedding night…” Would he be happy, worried, you weren’t sure.

But what you were sure of was that when his face lit up with a grin, your own fears fled your mind and was replaced by such joy. Fili knelt down next to you, bringing both his hands up to your stomach before pressing his head against it.

You ran your fingers through his hair as he took a steady breath. Fili was happy to show his emotions freely to you, but with the others in the room, you knew he needed a moment.

“Mahal…” You heard Kili mutter in awe. You smiled up at them, seeing matching grins on their faces. “You’re pregnant?!”

“I hope so, or this will be one hell of a long morning.” You joked, feeling Fili’s shoulders move in a chuckle against you.

“I’m going to be an uncle!” Kili exclaimed, so happy he actually started bouncing on his feet. “Did ya hear?!” He grabbed Thorin’s arm, who was beaming and fighting his own happy emotions, “I’m going to be an uncle!”

“Lad, calm down. Give them a moment.” Balin said with a chuckle, letting you turn your attention back to Fili.

“You okay down there?” Fili looked up to you with a grin.
“More than alright. I couldn’t be happier, my love.” It was a perfect moment. You and Fili just being happy in the hopes that your suspicions were true, that you were with child. A child that was blessed to you on your wedding night, it couldn’t get more perfect than that.

But of course, you should have known. You knew how happy moments were followed in this life. And this one was perfect, which meant…

“Oooooh, mum is going to be so mad!” Kili called out. “You got married and Y/n’s with child before she even got to meet her!”

Chapter End Notes

Oh…I hadn’t thought of that… (Go to “The Mother-In-Law”)
Trolls. Wargs. Orcs. Dragons. Spiders. Bears. You had faced them all. You had beaten them all. But this…this was something you didn’t think you had the strength to defeat. The mere thought of it made you worry so much you would begin to shake or cry (granted that could have been the pregnancy hormones).

For months you had fretted, especially after what Kili had said about Fili’s mother, Dis, being upset about not having even met you yet. You had married her son, and were now months pregnant with his child, and you hadn’t even written her a letter. Oh…she was going to hate you. You had to be the worst daughter-in-law in the history of all the daughters-in-law that ever existed!

“Y/n, my love…” Fili brought your hand up from where it had been rubbing your baby bump to his lips. “You don’t need to fret.” He leaned forward to press another kiss to your forehead. “My mother will love you as much as I do.”

“Well, that would be awkward…” Kili spouted off suddenly.

“Don’t you think you have done enough?!” Fili bit back at him. “She is in a panic because of you to begin with!”

That was a sore subject for Fili. He knew he would have to explain to his mother why she didn’t get to meet you first, but at the same time, he knew his mother would be happy that he found someone to love. And he had no doubts in his mind that she would adore you, but Kili and his what he thought were funny comments were sending you into panic mode.

Especially when Dis was set to arrive at any moment.

“Take a deep breath, my love.” Fili coaxed you out of your mind and panic and got you calm. “We will welcome her and then relax at home, alright? We can finish putting together the baby’s room?”

Fili had done so well at keeping your mind busy this last week. You had been so worried after the letter came saying those from Ered Luin would arrive soon. Fili took it upon himself to find little tasks and topics for you to keep busy with, knowing that if you kept busy, you wouldn’t panic.
“I was thinking we could have Ori paint some of those story book scenes on the wall. Some pictures to go along with the stories you will tell our child, what do you think?”

You smiled at Fili and nodded. You took his hand in yours and had him help you to your feet. “I know what you are doing, Fili. And I’m so grateful for it, but let me focus on this right now, okay?”

Fili just sighed, happy to hold you in his arms as a horn blared in the distance.

She was here.

000

You gulped as she walked towards you, Fili, and Kili. Thorin walked beside her, a smile on his face as he looked over to you, giving you silent support. Well, at least you wouldn’t be banished from the mountain, right? She didn’t out rank the king, right?!

Dis stopped in front of you, looking right at you for a moment before pulling each of her sons into tight embraces. They had their own private moments of being reunited, one you were happy to watch. You knew Fili missed his mother, and you were happy to see them reunited. But that happy feeling fled when she turned back to you.

“So, this is Y/n?” Her voice was soft, softer than you imagined. You could only nod nervously as you fiddled with the tunic you were wearing (it was Fili’s). “Are you alright, dear? You look pale.” Dis stepped up and put her hands on your arms to steady you as you felt your face flush. “You are eating enough? Resting enough?” She felt your forehead and pushed your hair back off your shoulders before she chuckled.

“So, this is Y/n?” Her voice was soft, softer than you imagined. You could only nod nervously as you fiddled with the tunic you were wearing (it was Fili’s). “Are you alright, dear? You look pale.” Dis stepped up and put her hands on your arms to steady you as you felt your face flush. “You are eating enough? Resting enough?” She felt your forehead and pushed your hair back off your shoulders before she chuckled.

“Which one of them said I was going to be a nightmare? Was it Thorin or Kili?”

Wait…what? Not understanding, your eyes flickered to Fili, who just had a smirk on his face. “Uh…I-I don’t…I don’t know what you mean.”

“Who has you all scared of me? You look like you might bolt!” Dis laughed at her own joke, but then stopped when she caught your eyes shift to Kili. She turned to her son with no more humor in
her voice. “We will discuss this later.”

Oh wow…Kili was made of strong stuff, because if Dis looked at you like that, you would have shit yourself.

“Now dear, I want to hear about everything. Fili has been filling me in on how you met and such, but I want to hear it from you. I know you are a stranger in this world, no family of your own, but that is changed now. You are my daughter now and I won’t let these idiots scare you or be crass anymore, alight?”

You couldn’t help but smile with watery eyes. You nodded, “thank you.” Dis leaned forward, pressing her forehead against yours in a sign of acceptance. A sign you hadn’t realized you wanted so desperately from her until now. “I want to hear your stories too, about Fili and Kili and everyone.”

“And so you shall hear them. I’ll tell them all! But first…And I want to be clear, you are a delight and I am not in any way upset with you. But as a mother, this must be done…” Dis waited for you to nod in understanding before she struck.

Her hands went out lightning fast and in a blink she had Fili by the ear in one hand and Kili’s in another. “HOW DARE YOU FRIGHTEN YOUR SISTER LIKE THAT!” She screamed at Kili as she drug both of them (who were groaning in pain the whole way) aside for the ass chewing of a life time. “AND YOU!” She turned to Fili now who looked rather horrified, “HOW DARE YOU NOT EVEN SEND ME A LETTER ABOUT YOUR MARRIAGE! I HAD TO FIND OUT THROUGH NORI! NORI! OF ALL PEOPLE!”

Thorin brought you over to a chair, muttering how this could take a while, and helped himself to some lunch that had been brought up. You followed suit, checking over your shoulder a few times to check on Fili. He seemed properly chastised, but when he made eye contact with you, you could tell that it was worth it to have the last of his family home.

Chapter End Notes

I’m so happy to have the last of our family home too. (Go to "Prego Prank")
You always thought it was just a joke, something they exaggerated in movies, about how emotional pregnant women could get. Sure, you had your bout of anger and sadness, but nothing too major, so you assumed it wouldn’t ever happen. Even though Dis kept telling you to just ‘give it time’.

And damn, she was right. Because right now, you were sobbing. Standing in the middle of the hallway in Erebor, just…sobbing.

“You/n! I’m so sorry! Please don’t cry!” Kili tried to calm you, but it wasn’t working. It was that assholes fault anyway! If he hadn’t been so keen on playing his stupid fucking prank, you wouldn’t be breaking down in the middle of the hall! “You/n…” You could hear the regret lacing Kili’s voice, he was truly sorry for what he had done, but still.

He reached out to you, trying to comfort you, but you wouldn’t have it. “Don’t touch me!” You screamed loudly, pulling away from him. You had one hand on your exceedingly large stomach, you were due in less than a month, and the other was trying to hide your face as more sobs wracked through your body. “Don’t…you-you are so mean!”

Yea, you had no idea where that came from.

“You/n?”

“Oh no.” Kili muttered. “Please, You/n…please stop crying.” Kili was getting desperate now, though you weren’t sure why. But his please to essentially quiet you just made you angrier.

“FUCK OFF YOU ASSHOLE!” You belted this so loud it actually echoed off the walls. And the response you got made the whole situation a little better.

“You/n!” You turned to the voice to spot your husband, your well put together and regal looking husband. Next to him stood the king, Thorin, and his mother, Dis. All three of them looking at you in shock. “What happened?!”
You moved as quickly as you could into his arms, curling in on him as you sobbed into his shoulder. You didn’t care that you were soaking wet and covered in flour (thanks to Kili), you just wanted to be in his arms.

Fili was quick to oblige, wrapping you up in his arms and accepting a cloak from a nearby guard to hold you in to keep you warm.

“What happened?!” Thorin insisted, his glare trained on Kili.

“I…it was just a prank. And I didn’t mean for it to be her! I swear! I would never! I thought it was Bombur!”

“You thought I was Bombur?!” You screeched, turning back to him, that anger monster flaring again. “YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!”

000

Fili had pulled you away from all of that, taking the rest of the day off to spend with you. He helped you clean up, washing your hair and body carefully to ensure all the flour was gone and you were perfectly spotless when you walked out of the bath all pruny from your soak.

And what followed was something you adored. Fili spent the next hour or so just loving you, worshiping you. It wasn’t sexual, it wasn’t anything like that. But he spent the time pressing soft kisses all over your body and whispering what he loved about you. He made sure to kiss your stomach thoroughly, speaking of how beautiful you were carrying his babe, how strong you were. He kissed every stretch mark and little bruise you had from bumping into things, telling you how it just made you perfect in his eyes.

You needed that after what you had dealt with because of Kili. And Fili knew that, so he took care to make sure you had a great evening. The two of you curled up in bed and just rested and cuddled until dinner. You took dinner in private, and then returned to bed for a good night’s rests.

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Fili wanted to take another day off to spend with you, but you knew he was too busy. You sent him on his way, telling him you would be fine…assuming your asshole brother left you alone. Fili
agreed with that sentiment, still a bit sore over the whole thing as well, before leaving.

It left you with the day to take care of some things. Mostly paperwork. Since you weren’t able to walk around to all your meetings, Fili took them over and you took over his paperwork. It was a great system, although Fili insisted that once the baby was born that the old system be put back in place. You weren’t going to argue…

But still, you sat in your chair humming to yourself as you read over some paperwork, oblivious to the dwarf who had walked in behind you.

“Y/n?” You startled, turning suddenly at the voice. There, in the doorway of the study, stood Kili. He looked downcast, ashamed. In his hands he had a woven basket with a cloth over top of it. “Can I come in?”

Your inner rage monster of pregnancy hormones wanted to snap at him, but your logical brain won out. You could see how upset Kili was, so you just let out a little sigh and welcomed him in.

“I really didn’t mean to prank you, Y/n…and I’m sorry about what I said.” He still hadn’t made eye contact with you yet, which showed just how upset he was. It was a little quirk of his, something he never really grew out of apparently. Whenever he apologized, if he really meant it, he looked to the ground. He got a bit emotional then, and he didn’t want people to see, at least that was what Fili had told you once.

“I know…and I’m sorry I called you an asshole.” You muttered back. “Let’s just put the whole thing behind us okay?”

Kili finally looked up to you with a soft smile, nodding before he brought forth his peace offerings. Bombur’s homemade sweets. How could you stay mad at him for that? But still…

“I would ask, to help you make amends, for one small favor…”

000

You snorted in laughter, hiding it behind your hand as you hid behind the pillar.
“Did you see his face?!” Kili whispered over to you as he held in his own laughs so not to get caught.

“Did you see his pants?!?” You gasped back, tears of laughter running down your face. “Oh…that was so worth it!”

“I know! I can’t believe you thought of—”

“Ahem…” Both you and Kili snapped your head forward to find Fili looking at both of you, Nori standing behind him with a big grin on his face. “I would expect this from you,” he said as he looked to Kili, his stone walls breaking as he let a smile stretch across his face. A chuckle left Fili’s mouth as he turned to you, “but you, Amralime… I expected… a better prank from you than to dip Dwalin’s trousers in honey.” You couldn’t help it, your barked out in laughter.

That slip up cost you your hiding spot. You, Kili, Fili, and Nori were brought before Thorin for the crime of pranking Dwalin (who was still shifting awkwardly in his honey pants). Thorin glared at all of you before rolling his eyes and dismissing you. Dwalin had words about it, but to Thorin’s defense, as he stated, he wasn’t going to punish one and not all. And he sure as hell wasn’t going to have you, only a couple weeks away from your estimated due date, out mucking the stables.

Chapter End Notes

Although it was nice to have an out from punishment, I can’t wait to meet the baby! (Go to "Happy Family")
Fili sat next to his uncle in the meeting, just praying it would be over soon. These meetings were becoming unbearable. He didn’t know how you managed it without wanting to murder someone. But, he would do it, because it was better he was stuck here sitting through these meetings than you. He didn’t like the idea of you sitting in this cool room on these hard chairs, not when you were seven months pregnant.

Just thinking about it brought a grin to his face. You were pregnant with his second child. He couldn’t be more blessed. Mahal truly favored him to give him such an amazing wife and family. There was nothing more he could ever ask for.

Fili suddenly shifted when he felt something dig into his side. It was something hard and poky. He didn’t think anything of it at first, but then he felt a tug on his boot. It was just light enough that it made him shift a bit, but also made him grin widely. He knew what was going on.

He cleared his throat, before looking under the table to see a set of beautiful blue eyes staring up at him innocently. Of course, not too innocently, since the hands that belonged to those blue eyes were tying his shoelaces with Thorin’s.

Fili chuckled as he wiggled a little finger at the child. The sound of a child’s laugh echoed in the room, silencing everyone as they turned to the prince. Fili laughed as well as he lifted his daughter out from under the table and into his lap. She let out a little squeal of laughter as she then quickly wrapped her arms around his neck.

“What are you doing here, little gem?” Thorin asked with a grin. And then as a second thought, he just waved his hand, “this meeting is dismissed. We will discuss more tomorrow.”

Fili’s attention never left his daughter. At least not until one of the lords tripped while trying to stand, taking another with him. “Freya…”

His daughter didn’t say anything, just buried herself into his neck to avoid being chastised. Fili could only shoot Thorin a look when he heard him chuckle. “What? You can’t be too angry when she is just like you and Kili used to be.”
“Unca Thorin!” Freya held out her arms, demanding to be held by her ‘favorite’ uncle. Between Thorin and Kili, they were both her favorite uncle, but she always told them that they were her ‘favorite’ when they were alone.

Fili let his daughter be pulled over to Thorin’s lap as he looked around. “Where is your mother?”

“Here.” He heard behind him before feeling a soft kiss pressed to his temple. “She just moves a bit too fast for me in this state.” You chuckled. Fili turned to you with a grin, loving how you smiled down at him and then over to your daughter. “She wanted to see her daddy. Had a bit of a bad dream during her nap. Said you would make it better.”

Fili beamed at that. It was a source of pride for him that whenever his little girl had a nightmare, he was the one who would make her feel safe again. “Did you have a bad dream?” Fili asked. Freya just nodded as she worked to tie Thorin’s braids under his chin. Ever since she learned to tie her boots, she had been obsessed with tying everything she could…especially people’s shoes together (like those poor dwarf lords still trying to unknot the mess of tangles she made between their boots).

“Well, I think I should chase them away then, don’t you?” Fili offered.

“After I make Unca Thorin look pretty!” Freya huffed, making you laugh as you watched Thorin grin. He held perfectly still as Freya tied the last knot under his chin. “You is all done now!” And then she held her arms out for her father.

“You know it will take you hours to get that back out…” You offered with a bit of sympathy. Thorin just nodded, but you could tell he didn’t care. He would do whatever he could to put a smile on little Freya’s face. Such a softie. What was even better was that Dwalin and others of the company were worse!

“Alright.” Fili offered, pulling your attention back down to him. “Let’s get rid of those bad dreams.” Freya nodded seriously as she seemed to think. “So, where are they at?”

Freya pointed to her nose first, making Fili smile as he leaned forward and gave her little nose a nuzzle with his own. “Did I get it all.”

“No…and here.” Freya pointed to her forehead real quick, moving her hand so Fili could nuzzle where she pointed. It started when she was a child, after a really bad dream, Fili said he could make them go away with just a couple cuddles. Now, anytime Freya had bad dreams, she wouldn’t settle
until she was able to cuddle up with her Adad.

Fili then quickly nuzzled his nose against hers again, sending her into a tizzy of giggles. “Adad? Does the baby have bad dreams?”

“What do you mean?”

“They move a lot, do they get bad dreams?” You watched the exchange, your heart swelling with love and joy at the image. Those blue eyes of Fili matched in the look back from the same blue eyes of your daughter. She was practically a carbon copy of Fili, and you adored it.

“I suppose they could. Shall I get rid of them?”

“Yea!”

You chuckled as you felt Fili’s arm come around your waist and pull you closer. He leaned forward and pressed a kiss to your swollen stomach before giving it a gentle nuzzle. Freya followed her father’s example and did the same thing, always wanting to be like her Adad.

“How’s that?” Fili asked, pressing a kiss to Freya’s head. He then excused himself, holding Freya up in his arms before he leaned forward and pressed a loving kiss to your lips. “Let’s go home? I want to spend some time with just my beautiful wife and daughter.”

“I like the sounds of that.” You whispered back to him, loving the gentle embrace he gave you. Freya held onto her father as you made your way back to your rooms, telling her all of her little adventures she had been on today. All the while, Fili never let go of you, always holding you close. It was a perfect, happy little family.

Chapter End Notes

Happy Fili End

Congratulations! You have reached the happy conclusion of Fili’s path. You found love with Fili, you prince, and you became his princess.

If you would like to start your journey over, and try for a different path, with new adventures, go to "Rough Landing"!
Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed this path! On to the next!
Bofur was a good friend to have in a cramped cell. Even though you had nothing to do, nothing to capture your attention, you didn’t want for anything in the ways of entertainment. Bofur didn’t let the cell get his spirit down. He told stories that had you laughing so hard you thought you were going to piss yourself.

You were so far gone in the story of a young Fili and Kili running around Ered Luin in their birthday suits (one you planned to use against them at a later time), that you didn’t notice the elven guard step up to your cell. It was only when he called out to you that he was able to gain yours and Bofur’s attention.

“Girl! Step forward, the king wishes to see you.” His voice was almost lifeless as he unlocked the cell door and motioned for you to leave.

Bofur gripped your arm and pulled you behind him. “I won’t let ya take her.” He growled at the tall elf, insistent that you didn’t go anywhere near that elf.

He looked unamused at Bofur before glancing back up to you. “Come willingly, or forcibly. Your decision.”

You didn’t like the threat, who would, but you couldn’t let Bofur get hurt on your account, so you put a hand on his shoulder. “I will be fine.” You whispered to him before stepping out of the cell. The others around you heard the disturbance and were shouting after you, insults to the elf, and begging you not to go. But what choice did you have? You were a prisoner, the answer was ‘none’.

The elf guard led you up what seemed to be endless amounts of stairs. Honestly, no wonder the elves were so skinny. If you had to walk these stairs on a daily basis you would be skinny as a stick as well! You huffed as you reached the top of the stairs. “Elevators. You all should invest in some.” You mumbled as he led you back into the throne room you were in earlier.

As you walked in, you saw Thorin being ‘escorted’ out. His eyes latched onto yours and he gave you a daring look. The message was clear. ‘Speak nothing of the quest.’ You just rolled your eyes. No, Thorin, you were going to spill everything to this stranger. Seriously! Did he have no faith!!
The elf led you to the center of the room, offering a little shove as he did so. “Shove me again, asshat. I fucking dare you!” You glared at the elf, who just huffed in amusement. He reached out to push you again, but the king muttered something.

It was in some other language, so you didn’t catch it. Which meant it didn’t stop you either. You smiled sweetly up to the elf before quickly slamming your foot down on his. You smiled as you turned back to the elf king, giving him a little bow. “Your majesty.”

Thranduil, the elf king, seemed to look at you for a moment before he turned to the guard, barking an order. Whatever it was the king said, it sent the guard hopping from the room. He turned back to you for a moment as he looked you up and down, scrutinizing you in silence.

You hated it.

“You really should work on your hospitality. You will get more flies with honey than vinegar.”

The king just blinked before he turned back to the little table he was standing at. You heard some noise before he turned back around and offered you a goblet with a dark liquid in it.

“Wine?” He asked with a smooth voice. “My kingdom is known for its tastes in wine.”

You just chuckled and took the goblet. “Getting me drunk won’t get you answers.”

“No?”

“Nope. Just some really hilarious stories about the human light weight.” You joked. It was odd, how easily you could banter with him. You heard the stories of how he abandoned Thorin’s people after the dragon attacked, his cruelty and greed. But standing here, you weren’t getting that vibe from him.

…unless the wine was poison.
“It is safe, albeit strong.” The king said as he sat down at the little table off to the side, gesturing to the chair on the other side.

“So…you read minds?”

“No, but your face made clear your thoughts.”

You sighed as you looked at the chair, sitting slowly before taking a sip of the wine. Now, you had heard him say it was strong, but you never imagined the taste it really held. You coughed for a moment, patting your chest, choosing to ignore the chuckle from the other side of the table.

