Nightingale

by Stardust Mage

Summary

Bilbo wasn’t your ordinary, run-of-the-mill Hobbit. Actually, he wasn’t a Hobbit at all. He was a fire drake, a beast of legend, an unofficial traitor to his kind. Bilbo used to be known as Philomela, servant of Morgoth. He was the kind of dragon you would go to if there was a pesky man-village or a person who sought to slay you near your hoard that needed to be dealt with. Now, he was the sort of Hobbit you would go to for gardening advice or some of his prize-winning tomatoes. His hoard used to put Erebor’s treasury to shame, now, though he just likes his books, tea and (of course) his garden. ‘Why would Philomela give up his riches and his reputation?’ you ask. The answer is a bit complicated...

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

- Inspired by A Dragon's Tale by vtfedorpedro
Chapter 1

Bilbo wasn’t your ordinary, run-of-the-mill Hobbit. Actually, he wasn’t a Hobbit at all. He was a fire drake, a beast of legend, an unofficial* traitor to his kind. Bilbo used to be known as Philomela, servant of Morgoth. He was the kind of dragon you would go to if there was a pesky man-village or a person who sought to slay you near your hoard that needed to be dealt with. Now, he was the sort of *Hobbit* you would go to for gardening advice or some of his prize-winning tomatoes. His hoard used to put Erebor’s treasury to shame. Now though, he just likes his books, tea and (of course) his garden. ‘Why would Philomela give up his riches and his reputation?’ you ask. The answer is a bit complicated.

He wanted a different meaning to life. He wanted to travel the world and meet all the people of middle earth without them attacking on sight (he understood why they did attack of course. After all, it’s not everyday a giant fire drake lands on your doorstep), but he couldn’t just up and leave, there was a war going on for goodness sake, and Philomela was expected to serve Morgoth, as every other member of his species was, regardless of the fact that he was a meager decade into adulthood. Not serving was considered treason and punishable by death, and Philomela did not have a death wish thank you very much!

Morgoth was very careful and selective when sending Philomela into the fray as he was younger than most (which meant his scales were weaker) and was considered an ‘asset’ to the war due to his grace in the sky, the heat of his flames and his (literally) deafening war cry that demanded the attention of everyone present. That was how he got his name among the free people of Middle Earth, Nightingale the Sonorous. One day, a Black Arrow, shot from a Wind Lance, sailed through the air and pierced Philomela’s hide, sending him crashing into the side of a mountain and shattering the bones in his left wing. He heard the cries of triumph from the Army of Middle Earth and the roars of rage from the Army of Mordor as he fell to the ground in an ancient forest, breaking his left forearm in the process.

Philomela lay in agony for what seemed like hours, waiting for the sweet embrace of death to claim him, when a Man with a long beard wearing grey robes and a funny hat walked calmly through the trees towards him. The injured fire drake snarled at the approaching person, lashing his long tail weakly.

“Hello young Drake,” The grey Man said in serene Westron, completely unintimidated by the display. “you appear to be in a great deal of pain, I believe I can help with that.”

Philomela snarled once more, lifting his head to face him. “Leave me die in peace, grey Man. I do not wish to be saved.”

“Why would you not want to be saved? You are clearly very young, and you have your whole life ahead of you.” The grey Man replied as serenely as ever.

“I do not wish to fight any longer, all of this war and needless death has been slowly killing me. If death is what it takes for me to finally be free, then so be it.” Philomela said, laying his head on the ground once more, closing his weary eyes.

“What if you didn’t have to be ‘Nightingale the Sonorous’ anymore?”
Philomela’s eyes snapped open at that, turning to face him once again. “What do you speak of, Man.”

“I believe proper introductions are in order. Gandalf the Grey, Istar and Servant of the Secret Fire, at your service.” Gandalf said with a respectful bow.

“Philomela of the Northern mountain ranges, at yours.” The fire drake inclined his head in response.

Gandalf grinned and asked with a twinkle in his eyes, “Does this mean you will allow me to change your form, young Drake?”

Philomela smiled internally at the Wizard’s eagerness, “Into what, might I ask? It can’t be too big or noticeable, so that rules out Men and Elves, thus leaving me with dwarves, but they are stubborn and won’t accept some with no traceable heritage into their society.” The dragon frowned thoughtfully, his brow furrowing. “But the Elves know everyone of their kind, and an Elf suddenly appearing out of the blue is definitely suspicious, so I think a man would be the best choice.” Philomela concluded, turning his gaze back to Gandalf.

“Ah, you seem to have forgotten a race, young Drake. They are a small people, unassuming, accepting and widely unheard of, they are known, in Westron, as Hobbits. A perfect form for you to take.” The Wizard looked Philomela in the eyes with a very proud expression etched on his features.

“Yes, a Hobbit, that sounds good, that will be my new form!” the dragon said with renewed vigor.

“When can this spell be cast?”

“Right now, if you so wish.” Gandalf said, moving his staff in front of him, the gem set in the twisting wooden cage at the top glowing with an otherworldly light.

At this point, Philomela realized that he probably should be more cautious, but his pain addled brain prevented him from thinking straight, he should be more cautious, but he just couldn’t bring himself to care anymore. Philomela nodded and closed his eyes. He remembered a light and a few words being spoken, then, he remembered no more.

When Philomela came to, he was closer to the ground than he had ever been before. He could feel every grain of dirt rubbing against his cheek as he wiped the tiredness from his eyes. He blinked a few times, looked at his hand and promptly reeled back in shock. In place of the black and dark green scaled paw with deadly ivory talons, he was looking at a fleshy, pink, very Man-like hand with short, clear nails. He looked to see Gandalf towering over him with a friendly smile and offering a hand to help him up. Philomela reached up, grasped the hand and struggled to his feet, realizing that his wounds were healed and how small he was now.

“Well, how are you liking you new body so far Philomela?” The wizard asked, looking very pleased with himself at first, then a frown slid onto his face. “Well, I don’t think Philomela sounds very Hobbit-like, does it? You need a new name my friend!” he concluded.