“Not to your taste?” He asked as you set the goblet down.

“No, it’s good. But I don’t want to get wasted on our first date.” You joked. You leaned back in the chair and looked at him, really looked at him. His long blonde hair, almost platinum didn’t have a strand out of place, no frizz or anything. What an ass…

His striking blue eyes stood out against his pale skin, his thin lips turned up in a slight smile. His clothes were immaculate, something you would imagine seeing in some fantasy movie. Everything about him spoke kingly, suave, and dignified. You were certain that had you not been traveling with the worlds most difficult dwarves the past months, you would have been intimidated by him.

Maybe that was his plan.

“I’m serious, I won’t tell you anything.” You sighed, pushing your hair back from your face. “They are my friends, hell, they are my family now. I won’t betray their trust.”

Thranduil’s soft smile drifted from his face, making him emotionless. It was obvious he didn’t like that response. “A human woman, with such allegiance to them…which one is your lover?”

Oh…okay…Fucking king dick wanna be an ass…okay! He just done pressed your fucking bitch button!

You cleared your throat as you stood up. “You listen to me, you pompous dick. I am not a fucking
bed warmer. I am not a camp sleeper. I am not anyone’s lover. Now, you may not understand friendship and loyalty. Maybe because it is of your narcissistic attitude and your judgmental hate, I don’t know. But I will not let you sit here and belittle me, Thran-dick!”

His eyes widdend as your tirade went on. You slowly walked up to him as your voice got louder, pressing a solid finger against his chest with each statement. “I have been chased by giant spiders, giant bears, giant orcs, and giant trolls! I have been knocked down, bruised, and bloodied on this fucking trip, and I’ve had it!”

You were close to him, up in his face, staring into those blue eyes as you growled out your final words. “I don’t know what brought me to this fucking world, but you can bet your ass it wasn’t to sit here and be trash talked by the likes of you!” You took a breath before you looked over your shoulder to the guard in the corner.

To say he was shocked at your outburst was an understatement.

“Well, Jeeves?! I think it’s time I went back to my cell, don’t ya fucking think?!” You glared back at the king, giving him a sarcastic smile and bow. “Have a good night. Enjoy your wine. I hope you fucking choke on it.” You turned and walked over to the guard, giving him a moment to compose himself before he took your arm.

“You are not from this world.” Thranduil spoke in a quiet voice, earning your glare once again.

“No, I’m not. I fell from the sky and onto a damn tree. Those dwarves found me and took care of me when I was confused and scared and hurting. I’m not going to sell them out, it’s called loyalty. Why don’t you fucking learn some.” A shiver wracked your body as a cool breeze came, drifting across your bare arms. You then turned to the guard and barked out a ‘lead the way’ before exiting the room.

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Of course, everyone wanted to know what happened, Thorin especially. But Bofur kept their questions as he watched you from his leaning post against the door. You were pacing back and forth, muttering words here and there. Bofur only caught a few of them, but he didn’t press. Your anger was clear, and he didn’t want to stand in your way.

It took you about an hour to finally calm down, whispering to Bofur about what you said and the
king said. He of course found your responses hilarious, and was already working on a song to sing of your courage and sass.

But it was forgotten as another guard stopped by. He only opened the door to set a bundle on the floor and then quickly left.

“The hell?” You asked as you stepped up to it. You unraveled it and found it to be a thick blanket wrapped around a set of elven clothing. In your size.

“Well, looks like you made a new friend.” Bofur joked as he held the blanket up over the door so you could change in peace. The clothes were of excellent quality. Nice trousers and a slim cut tunic with strange embroidery on it. “Must have impressed him.” Bofur joked as you puled the blanket down.

“Maybe I made him feel bad?” You asked more to yourself than anything. You sat next to Bofur and covered your laps with the blanket, hoping to share the warmth with your friend.

Sleep eluded you that night as you tried to figure out what the hell all of this was about. You slipped your hands into the pocket of your trousers for some warmth, and there you found a note.

Don’t lose your fire, little one. You will need it.

Don’t let your loyalty blind you from the truth.

Well…that’s odd…

Chapter End Notes

Why don’t you keep your ‘wisdom’ to yourself, you ass hat! (Go to ”Barrels”)

Hmmm…Maybe Thrandick–I mean Thranduil–isn’t that bad? (Go to ”Options”)
It was unfair, you thought to yourself. It was unfair that you made it all this way, past all those obstacles, just to be thrown out of the mountain. And you know what, it wasn’t even your fault! You glanced over to Bilbo with a sigh. You couldn’t blame Bilbo, you would have done the same thing, but still…

You shivered as curled in on yourself as the wind played across your skin. The mountain, the great kingdom of Erebor had been cold, but this was so much worse. Out here in the grey, dull sky, the piercing wind, the pitying looks. It made you want hurl. Or punch something. Or both.

“Are you alright?” Bilbo asked, giving you a sad look. “I’m so sorry, I never would have thought Thorin would have—”

“It’s fine, Bilbo.” You interrupted. “He isn’t…himself.”

“Still. I never would have imagined he would have thrown you out of Erebor as well.”

Neither had you. You did everything you could think of to help them once they were inside. You had explored with Bofur and Ori, finding anything you could for warmth or comfort. You helped make meals and keep them all healthy and safe. But when the time came, Thorin turned on you. He saw Bilbo’s betrayal, and for some reason, thought you had something to do with it.

You let out a deep sigh and set your head on your knees, watching as Bilbo wandered off to go talk with Gandalf. Honestly, you didn’t have it that bad. Sure, Thorin threw you out, his Thorcupine side getting the best of him, but at least he didn’t hang you over the edge of the wall like he did with Bilbo.

You would have nightmares about that moment for the rest of your life, you were sure.

Another shiver went through your body, making you curse. “Damn it, it’s so cold out here!” You mumbled the curse under your breath, but there were elven ears listening in.
A warmth seemed to envelop you, wrapping around you in a quick motion. It took a moment before you even realized what it was. It was a cloak, a very nice one.

“You must take care out here, lest you catch cold.”

Your head quickly snapped up to look upon the elf king. You couldn’t believe he just helped you like that. Granted, it wasn’t the first time.

“You have much worry in your mind, little one.”

“Call me little again and I will bring you down to my size.” You snapped out before thinking. It sounded so harsh, so vile, even you flinched at it. “I’m sorry, I…”

“You have had a trying day.” Thranduil offered, sitting next to you on your perch. He spoke nothing else, just watching over you curiously.

“It’s not an excuse,” you finally spoke up. “I don’t think anyone should speak to another in misplaced anger.” There was a static in the air as you hesitated. Looking over to Bilbo, you let out another melancholy sigh. “There has been enough of that for a life time.”

You couldn’t let yourself cry, you told yourself for the tenth time that day. But it was hard to when the emotions would swell in you like water against a dam. “Bilbo and I, we have lost friend and family today. And I…”

Thranduil sat by you, patiently waiting for you to continuing. He didn’t offer word of comfort. To be honest, you didn’t even know if he was listening anymore. But it didn’t really matter, you had to get it all of your chest, or else it would eat at you.

“I don’t have a home anymore.” It was barely a whisper, as it left your lips, as if your own voice didn’t want to speak such a word. You had been lost to your true world, dumped into this one, and then lost everything again.

A few tears escaped as you tightened your grip on your knees. As you moved, the cloak slipped from one of your shoulders.
“Maybe I can stay with Bilbo?” You spoke to yourself, trying to find some sort of silver lining in all of this. But…

“A long journey to find a home again.” Thranduil pulled the cloak back up around your shoulder again. You turned to him, your red, tear-filled eyes meeting his glacial blue ones. “You have journeyed enough, I would say.”

“Yea,” you half-heartedly agreed. “But I don’t have anywhere else to go.”

Thranduil’s eyes flashed emotion for a moment as he looked down at you. A mix of furry and sadness, protectiveness as well, before his emotionless mask went back up. “You will always be welcomed in my realm. You are welcome to call it home.”

Your jaw fell open in awe at his offer, but before you could say any words of thanks or confusion, the handsome elf king stood up and walked away to his tent. You couldn’t believe the offer he just made. After your last meeting with him, the whole barrel and stone incident, he was still offering you his home.

Maybe there was more to Thrandi—Thranduil than just an uncaring king.

Chapter End Notes

There is more to this king, and I want to find out what. (Go to "A New Friend")

I don’t care, he is still Thrandick. (Go to "Injured Bodies")
Well…Slap you down and call you a biscuit, because you never thought in a million years that this would happen! Truly. Never.

1: You never thought you would be in a war. Unless it was like a text war or something. And never in a war with five armies! That’s just excessive!

2: You never thought, since you had been in this weird world, that you would have fought that war next to an elf king. Just…really, all the stigma your dwarves had against elves, it wasn’t something you ever considered. So yea…here you were.

3: You never thought that after that war, Thranduil would be the one you went looking for first. Just…you know…he is Thrandick! But yet, you were looking anyway.

“Thranduil!” You shouted again, moving through the demolished city of Dale. You saw a few elves along your way, but they didn’t see him (or at least you assumed, they never really responded to your questions).

It was strange how you ended up here. When the armies of men and elves marched upon Erebor, you had stuck next to Gandalf. But then the army of dwarves came in, then the orcs and just…shit happened after that. Gandalf and Bilbo and you all got separated. Something had hit you, shoved your as it were, and right into the back of the elf king you stumbled.

And then things got really weird! Thranduil was one hell of a warrior, you couldn’t deny that. You were in awe at how good he was, he was quick with his sword, never failing to hit a target. But he saw also very defensive…of you. The moment you ran into him, he grabbed you and pushed you behind him, barking an order to stay close.

He kept you by his side, even pulling you along as he went from area to area, reminding you to stay close every few minutes. He even gave you one of his…okay, so he probably thought it was a dagger. You called it a short sword. His name was Stab Stabby.

But somewhere in the madness when you got to Dale, you and the elf king became separated. The swarm of men and orcs and all the chaos, it was too much. But you made it through, took out a few
orcs along the way. You had a bit of a swing to your step because of that, but then you began looking for the elf king.

It was strange, but there was this worry in the back of your mind. Sure, he was an excellent warrior, but even the best of the best get hurt. Was he hurt? Was he wounded and needed help? Was he alright? Was he looking for you too?

“Thranduil?!” You shouted again, pushing away some rubble to make a path.

It took some time, but you eventually found him sitting against some rubble outside of the town. He had a cut on his cheek, his hair and clothes were dirty, but he didn’t seem to matter as he stared out into nothing.

“Thranduil?” You approached him cautiously, trying to get his attention, but failing. It wasn’t until you called his name again that he even responded.

“I drove him away.”

What? “Who?” You moved to sit next to him, looking up at his pained face.

His words following were quick and in some language, you didn’t understand. Elvish, you assumed. You let him speak, he shook his head a few times before looking down at you. “My son. He has left. I drove him away.”

“No, no you didn’t.” You didn’t understand what was going on, but you were certain he hadn’t done that. Without thinking, you reached out and took his hand in yours, giving it a squeeze. “Maybe…maybe he just needs to find his own way. You know? I mean, every bird has to leave the nest eventually? Or in my case, fall through some magic portal into a fantasy land.” Your joke was lost on the king, but he just nodded.

“I’m sure he will be back when he is ready.” You offered, giving the king a little smile. Whether or not that was the right thing to say, you weren’t sure, but he did look at you for a moment. His eyes softened before giving your hand a squeeze as well.

“Are you well? We got separated.” The last words he spoke seemed to be a bit annoyed, as if you were supposed to keep up with his lightning speed movement from early.
“Just some scratches.” You would let that little annoyance slide. He seemed to have a rough day.

Thranduil rose suddenly, turning to you and nodding his head. “Come with me. I will tend them. Even the smallest scratch can fester. I do not wish to lose another friend this day.”

You followed slowly behind him, smiling to yourself as you did. You gained a friend this day. Perhaps something good came from this mess after all. You just hoped everyone else was okay.

Chapter End Notes

Thranduil is my new friend…just a friend! (Go to "Injured Bodies")

Thranduil really does have a soft side, doesn’t he… (Go to "Starts With a Smile")
Thranduil kneeled before you, his hands working quickly as he applied some healing concoction to your palm before wrapping it up with a clean cloth. He had insisted on seeing to any wounds you had personally, claiming that the healers had other, more injured patients to worry over. You actually wondered if he just wanted to hold your hand.

“You’re welcome.” You said to him in a hushed tone as he pulled the final piece of cloth in place, tucking it under the rest of the bandage to hold it still.

“It is nothing that requires praise.” He had finished with that wound and was now turning your hand over to make sure there were no others marring your skin. “It is a minor wound, it will heal. It won’t even scar.”

You let out a sound of disbelief. “What?!” Your eyes met his, yours seeming a bit disgruntled while his were a bit amused. “But…After all that,” you signaled to outside of his tent, “and I won’t even get a scar?!”

You shook your head with purpose. “Nope, that won’t do! Put dirt in it or something, I want my scar!” You couldn’t keep up the act of seeming upset, a small smile slipped onto your face as you looked at Thranduil.

And then a miracle happened.

It was slight, the muscles moving slowly and deliberately. They worked to bring forth a sigh you never thought you would see. Something that the mere sight of it had you blushing from your toes to your ears.

Thranduil smiled.

You took it in for a moment, his amused look, the soft curves of his lips, the way his eyes seemed to shine brighter. You tore your eyes from his as you looked back down to your hand, hoping and praying he didn’t notice how flustered you got over something so simple.
“Lord Thranduil.” Your savior from embarrassment came in the form of an elven soldier, one who looked a bit put out, if you had to say so. “A dwarf messenger has come. King Thorin is asking for Lady Y/n’s presence.”

King Thorin asked for you? King Thorin? Lady Y/n? Well, this was such an odd day. A part of you, the first part that reacted, shook your head at the formality of being called a Lady. But then another part kicked in. A worrisome part.

Your heart seemed to beat faster, your breath became harder, and you thought…what if Thorin was going to put you on trial for your ‘betrayal’. What about Bilbo? Were you safe to go back to the mountain? The last time you had seen Thorin he threatened you with death if you returned!

A soft and gentle squeeze to your hand brought you from your mind. Thranduil’s hand enveloped your as he spoke, his eyes never leaving yours. “I need to speak with the dwarf king anyway. Tell them we will be there soon.”

The soldier left, ignoring the hypnotic effect Thranduil was having on you. You just watched into his eyes as your fears slipped away. All but one, that is.

“What if…what if it isn’t good? I don’t know if I can face that again.”

Thranduil took both your hands in his, helping you rise to your feet. “I have heard his sickness is gone. But if you feel…unwelcomed…in any way, you have my word I will ensure your safety.”

You rode forward towards Erebor, not watching the mountain before you, but the elk. Yes, that’s right…you had ridden ponies, eagles, and now an elk. You reached out and ran your hand down its smooth fur, smiling a little at how it calmed you.

“You have no need to worry.” Thranduil spoke from behind you. He insisted you ride with him when you left the camp. At first you joked he was mother henning, but now you understood why. Had you been on your own pony, you would have turned it around and ran it towards Mirkwood without a second thought. You were nervous, scared. Not only that Thorin would still be angry, but over the fate of your friends.
“I don’t know what is worse,” you joked, “Smaug or Thorin’s rage.”

“Yes. There is not much of a difference is there.” Thranduil snarked back, making you smile and chuckle.

“I’m going to tell him you said that.” You gave him a little nudge with your elbow, and then turned your head to look up at him.

There he sat, chuckling. The elf king, the one you called Thrandick…was chuckling.

“WOW!” You said loudly, alerting the guards riding alongside of you. Your hand slapped across your chest in mock surprise. “YOU CAN LAUGH!” You quickly looked around to the others. “Did you know that?!”

The guards looked horror-stricken, but Thranduil took it in stride. His laughter deepened. “You have such a spark in you, don’t you little one? At least your language has improved.”

You laughed alongside him, enjoying the moment to forget your fear. You waited until the laughter died out, a silence settling in before you got sassy all over again, sending the elf king into another chuckle.

“There is nothing fucking wrong with my language.”

Chapter End Notes

You may be laughing, Thranduil, but you still have a stick up your ass. (Go to "Injured Bodies")

You are really handsome when you smile, Thranduil. (Go to "The Past and Present")
Life had become almost ordinary for you. The Battle of Five Armies was won, all of the company survived, Bilbo had headed home, and Thorin had bested the dragon sickness. It was great!

After having been brought to the mountain by Thranduil, Thorin offered you a stunning apology, as did the rest of the company. You of course accepted, as if you could be angry at them for long, and they all worked to get you settled into life in the mountain.

Some days you would help Ori in the library, or perhaps Bombur in the kitchens. One day Dwalin asked you for help with training some new recruits…it didn’t go well. But it was a day you still looked back to with fond memories.

Today, however, you were on your own mission. You knew that peace and trade negotiations were being made for Erebor, Dale, and Mirkwood, so there were visiting people all the time. But today you knew Thranduil would be around. It had been weeks since you had seen him last, and you missed him. You would never tell any of the company that, but it was true. So today your mission was Operation: Find Elf King.

You had been wondering around a few hallways for a while when you finally caught a glimpse of him. His hair was perfectly styled of course, the wooden crown on his head, his regal robes seemed to almost glow. Everything about him looked amazing...except one.

Instead of his usual mask of non-emotion, or those rare times you saw him smile, his face right now just screamed rage. Thorin must have given him a run for his money.

“Thranduil!” You shouted out as you quickly jogged up to him. “I was hoping to see you today. Are you alright? You look pissed.”

It seemed silly, a foolish fantasy, but you had hoped his face would soften upon seeing you. You had hoped he would give you one of his rare smiles and carry on a pleasant conversation. But what you got instead was…

“I don’t have time to entertain you today.” He practically brushed you off and stalked down the hallway in a huff.
“Wow…dick.” You muttered, turning away from him, a bit hurt that he would act like that. Sure, he wasn’t your best friend, but you had hoped that after the last few times you spent together he would at least be friendly. “Guess that’s too much to ask for.”

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Later that night you found yourself curled up with a good book in front of a fire. Okay, good was a stretch, it was a book on the line of kings. It was one of the few that weren’t damaged, catalogued, and in a language you could understand, beggars couldn’t be choosers. You settled into your pillows you set up on the love seat and read on.

You got a few pages in before you heard the knock on your door. “Come in!” You shouted, assuming it was one of the company coming to check in. You took your dinner in your room tonight, something your rarely do, and a few had already checked in on you. “As you can see, I am fine.”

“Yes, but I still feel an apology is in order.”

That voice snapped you out of your reading as you looked up to see the elf king enter your room, moving closer to you. You shifted to make room for him on your love seat, which he seemed pleased about.

“What are you doing here?”

“I wanted to apologize for earlier. I fear you may not have caught me at a good time.” You gave him a small smile, letting him know you weren’t too put out about it. “I let Thorin’s…issues…get the better of me. You deserve better.”

You chuckled at his worried look. “It’s alright. We all know Thorin could drive anyone mad.” You shifted to be able to look at him head on before you asked, “Is there anything I can do to help?”

“I don’t think so.” The disappointment was clear in his voice, something was seriously bothering him. You wished you knew what it was.
“Doesn’t hurt to try.” You answered back quickly.

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Thranduil’s words echoed in your mind that night. That story, everything he told you, it made your heart ache. You were not stupid, he had a son, you figured he had a wife. But this…to lose her in such a way, and then the necklace. That one thing Thorin just wouldn’t part with, it meant so much to Thranduil.

Without a night of rest, you rose from bed the next morning and threw on some clothes. You had to do something you decided. You had to, and you would.

Chapter End Notes

I am going to help Thranduil (Go to "A Gift Given")

Fuck it, fuck him. He was a dick! (Go to "Durin's Pride")
You couldn’t tell if Thorin was proud or pissed. Probably a bit of both, if you had to guess. It was written on his face that he was shocked, shocked as all hell. Not that you blamed him. You stormed into his room (without knocking) and demanded to speak with him. Sure, that had pissed him off, but if you had to guess it was only because you walked in on him changing.

But now, you weren’t sure where you stood with Thorin. You would be lying if you didn’t say you were still leery around him after the whole betrayal thing, but you had bigger fish to fry.

“I know it is a lot to ask, but-“

“This is more than a lot.” He growled out. “We have been having these treaty talks for months, Fallen Star. You understand that, don’t you?”

“Yes. But you don’t understand-“

“I understand you want me to hand over my only bargaining chip to that elf king. If it wasn’t for those gems he would take this kingdom for all its worth.”

“No, he wouldn’t!” A voice in your head told you that yelling wasn’t going to get you what you wanted, but to hell with that voice. It made you feel better to yell. And apparently that was the only way to get this through Thorin’s thick skull.

You took a moment to try to collect yourself before speaking again. “Thorin, I get it. You want what’s best for Erebor. I want what’s best for Erebor. But this is bigger than you know.”

Thorin scoffed at your words, rolling his eyes. “It is a necklace, Y/n. You are making a bigger deal out of this than it is.”

“They were for his wife.” You spoke the words quietly, praying that Thranduil would forgive you for telling Thorin the truth. Honestly, Thranduil felt that if Thorin knew that, then he would use it against him. “You are keeping from him the last gift he was to give to his wife. Not only that but
you are using it like a poker chip!"

Thorin watched you curiously, staying silent for a while as he thought over your words. Please, you begged in your mind, please just give them to him. End this argument.

“It does not change the matter at hand. This isn’t just a gift, it is securing the future of Erebor. I am sorry, I truly am.” Thorin took your hand in his, trying get you to look him in the eye. “It is not out of spite that I do this. There is no other way to do so without causing a riot. Those gems would feed Erebor, keep it stable. That is what this treaty is all about, do you understand?”

You wanted to say ‘no’, but you did. Dori and Balin had explained it to everyone a while back. Everyone was entitled to their share of the gold, but only in small increments, or else Erebor would not be able to pay its debts. This necklace, a simple necklace, could ensure Erebor’s stability. It was literally worth a portion of the…

Your mouth fell open as you looked at Thorin. “That’s it.”

“What?”

“That’s what it is…” You smiled at Thorin with tear filled eyes, not because you were upset with the decision you made, but because you feared it would end so many friendships. “Please…don’t be mad.”

Thorin could see your heartache. “Y/n, I would never.”

You smiled at him and nodded before uttering a phrase you knew would solve all the issues. Erebor would be secure, it would have the extra gold it would need to survive until better arrangements could be made. A priceless gift would be given to Thranduil, one that would ease his heart. But it had a cost.

Word got around to the company about what you had done. Within the hour actually, and each of them visited you to try to get you to change your mind. But you explained your reasoning and, in the end, no one was cross. Balin even helped you draw up a contract to help you with your plan.
You made it to the door and knocked gently, holding a wooden box close to your chest.

“Enter.” You heard Thranduil call out.

He was surprised to see you, to say the least, and even more surprised to see you so melancholy.

“I have a gift. But...I need you to promise me something first.” You spoke to him softly. He only offered a nod before you continued. “Tomorrow, in the meeting with Thorin and Bard...be fair. No more grudges, no more pissing contests. Just make the treaty and the trade deal. Can you promise me that?”

Confusion swarmed his expression. “I don’t understand.”

“You will. But I want your word. I have a contract, but I don’t...I don’t want to use it. You are worth more to me than that. So please, promise me.”

Thranduil took a deep breath before nodding. “You have my word. The treaty and trade agreement will be met tomorrow.”

You didn’t offer any words of thanks. Instead, you just pushed the box over to him and waited for him to open it. You couldn’t even watch him as he did so, only knowing he did it when you heard his gasp.

“They are yours now.”

“How?” You twisted your hands in your lap, not wanting to answer him. 13 dwarves agreed with your plan, you guessed the one elf wouldn’t. A gentle hand landed on your cheek, turning you to look at him. “How did you do this? How did you get the necklace from Oakenshield?”

“I traded my share of the gold for it.”
That next afternoon you were called into the council chambers. Dwalin had escorted you, but that ass wouldn’t tell you what it was about. When you arrived, only Thorin, Bard, and Thranduil were left. Balin was in the corner, hastily writing something up.

“What’s going on?”

Thranduil smiled at you, making your heart beat a bit harder. Whether it was just the general effect of his smile or the thought of ‘what is going on’, you couldn’t tell.

“We came to an agreement. The treat and for trade.” Thranduil offered.

“Here ya go, Lass.” Balin handed over a paper to you. “It’s just the part of the agreement that applies to you.”

“What?!” You screeched, searching the paper for answers. Why the hell were you in the agreement?! Did you get auctioned off to the highest bidder or something?! Oh, you were going to fillet a human, dwarf, and elf it that was the fucking case!

But it wasn’t.

You couldn’t believe what you read, or the three signatures at the bottom.

*In return for their brave actions for the sake of peace. Lady Y/n will be repaid her share of gold, as was promised, form a portion of each kingdom; Dale, Erebor, and Mirkwood. A deposit will be made to Lady Y/n…*

You took a deep breath before looking up with a glare, not bothering to finish, you had the gist of it. “Whose idea was this?” You practically growled them, making Thranduil smirk, Thorin chuckle, and Bard rat out the other two. You could only shake your head. “Well, at least you all stopped metaphorically measuring your dicks and signed the treaty!”

Chapter End Notes
Thranduil…did you really do this for me? (Go to "Celebration")

That’s sweet and all, but I’m okay… (Go to "Human Relations")
You stared at the stranger across from you, unbelieving the beauty you were seeing. Her hair was pulled back in gentle waves, a few beads in it to show her status in the families of Erebor (given by the company themselves). Her face and body scrubbed clean to remove any imperfection of dirt or sweat that may have come from the last couple days hard work. Her gown…a beautiful golden gown that swept down her formed body and into a lengthy skirt that just tickled the tops of her toes. Who was this beauty? Why was she staring at you like that?

Oh…

She was you.

You gave a little twirl, letting your skirts wrap around your legs, making them seem as if they had been cast in gold. The ornate dress was one of Dori’s making, insisting that in the grand celebration of the victory at Battle of Five Armies and the coronation of the King Under the Mountain you had to be well dressed.

You were fantastically dressed. Dressed in a way you had only seen in movies. It made you almost nervous just to move, but you did so, slowly, once you heard the knocking on the door. An impatient Nori waiting to escort you down to the other company for the procession into the feast.

You allowed him to gawk a moment before guiding you, enjoying how each member of the company were only too happy to complement your beauty (and their family beads they gifted you). Fili and Kili were already forming lines for who got to dance with you and when that evening, but you just tuned it out.

You had become so used to the chaos that came with this little rag-tag team, it didn’t even phase you anymore. Well, except that…

“Nori…”

“Sorry! Hand slipped!”
“Slipped my ass.” You grumbled, sending him a playful glare. This dwarf was a trouble-maker, no doubt about that. But what would you do without that distraction? Honestly, you probably would have started staring at the sight that slipped in beside you at that moment.

Thranduil stood beside you for a moment, looking down at you as you issued a mild threat of cutting of Nori’s hand if it drifted again. Nori mocked as if he were going to do it again, and then was just gone.

Not walked away with a smile, gone. Not jumped away from you, gone. Just…gone. Poof! Gone!

Well, not quite.

The commotion behind you was almost instantaneous, making you twist suddenly and almost loosing your footing. You would have, tripped and fell over your own skirts, had Thranduil not put a steadying hand against your back. Just one hand. The other had Nori by the throat.

“If you touch her in such a way again, thief, you will not live to see the sun rise again.” Thranduil made his comment and just dropped the Mic (Nori) and walked away, leaving you stunned as the other elves who accompanied the king gave you a slight nod.

The hell?

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Nori was sore about that. Of course, you couldn’t blame him. You would be pissed too if you got manhandled all over a joke. Wait. You did get manhandled. Oh, now you were mad! Damn Nori!

But you couldn’t stay angry for too long. Dori quickly heard what had happened and of course got involved, making Nori give you a very lengthy and heartfelt apology and promises to never be inappropriate again.

“…Unless you beg for it.” He whispered under his breath. “But I don’t think I’m the one you want to beg for.” He just gave you a wink and walked away, leaving you shaking your head. Trouble-maker. That was the only word you could think of for Nori. Pure trouble.
You chuckled as you moved around the large hall, watching the dwarves and men and women dance in the center, move in ways you had never seen before. It was nice to have this small moment after all of that bad.

“Would you care to dance?”

You didn’t have to look around to know who belonged to that voice. You knew. He had been keeping an eye on you all night, both eyes when Nori was around. You smiled up at him, enjoying how at peace he seemed in your company.

“I would, but I don’t know these dances. They are much different than those from my world.”

Thranduil just gave a thoughtful hum before reaching down and carefully taking your hand. “Perhaps if you plan on staying here, someone should show you?” He offered no time for you to dismiss the offer, only led you to the floor before wrapping one arm around your back and helping guide you through the steps of what you assumed was an elvish dance.

It was a fantasy. A fantasy you didn’t even know you had. Something that sat in the back of your mind and only now came out, making itself known. You glanced up at the Elf King and smiled shyly as you realized he was watching you.

Neither of you spoke, allowing only small touches and glances to speak for you. It made you feel like you were flying. Literally, in a couple cases where Thranduil would pull you close and lift you into the air with a twirl.

As the music faded away, you could only feel your heart racing as Thranduil stepped back. “You are a fair a dancer as you are fair. Such grace I did not expect.” He gave you a gentle smile before lowering himself into a deep bow and pressed a kiss to your knuckles. “I will eagerly await our next dance, my lady.”

Oh…is this what swooning feels like?!

You had no words, just a mouth that was slightly open in awe as the king walked from the dance floor. There you stood for a few moments, just in shock. Oh my…you just swooned over Thranduil.
Oh...Thranduil. What are you doing to me? (Go to "Perfectly Suited")

I did NOT swoon! He’s just a friend! (Go to "Human Relations")
If you had the time, you would have rode the high from the celebration for days. You would have sat in your room, stared at the fire with a soft smile on your face, and let your mind wander to what if’s and if only’s.

But you didn’t get that opportunity. You always assumed that the celebration was a joyous occasion to mark the amazing feat that was winning the battle. Oh, how wrong you were. Apparently, it was to have the last bit of fun you could before chaos reigned.

The very night of the celebration started all sorts of meetings for dwarven-kind, man-kin, and elf-kind. Even you-kind. You didn’t think you would be able to contribute much, but you still got assigned tasks. Now, you weren’t complaining, it was nice to be a help. But…

“Ya gone done messed me lagugershak!” Okay, so maybe that wasn’t how you spelled it, but that was how it sounded!

“I’m sorry. But I was told to bring these to you and that was it. I don’t know what…that… is.” You glared down at this little stone, mold, thing. It was kinda ugly looking and smelled like feet. Lagugershak was a good name for it.

The dwarf you had been talking to had seemed to think it was your job to do something with it. Honestly, all Balin said was to copy over the document and take a copy to Tral. This rock thing wasn’t in your job description!

“Please, Mister Tral, calm down!” You tried reasoning. But you quickly learned, never try to reason with a dwarf…especially when you are talking to the wrong one.

“TRAL?! I’M NOT THAT BACKSTABING TREESHAGGING…”

“No.”
“Y/n, it is just a simple-“

“You said that about the last one and I nearly got gutted!” You argued. Bless Balin’s heart, he was trying to find you a place in Erebor, a fit for you with some work and a life. But you just weren’t meant to be a messenger. Sure, you could copy things from one document to another, even if it was in another language, but delivering them? Nope, never again.

Maybe you could be the official Kinkos of Erebor?

“Lass, I know ya can do it.” Dwalin tried to encourage you, but you just glared at him. He, out of anyone, should know how bad the situation got with Not-Tral. He still had the cut across his face to show for it!

“No!” You sighed sadly. “I want to help, I do. I want to do something for Erebor. But this…this isn’t it…” The tone in your voice was evident, the want to give up increasing with each sigh you made. Deciding to head back to your room, you missed the worried glances between Dwalin and Balin as you left. Surely there was something, any job you could do to help Erebor.

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A job to help Erebor. Something you would be good at. Hell, this was something you would be great at! And if it meant you got to see a certain someone more often…well, bonus!

“I just want to make sure I understand…” You said timidly, not able to contain the grin on your face. “You want me to be a what?”

“An ambassador.” Thorin said with a grin. “I know you and the elves get along well, though I will never understand why…” You rolled your eyes at his lament. “We need someone in Mirkwood to work with Thranduil and his advisers, someone who will keep Erebor’s best interests in mind. We have now gone through…Balin?”

“Seven.”

“Seven ambassadors.”
Seven. Now, let that sit in for a moment. Seven dwarves that were sent to Mirkwood as an ambassador, someone of peace. Seven, in a two-month period. What were the elves doing to them?!

The panic must have been clear when that thought crossed your mind because Dwalin burst into laughter. “I think we finally got her scared of elves!”

“Indeed.” Balin was less than amused. “You don’t need to be, Fallen Star. It was the fault of the dwarves, not the elves that was the cause.” Balin, ever the diplomat talked right over Thorin and Dwalin as they tried to interject with an argument and just handed you a scroll of paper. “Look over the details before you agree. There are some in there that...well, lass. You may not like them.”

There were a total of three things you held issue with. Some weren’t that bad, but others...they broke your heart.

First, although you were an ambassador and there to speak for Erebor, you couldn’t really do much. So, it really made you wonder what the actual point of the position was. What was the point if you couldn’t make change? It was Bifur, of all people, who explained it was not your task to make the changes, but to convince the elves to make the changes.

Second, how in the hell were you supposed to convince a group of elves to do anything? The last time you were in a meeting with one (thinking back to the last time you were in Mirkwood), you were so bad you had to be escorted back to your cell!

Third, and the most heart breaking for you...you would be relocated to Mirkwood. Sure, you would have visits back to Erebor once a month, but still. Erebor was now your home, the company your family, you felt such a conflict well up at the thought of leaving them behind.

How would you get by without seeing one of them each day? Without Kili or Fili trying to use your room as a hiding spot after a prank gone wrong. Without Ori telling you about the new book he found. Bofur bragging about the progress the mines were making.
You knew it would be hard, but still…

“I…I accept.” You told Thorin at dinner. It had taken a bit of work to say it without wavering. Everyone went silent at the table, watching you with a sad look. “No! Don’t look like that, you will make me cry!”

That night you spent all the time you could with your family, each of them promising to write often. Kili even came up with a schedule so you would get a letter from one of them each day. It was so special for you (he even remembered to add Bilbo into the count)!

But it still made your heart ache the day you left Erebor. Dwalin and Kili escorted you from the mountain and through Dale, until you reached the edge of the woods. You figured you would be met by some random guards then, but someone else was waiting instead.

“Lady Y/n. I welcome you to Mirkwood.” Thranduil sat upon his elk, smiling at you as you approached.

You couldn’t help but return it with a grunt, tapping Dwalin on the arm. “I see why I’m so needed here, the King just up and takes days off! Of course, nothing gets done!” It lightened the mood and made the goodbyes easier.

“You are unhappy.” Thranduil spoke as you both rode through the woods along the path. The last time you passed through, it was so different. You couldn’t help but admire the beauty around you, especially since you weren’t shoved in one of those damned barrels!

“Not unhappy, just sad.” You gave him a little smile. “I’m going to miss the crazy that comes with those guys, you know?”

Thranduil nodded, thinking for a moment. “Well, perhaps we should make some…crazy…to entertain you here?”

Your head snapped around, you almost had whiplash. Did that really just come out of his mouth. “What?”

“I thought we would start with a tour of the kingdom.” He spoke just to you before raising his voice. “Tindar, you will be accompanying us!” You watched an elf in front of you tense before
nodding and looking away.

You stared after him for a moment before turning back. “I don’t get it.”

“Do you not remember? He was the one who brought you to our first meeting. I believe you stomped his foot so hard you broke one of his toes. I’m sure it will prove to be an amusing tour after all, don’t you agree?”

Well, shit. This elf was going to be more trouble than the 13 dwarves all together, wasn’t he?

Chapter End Notes

Yes…yes, he is. And I’m going to love every moment of it! (Go to "All of The Above")
All of The Above

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Royal Ambassador of Erebor—Mirkwood Division.

That is the title you would give yourself if you were back in your own world. A fancy title for your fancy new job. Do you know what else you would give yourself? A few new binders, a couple notebooks, computer (not a new one, your old one just worked fine), pens, a couple calendars, and snacks. You always need snacks in the workplace.

But this wasn’t your world anymore so you had to approach this new job with a new way of thinking. So, instead of three-ring binders…you had boxes. The elves thought it was weird when you requested them, but hey, who were they to argue with the ambassador. Instead of notebooks, you had a small army of parchment paper. Single sheets, because apparently that’s how they come?

Instead of a computer you had, well, your hands. Everything had to be done by hand. You used to type up a document in no time flat, but writing it by hand, especially proposals. Well, they took time. Instead of pens, you had quills. Quills.

QUILLS.

And ink.

QUILLS AND INK.

Yep, stone age, here you were.

Calendars. Now, there are calendars here, but not the kind you were wanting. You missed those yearly planners that had room for each day and then the month laid out in the beginning. It was glorious. You tried to recreate it by using different parchment papers, but it didn’t work.

And snacks! SNACKS! You had to have your snacks.
Do you know what snacks are for elves?

Meals.

No snacks. Not really, just big meals.

Pretty much, your way of thinking and working was turned upside down. Sure, you had some experience when you copied things over when you were in Erebor, but that was a page here, a paragraph there. Now you had meetings, and proposals, and all sorts of things you needed to keep track of.

What started out as a couple boxes next to your desk with some paper, turned into a war zone. A literal war zone. The parchment rebelled! They didn’t want to live under the rule of the quills and ink anymore! They wanted freedom! They took over the area of the desk, claiming as their own independent state. The quills were happy, but they found their home in a little drawer. The drawer where the snacks belonged...oh how you missed those chocolate and sweet treats.

But you see, the parchment wasn’t happy with just the desk, so they began to expand. And before you knew it, your nice, clean, organized room was just in chaos. Paper everywhere. Quills who had been pushed from their desk space were everywhere!

And you?

Well...

You let out a deep sigh as your head fell forward into your hands. You had to do better than this, you told yourself. You had to get your shit together and fast. Erebor was expecting a weekly report and you hadn’t sent one in two. Honestly, if it weren’t for the short (read two line) letters (read notes) you sent back to the company, you would have figured Thorin would have stormed Mirkwood thinking the elves had killed you.

You were drowning in the work. And as much as it killed you to say this, it wasn’t because you didn’t get your job. It wasn’t because you couldn’t do it. It was because you didn’t know how! Most of the meetings ended up slipping into elvish, which you didn’t speak. So of course you tried to write out the sounds and get them translated...guess how well that worked.
You tried to keep track of when meetings were, but without your trusty planner and all the constant changes…

You let out another sigh and let yourself fall back on the bed. The rustling of papers (which apparently now claimed your bed) made you more irritable.

“I need a walk!” You screamed before storming out of your rooms.

You paced the hall for a bit before becoming bolder and making your way to new areas. After a few random turns and what felt like a billion flights of stairs, you found yourself in a little garden space next to a stream. It was nice and peaceful here. There was a little gazebo with a table and some chairs for you to relax in. This was just the place you needed to unwind from your mind.

“You seem lost.”

You thought that you had finally gotten over that little squealing issue. After everything on the journey, you hadn’t really scared easily, but when you heard Thranduil’s voice just pop out of nowhere, you got spooked. So spooked that not only did you squeal, but you jumped. Which of course, because of your fucking luck, landed you ass first in the stream.

“Y/n!” Thranduil called out to you, the worry evident in his words as he reached for your hand. But you just swatted it away, feeling the tears of frustration and humiliation boil. You hadn’t seen Thranduil in nearly a week. You had hoped taking this position you would get to spend more time with him, but it was always with his advisers, which was just salt in an already raw wound.

“Y/n, allow me to assist you.” Thranduil reached out again. There was something in his eyes that went with that worry. Perhaps it was pity? Doubt? Regret? Probably regret. His ambassador was sitting in the stream right now with tears coming out of her eyes. Maybe it was embarrassment.

“I can’t do this!” You screamed, not thinking that you were screaming at the king. Instead, you just saw him as your friend. The only friend you had here and you hadn’t seen him in days. The only other person you knew was Tardin, and since he referred to you as ‘foot stomper’ you didn’t really call that a friendship.

“Y/n…”
“I can’t! I can’t do it, I don’t know why I thought I could! I don’t have my computer, or my planner, or my snacks! HOW DO YOU PEOPLE WORK WITHOUT SNACKS?!” It was a silly point to shout, but it was one that was eating at you. Not only were you stressed, but there was no such thing as stress eating apparently. Fucking elves.

You let the anger drift down the stream with your pride as your head fell forward in your hands, your legs curling up under you as you sat in the stream. It was only a few inches deep so it wasn’t so bad. “I don’t belong here.” You said with a breaking heart. “I don’t know the people, I don’t know the language, I don’t…I just don’t know…anything.”

You could hear Thranduil shifting, taking in a breath, but you stopped him. “I will write a letter to Erebor tonight and tell them to send you someone more qualified. Someone who can actually have a fucking conversation in elvish.” You gulped, expecting, well more like hoping, he would say something, but when he didn’t you just let your pity party go on. “I want to be alone. Please leave.”

Thranduil was gone in nearly an instant. You glanced up to find yourself all alone, which strange as it sounded, made you feel worse. He just left. He didn’t try to say anything (not that you gave him a chance), but still…

Maybe you didn’t belong here.

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Your fucked-up mess of a room became worse once you sat down to write a letter to Thorin. It was like you were not only disappointing yourself, but him, and Thranduil, and all the others. You had yet to make it through one draft of the letter without either crumbling it up or using some curse word in it.

The candles you had lit kept your room bathed in light so you could work into the night. It made a glow all around that made you want to just walk around the city, it always looked beautiful at night. At least it did when you were on the tour way back when. You hadn’t a chance to enjoy it since… holy shit, it had been two months.

A knock sounded at your door.

“If you have more paperwork then you can promptly go fuck yourself to hell!” What started as a
gentle sentence became a scream at the door before you turned your attention back to the non-letters before you. You heard movement, but ignored it. Frankly, you hoped whoever it was ended up being a burglar because they could rob you blind of all this paperwork and you would love it.

“I have come to help.”