Philomela frowned at the casual use of the word, ‘friend’. “Well then Gandalf, what is a good Hobbit name for me?”

“You look like a ‘Bilbo’ to me, but the end choice is yours, it is your name after all,” The wizard said jovially “but we must get moving, the battle rages on.” He said, towing Bilbo into the forest and handing him a cloak to keep him warm.

“Where are we going, Gandalf?” The Hobbit asked as he followed the wizard down an old winding
track.

“The Shire, or more specifically, Hobbiton, my dear Bilbo.”

Though Bilbo didn’t mention it now, his Hobbit instincts already trusted Gandalf with his life and saw him as a dear friend, if not family. But his dragon instincts were still unsure of what to think. ‘well, I have a lifetime to learn how to trust the wizard, may as well start now.’

Chapter End Notes

*I say ‘unofficial’ because Bilbo was ‘killed in battle’, not caught abandoning Morgoth.

If you have any questions or suggestions about the story, please leave a comment and let me know if you like the story so far!

Now for some notes on the story:
First and foremost, I apologize for any timeline issues, in my universe, hobbiton is already established and the hobbits have been settled for a while, but they kept settlement quiet. (just go with it)
In my universe, Dragons can live indefinitely, and they reach adulthood at 200 ish, they never stop growing (they grow slowly) however, most Dragons die young for reasons like battle, exposure, sickness etc.
Philomela is Latin for Nightingale (according to Google Translate)
When the Company reach Erebor, Bilbo is older than Smaug
I’ll give you the details on Bilbo’s size and coloring when we get to Erebor, or earlier, considering I’m writing this fic as I go.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Bilbo’s arrival in the Shire causes quite the stir among the Hobbits. Years go by and we get a visit from our favorite wizard.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bilbo’s arrival in the Shire caused quite the stir among the Hobbits as you can imagine, a Hobbit they had never heard of just popping up out of the blue, without even a family name! There was only one family willing to take him in and teach him the ways of Hobbiton, the Bagginses. Gordo Baggins was raised to show kindness and respect to all, and his parents would be turning in their graves if he ignored a hobbit in need. Thus, Bilbo was named a Baggins of Bag End, and he has remained so till this day.

Time in the shire passed and his dear friend-turned-family eventually passed as well, but not without siring four children. Bilbo turned from the adopted brother of Gordo Baggins into old Uncle Bilbo. Then he turned into grandpa Bilbo who told the best stories and made the most delightful tomato soup. His age was asked of course, and he just replied

“Well, I stopped counting after I reached 358!” with a joking tone of voice and smile on his face, when in reality he was nearly 10,000 years old. Eventually, they just stopped asking. Bilbo had learned to not get too close to his ‘family’ members, as he would outlive them all and he wanted to spare himself the pain of loss. However, the old Hobbit couldn’t help himself when it came to fauntings, they were just so… small! His favorite faunts were (by far) Bungo and Belladonna. Little Bungo was very hard working, kind, clever and an excellent home baker, while little Bella was courageous, outgoing, feisty and full of curiosity for the world outside the Shire.

The young Baggins clearly had quite the crush on her, and Bilbo decided that he would need to play matchmaker. So, when they were both of age, he told Bungo to ask Belladonna for a chance to court her.

Both Bagginses had despised living in the old Smial. It wasn’t very well maintained, and it was always cold no matter the size of the fire. Then, Bungo decided to renovate the whole thing to prove to his love interest, that he could provide for her and their (potential) family. Bella was delighted of course, and they married on a warm Summer night under the party tree. Bilbo gave himself a pat on the back for a job well done.

Bilbo quite liked this hill now, and the hole within it. It wasn’t a cold, damp hole that was full of worms and rotting wood like it was before. It was the most luxurious Smial in the shire (after Brandy Hall, of course), and that meant it was clean, warm and laden with food. The walls were paneled, and the floor had thick, well maintained carpet that sprawled through the halls and rooms.

Bilbo discovered early on in his new body that he quite enjoyed smoking pipeweed. It left him feeling relaxed and content. It also helped when he longed for his old body at times, as the smoke
leaving his mouth made him remember the days before he was enslaved by Morgoth. He had a pipe full of Old Toby resting in his hand and a lung full of smoke resting on his tongue. It did such a good job of distracting him with that addicting flavor that Bilbo didn’t even smell the tangy scent of Istar, or more specifically Gandalf, until said Wizard turned one of his perfect smoke rings into a moth and sent it up his nose. The Hobbit sneezed and coughed, then tilted his head up to look at the Wizard.

“Gandalf!” he exclaimed, a blinding smile split his face as he launched himself at the greying Istar. Bilbo couldn’t even bring himself to be annoyed at the Wizard.

“Bilbo, old friend!” Gandalf laughed, kneeling to hug him properly. “It’s been far too long!” Bilbo hummed his agreement as he released the Wizard and allowed him to stand up.

“When did you last visit, you old coot? It feels like it was decades ago when you swept little Bella off on a journey to Rivendell!” He laughed as he straightened up his waistcoat and walked inside, gesturing for Gandalf to follow. “Come in, come in! Would you like tea, water or wine? Do you want to sit down? Did you come here for any reason in particular?”

“Wine, yes please, and indeed I did.” Gandalf replied as he lowered himself into the ‘big person’ chair which Bilbo had commissioned from Bree a while back. The Wizard sighed in relief as the soft chair eased his aching joints and muscles (travel did that to him these days). Bilbo handed the Istar a glass of his finest wine and settled opposite him with a cup of herbal tea, looking expectant for an answer. “Well…” Gandalf started, “you see… I was journeying to the Blue Mountains to visit… an old friend of mine, and he informed me of a… quest he had planned with several other Dwa - um – of his kin to reclaim their home, but their Company was a member short. They needed a burglar. And I mentioned that… I knew someone who would be up for the job. And that someone is you Bilbo.” The Hobbit frowned.

“Well, I would ask what race is intent on reclaiming their home and who the leader of this… ‘Company’ is,” Bilbo weighed the word on his tongue, “but I know that you won’t tell me out of fear I will flatly refuse to become this ‘burglar’ he so desperately needs. Which means it is likely a Company of Dwarves, and the leader is likely someone of importance, and you know how much I despise Dwarves and important people.” Bilbo concluded, eyes narrowed and a smug look directed at the (mildly) fearful expression on Gandalf’s face. “Oh, do relax Gandalf, I jest. Partially, at least.” The Hobbit teased, putting his tea on the low table and steepling his fingers underneath his chin. “You may be able to convince me yet, Wizard.”

“Very well, my dear Bilbo, I shall inform the Company to meet here. Make sure you have food, and lots of it.” Gandalf said hurriedly, standing up in a sweep of Grey robes and swiftly scratching a symbol into the round door of Bag End on his way out. Bilbo smiled amusedly at the panicked Istar’s form walking down Bagshot Row.

‘Well, may as well go shopping for food, I have no doubt that those Dwarves will eat me out of my house.’ Thought Bilbo as he grabbed several baskets and set off toward the markets.

Chapter End Notes

In this universe, Bag End wasn’t made by Bungo Baggins per se, but the hill has been in the family for generations, Bungo just redid the entire place for Bella. Gordo Baggins is not an actual character, I just needed someone from a while ago, coz’ Bilbo is OLD
Bilbo has heightened smell, hearing and better eyesight than other hobbits. This will come into play more prominently later in the story.

Bilbo is fluent in all languages of Middle Earth (including Black Speech), other than the languages of the Dwarves.

Sorry if Gandalf is a bit OOC, I totally HC him being utterly terrified of Bilbo in this universe.

Bilbo doesn’t like Dwarves because they were the people who shot him down when he was still a dragon, and even though that gave him the chance to be free, being shot from the sky hurts. He also doesn’t like important people because it reminds him of Morgoth. However, it has been nearly 10,000 years and he’s willing to change perspective on Dwarves.

Any criticism is welcome, and please leave some kudos if you are enjoying the story so far!
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

“So,” Thorin starts, crossing his arms and looking down on Bilbo, “this is the Hobbit.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The rest of Bilbo’s day was a flurry of cooking, baking and cleaning. The sun had barely slipped below the horizon when he heard three firm knocks on the front door. He hurried over and opened the circular door to see none other than a bald, burly Dwarf wearing knuckle-dusters standing on his doorstep.

“Dwalin, at yer service.” The Dwarf said in a gruff voice, inclining his head politely (or as politely as he could).

“Bilbo Baggins, at yours.” Bilbo replied, lowering his head in return as he pulled the door inwards to allow Dwalin entry into his Smial. The dwarf barged in without another word. Bilbo huffed to himself. ‘Dwarves’.

Bilbo stood still as Dwalin threw his coat at him. He then watched as the Dwarf took a sword off his belt and placed it in the barrel-shaped cane holder that was next to the door. The Hobbit then hung the cloak on one of the many meticulously placed pegs on the wall as Dwalin marched down the hallway, obviously looking for the food that was promised by Gandalf. He turned right.

“The food is to the left, Master Dwalin.” The footsteps stopped, then changed directions.

“Knew that…” he muttered with his mouth full of mashed potatoes. Bilbo answered the door once more, though this Dwarf was much better behaved than his younger brother, and for that, the Hobbit was relieved. The brothers greeted with a (rather forceful, yet fond) headbutt. Another knock at the door had Bilbo greeting the two young Dwarves Fili and Kili.

“At your service!” they said in tandem, bowing low.

‘Going to have to take this one down a few pegs, he is incredibly full of himself.’

Bilbo followed Dwalin down the left hallway and grabbed him a small(ish) plate of food on his way into the dining room. Bilbo placed the food in front of the Dwarf and said,

“You will have to wait until the others to get here for dinner to eat the proper meal.” He seemed to accept this answer, as he started eating the plate of food with very poor table manners. Then, another knock sounded from the entryway.

“That’ll be the door.” Dwalin muttered with his mouth full of mashed potatoes. Bilbo answered the door once more, though this Dwarf was much better behaved than his younger brother, and for that, the Hobbit was relieved. The brothers greeted with a (rather forceful, yet fond) headbutt. Another knock at the door had Bilbo greeting the two young Dwarves Fili and Kili.

“At your service!” they said in tandem, bowing low.

“You must be Mr Boggins!” Kili said with a bright smile. Bilbo chuckled in his throat at the name.

“Baggins if you will, Master Kili. Please, come in you two.” The hobbit responded with a respectful bow as he stepped aside to let them in. It was rather calm at that point in the night, then, eight others
tumbled onto his doormat with Gandalf standing sheepishly behind them, a little paler than normal. That was when Bilbo’s Dragon Sense went wild.

“Excuse me, that is not a dishcloth, it’s a doily. Put that chair back! Goodness me there is plenty of food in the dining room, get out of my pantry!” Bilbo was rather embarrassed that he was acting in such a way, he was taught better than to shout, damnit! The Hobbit turned his furious glare on Gandalf. Bilbo started whisper-shouting in Black Tongue at the Wizard.

“Where are their manners Gandalf? You don’t just barge into someone’s home and start stealing things!”

“Bilbo, they are not stealing, they are simply moving things around.” The Wizard stated in Black Tongue, the evil language felt wrong coming from his mouth, but Bilbo was too busy to tell him so.

“The one with the funny eyebrows just slipped my silver spoons into is jacket.” The Hobbit replied, not even needing to look. Gandalf’s eyes widened in understanding.

“Shake those thoughts from your head, dear friend, can’t you see what’s happening? It’s the Dragon Sense.” Gandalf then swapped to Westron. “Nori, put those spoons back! Everyone go to the dining room, food will be ready for you momentarily.” The Dwarves (Nori reluctantly) all obliged and moved into the dining room, Gandalf followed them. Bilbo took the time to reign-in his Draconic thoughts while he went to the kitchen and gathered the food to take to the dining room. It’s been centuries since he freaked out over people touching his things.