You froze, letting your eyes shut slowly as you scrunched up your face. No...why did it have to be him?! WHY?! Why did he have to see your room in this state?! Wasn’t earlier bad enough?

Your eyes opened as you turned to find Thranduil looking exceedingly concerned as he eyed the mess of your room. Next to him was Tindar, who seemed in a similar state of shock.

“Yea, it’s a mess. What did you fucking expect? It represents my inner self right now. You can just burn the room when I’m gone.” You went to turn back, but stopped. “Actually, don’t do that... forest fire and all that could start.”

“Your wit is still intact, I am grateful for that.” Thranduil turned to look at Tindar. “You were to report to me if there were any issues. Why was I not made aware?”

“I didn’t know.” Tindar looked a little broken, he seemed to think all of this was his failure instead of yours. Maybe you needed to stomp on his foot a couple times to get that odd thought out of his head.

“Start collecting the papers.” Thranduil spoke, sending Tindar in a frenzy to stack each piece of parchment available, before walking over to take a seat next to you at your desk. “What do you need?”

That was an odd question. What did you need? Well, if he was offering, how about a dozen little Debbie snacks, a computer, a blow torch to handle the paper, and you know what, a right proper kiss from the king wouldn’t be bad right now! You had kinda been wondering what that would be like... But instead, you just shook your head. “Why? Did you ask the other seven ambassadors what they needed? Because I get why you have gone through seven now!”

Thranduil at least had the decency to look a bit ashamed of that fact. “I was unaware the situations had not improved with each new one. It will now.” Thranduil laid a hand on yours and pulled it up to lay a gentle kiss on your knuckles. “What do you need?”
You officially had two friends, two best friends, in Mirkwood now. Thranduil, who would always be a friend to you, who just went above and beyond even what you thought a king was able to do, to help you succeed in your new role. But now you had Tindar. Tindar, little did you know, had received a promotion when you arrived. He was assigned as your bodyguard, but asked not to be seen because Thorin warned Thranduil you would probably pitch a fit about it.

You did. But hey, Tindar was good at his damn job! You didn’t even know he was following you around the last two months. Well, Tindar got a second promotion. He was your bodyguard, as well as your second-in-command. He was now attending all your meetings with you. Not only did he help you keep up with certain topics, but he also enforced a strict ‘common’ rule.

Anytime one of the advisers would try to slip into elvish in a meeting, he snapped. In elvish…but thanks to that, you were pretty sure you knew the bad words now. He also started slowly teaching you elvish, which you have learned is only one dialect. How neat.

It took time, about a week and a half, but now when you went into your room it looked like it did when you arrived. The paper and pens were at peace, the boxes were functioning properly. And some additions, thanks to Thranduil!

Your bottom desk drawer was now host to some unique ‘snack’ items for you to enjoy while you worked. Instead of loose pieces of parchment, they were all bound in a leather backing for easy travel. A scribe made up official calendars, also bound in a book, for you. Tindar was in charge of your calendar. He guarded your hours like it was precious to him.

Meetings stopped getting changed ten times in one day, and to add to your knowledge base, every morning you had private “lessons” on the history of Mirkwood---Greenwood, Languages, and political topics. These “lessons” were your favorite time of the day. It was the one time of the day Tindar didn’t follow you around. The one time of day you got to follow the turns and twists of the paths to that little garden and stream, sit in that little gazebo, and have breakfast with your favorite elf.

Thranduil was waiting for you that morning with a smile on his face. “I heard you had some enjoyment with Linthria.”

You couldn’t help but grin. “Oh come on, you can’t expect me not to learn the more colorful aspects of your language and not put them to use! Besides, she had it coming. Calling Erebor a ‘dirt hole filled with smelly lessors’. She’s lucky I didn’t break her foot.”
Thranduil chuckled as he held out your cup of tea to you. You got settled on your chair, tucking one foot under you as you leaned forward. “And you, my king? How did your meetings go yesterday?”

The first two hours of your day, you found were the brightest. Not because the sun was rising, not because it was a new day, but because for those two hours, you got to see Thranduil smile at you as you both spoke of anything or nothing at the same time.

Chapter End Notes

I think I am falling in love with that smile… (Go to "Is This a Date?")
“You are doing it again.” Tardin spoke without even looking up from your calendar. He just mocked you as the both of you made your way down the hallway to your first meeting for the day. That smug look, that perfect hair, you were tempted to trip him.

But the truth was…he was your friend.

“I am allowed to smile.” You joked back. “We can’t all have a stick up our ass like you…we would run out of sticks!” Personally, you found your joke hilarious, seeing as you were living in a tree, but apparently Tardin didn’t get it. Elves and their lack of humor skill.

“Indeed. We have three meetings this morning, the afternoon is clear to prepare you for the Starlight Festival.”

“…Starlight festival?” Now…where have you heard about that before?

000

It took you a couple hours to place it, and when you did you couldn’t help but shout out to Tardin your revelation. Hearing the Ambassador of Erebor shout, “That was the one where you got drunk and Bilbo snuck us out in the barrels,” wasn’t very proper. Oops.

But the advisers took it in stride, almost seeming to be willing to be helpful towards you by explaining the significance of the event and what would be expected of you in your position. It seemed easy enough. Wear a nice dress, be proper, enjoy staring at the stars. You could handle that.

But this was a whole new ball game.

You were fine with everything until you got back to your room to find a little note from Thranduil resting on your desk.
You found it mysterious and it made you a little giggly, but now, it just made you nauseous. Your rendezvous with Thranduil was short, but effective. Effective at setting your brain into hyperdrive! He spoke so sweetly to you.

“I would be honored to escort the most beautiful maiden to the festival, if you would honor me?”

Yea, like you were going to say no to that, or the beautiful white star blossom he had in his hand when he asked you. You didn’t hesitate, and Thranduil seemed so excited about that, but now you weren’t so sure.

Tardin walked with you that next morning to help you get where you were going for the final preparations for the evening’s festivities. He truly was your confidant…that was what an assistant did right? He wouldn’t tell Thranduil if you asked him…right?

“Is this a date?” Your mouth blurted out before your brain could process. You tried not to read too much into the moment of silence that followed.

“Of course, it is the date for the Festival of Starlight.”

“No…” You brought Tardin to a stop, shifting nervously. “You know, me and Thranduil, is this-“

“Thranduil and I.” Tardin spoke with an air of assness.

“Seriously…I will break your fucking foot again. Is it a date?” Desperation was seeping into you. What if it was a date? Was Thranduil trying to pursue something more? Not that you would really mind, but…

“I don’t understand.” Of course he didn’t.

“A date. When two people like each other, they spend time together, you know, a date?”
He gave a moment of pause as he thought over your words. “Yes, but that would mean you have been having daily dates with King Thranduil for a while now.”

Of course that fucker just dropped that mic and walked away. Seriously, you were missing your straight forward dwarves right now…

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In the end, it didn’t matter. That was what you told yourself. You could either do one of two things. One: assume it was a date and be a nervous wreck the entire night trying to be all flirty and crap. Two: assume it wasn’t and enjoy your time with Thranduil.

You were so glad that you went with the second. An entrance of epic proportions started the night, walking down the spiral staircase in your pale dress and hair expertly braided away from your face. Thranduil seemed enchanted by you as he reached out a single hand, taking yours in his before guiding you to the head table. A private table, you noted.

You dined on the most delicious food Greenwood had to offer, the most delicious of wine, a night filled with dancing at Thranduil’s side, the dances he taught you at the celebration in Erebor. It was perfection, it truly was. A night of pure bliss as you shared smiles and laughter with many elves you had come to know, whether they be advisers or workers in the wing you were assigned, it was a blast.

Between the wine, the dancing, and the strong arm around your waist, there was nothing to keep the smile off your face as Thranduil guided you away from the party. He told you he wanted to show you what the festival was all about, being as cryptic as ever. You didn’t resist, instead just leaned into his tall form and savored the moment.

“Here.” He spoke gently. “This is one of my favorite spots in the entire kingdom. Do you see why?”

Your eyes had drifted closed on the walk, you had come to realize. You took a satisfied sigh before letting them slowly open, revealing the balcony bathed in moonlight. A gasp left your lips as you wandered forward, in awe as you looked up through the break in the tree canopy to see the beautiful moon shining down from the heavens, along with the glowing moonlight.

“Thranduil…it is beautiful.”
He hummed in agreement, following behind you slowly. It was so natural, to just lean back into the embrace Thranduil offered, letting his arms drift around as he found your hands, weaving them into his. His hair seemed to drape over your shoulder as you stared up at the moon that had captured your attention.

“I would give you that moon, if I could.”

You smiled, chuckling to yourself as you looked into those crystal blue eyes. There was no falsity to be found in them, only sincerity. Sincerity and many bared emotions.

“You reach would be great indeed to do that.”

Thranduil gripped on of your hands, bringing it to his lips with a gentle kiss. “And yet, I find myself wanting to try. I would give anything to have you look at me the way you just looked at the moon.”

He didn’t see it? He really didn’t see it? Oh, what an adorable, obtuse, little elf. “I have always looked at you like that. You just have never noticed.” Your response seemed to stun him, making him give a little gasp of pleasure at your words. And if that hadn’t done it, the light kiss you pressed to his lips did the rest.

You weren’t sure how long you stayed on that balcony and watched the stars. Thranduil wrapped you in his cloak, set you on the loveseat and pointed out each one and told you their name and stories, between soft touches and kisses that you shared. The both of you stayed out until the sky began to lighten and the stars dim, making you saddened that the evening had to end.

“Don’t be saddened, little one.” Thranduil’s soft voice smiled sweetly down at you. “This is not the end, just the beginning. At least I hope it is?”

“With dates like this, how could I say no?” You grinned back, allowing your head to fall back against his shoulders with a little grin. At least you knew now…it really was a date. Now the question was…how would the dwarves react?

Chapter End Notes
Oh my goodness…how will the dwarves react? (Go to "Dwarf Assistance")
You had really come to understand Thorin a bit more these past two weeks. When the journey started to reclaim Erebor, he wasn’t the most pleasant of people to you or Bilbo. There was a reason you nicknamed him Thorcupine. But Thorin eventually came to regret his initial assessment, just as you had towards Thranduil.

When you first met him, he was a pompous, arrogant, self-serving Thrandick! Just thinking of him back then made you blood feel like it was on fire! Granted, you blood still feet like it was on fire when you saw him, but for completely different reasons.

That stick-up his ass Thrandick was now your oh so sweet Thranduil. You had tried to give him a cute nickname, but nothing stuck. Thrandick was just too good, and there were days where you still used it.

But this wasn’t one of those days.

Thranduil guided you through the winding paths of your home, a soft hand resting over your eyes as he did so. His other hand rested upon your lower back, urging you forward to a surprise he had waiting.

Excitement coursed through you, not only at his touch, or the light kisses he would grant, but also because of the surprise. You learned quickly that Thranduil liked to spoil you, grant you little surprises when you least expected them.

Some were small little tokens of affection, such as a new silver chain for your necklace or a surprise lunch between meetings. Others were elaborate and extravagant. In the two months you had now been courting (apparently that’s what they call dating here) you now had a completely new wardrobe, a whole set of rare story books to go with a new bookcase, and the latest gift…Copper.

Copper was gifted to you a couple of weeks ago, a stunning and tall breed of horse whose dark tan coat shone like the copper metal you named him for. His black tail and mane you managed to tend to most evenings, just something to do to bond with him when it was too late to go for a ride after your meetings.
You and the elf king had words after that gift. You loved Copper, of course you did, but you didn’t need all these spoils to love Thranduil. You told him that, essentially, and he explained the joy he gained from finding a gift to light your heart and to make you smile.

How do you argue with that?!

Well, you tried.

It wasn’t a heated argument by any means, but a compromise had been reached that you would not give Thranduil any more grief about not needing gifts, and he would tone it back.

But that was a couple weeks ago and you could feel the excitement, although reluctantly, pouring off of him. You couldn’t imagine why it was.

“Here.” Thranduil whispered in your ear. “Look.”

You slowly opened your eyes, letting them adjust to the light before looking about. You were at one of the watch towers. One overlooking the forest to the East…what were you missing?

“In the distance,” Thranduil mumbled as his fingers teased the edges of your hair. Your eyes followed the path from the gate out, moving and twisting as they did, but…

“I don’t see anything.” Thranduil seemed a bit put off by this but stowed any signs of it almost immediately.

“I forget your eyes aren’t as keen as mine.”

“And your wit not as quick as mine.” You joked back, leaning up to press a kiss to his cheek. It was a long running joke the two of you had, pointing out the little quirks of each of the differences between you.

“Then we shall wait until they come closer.”
The wait wasn’t bad, but the surprise was better. It was the greatest gift yet, one you ran straight to upon recognition. Thranduil let out a laugh as he watched you, taking joy at seeing you so happy.

And who wouldn’t be when their family comes for a visit?!

“So…I saw a nice three-tiered fountain back there. Why don’t—”

“If I catch any word of any naked dwarf parts near any fountain or pond, I will have you all shaved.” You threatened. Some of them chuckled, making you send them a glare.

“This is my home nw. Do you plan on disrespecting it?”

It was the little victories that you loved. Seeing Thorin order all of them to be on their best behavior was one you would savor for years to come.

Most of the company had come. Balin stayed behind with Fili to cover Thorin. He was pushed into what Thorin called ‘mandatory vacation’. It didn’t look like it was forced, but oh well.

You loved having them there, enjoying how they livened the place up. As bad as it sounded, you enjoyed how they were able to rile up the elves. Throwing food, singing songs.

You were so happy your dwarves were here!

You were wrong! It was a mistake! You should have known better!
You had gotten about two days of enjoyable company, but then the “occurrences” started.

First, Thranduil seemed on edge. Sure, he was king and he had practically been invaded by dwarves, but still… he seemed almost hesitant to touch you anymore. Not even to hold your hand.

It would have been enough to worry you, but it seemed then that the lack of contact was making him very irritable. He snapped at random passerby’s, even you once, it worried you.

You had tried to get a moment alone with him, but that was harder than reclaiming the mountain! Your morning ‘lesson’ had become actual lessons as Thorin and Gloin crashed every morning, so those peaceful mornings were long gone. Dinner was an affair with Kili, Ori, and Bofur singing and telling stories.

The most time you had gotten with your favorite elf had been this morning (in the presence of many others) as Nori had been caught trying to pick pocket a guard. So desperate were you for a moment with your love that you didn’t even try to argue Nori’s innocence.

In your defense, Nori didn’t either. Apparently, he had a bet with Dwalin on if he would get caught or not. But alas, even that plan failed. But thanks to Nori’s trouble-making, you were able to formulate a new plan.

If Nori could steal from a guard, maybe you could steal a moment with your king.

Or at least pull a Nori maneuver to see him.

And that was where you were now, cursing those damn dwarves for pushing you to such extremes. You shifted your foot forward as you reached out and tapped against the glass for a second time before snapping back against the narrow edge.

Sure, from this height, the fall wouldn’t kill you… probably.

Your face lit up as Thranduil opened the window to his private chambers with an irritated sigh, probably thinking Kili was up to something again.
“Move over, I’m coming in!” That was all the warning he got before you came tumbling in. If it wasn’t for Thranduil’s quick reaction, you’d probably have a concussion right now.

“Y/n! What are you—”

Silence filled the room. Too many days had you gone without one of his private smiles. Too long since he held your hand or kissed your cheek. It all came to this moment. The moment where you kissed Thranduil.

All the moments were leading here. The small pecks on the cheek or nose. Forehead kisses, soft caresses shared in private. But this, this was your first real kiss with Thranduil.

It stole your breath away. Thranduil’s hands gripped tighter on your waist as he deepened the embrace letting your hand tangle into his hair and tease the tips of his ears. It was that last bit that broke the spell.

Thranduil pulled away, gasping for air as he gripped your hands in his. “What…how…”

You had apparently kissed him nearly senseless. Nearly…wasn’t good enough. You leaned in again, your lips barely grazing his before he pulled away.

An irritated whine left you without meaning to.

“You shouldn’t be here.” Thranduil was clearly trying (and failing) to collect himself. “It isn’t proper. I would not disrespect you in such a way.”

What fucking nonsense was he sprouting?! You tried one last time to move closer, not even for a kiss, just closer, and he moved away suddenly.

“It has gone on too long as it is. It can’t continue, stop pursing me in such a way.”

You were frozen. It can’t go on? Stop…stop pursing him? Was…was he breaking—you had to clamp your hand over your mouth to keep in the shock. He…he was ending this?
The image of you shimmying the balcony to get into his window turned from one of romance to one of shame. You guessed you should have seen all the signs, the withdraw form you. All those sweet words, the gifts…even just wearing the metal chain right now was making you light-headed.

“You…” The words just poured out of you without thought. “You want it to end.” You kept looking around the room, avoiding Thranduil’s now piercing gaze, searching for an exit other than the window.

“That’s why you invited the dwarves…to take me home.” That realization sent you reeling into a spiral of heartache and anger. Finally spotting the fucking elusive door, you moved. Thranduil moved faster.

“What are you speaking up?” Fuck those blue eyes! Fuck them! They had no right to look so lost and confused.

Wait, why would he look that way—SHUT UP I AM RAMPAGING HERE! Your brain screamed at itself as you tried to push past him.

“You know what, my first impression was right! You are a dick! A Thrandick!” You had finally snapped, impressively so since the king seemed to stumble back at your words. “Here I am, worried sick over you because you aren’t acting like yourself and instead…you fucking break up with me?!?”

You managed to get past him this time, throwing the door open to storm into a sitting room and towards the final exit.

“Y/n!” Thranduil snapped out. His hand reached out to you, but you just slapped it away.

“If you wanted to end this, there were better, kinder ways to end our courtship!”

“End our courtship?!” That statement, the look of shock and horror on Thranduil’s face was enough to make you pause. He seemed hesitant for a moment, as if he were going to reach out to you but stopped. “I do not wish to end our courtship.”

“Then what the fuck is all this?! You won’t even touch me! You have been avoiding me!”
“Because that is the way of your courtship!” Thranduil finally snapped back. “I am trying to do things the proper way so I can be with you!”

...

...what?

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Thranduil sat at the table, doing his best to not let his smirk to show on his face. You and he had a long...very, very, very long discussion that night. You discussed what had been going on, the cause, the result. Then you turned the tables and discussed the truth.

It was something you should have seen coming sooner. You were a human from another world, who considered dwarves family, and was courting an elf king. There were bound to be some... differences.

In elven culture, small touches and kisses were typical in a courtship. Mostly in private, just as you and Thranduil had been doing. In your world, things were much different, which Thranduil seemed to enjoy the idea of. And because of that, you were now where you were.

You could hear the dwarves clomping down the hallway, chuckling as the sound reached your ears. Thranduil leaned forward just as they turned the corner, pressing a kiss to your forehead. A simple little token of affection for an elf and human. But to dwarves...

“You dare reject the ways of courtship!”

“How dare you touch her like that!”

The cacophony that resulted from that little kiss made you smile. “Enough.” You whispered, but it was still heard by all of them. You leaned your forehead against Thranduil’s shoulder. “He is an elf, and I am human. We do things differently in courting. You have to understand that...”
Once again, a long conversation had to take place, but the dwarves relented. At least until a week later…when a set of books all about dwarvish courting customs found its way to you rooms.

Chapter End Notes

I will court my handsome elf king however I want! (Go to "Almost Lost")
“Shit!” You cursed as you tucked yourself under the above ground root of some tree. “Fucking shit!” You cursed again as you managed to push yourself into a crevice in the tree.

This morning, you realized you had no meetings until the afternoon. It was a perfect opportunity to go for a ride, right? Tardin agreed, as did Lendri, your second guard. The three of you were so happy to get out of the palace and out into the beautiful forest. A simple ride through the closest trails and then back for lunch.

When you had left the safety of the gate you had entertained the thought of maybe getting back home a little early and doing some reading. Damn, what you would give to be sitting in your room right now, even if it were those dwarvish courting customs Thorin and Balin had sent you.

But you couldn’t. Instead, you were wedged into this hollow tree, sword at the ready, praying that someone would find you before the nest of spiders did.

It had happened so quickly. You made a joke, in elvish, sending the others into a light chuckle and making jokes back and forth. It wasn’t a matter of who was being guarded or who was an assistant or ambassador, it was just three friends going for a ride.

No one saw or heard the spiders. They hadn’t been this close to the palace in so long anyway, so why would you have worried? Well, you were worried now. It was chaos. The horses realized something was wrong first. Lendri had been thrown from his horse in a second, his head connecting to the ground swiftly with a snap.

You prayed, you prayed to each star and god you had learned of so far, that Lendri was alright. Please, let him be alright.

Copper was the next. He took off at a sprint. You tried to hold on, but you got caught by a low limb and you were thrown.

Tardin was no where to be seen. Only the sounds of distant spiders, so you ran. You ran until you could find somewhere relatively safe. You just had to wait…they would find you soon, hopefully.
It was dark now. Well past mid-day and into the evening. The stars were hidden from you in the dense canopy of these twisting trees. The mist swirled around your feet as you tried to take even breaths, keeping the magic that seeped into the woods from invading your mind like it did on the journey. You had to keep your wits about you if you were going to survive.

Just a little longer…you had to just wait…a little…longer.

You awoke with a start, something pulling on you. You didn’t even realize you had fallen asleep until that moment. Reality came crashing down on you, the spiders, the accident, and you swung your sword. Being a lone person in these woods were dangerous enough, but to fall asleep made you just stupid. You couldn’t be stupid again!

You swung your sword again, suddenly realizing it had connected with steel. Steel…elvish steel. Your eyes snapped up and you saw Thranduil staring at you for a moment. He seemed unlike himself. His hair was a mess, tangled and knotted, dirt on his face and clothes, he didn’t even have a nice robe on.

“Y/n…” He whispered, dropping his sword arm and pulling you close.

It took a moment for you. You had to let his scent invade your mind, his touch coax you out of your shock. But it registered, and you latched onto him, almost in tears as he moved quickly. His sword was just handed off to the next elf as he mounted his elk and it took off in a sprint.

The woods streaked by you faster than you thought you could go. It was so fast you were worried you may even fall off, making you nudge into Thranduil even more. But he didn’t register, only to push the elk faster.

The gates of the palace rose before you and then flew by as Thranduil kept the pace until he was into the courtyard. He didn’t let you get your bearings, instead just snatched you up in his arms, carrying you like a bride up the stairs. He took them two at a time, practically running through his own room’s door. And he didn’t stop, not until he had set you down on the bed, kneeling before you as he stared up at you.
Those eyes. His eyes were always so expressive. But now, they almost burned. He wasn’t angry, you almost expected him to be for you getting lost in the woods like that, but he wasn’t. Terrified. He was terrified.

“Thranduil,” you whispered to him, reaching out to run a hand over the mess that was his long hair. “I’m so sorry. I don’t know what happened. I didn’t—”

He leaned forward suddenly, almost with a jerk, sealing your words in your mind with a kiss. A brief, but desperate kiss. It lasted just a moment, his hands running up the outside of your legs as he shifted forward and rest his head on your shoulder.

“Copper came back without you. Tardin, with Lendir being unconscious…” His breath hitched as his arms circled you and ran up your back, holding you tightly as he gripped your tunic as if you may slip away. “I feared I may have loved and lost twice in this lifetime.”

“Oh, no. Thranduil…” You had to push his head up so you could look at him. “I won’t leave you. Not like that, not from some stupid spiders.” You kissed his forehead gently as a few tears fell from your eyes. “I love you too much to leave you like that.”

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Thranduil wouldn’t leave your side that night. The two of you had sat with Thranduil kneeling before you for a bit. He just rested and held you tight as you worked your fingers through his hair, silence being the only sound between you.

You had convinced him into a bath, one of which he insisted you share with him. It was a level of intimacy you hadn’t had with him yet, but you didn’t care. Seeing him look so broken, so scared to let you slip away, you didn’t mind.

And after a short bath, working the dirty and grime from your body and Thranduil’s, you were curled up in his bed. It was such an odd moment, but one you were so happy to experience after the day you had. Thranduil was laid on his side, practically on top of you as his head rested in your neck. It had been a bit of a fitful sleep for both of you, but you managed to get some rest.

You wrapped yourself around him and held him close, whispering to him when he startled awake suddenly, calming his fears. He did the same to you when you woke in fear of the spiders. He
would assure you that you were safe and he would watch over you.

You watched over each other, catching little sleep into the next morning, just wrapping yourselves up in love for the other, fighting off the realization of what was almost lost.

Chapter End Notes

But it wasn’t lost, and I will be forever grateful for that. (Go to "Day Off")
When you woke, you tried to stretch your arms up above you, letting your back crack a bit before shifting back into the warmth of the comfortable bed. But you had a bit of an issue doing that. Well…it wasn’t so much of an issue, you guessed.

You chuckled as you looked down to find Thranduil still curled around you, his arms tight around your waist. He started the nights rest with his head nestled in your neck, finding comfort in being so close to you after such a close call the day before. But he must have shifted at some point in the night.

“Who would have guessed you were a breast man.” You joked softly, letting your fingers drift over his temple and push the hair away from his sweet and slumbering face.

“I am a Y/n man…more a Y/n elf.” He whispered back, his breath tickling you as he shifted up to his elbows, his hair falling over his shoulders in long waves. Guess he wasn’t as asleep as you thought.

You smiled up at him as he leaned forward, capturing your lips with this for a sweet moment before he just wrapped you up against him tighter and tucked back into your neck. “You need more rest.” He mumbled sleepily.

You hummed back at him, letting your arms shift across his shoulders and settling back against his pillow. His bed was comfortable, like insanely comfortable, you noted. You may have to start sleeping here more often.

The second time you woke, Thranduil wasn’t next to you. He must have slipped away at some point to take care of whatever duties he had.

Or maybe not, you thought as you saw him walk in with a tray of food.
“What’s all of this?” You asked coyly, recognizing your regular breakfast of fresh fruit, tea, and scones.

“Perhaps you took a head injury if you don’t realize what it is.” It was a little joke, but he still reached out as if he were going to check you over.

“Thranduil,” you snatched his hand into yours, kissing it sweetly. “I’m fine.” You gave his hand a little tug, pulling him into the bed with you so he could settle and enjoy breakfast with you.

He easily settled, leaning back against the mound of pillows before grasping a little vine of grapes. He plucked one of the grapes from the vine and held it out for you to take.

Leaning forward, you let your tongue sweep across his fingers before pulling the grape into your mouth, chewing it slowly. “Not that I’m complaining, but we will never get to our meetings if we keep this pace.” Your joke was met with a chuckle from Thranduil, who seemed unconcerned.

“I canceled our meetings for the day. Today is just for us. We need not leave the room if we don’t wish it.” He added before holding out another grape for you.

“Hmmm…” You took it from him and then let out a sigh.

“What it is, Mell (my beloved)?”

This…This was the Thranduil who made you lose your mind because he was so sweet and caring and sexy and charming. This was the Thranduil that made you so happy, and you got to spend all day with him. How ever were you going to survive?

“I’m just debating if I should put on the fake argument that I have missed too much work already…but…I don’t really care right now.” You took the grapes from him, setting them back on the tray. “I really am fine.”

Thranduil seemed to understand what you were getting at. This wasn’t just about spending a day together, it was about not wanting to be away from you right now. You didn’t want to be away from him right now either, but you had to make sure he didn’t spend all day fretting.
“I almost lost you.”

“But you didn’t. Let’s not spend the day worrying about what could have been, but instead…let’s celebrate what is.” Wow, you thought to yourself. You are even starting to sound all wise like an elf…

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Thranduil took your words to heart. He decided to use your mutual day off to do a number of things, including the heavenly trip to the natural hot springs. Nothing gets rid of giant spider aches like a hot spring. You both soaked until you were well past pruned, only getting out by deciding to take a nice long walk.

You used the walk as an excuse to check in on Tardin and Lendri. Tardin was well, unharmed. But Lendri had taken a hard hit on the head and was ordered to rest. You even stopped by to see Copper, who seemed genuinely excited to see you again.

“I’m sorry our ride got cut short.” You whispered to Copper as you rubbed him down. Thranduil seemed to want to say something, but stopped as he tended his own elk. The elk that carried you back. “Mell (my beloved)?” You asked him sweetly. “Can we go for a ride?”

Thranduil immediately went to argue. “Inside the gates, just around a little bit?” He sighed, smiling at you and giving you a nod, not wanting to deny you such a simple pleasure.

000

The ride was a bit short for your tastes, but there was only so far Copper and Elkie (you couldn’t really pronounce the Elk’s name) could go due to low bridges and such. But it was still fun, getting back into the saddle. Although you had a bit more fun poking fun and challenging Thranduil to a race the next chance you had.

“Elkie’s antlers would get stuck! And as if we need that advantage, Copper and I would still kick your ass.” You joked as you made your way back up towards your rooms.

“He has a name.” Thranduil chastised, a smile on his lips. “And you would never beat us in a race.”
“Really?” You turned, your hands on your hips. “You don’t think I could beat you?”

Thranduil looked into your eyes with a smirk. “No one is faster than me.”

You bit you lip. It was just too perfect… “Well…that isn’t exactly something to brag about to a woman, now is it.” You winked at him and turned quickly, moving back up the stairs. How badly you wanted to look over your shoulder and see what you assumed was a shocked face at your words. But you didn’t get the chance.

You squealed as you were wrapped up in his arms, lifted off the ground. “On a steed, no one is faster than I…” He clarified, making you break out in laughter.

“And in other aspects of life?” You snarked back, squirming around to be able to wrap your arms around his neck, teasing the tips of his ears. It always drove him made. They were so sensitive, so when you would touch them, he would lose his composure. Just to get the point across, you leaned up and gave his cheek a kiss before moving a bit more to give his ear a little nibble. “Well?”

His eyes darkened as he looked down at you. “Perhaps you would like to find out?”

Chapter End Notes

HELL YES! (Go to "Permission")
You took a long sip of your tea as you watched Thranduil’s eyes travel over the notes you had made. It had been weeks in the making, this agreement between Thranduil and Thorin on trade routes and costs and such. In so many words, they were building a new path through the woods (or at least tidying up the current one) to make travel through Thranduil’s realm much easier on all.

Thranduil claimed it was unnecessary. “It is easy enough to get through if you stay on the path.” Was always his response. But he kept forgetting a few details…like the spiders, the magic stream, the magic in the forest in general, how easy it was to be lost. You had experienced all of that first hand, so you knew where Thorin was coming from with his proposal.

“You are being stubborn.” You said with a sigh. You didn’t have to wait for a reply from Thranduil on his thoughts of your new agreement you drafted with the help of the advisers (who seemed excited for new improvements to the path, you would like to note), his face spoke volumes of his disapproval.

“Yes, but not nearly as stubborn as Oakenshield.”

“Oh, trust me. You give him a run for his money.” You bit into your scone, not chancing the risk of looking into those pouting blue eyes. Stand firm, is what you told yourself, don’t back down because he makes you feel like your melting. You are also here to do a job!

Thranduil let out an irritated growl before turning to the next page. He read a couple lines before scoffing. “There is no magic keeping visitors from my realm!”

It was your turn to scoff. “Right, and you also don’t squirm and squeal when I nibble on that little point on your ear.” It was spoken under your breath, but the maiden who was serving you more tea had to cough to hide her giggle.

Thranduil glared at her from that moment until she left, daring her to speak more or to anyone else on the subject. And once she was gone, that glare turned towards you. “I do no such thing, and this contract is unreasonable and unnecessary.” And yet he went back to reading it.

You watched him, waiting for that moment where his eyes really latched in to the words. That was
when he would be completely gone and wouldn’t notice the world around him.

Oh, look, just like that.

You slowly stood and made your way behind him, gently putting your arms over his shoulders and down his chest, inching forward before you whispered into his right ear. “You sure about that?” And then gave his ear a little nibble.

Thranduil could deny it all he wanted, and he wanted to deny it for the rest of his immortal life, but he squirms! So badly you almost lost your hold with your arms over his shoulder, and as much as he wanted to say it wasn’t, that was a little moan/squeal he made. So predictable, so cute, so irresistible.

“And the advisers wonder why we never get anything done in these meetings.” He tried to put on an air of indifference, but you just snuggled up to him more.

“They know exactly why we don’t get anything done, so I don’t see the problem.” You loved these mornings, loved feeling Thranduil take your hand in his so he could guide you around his chair, pulling you onto his lap, and press a gentle and lingering kiss to your lips.

You loved when—

“My lord, news from Erebor.”

--When asshats interrupted your time with your beloved!

Thranduil nodded. You sighed and reached out for the missive, but the guard withdrew his hand. “It is for the king’s eyes only. It is marked as such.”

King’s eyes only? From Erebor? What the hell?

Thranduil didn’t seem as confused. If anything, it made him more rigid. “Set it in my study. I will be there shortly.”
“Hey…” You said in a soothing voice, gently moving his hair around so you could do a little braid while you talked with him. “What’s that all about. You’re as stiff as a board, now. And not in a good way.”

“It is nothing you should be concerned with.” His eyes rested on you for a moment before following your movements with braiding his hair. It was a little habit you picked up for when you were alone. Thranduil adored having his hair played with and pampered, so he never minded.

“But it clearly is bothering you. And it’s from Erebor.” You looked up to him with a serious glimmer in your eye. “Are they giving you shit? Seriously, cause if they are I will shave each and every one of them and bring the hair back as a fucking hat.”

Thranduil chuckled at your words, waiting for you to complete the braid before giving you a sweet kiss. “Nothing so drastic is needed, just something to deal with. You need to leave for your meeting anyway.”

“Ugh,” you scoffed, rolling your eyes playfully. “If I must, I guess I’ll adult today.”

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Adulting was as productive as it normally was. You made it through your meetings and such just fine, but you were always distracted. You weren’t a nosy person by nature, but you couldn’t help but wonder…what was in that damn letter! If you had thought Tardin would have done it, or even Lendri, you would have sent one of them to sneak a peek, but no one would dare to go into Thranduil’s rooms without permission. Except you, but that was an entirely different story. And you didn’t really want to snoop.

But it was driving you insane! It was like a little Christmas gift under the tree in a weird shape. Just not being able to understand what could even be in it was driving you up a wall! But you were diligent and didn’t bring it up or let your mind stray to far. Thranduil would tell you when he was ready.

Which seemed like a fucking eternity!!!
patio seat. His fingertips traced patterns on your arms, making them tingle as you felt yourself slowly drifting into unconsciousness.

“How do you like it here?” Thranduil spoke in a hushed and strained whisper. Did he fear your answer, was he afraid you would say you hated it and him and would want to leave? Did he not know you at all?

You looked up to him with a sweet smile. “I love it. Although, that may just be the company.” You gave him a little wink before settling your head back on his chest, listening to the steady thump of his heart. “Why?”

He withdraws a note from his pocket, moving you both to sit up. “I think it is time you read this.” He hesitated, his hand shaking a bit before allowing you to take it. It was starting to scare you, this mystery letter. “I will give you a moment and then return.”

You watched as Thranduil exited the balcony, walking back into his room with some new purpose before you turned your attention to the missive. It was sealed with a deep blue wax and the seal of Durin. You sighed as you let it fall open, prepared for the worst.

You had prepared for the worst. You had prepared for the best. But this…

Your mouth fell open as your eyes scanned the page. The words ran through your mind, swirling and swirling into a vocabic tornado that threatened to break your mind. And the signatures on the bottom, one for each member of the company, even Bilbo!

“I can’t…believe this…”

“You said they were your family now, it seemed appropriate.” Thranduil spoke again, making your head snap around as he quickly knelt before you. It made it so he could look straight ahead into your eyes. “It is customary, is it not, to get permission from ones family before asking such a serious request?”

Tears welled up in your eyes, happy tears, but tears nonetheless.

“Will you grant me an answer, or must I ask first?” He snarked, a small smirk on his face hiding the clear worry about what your response would be.
“I will answer, when you ask.” You snarked back, letting out a bark of laughter as the tears began to fall down your face.

“Very well,” he reached out and wiped away the tears, pressing a kiss to each cheek before whispering in such a low town. “I have been enchanted by you, Y/n of Erebor. Enchanted by your beauty, enchanted by your wit, enchanted by your heart. If you would grant me this request, I will strive to make every day you have a better one. I will be sure your days are filled with happiness and laughter…and a bit of ‘crazy’ as you are so fond of.”

That made you laugh again, making you reach out and run a hand through his long hair.

“So, I must ask you, Lady Y/n, Ambassador of Erebor, Member of the Company of Oakenshield, Mell (my beloved). Be my queen?” He pulled his hands out to reveal a small circlet of wood carved ivy. It wrapped delicately around itself with little engravings and detailed leaves and blossoms. In the center, it led to one larger diamond, smaller ones sparkling throughout. “Please?”

You took a ragged breath, trying to keep those happy tears at bay as you nodded quickly. “Yes… Yes!” You wrapped your arms around him, kissing him desperately. Thranduil gave into your needy kiss, allowing it to guide him closer to you. When he broke away, he was beaming, a smile that made you nearly swoon. His eyes shining as if they emitted their own light, shining brighter as he reached up and placed the circlet on your head. “I love you, Thranduil.” You whispered to him.

“And I love you, my heart.”

Chapter End Notes

I’M GOING TO MARRY THRANDUIL!!!! (Go to ”Being Yourself”)
You could do this. You really could, you told yourself as you took little baby steps down the hallway. Slow and steady won the race…and perhaps could get there before the tea got cold, right?

Now, why were you struggling to walk down the hallway to get to your breakfast with Thranduil? Well…

Okay…

Here was the way your mind was working.

You were now engaged to Thranduil. The mere thought of it made you giggle and you weren’t ashamed to say you would actually giggle when you were alone and thought about it. But…it didn’t change the fact. You were engaged to Thranduil.

Thranduil was an elf king.

You were a human.

Ergo…you would be a human who would be Queen of the Woodland Realm. Didn’t that sentence just freak you the FUCK OUT! It freaked you out so much, that you were up all night wondering what you needed to do. How could you be a queen of this realm? You loved Thranduil, you would work your ass of to be the queen and wife he deserved, just as you knew he would do the same for you, but how would you accomplish that?

The answer that came to your mind…be the best Elf Queen you could be! Sure, you were human, there was no changing that. But…it didn’t mean you couldn’t look the part.

Thranduil had gifted you a couple beautiful elven gowns early in your courting. To be honest, you didn’t wear them except for the festivals and such. It was time to change that. Queens wore pretty gowns, didn’t they? So, if the others in history could do it, then so could—
“Holy shit!” You growled out as you tripped over the gown once again. This damn thing, it would get all tangled around your legs. You never had an issue with it the last time you wore it, maybe something was different or ripped?

Regardless, you pressed forward. You were going to be damned if you missed breakfast. Besides, one more turn and… There was Thranduil, sitting there patiently, although looking about rather nervously. That look stopped once his eyes settled on you. He took a deep breath, rising to greet you.

“I was beginning to worry.”

“My apologies, Mell (my beloved).” You moved forward letting your head drift up so you could press as kiss to his cheek. “I decided to dress up a bit today. What do you think?”

You gave a little twirl (well, you tried). Your hair, which was usually pulled back or pulled up was laying flat and loose, spinning around made it wrap around you like a blanket…the dress once again tangled around your legs. What was supposed to be a graceful tease turned into a tumble right into your future husband’s arms.

“Are you alright?” He asked with a worried look.

“Yea…just, two left feet I suppose.” You played it off, feeling embarrassed you couldn’t even handle your gown. But that’s okay. You could do better.

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“You are a fucking asshole!” You growled at Tardin.

Tardin, that elf who was assigned to make sure you did your job well and was safe. Yea, well apparently, he forgot his fucking job! So engrained were you on being the best elf possible, you decided to try to hold your meeting speaking in elvish. The advisers seemed nervous, but obliged.

According to Carana, one of the advisers, at some point your elvish slipped and you had said such phrases such as…
“I believe a compromise would exhale the loot of fish.”

“We must put our similarities aside and fight for cucumbers and equality.”

And the worst one, “Only the old ones seem to struggle in bed.”

That was the one where Carana had promptly shut the meeting down and took you aside. Tardin, the one who was supposed to keep you in check, the asshole. Well, he stepped out a few moments into the meeting. He was now on the floor clutching his side, laughing his fucking ass off!

And now, in your shame, you stormed back to your room (tripping twice) and slamming the door. You couldn’t even survive one day, then how would you fair for the rest of your life?!

Your pity party continued, you sitting on your small balcony looking out over the woods surrounding you. It was peaceful, and you loved just letting the world live around you, but there was still that worry in the back of your mind. What if you weren’t good enough? What if you were a bad queen? What if you couldn’t be an elf?

“I do not want you to be an elf.” Thranduil spoke. You let your eyes drift closed at the sound of his voice, taking a deep breath.

“I was talking to myself again, wasn’t I?”

“It is one of your quirks that I adore. I never have to guess what you are thinking.” Thranduil sat next to you on the seat, watching out towards the world below with you. “Although I can’t help be leery of what brought you to be as you were today.”

“I didn’t mean to say those things, I obviously thought I was saying something different.” You defended, assuming he was upset that you made an idiot of yourself in front of his counsel. But to your surprise…

“I actually found those phrases rather entertaining. Tardin reported to me after you stormed off.” He reached up and brushed your hair back from your face, but it just fell forward again. It made him sigh for a moment. “Turn to your right, then stay still.”
You didn’t fight him, just turned and let him run his fingers through your hair for a few moments, before he started pulling your hair back into a long braid. You had done it for him so many times, but this was the first time he had braided yours.

“Why have you decided to change so much?” Thranduil asked, seeing straight through your façade.

“I like this dress, why do you think—”

“You tolerate that dress, I’m assuming because I got it for you. Never have you let your hair flow freely, you have always had it at least in one braid or pulled back with a clip, and you are becoming very good in my native language, but you don’t prefer to carry conversations in it.” His fingers finished the braid and turned you around gently. “I know you better than this. Tell me why? Why do you act so differently now?”

Your eyes fluttered down in shame. “I don’t…I’m human. How can I be Queen of this realm at your side? At least I could look and act the part.” Thranduil’s hand pressed into your cheek, pulling your eyes back up, a sorrow there as he took your other hand and kissed it.