‘I must protect hoard with my life, hoard is all I have, hoard is fami-’ NO. Bilbo’s hoar-Smithal was very dear to him, but he would never kill for it. He shoved the Dragon Sense to the back of his mind where it belonged. He did so just in time to give his guests their dinner, where the Hobbit shot Gandalf a grateful look for catching his thought process early-on. The Wizard wasn’t out of the woods yet though, he had a lot of explaining to do.

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Two loud, clear knocks on the door caused everyone to fall silent.

“He’s here.” Said Gandalf ominously.

“Who’s here you cryptic coot?” Bilbo asked, still annoyed at his plates being tossed around as if they were children’s toys.

“You will find out in a moment my friend.” The Wizard replied, walking to the entryway when Bilbo took too long to do so himself. The circular door opened to a regal looking dwarf with sharp features, long raven hair and piercing blue eyes.

“Gandalf.” He said, sounding relieved as he ducked his head slightly to look Gandalf in the eye from under the doorframe. “I thought you said this place would be easy to find, I lost my way. Twice.” He continued, stepping through the open door. “I wouldn’t have found it at all if it weren’t for that mark on the door.”

“Mark, there’s no mark on the – Gandalf.” Bilbo interrupted himself with a scowl in said Istar’s direction.

“Bilbo Baggins, allow me to introduce the Leader of our Company, Thorin Oakenshield.” He said, seemingly unfazed by the Hobbit’s scowl. Bilbo knew better though, the Wizard just wanted to look brave in front of this ‘Thorin Oakenshield’. That name sounded familiar, but it took him but a moment to recall the information that went with the name.
'Ah, that’s it, Thorin, son of Thrain, son of Thror, King Under The Mountain, the very same mountain that Smaug the Terrible claimed all those years ago.

“So,” Thorin starts, crossing his arms and looking down on Bilbo, “this is the Hobbit. Tell me Baggins, have you done much fighting?” He asks, walking around Bilbo and looking him up and down.

“Pardon me?” Bilbo looks to Gandalf, whose face was turning the same shade of grey as his robe, as if he could sense what the Hobbit was about to do.

“Axe or sword, what’s your weapon of choice?” Thorin continued, not even giving bilbo time to answer his first question.

Talons, fire, teeth… “I prefer no weapon, I –” Thorin interrupted him once more,

“Thought as much, he looks more like a grocer than a burglar.” This was said to the company, who chuckled. Bilbo gritted his teeth.

‘Goodness me, and I thought Dwalin was bad!’

“I’ve done enough fighting to be sick of it, Master Oakenshield, and I prefer to use my opponent’s strength against them, though I do not understand why you would judge me based on appearance alone! I would have thought that as the unassuming Heir to the Throne of Erebor, you would understand that there is often more to people than meets the eye.” Thorin sputtered. “I find that if you read a book by the cover alone, you miss all the detail you would get by opening the book and reading through the entire thing. Don’t judge a book by its cover, Master Oakenshield.” With that, Bilbo left the room to put the dishes from dinner away. Thorin looked at Gandalf, who sighed and said,

“I warned you not to do that Thorin. I told you there is more to Bilbo Baggins than anyone knows. Even me.”

Chapter End Notes

More notes!
I call it Dragon Sense when a dragon has a hoard and can find anything in it and feel anything being removed from its place. In Bilbo’s case, his ‘hoard’ is his Smial. It was made subconsciously, which is why he loses it when things are moved around, the feeling of his hoard being pillaged is one he hasn’t felt in years. It’s not as strong as it would be in his other form though, the Dwarves would be dead if that were the case. When a Dragon claims a hoard, a sort of signal is sent out to the other Dragons to let them know that “this hoard belongs to ME now.” That is how Bilbo knows Smaug takes Erebor

Please leave some kudos if you are enjoying the story and thank you to all the lovely comments with kind words, they encourage me to write faster so keep it up!! :D
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

“I’m going on an adventure!” he called over his shoulder, running after the Company of Dwarves.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bilbo was glad for a bit of peace and quiet, even if it was only while he was tidying up. He picked up the plate of food he had set aside earlier and brought it out for Thorin, (he was annoyed, yes, but he was still a gracious host) putting it on the table with more force than was probably necessary. A muttered ‘Thank you’ was the only acknowledgement Bilbo got from Thorin. The Hobbit huffed in response and moved back to the kitchen to continue tidying up, only to find that everything was already put away (Bilbo had always been a horrible stress-cleaner).

“Bilbo, my dear fellow, could we have a little more light?” Gandalf called from the dining room. Bilbo collected a candle on his way out of the kitchen and brought it to the Wizard. “Thank you, my friend.” He cleared his throat. ”The quest for Erebor will be a trying one, and every member of this company has his part to play. However, we are missing one crucial member of our company with a role of utmost importance, a burglar to steal back the Heart of the Mountain.” The greying Istar paused for dramatic effect.

‘Eccentric old coot.’ Bilbo thought, ‘What is this Heart of the Mountain he speaks of?’ Bilbo wondered as he peered over Thorin’s shoulder to look at the map Gandalf had just spread out on the table.

“The Lonely Mountain.” The Hobbit read aloud, committing the map to memory.

“I asked for you to choose our burglar, Gandalf, not bring me into the lands of the gentle-folk for dinner and a talk with the locals.” Thorin said snidely, ignoring Bilbo once again.

“Aye, Thorin’s right, we could be halfway to Erebor right this moment if we hadn’t taken such a detour.” Dori exclaimed, the rest of the company shouted their agreement.

“He can’t be a burglar! His large feet would make too much noise in Erebor’s treasury!”

“He’s hardly burglar material!”

“If I say Bilbo Baggins is a burglar, then a burglar he is.” Gandalf boomed, silencing the company as his shadow expanded and crawled across the entirety of the room.

“You asked me to pick the fourteenth member of your company, Thorin Oakenshield, and I have chosen Bilbo Baggins.” The Wizard said defiantly, his shadow returning to it’s normal shape. The Dwarf in question sighed in defeat.

“Very well, give him the contract.” Balin did just that.