“Mell (my beloved), our time together is precious to me. Please, do not spend it by holding back your true self. It leaves me saddened and wanting for you back.” He pressed his head forward, letting his forehead against yours as he grinned. “I asked a human to be my queen, not an elf. So why should you feel as if you should change? I want you by my side, not the double I saw today.”

You sighed as you shook your head. “How are you so damn perfect?” You whispered to him.

“Because I have you by my side.”

You bit your lip and chuckled. “Damn, elf. You are smooth.” You leaned up and pressed a kiss to his lips, loving how he moved easily to allow you to deepen it, letting you fall against him.

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Thranduil sat at the little table, waiting for you to arrive. You were late, again. He was getting worried. He was worried yesterday when he saw you. You did look absolutely stunning, there was
no doubt about that. But you weren’t yourself, and he was concerned. He didn’t want you to change into what you thought he had expected, he wanted you just as you were. If he didn’t make that clear last night…

“Sorry! I couldn’t find my left boot…should blame you for that.” You gave Thranduil a wink, making him smile as he looked you over. Your leather boots, your favorite trousers and tunic over top, a decorative belt. Your hair pulled back into a little braid on the left and your circlet placed on your head. “So, what’s on the agenda for today?” You asked sheepishly.

Thranduil watched you for a moment, just letting his eyes roam over you appreciatively. “I am hoping not much…” He smirked, leaning forward in his chair, “perhaps we could have a longer breakfast?”

“I like the sounds of that.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh, Thranduil. I can’t wait until you are my husband. (Go to "The Dowry")
You couldn’t help but chuckle as you turned around, facing your stand in father. “How do I look?” You let the material shift around you as you looked down from the little stand. You felt like a princess…no…a Queen. “I look ridiculous, don’t I?” You joked.

Thorin shook his head as he held out his hand, helping you off the podium now that the woman had got you all set to go for the ceremony. “You look stunning, Fallen Star. Like a true star.”

You chuckled, letting his hand grasp yours. “Thank you. And…thank you for doing this.”

“It is important to you, to be walked down the aisle. I should thank you for bestowing such an honor on me.” Thorin helped you settle the circlet on your head, making sure it was set straight and flesh against your hair and skin.

The dwarves had arrived two days ago to “help” with the wedding. They didn’t get much help in, seeing as there was a hole trope of elves assigned to them deliberately to keep them from interrupting with the planning. That caused a sore spot, until you mentioned you had special tasks for each of them, if they were willing.

Thorin was walking you down the aisle, as a father would. Fili and Kili were…ring bearers (they were fake rings just to be safe). Ori…flower dwarf. Bofur was actually going to be singing a song as you walked down the aisle, just to name a couple of them.

But that was far from your mind, instead, you felt the swirl of butterflies in your stomach. You took a few deep breaths as Thorin made the final adjustments. “You will be perfect, Fallen Star.”

“What if I say something wrong?” You recalled from a while back the last time you tried to do a whole meeting in elvish. “What if I call him a tree shagger or something?”

“Then I will laugh and Thranduil will forgive you. Then the ceremony will go on.” Thorin spoke as he handled a little felt bag in his hands.
“What is that?”

“Your wedding gift.” Thorin said with a smile. “All of the company assisted with it. You mentioned in your letter you were concerned about being a human becoming Queen of this realm, so we made something to make you a bit more…elfish.”

“Oh?” All those butterflies were gone and replaced by curiosity. What on earth could the dwarves make you to make you more elfish?

000

You bit your lip as your part of the ceremony came up, the part where you recited your vows in elvish. You gripped Thranduil’s hand, staring up into his loving blue eyes as you recited each word and vowel perfectly. Your little gift from Thorin shinned in the sun, giving you a little bit of confidence, especially since it made Thranduil chuckle when he first saw them.

Your words came to an end and you squeezed Thranduil’s hand. The one overseeing the ceremony said something else, causing Thranduil to step away, taking up a crown, similar to his that were the long branches, and he easily set it on your head. Instead of the branches going up, they seemed to wrap up and around in more of a tiara shape, something a bit easier for you to function with.

You couldn’t believe it. Just a few more words and—

“KISS HER!!!”

Thranduil froze, his amusement falling from his face for a moment before glancing over to the ‘dwarf’ section. You held back your laughter as Kili stood up, ignoring Thorin’s pulls on his arm to get him to sit back down. Instead, it spurred Kili on more.

While Thorin was working on Kili, Fili jumped up on her chair and started chanting, getting the other dwarves in on it. “KISS HER! KISS HER! KISS HER!”

OH HOLY SHIT!!! Tardin was doing it too!
You burst out in laughter at the sight, making Thranduil look back at you with a bit of shock.

“Well, Thranduil, looks like we can never be alone again.”

Thranduil grinned before pulling you into a deep kiss, sending the hall into loud cheers. So what if it didn’t go straight by the book, you were married anyway.

000

You laughed again as you leaned your forehead against Thranduil’s cheek. Once you were into the dinner portion of the celebration, you and Thranduil had been wound up into each other. Arms around one another, or you sitting in his lap, or him guiding you around the dance floor. The only time you weren’t was few times, when you danced with the dwarves or other friends.

But that was all past, it was just a few people left now. Dinner had gone well, the dwarves refrained from starting a food war. Dessert was a delicacy that you adored from Greenwood, it was a little bit of chocolate and some strange flower that made the flavor pop. It was so good. You ate three of them (two of which Thranduil insisted on feeding to you). He had eaten four.

Now you were enjoying a little bit of wine and loving on your husband. Husband. You still couldn’t get over that!

“These are stunning. Although, I will have to remove them for later.” Thranduil let out as a low growl in your ear as he nudged against the mithril and diamond ear cuffs. They had been formed to attach to two spots on your ear and made your ears look pointed, just like an elf.

“I’m looking forward to you removing them…as well as a few other things…” You purred back.

Thranduil shifted, seeming as if he were going to lift you up into his arms and carry you off right there. But he didn’t get the chance.

Both of you jumped in your seat as you heard a crash, both of your heads snapping around to see Bofur, Bombur, and Bifur crashed down on the floor. Somehow, a table broken in half and now being the start of more chaos with others.
“How…” You just shook your head, turning back to your husband. “Didn’t know you were getting a pack of dwarves with our marriage, did you?”

“I did.” He sounded a bit lamented at that, but then chuckled. “But I would gladly take them as my own if it meant having you at my side.”

You beamed and kissed him passionately. “I think it is time for us to head off, my love.” You whispered to him, ready to start the rest of your life next to Thranduil.

Chapter End Notes

I am ready! (Go to "Lasting Friendships")
“You look far to giddy.” Thranduil joked, sending you a soft smile as you wiggled in your saddle. Elkie and Copper walked next to each other as you followed the path out of Dale towards Erebor. Erebor.

Sure, you had made regular visits, but this time was different. There was no work or follow-up to some ambassadorial duty, this was just for pleasure. Thranduil had offered it as a wrap-up to your month-long honeymoon. Oh, yes. Month. Looooong.

You couldn’t help but smirk at that little joke, casting a look over at Thranduil. He quirked an eyebrow at you, making you wink back. You made a little kissy face at him, loving how the elves travelling with you seemed to shift uncomfortably in their own seats.

“Come on, Lendri, you have seen worse.” You heard Thranduil clear his throat, hiding a chuckle. Poor Lendri, he had the unfortunate timing this morning to come get you and Thranduil for your trip. He may have heard something things. You bust out laughing at picturing Lendri’s face again when he avoided eye contact after that.

“You are taking much too much joy at his ill-ease.” Thranduil put on a mock, disapproving tone.

“It’s fun…just like this is going to be.”

“This?”

You stared out at the flat area before you. It was time to settle something once and for all. “Last one there has to serve the dwarves’ dinner!” You shouted to the company before you and Copper took off at a sprint.

000

Poor Lendri.
It wasn’t his fault that he got stuck with a stubborn horse from Dale. But hey, someone had to come in last. You gave his arm a pat as he poured you some more water at the dinner table, giving him a sad smile. At least Lendri was offering you a bit of a distraction from the earlier occurrences from the day.

“My love?” Thranduil whispered to you, capturing your hand in his under the table. He shot you a questioning look, noticing how you were eating less tonight, not as energetic.

“I’m fine. Just tired…spent all my energy kicking your ass in our race.” That was another little point that helped keep you distracted. You and Copper had beaten Thranduil and Elkie. By a hair, but still a victory.

“We shall rest tonight.” Thranduil brought your hand up and kissed the back of it sweetly.

“Hey! None of that here! Save some of it for the bedroom!” Gloin roared, sending the dwarves into laughter. You just smiled, but not fully. No one noticed…no one except Thranduil.

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Thranduil was a doting husband and lover. You should have known better than think he would let the issue drop. The moment you were settled into bed that night, he pulled you close and asked you again what was bothering you.

“I’m fine.”

“You are not. Please, dearest…”

You sighed, feeling the tears welling up. “It’s stupid…” It really was, to get so worked up over something so little, but it made you scared. What if the others of the company felt the same way as those you ran into in the market place?

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“Allow me to do something. You are my wife and queen, I will not have you disrespected.” Thranduil growled. He had been enraged when you told him what had happened, more so than you could have even begun to think.

“No!” You didn’t mean to shout, but you were tired of this argument. “Please…just, let it go. Okay?” You pulled him down for a kiss, “for me?”

“Very well. But I will be checking in on you today.”

“Deal.” You gave his ass a squeeze as he moved to leave, making him jump a little and give you an appreciative gleam before leaving.

You had planned to stay in your room all day, and it was mildly successful. Thranduil had said he was going to check-in on you…and by check-in he meant sending different dwarves into see you. None of them had been told what was going on, but Thranduil had been vague enough about why each of them should go visit you that they had become worried.

Damn Thranduil…now you had curious dwarves to deal with. Never a good combination.

But you held onto your secret, your fear about how the others would react keeping you from speaking about it. You had made it through brunch with Balin and Dwalin, lunch with Gloin, Gimli, and Oin, tea with Ori, Bofur, and Dori…you had made it to the dinner hour.

Fili and Kili had been sent to get you, each of them snatching up one of your arms and practically hauling you down the stairs. You laughed with them, enjoying the moment of joking and song making, until you got into the room and set eyes on Thranduil.

You shot him a glare and shook your head, a warning that there would be words tonight about his ‘interference’. He didn’t seem worried, which made you curious as to why. Why wasn’t he worried? Your glare was powerful, it moved dwarves into action, made a Hobbit shift on its feet, and yet, this elven king seemed to ignore it.

Why was he ignoring it?

You cautiously approached him and sat down next to him, eyeing him curiously. “Why are you so calm?” You questioned him right out.
Thranduil turned to you with a sigh, before raising his glass of wine to his lips.

“I am not calm!” He spoke louder than normal, capturing the attention of the company of dwarves. “I am enraged that my Queen, these peoples ambassador and hero, would have to be talked to in such a manner as you were yesterday.”

“What?” Kili asked, Thorin following suit with his own questions.

Thranduil actually shrank back against your gaze now. Oh, if only looks could kill.

“You people have disrespected Y/n. Called her elf lover, traitor, those are only the lessor ones.” Thranduil bit back to Thorin.

“What?!” “Who dare call you that?!” “I want names, I’ll scalp them!”

The sound made you slap your hands over your ears, all the screaming and shouting, the angry pounding and sounds of steel being drawn. You were used to quiet affairs, and it spooked you.

“ENOUGH!” Thorin shouted, quieting the group. “Fallen Star.” He waited patiently for you to look up at him, or more over at him from you glaring with red tinged eyes at Thranduil.

“You had no right.” Thranduil sighed, reaching for your hand, but you snapped it away. “It wasn’t yours to tell!” You went to get up, Thranduil following, but Thorin managed to catch you first.

“Y/n…why would you not tell us?” Thorin spoke softly as a tear ran down your face.

“Because what…what if you all thought that was true?” Thranduil’s arms wrapped around you, holding you close, letting you curl into him. Your anger was still there, but you just wanted to hide in his embrace right now.

Thorin had other plans, taking your hand and pulling you out and back in front of the company. All of them had stood, standing in silence. Thorin nodded as each of them came up and wrapped you up
in a hug or kissed your cheek, reminding you that they were family and would always be. Thranduil stood off to the side, waiting patiently to guide you back to your rooms when you were ready.

All of the company actually walked with you, telling you stories and such, trying to get descriptions on who was cruel to you to deal with it, but those fears, those fears of no longer belonging in Erebor, was gone.

You had a new family with Thranduil, but it didn’t mean you lost your old family here. Thranduil saw to it that you knew that now. He led you into your rooms, pausing when the door was shut.

You turned to him. “I understand if you are angry with me. But I could not let you have that fear in your—”

“Shut up.” You interrupted him, walking up to him quickly and jumping into his arms. He caught you, letting your feet dangle as he held you close. “Just kiss me and hold me tonight.”

“As you wish.” Thranduil gave into a sweet kiss and carried you off to the bedroom. “Do you need anything else?”

“No, just you.”

Chapter End Notes

I will always love my family with the dwarves, but I will also always love my new husband. (Go to "To The Future")
A setting sun was drifting through the canopy of the beautifully green leaves. You closed your eyes and took a deep breath as the ray of light danced across your skin, basking you in warmth and wrapping you in comfort. It was days like today you were glad you had organized some free time to your schedule to have a day off here and there.

It gave you time to unwind and take a breather. In the case of today, it had given you a chance to read a book you had received as a wedding present from Lord Elrond. It was an ancient text about creatures you thought were only myths in your world. It told you where they came from, where they liked to live, all those details. Granted, you skipped the chapter that was on dragons. You felt like you knew enough about dragons.

You let out a happy hum as you turned the page, finishing your reading on a Balrog when you heard the doors to your room open. You didn’t rise, knowing that Thranduil would find you soon enough. He always loved spending time out on this balcony anyway.

And Thranduil did find you. He came up to you, pressing a kiss to your lips before collapsing on the large seat. It was more of a sofa bed at this point, something you could both sprawl out on. And you were glad it was so big in this instance. Thranduil just pushed the book up as he laid his head on your lap, letting out a deep sigh in exhaustion.

“Oh…” you pouted sadly, putting your book aside to be able to focus on your clearly upset husband. “Rough day, my love?”

Thranduil just let out a groan, not opening his eyes, instead turning so he could nuzzle into your stomach and hold an arm around you.

“I’m sorry.” You spoke softly, letting your fingers drift through his hair, smoothing it out as a way to relax him. In the year and a half you had been married to him, it was still the most effective way to calm him or help him release any anxiety or stress. And you loved doing it.

Thranduil’s grip on you tightened as you began to hum a tune, one you had heard as you wandered around the market earlier in the day. It was a catchy little tune, and Thranduil seemed to enjoy it, enough that with a little coaxing, he finally took a deep breath and relaxed.
“Feeling better.”

“I am with you, what do you think?” He spoke as he turned, still resting his head on your lap, but watching up at you.

“You’re cute.” You said with a little grin, giggling when he rolled his eyes. Although he would always say ‘I’m no cute’, you knew he enjoyed your praise. He always did. “And your handsome.”

Thranduil watched you for a moment.

“…and sexy…”

“You are trouble.”

“Always…I have to keep you on your toes.” You leaned forward and kissed his forehead before moving down his nose and eventually to his lips. Each kiss becoming more and more heated until you were hunched over your lap to lavish him with kisses.

Thranduil eventual shifted, “I don’t know how I managed before you arrived that day, living in such a bleak life.”

“Nonsense,” You spoke sweetly, letting you both settle back into an easy conversation. “I’m sure I have just brought chaos. That’s all I can claim.”

“You brought me love, and light.” He let his own hand reach up, brushing over your cheek tenderly. “I was in a never ending dark before you.”

You just shook your head and decided to change the subject. “Did you see the letter? From Legolas?”

Thranduil smiled. It had been a moment of joy when he received the first letter from Legolas a few
months ago. He had been so worried he had lost his son that day after the battle. Thranduil had nightmares, where Legolas would never come home, or worse, come home dead. It was those nights you would soothe him, hold him, whisper to him.

Just like now, you kissed the tip of his nose. “I am excited to meet him.”

Thranduil chuckled. “You have met. Do you not remember.”

“He pointed an arrow at me and was a bit hostile…so were you. I don’t count those times.” You said with a smug look. “So, as I said, before you interrupted…I am excited to meet him.”

Thranduil grinned, “As am I.” He settled back against your lap, letting his eyes slowly close. “Read to me?”

You smiled as you picked up your book, propping it up on the edge of the couch with one hand. The other one brushed against your husband’s temple, soothing him as you spoke. Both of you were so happy, just to have this moment of peace with the one you loved.

Chapter End Notes

Happy Thranduil End

Congratulations! You have reached the happy conclusion of Thranduil’s path. You found love with Thranduil, King of the Woodland Realm and you became his Queen.

If you would like to start your journey over, and try for a different path, with new adventures, go to "Rough Landing"!

Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed this path! On to the next!
You stretched as you made your way back to the company. Being on this journey was hell on your body. Going from your life of office work to being thrown into this journey with the Company of Thorin Oakenshield, it was definitely causing some aches and bruises. Hell, that was true from the first moment. You were walking down a path in the park when something pulled you through this… portal thing…then BOOM…you fell upon a fallen log and into the company. Bruises. And Aches. All over your body.

But you were getting used to this life. The company seemed to take you on easy enough, helping you find your own feet in this new world. You smiled as you thought of all the new fiends you have made, but then paused when you heard your name said. You stopped behind the large tree and listened for a moment, wondering what they were saying.

“Y/n is a sight! We must have good favor with the gods for her to fall into our company!” You knew that voice, that light-hearted yet slightly mischievous tone. Kili.

You chuckled as you heard him call you a sight, you assumed that was a good thing.

“Agreed! Such a beautiful lass in our company.” That sweet tone was Fili. You listened as some others added a thing or two. Bilbo commented on your beautiful hair, Ori on your kindness, and Bofur on your dazzling smile. You could feel yourself blush with all this attention, you didn’t know they saw you in such a way. It made you feel special.

You were about to step out, but then you heard Bombur speak up. “I think she has the pretty eyes. Like the dusk sky.” Aww…such a sweetheart, that Bombur.

But your thought was cut off when you heard a couple snickers. “Sorry to break this to you Bombur, but you don’t stand a chance with Y/n.” Kili spoke, making you furrow your brows.

“I am sorry to agree.” Added Fili. “A beautiful lass needs a certain man by her side. I don’t think you fit the bill.”

“Or your clothes for that matter.” Kili said as a joke. You knew he meant no serious ill will against Bombur, that it was all in a joking manner. But it didn’t stop you from peeking out and seeing
Bombur’s saddened expression. You knew that expression, you knew it too well. And you would be damned if you sat by while your friend got that treatment.

Your temper flared as you stormed out from behind the tree and up to the two princes. “Well, hello, fair maiden. We were just—“

“Shut your yap!” You screamed at Fili. You heard the entire company quiet and you were sure all eyes were on you, but you didn’t care right now. “How dare you, both of you!” You said as you kept turning your glaring eyes from Fili to Kili and back again. You were so…oh, you could wring their necks!

“What did we—.”

“How dare you talk to Bombur like that! And how dare you make assumptions about me like that!” You stuck a finger out, pointing to them before gesturing to yourself. “You know what, in my world, I…I am not considered beautiful. I am overweight, I’m too short, and I don’t have the right complexion. For years, I have listened to people tell me that I am not good enough. Oh, don’t even try with that guy, Y/n, he is out of your league!”

The two princes’ eyes were wide as you screamed at them. Yes, you were screaming…you were certain everyone in the entirety of Middle Earth could hear you.

“Y/n, that is—.” Thorin began to speak, but you turned to him with a vicious glare and screamed at him too.

“I’m not done!” You turned back to Fili and Kili as they sat there with their mouths hanging open. Did you seriously just yell at Thorin?!

“You joke that he is too big or not good enough, but it isn’t a joke when you are the receiving end! It isn’t a joke when you are continuously put down because you aren’t good enough in other’s eyes. You think this will end here?! NO! It is like an open wound, it will fester and fester until it becomes too much to deal with and breaks your heart!”

You took a step back and cross your arms over your chest as you glared down at them. “Bombur is one of the sweetest people I have ever met. He is kind, and caring, and he always puts everyone else first. I would take a guy like Bombur over two bullies any day!” Your voice cracked as you screamed the last statement, your voice being so unused to something like this.
So you took a deep breath and sighed. “Let me make myself clear. You don’t get to dictate who I would like, because I don’t care about the outside. They can be tall, short, thick, thin, young, old. I don’t care. So…with that…” You felt yourself starting to wear down. Need to wrap it up. “I believe you owe someone an apology.”

You stuck your head up high as the two princes looked at each other before leaning around you and muttering apologies. You rolled your eyes and scoffed. “Get up! Look him in the eye! And apologize like you mean it, damn it!” You snapped at them, which sent them into a scurry up to their feet and over to Bombur to give a true apology.

When they stepped away you stepped up to Bombur and gave him a smile. “You are a sweet guy, Bombur. Don’t let anyone tell you differently.” You gave him a soft kiss on the cheek, which made the dwarf turn bright red and began to stumble over his words before he wandered off, claiming he needed herbs for dinner.

“We are really sorry, Y/n.” Fili said to you sweetly.