“It just covers the basics,” He then rattled off some of the ‘basics’, including (but not limited to)
funeral arrangements and expenses while Bilbo skimmed the contract, muttering out loud. He got to the part about incineration and said to himself,

“Fair enough. There is nothing quite as ferocious as a Fire Drake guarding his treasure, after all. Why would you need a Hobbit to steal from Smaug? There are probably plenty of dwarves who are more qualified for the job than I.” He directed the second part at Gandalf and the last part at the Company.

“Because, my friend,” it was Gandalf who answered, “Hobbits are remarkably light on their feet and can pass through just about anywhere unseen, not to mention the scent of a Hobbit is all but unknown to Smaug.” Bilbo was about to simply decline the offer, but then he remembered being homeless all those years ago. After Morgoth had taken over his previous home, Bilbo wandered for years, sleeping under trees and exposed to the elements. He longed to be in the company of other Dragons, to be part of a Thunder once more (Morgoth had taken that from him too), and after a decade of solitude, he gave in and allowed himself to be used a weapon of war. Bilbo regretted that decision the moment Morgoth laid eyes on him. The war was awful, as anyone could imagine, but he had a cave over his head and the other enslaved Fire Drakes for company. However, the mountain didn’t feel like home, and while he was glad to have somewhere (relatively) safe to stay, it was barely better than being homeless and he wouldn’t wish that on anyone. And with that thought, Bilbo’s mind was made up.

“Very well, does anyone have a quill? I have some letters to write and I would like to get some sleep before we leave tomorrow morning.” Balin looked to Ori, who scrambled to get a quill and ink from his pack. He handed the items to Balin who handed it to Bilbo. The Hobbit sat down at the table that was in front of the fire and signed the contract with a practiced ease, ending the signature with a flourish. He stood once more and cracked his back. “Now that all of the contract business is taken care of, would anyone like something to drink? Tea, water, ale…” Most of the Dwarves raised their empty tankards into the air with a cheer, the only exceptions being Balin (who had drunk enough before), Ori (who needed to build up his tolerance a bit more) and Thorin (out of spite for Bilbo). Bilbo moved to his pantry to roll another barrel of ale to the dining room, then told the Company to help themselves as he was walking to the fireplace to boil the kettle for his tea.

“Far over the Misty Mountains cold, through dungeons deep, and caverns old.” The deep, mournful voices Bilbo was listening to were starkly different to the joyful singing and laughing at dinnertime. In fact, he probably wouldn’t have believed that these dwarves were the same who sung ‘Blunt the Knives’ barely three hours ago if he wasn’t looking at them as they sung. The Company sung of Dragon fire, gold and the sorrow of a once mighty people being forced out of their home, it was a truly moving piece of music. Bilbo leaned against the arched doorway, listening and observing. He didn’t intend to make friends with the entire Company, not at all, but he wanted to at least be friendly enough to speak with them. The Hobbit hated being alone, absolutely despised it, Bilbo would rather die than be alone if he was being honest! But at least he would have that silly old Wizard to keep him company if the Dwarves didn’t warm up to him.

The next morning was just as hectic as the night before (but no one tried to steal his silverware this time, thank Eru). He had cooked breakfast for the Company and packed his own bag while they cleaned up (Tossed Bilbo’s plates about yet again), and they set off on their quest, but the Hobbit had some business to attend to.

“Mr Bilbo, might I ask what you are up to?” his gardener, Gaffer Gamgee, asked as Bilbo handed him the letters he had written last night, one for the Thain (to explain his disappearance), one to Drogo Baggins and his wife Primula (in case he didn’t come back, he wanted them to have Bag End and everything in it [they were the nicest of all his ‘relatives’]), and one for the gardener himself
(instructions on taking care of Bag End while he was away).

“Master Baggins, we must be on our way.” Thorin called out to him as the group started to move once more. Bilbo ran to catch up.

“I’m going on an adventure!” he called over his shoulder, running after the Company of Dwarves.

‘Well,’ Bilbo thought to himself as they crossed the border into Bree, ‘this ought to be the adventure of a lifetime.”

Chapter End Notes

Dragons are usually seen as solitary creatures, but I like the idea of some of the more social ones gathering in one cave/mountain and combining their hoards into one. In the first chapter I mentioned that Bilbo’s hoard put Erebor’s treasury to shame, this is because he lived with about twenty other Fire Drakes who were all killed, thus leaving the entire hoard to Bilbo.

In my universe, a group of dragons is called a Thunder because of the sound they make when they all fly together, it also sounds cool… (I might change it later if it sounds weird to you guys, let me know! Any ideas are welcome!)

Any criticism and suggestions are welcome, and please leave some kudos and a comment if you are enjoying the story so far!
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

“He’s been gone a long time.” Bilbo stated nervously.
“Who?” Asked Bofur, filling a bowl of soup while holding another in the crook of his arm.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Oh great, of all the things to forget, he forgot his sword. How could he have been so foolish! Bilbo considered turning the entire Company around just to retrieve it from Bag End. It was very tempting, but he decided against it in the end as the others already thought so low of him. He could borrow one if need be. The Company was discussing tactics in battle when the topic of Smaug came up.

“What’s the plan fer dealin’ with Smaug?” Dwalin asked Thorin.

“I was hoping to have an army at my side, but the meeting with the other didn’t go as planned.” He scowled at the memory of his own kin denying him aid.

“What do you think we should do about Smaug, laddie?” Balin asked Bilbo, trying to make sure he wasn’t being excluded from the conversation (if Bilbo’s heart warmed a little, it was no one’s business other than his). The Hobbit in question frowned thoughtfully.

“Hmmm, no one has a Black Arrow on hand, do they?” The Company chuckled, “Well in that case, I won’t know exactly what to do until we get there, but the outline of my plan looks something like, ‘Sneak in and search for as long as possible before the Dragon awakens, distract Dragon while Company sneaks in to set up traps, lure Dragon into traps, Kill Dragon somehow.’ So not much of a plan just yet, but I’ll cross that bridge when I come to it.”