“It’s okay. I just…having heard it so much myself, I get a bit angry when I hear someone get it.”

“You truly are a vision, Y/n. Those people from your world are daft if they don’t think you are a beauty.” Fili added quickly before he and Kili gave you little smiles before quickly scuttling off.

You gave them a little nod, feeling your own face flush before you turned and looked to Bofur, and gave him an exhausted smile. “I think I need to sit down.”

“Aye lass, that was quite a speech!” He led you over to a little stump at sat you down. You looked around and saw the dwarves each giving you some looks. Some looked like they were in utter shock, like Thorin, who you honestly thought was still trying to recover from you screaming at him. Others looked proud, like Bofur and Ori. But while you were looking around, you heard it...

“Does she seem even more attractive now?”

You couldn’t help but scoff and start laughing. “You are all ridiculous!”

Chapter End Notes
Bofur, you are such a sweetie. (Go to "What You Are Looking For")

Bofur, you are sweet…but what one of the others said made my heart flutter… (Go to "Campfire Stories")
What You Look For

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The whole Bombur incident had sparked another round of curiosity from the dwarves. Fili and Kili moved around you with caution, but it didn’t stop them from spouting questions about your world, and more importantly, your preferences.

“Do women in your world prefer a long beard?” Fili asked as you rode behind Bofur for the day. Bofur was happily chatting with you until the two princes came up. He didn’t seem put out though, he only turned to you with a questioning look.

“What?”

“I would like to know the answer to that one as well.” Bofur said with a grin, letting his hands come up and twirl his moustache for a moment.

You could only chuckle as you shook your head. “It is personal preference, really. Some women like their men clean shaven,” which caused an audible gasp to go through the group, “and some like them with big bushy beards! Depends on the woman.”

The princes immediately went into a debate about which one you were, claiming past experiences and with whom you were closer to as proof. Honestly, you didn’t argue with them. They seemed so keen on finding out ‘your type’. If they wanted to go with whatever stupid assumptions they had, that was their prerogative. You didn’t have the energy to argue anymore.

You huffed and leaned your head forward against Bofur’s shoulder. “Don’t worry, lass. If they get too out of hand, we’ll put a stop to it.”

“Thanks. The last thing I need is everyone thinking I’m going to be running after the person with the biggest beard or some ridiculous nonsense.” You groaned. You could see it now, the princes finding someone after all of this is done and presenting them to you.

“Well, I don’t know if they will do that,” Bofur tried to comfort you, sensing how you were getting a bit irritated with the whole topic, “but they are just curious ones. That will pass with some time.”
“Thanks.”

How much time, though? That was the real question. It had been a few days now, riding with different people and yet still be annoyed by Fili and Kili with questions about your world and what kind of warrior (not man, they were certain you would only want a strong warrior) you were looking for.

“Hair color! Surely you have a preference on that!” Kili kept pushing. Fili had seemed to take the hint earlier and stopped pestering you with unnecessary questions, allowing you to ride with Dwalin in quai-peace.

“No…I don’t.” You grit out. What did you care what hair color a guy had. Sure, you had preferences, but you wouldn’t say no to someone because of hair color. Did they think you were that shallow?

“Oh, come on! Please, tell me? Out of everyone here, who’s hair do you—”

“Dwalin, I will scrounge up gold and pay you if you shut his fucking mouth!” You finally let lose. A few of the others chuckled at your outburst, watching in amusement as Dwalin turned a bit to look over his shoulder at you before turning to Kili with a serious look. “No need…I’ll do it fer free.”

“D-Dwalin!”

Dwalin’s aid had been perfection in procuring the next night free from irritating questions. But where Fili and Kili had backed off, some of the others had been curious.

“Of course, I got everything I could have been looking for in my gorgeous wife!” Gloin bragged to you one evening. You sat between him and Bofur, eating your dinner. As Gloin waxed poetry about his wife in one of your ears, Bofur sat on the other side telling you more truthful accounts of
Gloin’s wife.

Where Gloin spoke of her beautiful eyes, Bofur whispered of her glare and how it could make Gloin nearly weep in fear. When Gloin spoke of her dazzling wit, Bofur told you the time she told Thorin to shove an axe where the sun don’t shine.

Gloin didn’t seem to notice your lack of attention as he spoke another love poem to his far away wife, allowing you to turn to Bofur. “Is this why everyone warned me not to ask?”

“Oh, aye. He will go on for days if you let him.” Bofur chuckled with you. “But he loves is wife so much, so I don’t very much mind, do you?”

“Nah,” you spoke softly, smiling over at Gloin as he held a hand to his heart as he continued his poem, even though not many were listening.

“I am curious, though, lass,” Bofur let his arm bump yours to capture your attention again. “What is it you are looking for in a lad?”

“Ugh!” You groaned. “Bofur, not you too! You are supposed to be defending me from the crazy!”

“Aye, and I am!” Bofur defended. “But the lads have me curious. What is it you dream of when you dream of your perfect One?”

You would have told him to shove off, to fucking mind his own business, but there was something in those brown eyes. He wasn’t asking to tease you, he honestly was curious. He had an innocent look in those eyes that made you sigh as you gave the question some serious thought.

“Well,” You began, “I would always remember, whenever my mother was having a bad day, no matter what the cause was, my father could always brighten her day. He could always make her laugh or at least smile. Didn’t matter if she was mad, sad, feeling down, or just tired. He could always do that.”

Bofur watched you as you thought back through your childhood, remembering those little moments. “I suppose I would want someone like that. Someone who would always love me, just the way I am, no matter what. Someone who could always turn my grey skies blue again, you know?”
When you turned back to Bofur, he was giving you a strange, contemplative look before he gave you that sweet smile of his. “Aye, lass. I do.”

Chapter End Notes

Bofur always seems to make me smile… (Go to "Yoga")

But you know what…perhaps there are some other things I’m looking for too… (Go to "Shield")
You got up and stretched, seeing that the sun was just coming up over the horizon. Now would be a great time to have some private time. It was strange being in this world, no television, no phone, just nature…and a bunch of dwarves and a hobbit. Sometimes, you just wanted some time alone to connect to your old life.

You used to eat a nice healthy breakfast, fruit and such, then shower…that wasn’t happening here. Then do some Yoga…wait…yoga, you could do that here! Excitedly, you got up and walked away from the camp, deciding that little clearing on the edge of camp would work perfectly. And if not, at least you got a great view of sunrise.

You took a deep breath as you stretched your arms up, and let out a deep sigh.

“Good mornin’ lass!” You jumped at the voice. You would have let out a squeal, but you had learned to reel that in after a few life threatening run ins. Turning quickly, you saw the kind eyes of Bofur looking at you from his spot on the ground. He was leaned against the rock as he watched out over the plains to ensure there was no danger that would threaten the company, quietly puffing his pipe.

“Bofur! You scared me!” You said with a chuckle.

He quickly got up and made his quick apologies before setting himself up on the large rock and chatting with you. “I wanted to thank you lass, for what you did for Bombur the other day. He gets so shy and worried over himself, but you made him smile, so thanks to you.”

“Of course.” You answered shyly, remembering when you blew up on Fili and Kili a couple days ago. They had been super nice to everyone ever since, making sure to choose their words with care from now on. “I just didn’t like them picking on him.”

“Well, ya sure put a stop to that.” He said with a chuckle. But then he got silent as he watched you stretch out, giving you a questioning glance, his eyebrows knitting together as he shifted his lips, making his moustache shift back and forth. “What are ya doin’ lass?”

“Stretching. Getting ready to do some yoga.” You spoke excitedly as you turned towards the sun
and began with your breathing exercises.

You heard Bofur hum in amusement and tried to put him from your mind to enjoy your moment of solitude. With everything that happens every day, you needed this. You struck your first pose, but immediately felt eyes on you. Three guesses who it was. “Can I help you Bofur?”

“Whatcha doin’ lass?”

“I told you, Yoga.” You said matter-of-factly. You must be a prophet, because you knew what was coming next.

“What’s yoga?” You heard him get off his rock and walk over to you.

You opened your eyes and turned to him. That friendly smile was on his face, honestly, you didn’t think he was ever not smiling. That thought made it so you couldn’t help but smile back. Oh Bofur, ever such a curious one. “Yoga is an exercise. It helps with balance and flexibility. I used to do it all the time in my world. I thought it would be nice to do it again.” You spoke softly, trying not to wake up anyone else. You could only imagine what it would be like explaining Yoga to the others.

“Might I try?” Your eyes went wide. Oh man…a dwarf…doing Yoga…oh hell, yea, you were going to have fun with this.

“Sure!” You said happily. You were quick to explain some basics of breathing and eventually got into the first position. You stood off to Bofur’s side as you extended your arms out and shifted your knee forward.

Bofur did his best to imitate it, but it didn’t look right.

“No…move your leg that way…”

“Like this?”

“There ya go!” You said happily, turning back to the front as you started to count backwards from ten, holding the position as you felt your body stretch. Bofur had some issues holding it, but he kept
mostly quiet. When you hit zero, you turned back and face the front, brought a leg up to your other knee and balanced.

“Okay…I can do that.” Bofur said proudly. He mimicked your position.

“Good—oh my goodness, are you alright!” You didn’t know what went wrong, but suddenly Bofur just fell face forward and down to the ground. Daft dwarf didn’t even try to catch himself, he just face planted. He laid there for a moment before bouncing back to his feet and dusting himself off.

“Oh, I’m fine lass. Let me try again.” He got back up quickly as you watched him try to balance again. “I think I got it!”

The two of you went on like that for a bit. You just picked and chose your favorite poses for each to do while the sun was finally rising over the hill. “Alright, we will do one more? It’s my favorite. It is called the downward facing dog.”

“Sounds interesting. Show me!” Bofur seemed to be enjoying himself. Whereas you saw this as exercise and a relaxation technique, Bofur apparently thought it was a game, or a challenge to get into the same positions. He seemed to be having the time of his life. Whatever floats your boat, you guessed. You explained the pose before you got into position, showing Bofur what to do.

But then things got eerily quiet. It was too quiet…the kind of quiet that only happens in the movie before something funny or bad happens. And that was what put you on edge…what was the worst thing that could happen?

“Wow, Y/n! That’s very bold!” You froze…that wasn’t Bofur. A normal person would have gotten up and looked behind them…but you were no normal person. Instead, you dipped your head down further and saw an upside down Kili and Fili. Oh no. Hello, worst thing that could have happened.

“It is a wonderful view, though!”

Damn Kili! You gasped and fell over to your side. Bofur was quick to help you up, but you just pushed him away as you went after the two princes. “It’s not like that, you jerks!” You screamed. They picked up on your distress and took off running across camp.
Needless to say, the antics caused the others to wake up. Your morning relaxation was ruined, and apparently the princes thought your pose was an attempt to seduce Bofur. The rest of the day was spent listening to different members of the company either congratulating Bofur on winning such a pretty woman, or teasing you for your ‘courting tactics’. You tried to deny it all, so did Bofur. Gotta love him, he tried to defend your honor, but it didn’t work.

That’s it, you thought. I’m never doing Yoga again…

Chapter End Notes

Well, if everyone thinks I have a thing for Bofur…why not give it a go? (Go to "Tour Guide")

IT’S NOT LIKE THAT!!! (Go to "Shield")
“I’m going to kill him…” You growled under your breath as you tried to look around the area. You should have known better than to take directions from Thorin! All you wanted to do was explore Rivendell now that you were here, after that marathon run, falling down the hole, and being smushed in a dwarf circle pit, you figured you deserved some leaser time. What better way than to explore the beautiful elven city?

Well, it would have been great had a certain Thorcupine hadn’t given you faulty directions. You heard there was a beautiful garden nearby, Bilbo had mentioned it last night, and you wanted to see it so bad…

“Well…fuck.” You sighed again as your arms fell to your side. It was your own fault, you should know better than to trust Thorin with directions.

“Well, that’s no language for a lass.”

You almost wept as you turned to face the dwarf you knew belonged to that sweet voice. And you did shed a tear when you saw him walking up to you with a knowing smile. “Now, I heard there was a lost little star out here all alone!”

Bofur went above and beyond, making a spectacle of himself. You assumed it was to make you smile, but he didn’t have to try so hard, you were already grinning ear to ear just to see him. “And I thought to m’self…Bofur, that lass is lost, an’ she needs some brave, wise, kind dwarf to come to her aid. Cause if the elves do it, who knows what’ll happen! They may force feed her salad!”

You started giggling as he walked around you in a circle, regaling his tale, making you laugh harder with each sentence.

“So,” he paused and looked you over, “You don’t look like you’ve been force fed lettuce, but looks can be deceiving. Open wide and say ‘ahh’.”

You gave his arm a playful push before pulling him into a tight hug. “You saved me. I thought I would die out here. Damn Thorin doesn’t know what he is talking about.” You growled a bit into his ear.
“Well, that was yer first mistake. Why would you trust Thorin with something like this?” Bofur laughed as you stepped back from him, rolling your eyes.

“Because I’m an idiot?”

“Nah, not an idiot. A bit too trusting at times, sure, but never an idiot.” Bofur took your hand quickly, pulling your arm into his. “Now, what say you to a tour of this fine elvish city from a true elvish historian?”

You raised a single eyebrow, your grin widening as you leaned into him. “Elvish Historian?”

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“REALLY?!” You gasped with fake shock as you looked up at the simple pillar holding up an overhang in some random wing of this building.

“Indeed!” Bofur said with mock seriousness. “If it weren’t for this pillar, why Elrond would have been married to that ponce of an elf in the Mirkwood! It’s such a tragic story, loved too young, not ready.”

“Sounds like it.” You giggled as you pulled Bofur to your next stop on your “historic” tour. What started as a semi-serious affair, Bofur and you actually looking for that damn garden, turned into hilarity as Bofur tried to impress you with his “history” skills. Sure, the history was total bullshit, but he was impressing you with his amazing ability to spin a tale about anything. And with that, you started to challenge him with more and more random items around the place to ask him about.

“Alright... how about this?” You pointed to some random potted plant, looked like a fern of some kind. Surely, he couldn’t create a false history for this.

You reached your hand out to it and brushed across its leaves.

“Oh, lass.” Bofur said with a sad voice. “You shouldn’t have done that.” He play patted at his eyes as if tears were spilling out.
“Oh, something strange about this plant?” You practically dared him, looking into those deep brown eyes of his, staring him down as a little glimmer went through his eyes.

“Aye, that’s a destiny plant.” He paused for effect, waiting for you to ask what the hell a destiny plant was. He seemed to pull you closer, practically whispering in your ear as you both looked down to the plant. “Aye, lass. Anyone who touches that plant is touched by a great destiny. They will be a part of a grand adventure, the grandest of all.”

Even though you knew the story was a false one, you couldn’t help but get caught up in the story. Your breath caught in your throat as the childlike wonder in your brain whispered ‘you are on a great adventure’.

“What adventure is that?” You turned back, your nose nearly bumping Bofur’s as you looked at him. You held your breath as he gave you a sincere look, something storming and brewing behind his eyes as he looked at you. Your eyes locked, your arms still in his as his other had somehow rested on your hip.

“Love.” He whispered softly, his lips moving just enough to jostle his beard. He took a breath and reached out his hand and let it brush against the leaves, tussling the plant a bit as if a gentle breeze had grazed it.

Your mouth opened just a bit as you whispered back, still watching his face. “It looks like you will be falling in love too.”

Those eyes, those deep, rich, chocolate eyes. The way his hat settled on his head. The way his little dimples showed when he gave a sweet and genuine smile back. You don’t know which of those factors made your heart stop, but it had to be some combination of one of those and the words he spoke to you before leading you on to the next stop of his tour.

“Aye…looks like it.”

Chapter End Notes

Be still my heart… (Go to "Fun By Campfire")

I don’t think I’m ready to fall just yet. (Go to "Handle the Situation")
You were saddened by the end of your ‘historical tour’ of Rivendell. Spending the time with Bofur was nice, and it had been so long since you had laughed so much. Bofur seemed to take it upon himself to see that you were smiling and laughing at every moment, and you were immensely grateful. You told him multiple times throughout the day, and even gave him a quick kiss on the cheek for his efforts.

Bofur seemed to preen under your kind words and affection. He stood taller, smiled wider, and even seemed to strut, yes strut, when he was escorting you back to the balcony. A few of the others noticed, but didn’t comment. Well…Kili commented, but Bofur ignored him as he guided you back to your bedroll before moving on to talk with his brother.

After spending such an amazing day with him, it was no wonder you gravitated towards Bofur at the end of the night as well. All of the company, with the exceptions of a few, were gathered around a small fire they had built…out of old tables and chairs. Well, you weren’t sure if they were actually old or if that was what Gloin had told you to make you feel better about everyone breaking the elves stuff. So sure, it was old stuff they were going to get rid of anyway. …right?

Sitting around, they roasted sausages and told stories, you listening to every line with rapt attention. It made you happy to hear about your dwarves lives before. You listened to Ori talk about Nori’s ‘adventures’. You had to bite back your words when Ori told you proudly how Nori once got him a tour of the guards keep in Ered Luin when he was a small boy.

Actually, everyone had to bite their tongue, not wanting to be the one that broke Ori’s bubble and tell him it was actually that Nori was arrested and he was going with Dori to bail him out, but what Ori didn’t know wouldn’t hurt him…right?

Then there was one of Bifur’s, which of course you didn’t understand, but he gave you this big smile and kept laughing at parts while he tried to ‘talk’ and sign to you. Bofur and Bombur were tending to some of the food, so you didn’t have a translator. But you still listened, nodding and smiling when Bifur would start laughing. Although it was weird, when he got suddenly serious, put his hand on your head, said something serious, and then walked away. Did he bless you or something? Whatever it was, it was a bit weird.

All the stories cumulated, and it soon became a challenge of who could tell the most embarrassing stories of the other. Poor Kili was currently losing, as Fili told the story of how when Kili was a little boy he ran around with his mothers’ knickers on, shouting he was a ‘pretty princess’.
You couldn’t help but say, “I’m sure you were, Princess Kili.” He lit up like a Christmas tree, his face turning dark red after you said it, everyone roaring with laughter. He tried to counter with one of Fili’s stories, but the story of Fili getting stuck in a tree by a cat just wasn’t as funny.

It was around that time Bofur joined the conversation, taking up a place next to you with a couple sausages on a stick. “Want one?” He offered as he held the stick out over the small fire.

“Sure!” You spoke as you leaned against his arm. “So,” you whispered. “I haven’t heard any of your embarrassing stories.”

Bofur chuckled, leaning in to you as he whispered back. “And I haven’t heard any of yours, lass. I think fairs fair. If I tell ya one of mine, you have to tell me one of yers.” His accent seemed to get a bit thicker when his whispered, making you bite your lip in a chuckle.

Thinking on it, you didn’t know if you wanted to share your own embarrassing story…but…hearing one of Bofur’s, which you had to bet would be FUCKING hilarious…

“Deal.” You held your hand out to him, which he quickly snatched up in a quick shake. “But you go first.”

He gave an exaggerated sigh, “Well, if I must.”

“Yep!” You gave him a wink as you settled into a more comfortable position. “And don’t you dare think to burn those sausages because of this story.”

“I would never ruin the chance of giving you a sausage, lass.” He gave you a playful wink, making you roll your eyes with a grin. It was nice to just chat and joke with him, it made you relax, made you forget that you were a stranger in this crazy world. You didn’t feel like a stranger with Bofur around.

“Alright…now listen carefully…” Leaning forward, you grinned as Bofur quietly told you his story. “Ya see, a while back, I was at a party. Well, it wasn’t so much of a party as a gathering. Actually, it was more like a meeting.”
“Bofur…”

“Now, I was at this party, that was more like a gathering, more like a meeting…”

“Bofur!” You laughed and gave him a playful little shove. He took it in stride, letting his body fall over to the side before getting back up.

“Alright, alright. Well…I was at this meeting, and let’s say there was some ale involved.” Oh the shock! Dwarves having ale at a meeting, be still your heart, the shock would kill you, etc. etc. You just grinned at Bofur to keep him going.

“Well, I may have had a might too much—”

“How much is too much?” You questioned, interrupting his story with a wicked grin.

“Er, I lost count at sixteen.” Your eyes must have gone wide in shock, because Bofur looked down ashamed. “Aye, I didn’t hold my liquor well, most would have made it to twenty. Besides the point. As I said, I had a might too much and well…I don’t remember most of the details, but I woke up outside the Inn, wearing a corset and stockings…and nothing else…”

You were losing it at that point. You could only imagine Bofur wearing a corset and stockings. Although, if you were being honest, the image your mind conjured was actually rather nice. It was a mix of sexy dwarf (Bofur) with Frank N. Furter. It was an interesting combination.

“That’s not all.” Oh goodness! That wasn’t it?! What else could there be?! “I also had half my beard done up in bows and I was asleep with a pig and a goat.”

You took a moment of stunned silence before you rolled back laughing, gripping your stomach. “Holy Shit, Bofur! What the fuck happened??!”

“I don’t know!” Bofur tried to defend. “I just woke up like that. Everyone at the meeting said I left early, and that was it!” You kept laughing, slowly putting yourself back together. It was too good of a story, one you would be sure to keep in the back of your mind when you needed a good laugh.
“Yea, laugh it up, lass. Now it’s your turn!” He gave you a big grin, testing the temperature of the sausages he was cooking before handing it over to you. “Let’s hear it.”