“How do you know Smaug’ll wake up? He could be a heavy sleeper.” Gloin asked, looking back at Bilbo curiously. The rest of the Company did the same.

“I’ll be digging around in a Dragon’s hoard, of course he’ll know I’m there.” Bilbo said as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. When the others gave him a confused look, Bilbo elaborated “Haven’t you heard that Dragons instinctively know where every single piece of treasure in their hoard is at all times? No?” The others shook their heads. “Well then, now you do.” The Hobbit sounded so confident that no one dared to challenge his statement. Thorin was suspicious, how could a Halfling know so much about Dragons?

The Company sent Nori ahead to scout for campsites when the sun started getting low in the sky. When he returned, he said that he came across what looked to be an abandoned farmhouse, if abandoned meant burned to the ground and reeking of death and something foul, that is (that putrid smell was familiar, Bilbo just couldn’t place it).

“That’s burned to the ground, Nori, not abandoned. We should continue on and find somewhere
safer to sleep.” Gandalf suggested. Bilbo nodded.

“The sun is too low for us to keep moving.” Thorin said gruffly, scowling at the Hobbit and Istar.

“Besides that, there’s nothing wrong with this area, the previous owners of the land might’ve left because it was infertile or too far away from towns to trade with. It isn’t anything to worry about laddie.” Balin stated, clapping Bilbo on the back as they made their way to the ruins of the house. The Hobbit rolled his eyes at Balin’s retreating figure and huffed at Gandalf to let him know that something wasn’t right (they had developed a sort of unspoken language when they were travelling together all those years ago. The language itself was mostly animal noises and hand signals, they had evaded quite a few Orc patrols that way), the wizard nodded gravely and responded with a two fingered tap on his temple (I know). Gandalf strode forward,

“Thorin, I must insist we keep moving, there are dangers hidden from view in these forests.” He warned, letting some of his Aura seep into the air around him. With a normal person, this trick would have convinced them that this place wasn’t safe, but Thorin Oakenshield is not a normal person. Not only is he a King, but he is incredibly stubborn, and a single scowl from him convinced the greying Istar that his decision was final. Bilbo inwardly groaned.

‘I will not be getting even a wink of sleep tonight.’ He thought as he claimed a spot on the ground for his bedroll. If the stench didn’t already convince him of the lack of safety, the sheer silence would. Even in the most expansive forests where the trees soaked up sound like a Dwarf would ale, there were still the tell-tale signs of life. The occasional twittering of birds, the song of an insect or two, the rustle of leaves. Here though, there was nothing, only eerie silence. It was as though something had sucked all the sounds of nature from the air itself. It was going to be a long night…

Bofur filled several bowls of soup from the pot that hung above the fire, flames licking the sides and warming the liquid within. Bilbo shifted uneasily, Gandalf was known to disappear and reappear at his own behest, however, this place made the Hobbit feel worried for the old Wizard.

“He’s been gone a long time.” Bilbo stated nervously.

“Who?” Asked Bofur, filling a bowl of soup while holding another in the crook of his arm.

“Gandalf.”

“He’s a Wizard! He does as he chooses!” Bofur then handed Bilbo the two bowls he was holding. ”Here, do us a favor and take these to the lads.” The dwarf nodded to the forest where Fili and Kili were watching the ponies. “Stop that, you’ve had plenty.” He said swatting Bombur’s hand away from the soup pot. The Hobbit walked down the hill with the brother’s dinner in hand. He found them soon enough, in a clearing a few meters past the border of that Eru forsaken forest (his Dragon Sense was screaming at him for entering this place). He offered them the bowls, which they ignored, continuing to stare at the ponies in front of them.

“What’s the matter?”

“We’re supposed to be looking after the ponies,” Kili muttered.

“Only we’ve encountered a… slight problem.” Fili continued.

“We had sixteen,”

“Now there’s… fourteen. Daisy and Bungo are missing.” Kili said as he strode towards the herd.
'I guess I’m going to have to get used to those two finishing each other’s sentences.' Bilbo thought to himself, still subconsciously holding the bowls.

“Well, that’s not good, is it?” The Hobbit followed the brothers, “Not many creatures can steal a whole pony and uproot a tree of that size.” He said in a hushed whisper as he spotted the old oak lying on it’s side. “We should tell Thorin and come up with a plan to find the ponies.”

“No need to worry him.” Fili said dismissively, waving a hand and shaking his head. “We thought that as our official burglar, you might like to look into it.” He said hopefully, looking at him. Bilbo sighed.

“We need those ponies Fili, regardless of not wanting to worry Thorin. This could become a serious issue later on.” He said, putting the bowls down on the old oak. Suddenly the same foul stench from earlier punched him in the nose, causing his hands to cover his nose and eyes to water. Before he could warn Fili and Kili of the danger, they had already run off in the direction of a fire that was further into the forest. He quickly went after them (he caught up to the brother swiftly). The smell hit him again, however, this time the scent clicked and he remembered what it was.

“Get down, NOW!” Bilbo hissed at the Dwarves, grabbing them by the collars of their tunics and yanking them behind a log just in time for a burly Mountain Troll to lumber past them, holding a whinnying Myrtle and Minty under it’s arms. “Trolls.” The hobbit whispered, scowling at the retreating figure.

Chapter End Notes

Your Aura is like your core, everyone has one (other than Orcs and Goblins), but not everyone can use it or sense it’s presence. Firedrakes most commonly use their Auras to keep track of their hoard (that’s the Dragon Sense I mentioned before) and breathe fire. Cold-Drakes use their Auras to sense if lies are being told (same with some of the older firedrakes) and to find other beings around them. Wizards use their Auras to do magic. Dragon Sense also acts like instincts, like a sixth sense of some sort. (think of Dragon Sense as an umbrella term)

*Let me know how you feel about this idea.* Orcs, Goblins, etc are all ‘it’ and they earn the right to be called ‘he’ (along with some other title) in battle or for some other great deed. They may have ‘male’ names, but they are all ‘it’ unless it is stated otherwise. (next chapter it will become more apparent)

Any questions and comments are welcome and highly encouraged! Let me know if you have any ideas you want me to incorporate! Suggestions for tags as well! (also, I am basing Nightingale off the movies for the most part.)
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

“WAIT! You’re making a horrible mistake!” Bilbo shouted, ignoring the twinge in his chest as he spoke.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“This was a stupid idea Bilbo Baggins! Why would you agree to such an ill-thought-out plan like this!” Bilbo was utterly livid with himself, alas, it was better him than Fili or Kili. He knew how important children were to Dwarves, and he would rather die himself than willingly send a child into danger. He crouched behind a tree and listened to the conversation the Trolls were having.