“Alright, alright.” You took a bite of your sausage as you thought of your own embarrassing moments. There were a few you could tell, but which one… “So…alright, we will go with this one.” You spoke with a mouthful of sausage.

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When your story finished, Bofur was roaring with laughter, falling back next to you where you had leaned back to tell your story. It got the attention of a few others, but when it became clear neither you or Bofur were sharing, they moved on to others for more stories and entertainment.

And it was like that you found yourself staring up to the sky with Bofur lying next to you. The air was cool, brushing across your skin and making you shiver just slight. Bofur noticed. You saw him look over at you out of the corner of your eye. He seemed to shift a few moments, as if he were unsure, before he finally lifted his arm and settled against your side, his arm wrapping around you.

“Don’t want ya to freeze, lass.” He spoke quickly, nervously.

“Can’t have that, can we?” You answered shyly. It made you a bit nervous to have him so close, but it didn’t stop you from shifting into his side, resting your head against his shoulder. His warm spread and you found yourself drifting off, finally falling asleep when you heard Bofur’s sweet voice softly humming an old dwarven song.

Chapter End Notes

You are all the warmth I need. (Go to "Sing a Song")
You are sweet…but… (Go to "Handle the Situation")
Leaving Rivendell was hard. The beauty, the ease it put you in, but frankly, you missed having the extra time with the rest of the company to just be friends and get to know one another. You had grown so close to some of them, Kili and Fili, Bombur, and of course Bofur.

Bofur…you weren’t quite sure what to make of it yet. Your heart did a nice little pitter patter every time he was near, and you wanted to just grab him by that amazing moustache and pull him in for a kiss…but was it something more?

You let out a sigh as you glanced back over your shoulder. Rivendell was no longer in sight, but you could still feel it behind you, begging you to go back to the fantastic baths and comfy beds…

“I don’t have the words.”

You quickly swung your head back forward to see a melancholy looking Bofur before you. “What?”

“Don’t have the words…to make you smile.” The way his brown eyes seemed to grow a bit bigger, how his shoulders slouched forward, even his moustache seemed to droop. That fact, with how sad he looked at your own blue feelings, made you smile.

“You did make me smile, Bo.” He seemed to pep up at that, and at the nickname. “You can always make me smile.” It was beginning to be the truth, Bofur had found some amazing way to always make you smile. Even after seeing more naked dwarf than you could handle bathing in the fountain, he had made you laugh. Although, Dwalin didn’t appreciate the size joke.

“How’s your head?” You asked in remembrance, bringing a hand up to the back of his head in teasing worry.

“Not to worry. Us dwarves have hard heads!” He tapped a knuckle on his temple, making you chuckle. You had to admit, he seemed fine afterwards, but that knock on the head was so hard you actually thought you saw stars circling him.
“Yea, but is it harder than Dwalin’s fists?” Bofur seemed to puff up and begin to stutter at that in his mock defense.

“You doubt my hardheadedness? Why, I have the hardest of all the heads, lass! Don’t you doubt me! Well…I’m made of diamond, of mithril.”

For some reason, your mind went immediately to a song from your world, one you hadn’t thought of in so long. “You are Ti-Ta-Ni-Um!” You sang loudly, making Bofur pause. He gave you a curious look and you immediately found yourself turning a bright shade of red at your outburst, especially seeing Bofur’s eyes light up.

“I’m a what?”

“Uhh, Tit—”

“Y/n!”

Oh, damn…

You turned your head slowly to see the furious glare of none other than the one and only Thorcupine. Oh, if looks could kill you were sure that you would have been impaled on the quill that seemed to be forming out of the vein on his forehead. Wow…that vein may actually burst. Maybe if you just let him glare at you it would?

“Y/n…” He said again, in a low tone that made you step back against Bofur. You gave a slight nod, realizing just how upset the leader of the company was. “Unless you wish to bring down an entire mountain of goblins and orc upon us, I suggest you keep your…outbursts…to a minimum.”

And with that, his majestic ass-ness turned, his cloak billowing behind him in a regal, pain-in-the-ass way. Once his eyes were off you, you sighed. “Wow, what’s got his spines so ruffled?”

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Of course, even if you were chastised by Thorin, it didn’t stop you from sharing in some fun with
Bofur. As you both trekked up the mountain, you told him of some of the songs of your world, how they were so different. You even promised to sing him a couple, in complete privacy and only if he promised not to laugh, of course.

But that promise seemed like so long ago.

You pulled Balin’s cloak a bit tighter around you, trying to soak up the warmth. Every piece of clothing, bit of skin, and inch of hair was completely soaked through. The cold of the little cave made you shiver, your teeth chattering. Although, that could be shock, you supposed.

How else were you supposed to feel after nearly dying in a, what did Balin call it, Thunder battle? Hell on Earth, that’s what it was. Sure, when it first started you were in awe with everyone else. Stone Giants! And then it was a whole lot of, FUCK, SHIT, DAMN! Honestly, if it hadn’t been for Ori (yes, Ori) and his sudden dexterous reach, you would have…

You shivered again against the image your mind conjured of that look over the ledge, the drop, the death that would have come if Ori’s knitted hands had missed the grasp on your shirt. You could have died…

“Oh, Lass.” You didn’t turn to face Bofur as he sat next to you, putting an arm around you. “You’re right frozen, you are.”

Your heart didn’t have any words, so you just leaned into his touch as a tear drifted from your eye. You were physically and emotionally spent, and it was all you could do just to keep your eyes open.

“Fallen Star? Y/n?”

You finally shifted your eyes up to look at him. “Come on, lass. You promised.”

“What?” You couldn’t help but take in Bofur’s state. His hat had drooped, as had his braids and moustache. Hell, even his eyebrows looked like little drowned mice. His clothes were also soaked through, but he didn’t seem to mind as he pulled you a bit closer in comfort.

“You promised to teach me a song, remember?”
"I'm...I'm not in th—"

“Come on, now.” He interrupted. “It will help make all this a bit better. How about you sing one for me, and I'll sing one for you?”

You didn’t know if you had the heart to sing a song, but the thought of having someone sing to you gave you the will, especially in the dark, dank cave that smelled like butt. Dead, dying, butt.

“I don’t know what to sing…” You whispered to him, not wanting the others to overhear. The last thing you wanted was Kili and Fili to pounce on you like the excited puppies they were. You were too exhausted to deal with them right now.

“Just, anything you feel up to.”

So many songs you could have sung, so many genres and words you could have shared, but for some reason, only one came to mind. It was always your favorite, so in a hushed voice, you softly sang it to Bofur.

In your exhaustion, you didn’t notice the rest of the company falling silent, listening to your whispered words, but they were. Some of them, if they were sitting close enough, smiled and nodded along to the beat as you made it through the chorus and into the second verse. They began to sway as you made it through to the ending, but not saying a word to disturb your peace.

“That was right beautiful, that was.” Bofur said as he pulled a second blanket around you, mumbling something about you turning blue. “Now, what can I share with you?”

“You could honestly sing a drinking song and it would probably put me out, I’m just so...tired.” You made it through with only one yawn, shifting to lean back against the stone wall.

“Well, then there is only one thing for it…"

You fell asleep that evening to Bofur's voice singing you a soft...lullaby? It was in their dwarf language, so you didn’t know what it meant, but it was so beautiful, so calming, it pushed you to simply drift right off into a peaceful slumber. Bofur’s song echoed in your mind, entering your dreams, keeping you safe and warm...until the floor fell out from underneath you.
Options:

I wish Bofur would sing for me every night (Go to "The Hat")

You are sweet, but I don't know (Go to "Giants")
The Hat

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The lullaby Bofur had sang to you stuck in your brain, even through the Goblin Tunnels, Azog, the Eagles. It was something that brought you a bit of comfort in what can only be called utter chaos. Even now, sitting in Beorn’s home, you still couldn’t believe what had happened in the last…what was it…two days?! It couldn’t be just two days!

Now you were laid up in Beorn’s home, on a patch grass outside on the front door. The company had decided to enjoy this brief solitude and take stock in what they had left. Poor Bilbo’s clothes were just a mess. Buttons lost, shirt torn, he was nearly half naked as he tried to mend everything. Dori was no better. Any time Nori or Ori had issues with their stuff, he traded them so now he was left in a mash of odd colors, styles, and sizes.

You on the other hand, were still in hand-me-downs from the company, since your nice clothes gifted by Lord Elrond has been wrecked. Ori was trying to do a stich on your trousers, but with limited luck. It was nice to have the day to relax, see Thorin and Dwalin talking, Balin had fallen asleep under a tree. Oin and Gloin were whispering and laughing about something over by the pig pen. It was nice….

Without thinking of it, you started humming that beautiful tune again that had been stuck in your head. A small smile drifted across your face as you saw Bofur turn a bit towards you, a sparkle in his eyes. “Yer singing my song.”

“Sorry, you have it stuck in my head.” You teased him. “Although I’m only humming, not singing, I don’t know the words.”

Bofur chuckled, scooting a bit closer to you. “Well, I could teach ya. But, don’t tell anyone, it’s a traditional song and I don’t know how well they would take it.” He whispered to you as he leaned in close to your ear.

“Oh no, I don’t want to be getting you in trouble.” You whispered back, curiously looking around the group when you heard Nori yelp when Dori elbowed him to wake back up and get back to work mending.

“Well, lass, for you I would get in trouble every day. How about it?” He gave his head a little shake, his moustache bouncing in a grin. But what really caught your eye…or nose…was his hat. That poor
hat he wore every day, the hat that you didn’t think he ever took off, it didn’t look great.

The flaps that were normally out were drooping, the stitches in some places coming out, and frankly, it looked filthy with dirt and grime. Without even thinking you reached up and plucked it from his head, inspecting it for a moment. Perhaps if you borrowed some thread, a needle, you could…

Why did it get so quiet all of a sudden?

Looking up, you saw everyone staring at you in a bit of shock. Well, except for Nori. Nori had this strange, almost devilish, grin on his face. If you were a betting woman, you would think he was up to something… granted, he always was that little sneak.

“Uh, what?” You looked back to Bofur, his eyes wide and mouth hanging open, you gave a little chuckle. “You’re gonna get flies in your mouth like that.” You reached out and pushed his chin closed before offering his hat back. “I’m sorry if I offended you. I was just thinking I could probably mend and clean it if you want. I feel back everyone is helping me out, you especially, and I’m not doing anything.”

You held the hat out for Bofur as he continued to look at you strangely, before he smiled slowly and pushed the hat back towards you. “Well, I’d be right honored if you would do that for me. Ya sure you want to? It’s quite ripe and ripped.”

Something had to be said for your hidden competitive nature, because to you that sounded like a challenge. “Of course! I can do it! Give me an hour!” And up you went, nearly running into Beorn’s home. Surely, he had the stuff you needed.

So eager were you to help you didn’t catch the words that were exchanged as you walked away. You didn’t hear Nori chuckle.

“What was it you always said about that hat? No one save your future wife would get that hat off your head?”

“Aye, I did joke that…but maybe…”

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Alright, you were about to say ‘FUCK IT’ to this hat. And if Beorn chuckled one more time at your pain you were gonna shove this oversized needle somewhere he didn’t like. Sure, they say don’t poke the bear, but nowhere does it say you can stab him in the foot.

The hat mending was a bit trickier than you thought. You decided to mend it first, then you could take your time cleaning it, and you had one last issue to fix. It was easy enough to consider, the flap had come apart from the fur lining, so you only had to do a quick ladder stitch to pull them back together. The trouble was the thick fur and leather of the lining just wouldn’t give way to the needle. Hell, you had resorted to banging the damn thing against the table before Beorn offered to push it through for you.

“Such delicate fingers…” Bear-man mumbled as he walked away.

“Delicate…I’ll show you delicate, you ass.” But you couldn’t really argue with results. It was finally mended, and now you were off to the worst part, washing…

But with some help from Dori, swearing him to silence that he never tell Bofur you asked for help, you were behind the house scrubbing. Dori didn’t seem to mind helping, and didn’t think you needed to feel bad for asking, but you did. It was strange to think that without a washer and dryer…you didn’t know how to do the laundry. You didn’t know what herbs to put in the water to keep them clean and smelling good.

You worked until lunch, then relaxed with Fili and Kili while you waited for the hat to dry. True to your work, you got all the mending done in an hour, but you couldn’t just hand back a wet hat…that had to wait. It wasn’t until after dinner you even deemed it ready.

Then you walked up to Bofur with a grin, holding it out to him. “You look so different without your hat on.” You smiled as you let him inspect it. “Is it alright? Did I do everything right?”

Bofur just nodded, a slight twinge to his cheeks from too much sun. “Aye, looks better than it did when I got it.” What surprised you was when he quickly moved and settled it on your own head. You giggled as you felt the fur tickle your cheeks, the warmth from the hat. “Looks better on you.”

“Nonsense.” You said with a big grin. Pulling the hat off your own head and settling it on his. The show you put on making sure it was just right had him nearly rolling over laughing. But it was quickly silenced when you said ‘perfect’ and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.
“I’ll see you in the morning, Bo.” You whispered to him before getting up, leaving him in a nearly dreamlike state until dawn.

Chapter End Notes

Options:

You and your hat, they mean something to me... -- Go to "Tether in a Dark Place"
Sick trees. You didn’t think you would ever think you would use that phrase, but it was very accurate. The minute you stepped into this dense forest, you knew it was just…wrong…sick…diseased. Of course, you weren’t the only one who felt that way, but there was no other way around. The company had to go through this forest to get home.

It was such a strange place. Within a matter of minutes of being in the forest, you turned to look back to see the sunshine…but the exit was gone. It was as if the trees closed up behind you to seal you in. Wasn’t that a wonderful thought. Admittedly, you hadn’t had an issue with claustrophobia before, but here with the stuff air, silence, towering trees, and the sickly light that filtered through, you felt as if your skin were too tight, you couldn’t breathe, it was smothering.

The only saving grace you had was that the others seemed to feel the same way. This cursed forest seemed to have an almost hypnotic affect on them. At one point, you saw Nori pull his dagger and rush…at nothing. Ori let out a squeak and kept turning in circles, swearing he felt something grab his arm, and Thorin…Thorin seemed to be in a confused mist. He couldn’t navigate well on a good day, what would happen now?

Any time you felt yourself starting to give in, you gave yourself a mental pep talk. “Don’t be scared, you have seen worse than a bunch of trees. They are just stupid pieces of wood and they can’t hurt you.” But it never lasted long.

“This is it! You were gonna die! You were being abducted and none of the company would hear you! A fight or flight response kicked in and you started swinging your arms around, but stopped when you heard a voice in your ear.

“It’s me, it’s just me…” Bofur’s voice calmed you as you growled at him into his hand. “Sorry, lass. Had to keep you from shrieking. Everyone’s on edge and I worried they may strike at the sound.” Turing you around to look at him, you felt the world spin. It may have been the lack of oxygen, the surprise, your heartrate skyrocketing, but all you could do was fall into his side.
Bofur was quick to wrap you up in his arms, holding you up. “I’ve got ya, just rest. I’ve got ya.” His arms held you as his hands rubbed soft circles against your shoulder. “Don’t be scared, I’ll keep ya safe.”

“I don’t like this place.”

“None of us do. Something unnatural here. It’s not right. But we will get through.” Bofur pulled away from you a bit and offered a gloved hand. “Hang onto me, I’ll keep you on the path.”

You couldn’t manage a smile, you were too lost for that. Instead, you wove your fingers between his and gave a tight squeeze. “Promise…promise you won’t let me go?” It was like you were listening to a recording, you couldn’t believe that was your voice, your words.

“Aye. I’ll be your tether, come on.” He took your hand, pulling you close to him. Your other arm wrapped around his as you nearly clung to him, moving slowly throughout the forest.

It took time to make it even a bit of a ways in the forest, at least for it to feel like you were. Bofur never let go of you, and you didn’t let go of him. You both helped each other if one stumbled, whispered words to each other in encouragement. Others in the company had done similar things, gathered together to keep safe.

It was during one stumble, Bombur’s, that you let go of Bofur’s arm. Sure, you made sure to squeeze your hand a little tighter so you didn’t lose him, but you held out your other hand to Bombur. “Come on, I got you.”

Bombur was only happy to take your hand in his, letting you lead him as Bofur was leading you. “Thank you, lass.” Bofur whispered to you as you looked around, but you ignored him. It was a moment of clarity for you that you didn’t want to lose. Taking stock, you saw Bilbo next to Thorin. Dwalin and Balin. Fili and Kili. Oin and Gloin. Ori, Dori, Nori. Everyone was paired up… “Lass?”

“Bifur…where’s…there!” You pulled the two dwarves behind you like children playing a game and made it over to Bifur. “Grab onto Bombur, we will go together.” You said to him slowly. Bifur nodded and latched onto Bombur.

When you turned back, Bofur was smiling at you gently. “Yer always looking out for everyone else. Even my own kin.”
“Well,” you said with a flush of embarrassment, “I know I’m safe with you. I just want to make sure everyone else is as well.”

You watched as Bilbo moved towards a tree, starting to climb up to get a look. It was smart. But you didn’t focus, instead, you looked over to a spider web, your brows furrowing as you stared at it.

“Lass?” Bofur stepped close to you, his other hand drifting up to push a stray hair back from your face.

“There’s no breeze.” You said with a look of terror.

“Aye. Downright stuffy in here. But we will make it… Bombur, don’t squeeze her hand so tight! It’s goin’ blue!” He chastised his brother, turning away from you. The familiar talk drifted out from behind you as your mind began to swim again in a haze. But one thing was clear…

“If there is no breeze, then why is the web moving?”

Chapter End Notes

Options:

You are...you all are my Kin, Bofur. -- Go to "My Lass"
Spiders. Giant Spiders. You hadn’t been a fan of spiders to begin with, but you were certain that if you saw one now you faint at the sight, even the smallest of cute ones. The feeling of the webs still draping off you in some places didn’t help, either. You kept running your hands down your arms, your legs, over your hair. None of it worked, it still felt as if the webs were still sitting right there.

The frustration and anxiety got to you and turned to anger as he began to panic a bit as you paced. There was nothing in here, no bath, no bed, nothing…

“Lass? You’re making me dizzy.”

Bofur. Bofur was here, but that wasn’t enough right now. You needed to get clean, you needed to get the webs off of you, you needed to see the sun, to feel a breeze. You needed to just be—

“Woah, hey…” Bofur’s soft words drifted into your ear and you pulled away from it. You just…your hands went into your hair as you started to frantically run them through the strands, trying desperately to get all the webbing out.

“Hey, hey…” Bofur’s hands came up and clamped around yours, shifting slowly so you were facing him. “Come on, Fallen Star. Look at me.”

You eyes did as he commanded, you were powerless against anything else. “I can feel it, all over me…I can still hear the sounds they made…it won’t go away.” The last of your words choked out as tears filled your eyes.

Bofur didn’t speak, only wrapped you up in a hug and hummed to you as you let out a little sob. “Get it out, lass. You’ll feel better.”

To be honest, you didn’t know when you both moved over to the corner of the cell. You don’t remember walking with him, or settling against him. You don’t remember him braiding your hair back so the loose strands wouldn’t tickle your face…just like the webs had.
Instead, you came out of a fog like panic to find yourself against a resting Bofur. His eyes were shut, but you could tell he was still awake by the way his arm drifted up and down yours slowly. It brought a smile to your face to see him so at peace, and to have his warmth near.

Snuggling into him a bit more, you hear him chuckle. “I take it you’re feeling better? I was worried you were going to snap.”

“You’re sorry?,” you spoke sheepishly. “I just…”

“Don’t need to explain to me, I understand.” Bofur shifted a bit before settling back down. “But we’re safe now.”

You couldn’t help but scoff. “We’re in a cell. I don’t know if that is classified as safe, Bo.”

His chuckle started in his chest, you could hear its rumble before it made its way out into the night. “Well, suppose you’re right. But think, it means nothing can get in.”

“The guards.”

“Well, they have the key.”

“The bugs.”

“Alright now…”

“I mean, if you think about it—” You let out a light squeal as Bofur’s fingers tickled your side, just for a moment. You smile up at him for a moment before it disappeared. “Doesn’t seem like our journey is going to continue on from here.” You settled against his shoulder again, closing your eyes as you let out a sigh. “I’m sorry.”

Bofur nodded his head, resting it against yours. “Don’t you fret. We’ll get out of here. I’m sure of it.”

“I don’t know how you can stay so positive.”
“Well,” Bofur said as he shifted your braid to the side of your shoulder. “I suppose it’s just how I am. The worst that can happen is we stay in these cells. Not so bad. No rain, no trolls, no spiders.”

“Don’t use that foul word…” You grumbled.

Bofur chuckled as he let his hand drift down and grip yours. “Besides, if anything like that tried to get in, I wouldn’t let them hurt my lass.”

A smile started to spread across your face as you looked up at him from his shoulder, nibbling your lip as you asked. “Your lass?”

“Aye,” His hand drifted up, cupping your cheek. His thumb teased your jaw as he leaned in, pressing his forehead against yours. “If you’ll have me?”

Chapter End Notes

Options:

“Yes, I want to be yours!” (Go to “Proper Braid”) Coming Soon

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