“Do you have any o’ those squirrel droppin’s I asked for, Bert?” The one with a ladle called over the crackling of the fire.

“Nah, it ain’t me who’s got ‘em, Bill went out gatherin’ em.” The one with a multitude of pouches strapped to it’s loincloth replied.

“Ay, Tom! I found some o’ those droppin’s you was askin’ for!” Another Troll ambled into the clearing, holding a pouch of what Bilbo assumed was squirrel droppings.

He saw that Bungo, Daisy, Myrtle and Minty trapped inside a makeshift pen. Bilbo looked around for anything he could use to cut the ropes that tied the pens together. He spotted a crude knife that looked to be fashioned from a farmer’s scythe, however, it hung from the belt of a Troll. The Hobbit scurried through the underbrush and positioned himself behind the brute. As Bilbo crept up behind Troll, it suddenly stood up, leaving a certain hobbit in plain view of the other two. He froze and silently prayed that he would remain hidden in it’s shadow.

“No!” Shouted Bill, “We should slow roast ‘em, with a sprinkle of sage!”

“Who told you to tell me what to do! I’m the cook, which means I choose how to cook ‘em.” Tom argued. Bill huffed and sat back down, it’s knife in reach once again. Thank Eru it didn’t notice Bilbo slip the knife from it’s belt. He crept back over to the pen and began to cut through the ropes binding the door shut. A loud crack echoed through the clearing, startling both the Trolls and Bilbo, causing the Hobbit to drop the knife to the ground with a thud.

“Oi, you there! Get back ‘ere!” Bert roared, charging out of the clearing. Bilbo snatched the blade and strained his ears to listen as he ducked behind a pony, hiding him from view of the Trolls.

“Well well well, wha’ do we have ‘ere?” Tom said condescendingly as someone who could only be Bert stomped back into the clearing. Wait, Bilbo knows that scent…

“Kili!” He gasped, eyes wide and hands over his mouth to prevent another outburst.

‘Save the hatchling! Hatchling is helpless! Needs help, needs help hel-‘ Bilbo snarled and threw the Troll knife at ‘the DAJAL who would DARE harm a hatchling,’ and watched as the blade sunk into it’s shoulder, causing the Troll to drop Kili onto the ground with a yelp.
“Du Bekar!” Thorin roared as he charged into the clearing, the rest of The Company’s battle cries echoing around the camp. Bilbo took this opportunity to sever the ropes on the makeshift pen and set the ponies free.

‘Move...’ his Dragon Sense whispered in his head, and the Hobbit did so just in time for a large hand to grab at the place Bilbo had been not a moment ago.

“Blast ‘im, ‘es too slippery! I can’t catch ‘im!” Bill roared in frustration as the Hobbit ducked under yet another grabbing hand and slipped under it’s legs, causing the Troll to fall flat on it’s face. “Fine, if I can’t catch you, maybe I’ll catch the gold one, ‘is ‘ide would be a fantastic trophy!” Bilbo was confused. What gold one was he talking about? None of the company had any gold on them, his Dragon Sense would have told him if that was the case, unless it was talking about the color...

Fili. He chased after the lumbering Troll, weaving through the battle and ducking under a few swords and a hammer.

“FILI! LOOK OUT!” Bilbo shouted. The Dwarf in question spun around and saw the Troll reaching for him with it’s large hands. He froze. It was too late to run, and there was no way he could match that monster’s strength. Fili flinched and squeezed his eyes shut. Suddenly, the air from his lungs was knocked out of him as a small form barreled into him, forcing him out of harms way.

“Looks like I did catch you after all, ferret!” Bill chortled as it shook Bilbo in it’s oversized fist, causing him to squeak as the grip around his torso tightened.

‘FERRET! I’LL SHOW YOU A-

“Lay down your arms, or we’ll rip ‘is off!” Tom commanded while grabbing the Hobbit’s left leg and arm, tugging harshly. Unfortunately, his left shoulder has always been weak in this form due to it breaking all those years ago. As a Fire Drake, that wouldn’t have been an issue for him as his species heals quite swiftly. However, Bilbo was not a Fire Drake anymore.

“AAAARRRGGH!” Bilbo yelled in pain as his shoulder popped out of place. That seemed to surprise Tom and Bill enough for them to drop the Hobbit on the ground. He somehow managed to dodge the Trolls’ second attempt at grabbing him. The skirmish continued now that Bilbo was no longer being held hostage. With sword and axe, the entire Company fought viciously. Even shy, nervous Ori was giving the Trolls a run for their money with that slingshot of his. The Hobbit’s breathing eventually became labored and his head started to spin just as he was pressed into the ground by Bert, who did so by planting a heavy foot on his chest. Bilbo was fairly certain that no-one else in the clearing heard his ribs cracking with the sheer amount of weight on them.

“There we go, you slippery ferret, you ain’t goin’ nowhere! Now, what was I sayin’ before? Oh yeah, drop your arms!” Bert roared at the company. Bilbo coughed weakly as the pressure on his chest finally caused one of his ribs to snap completely in half. A small amount of blood trickled out of the corner of his mouth and dribbled down his right cheek, in plain view of the company.

‘Damn this weak Hobbit body!’

The company dropped their weapons immediately, their eyes wide with worry (well most of their eyes widened, Thorin was as angry looking as ever). Bilbo was so tired, and in so much pain. He just wanted to sleep, but he couldn’t, he had to keep the Company safe. But he was so tired.

Bilbo awoke to a lot of shouting. He was confused as to why his Dwarves were shouting at such
volume. The sun was shining, and his face was warm and it was clearly a beautiful day. Then he opened his eyes. The warm light was, in fact, a bonfire, and his Dwarves were shouting because they were being slow-roasted over said bonfire. Wait, his Dwarves? Since when was that happening? No, they are not his dwarves. Bilbo mentally berated himself for allowing his Dragon Sense to strengthen.

“This is takin’ too long!” Bert whined, throwing it’s head back and stomping it’s heavy feet. “Can’t we just sit on ’em? Turn ’em into jelly?”

“Alright, fine, since roastin’ ’em takin’ too long, go ahead and do what you want.” Tom replied, clearly fed up with the racket.

‘Not the company! What do I do, what do I do…’

“WAIT! You’re making a horrible mistake!” Bilbo shouted, ignoring the twinge in his chest as he spoke.

Chapter End Notes

So sorry for the long wait! I won’t be able to update as frequently as I was before because I’m back at school now! Comments motivate me, so keep ’em coming! (any and all questions welcome) Anyway, onto the notes!

If I leave any part of the movie out, just assume it happened as it did in the movie ‘coz I’m too lazy to write that stuff out.

I know that Fili and Kili are adults, but I like to think that Dragons are incredibly protective of their young and Bilbo sees them as children due to the way they act compared to the rest of the Company.

Sorry if the Troll’s dialog is too hard to read! I may have gone a bit overboard… let me know

Dajal means adolescent in Black Tongue (according to Google lol). I think of it as an insult because in the lotr movies the Orcs came out of the ground fully grown. Calling anything that hails from Mordor an ‘adolescent’ is basically calling it deficient.

When the characters are speaking sentences in Black Tongue it will be written in English, if they speak a certain phrase or word it will be written in Black Tongue. Italics inside apostrophes is either Bilbo’s thoughts or Bilbo’s ‘Dragon Brain’ talking. Just thought I should clarify.

http://www.angelfire.com/ia/orcishnations/englishorcish.html
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

“THIEVES, FIRE, MURDER!” Radagast shrieked as his sled ground to a halt.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“What do you mean I’m makin’ a mistake?” Tom growled, tightening it’s grip on the soup ladle, clearly irritated at Bilbo for daring to suggest such a thing.

“That’s clearly not how you cook Dwarf, and you’ll need something stronger than simple herbs to cover up that stench of theirs.” Bilbo said matter-of-factly, managing to squirm onto his feet. He tried not to cringe at the pain in his chest, or the Company’s indignant shouting (Ori discreetly sniffed his armpit, then promptly winced at the smell).

“Oh, and you’re an expert, are you?” Bert growled at the Hobbit, stomping over to where Bilbo was standing. Dwalin was screeching, *ahem, unsavory*, words at the Hobbit from his place over the camp-fire in both Khuzdul and Westron.

“Of course I am! Why else do you think I would be keeping them around?” Bilbo shouted, channeling his inner Lobelia Sackville-Baggins and making his voice loud and shrill. The Trolls flinched back at the volume, as did the Company.

“Oh yeah? Why were you lettin’ them walk around freely? Surely you would have ‘em on a leash or somthin’, right?” Tom asked, looking genuinely confused.


‘About time, you old coot.’ Bilbo thought bitterly, annoyed at the Wizard for letting his Dwa- the company, get captured by Trolls.

“That’s a load of rubbish, I say! They all taste the same tah me!” Bert yelled. “I say we eat ‘em now before the sun comes up, coz’ I don’t fancy gettin’ turned tah stone!”

‘Any time now Gandalf…’ Bilbo thought as Bill grabbed Bombur and dangled him over it’s putrid smelling mouth.

“NOT THAT ONE!” The Hobbit shouted before he could stop himself, “He’s, uhh… infected.”

“Infected!?” Bill dropped Bombur onto the ground with a sickening thud. The dwarf groaned.

“Yes, he’s got… worms in his tubes. Parasites, they’re nasty business they are. I really wouldn’t risk it.” Bilbo stammered as his heart began to race. He flinched at the Company’s indignant shouting once more.

“Did he say Parasites?” Oin gasped, causing Kili to explode.
“Parasites?!” Kili roared, “We haven’t got parasites, YOU’VE got parasites!” similar shouts where echoed around the clearing. Thorin’s eyes widened as he realized Bilbo’s plan. He kicked Kili in the shoulder and gave him a harsh glare.

“I’ve got parasites as big as my arm!” Oin declared.

“Oh yes, me too, I’ve got huge parasites!”

“My parasites are the biggest!”

“See, they’re completely inedible.” Bilbo rolled his eyes as the Company continued yelling at their captors.

“The dawn will take you all!” Gandalf boomed from the top of a large boulder.

“Who’s that?” Bert asked.

“No idea.” Tom replied.

“Can we eat ‘im too?” Bill inquired. Gandalf brought his staff down on the boulder and stepped aside as it cracked in half and allowed sunlight to flood the clearing. The Trolls groaned and yelled in pain as their skin began to flake off and turn to stone. Within moments, there were three troll statues around the fire-pit. The Company cheered. Bilbo shuddered as the pain in his shoulder reminded him of his dislocation.

‘This should be fun…’ Bilbo thought sardonically as he wriggled out of his sack and made his way over to Gandalf before the Istar disappeared again.

“Stay still you fool, you’re making this harder than needs to be!” Oin’s harsh reprimand had Bilbo sitting still like a Fauntling caught with their hand in the cookie jar.

“I can do this myself, you know. It’s not the first time I’ve had to deal with a dislocated shoulder.” A shirtless Bilbo huffed at the healer as he was fussed over by him, Fili and Kili.

“We’re truly sorry about you getting injured and all that.” Kili apologized, not looking Bilbo in the eye and fidgeting with his hands. Fili nodded his assent.

“It’s quite alright you two, no need to be so apologetic!” Bilbo waved them off and chuckled slightly at the matching grins on the brother’s faces. “I can assure you that I’ve had worse than a dislocate-AAAAARGH!” He screamed in pain as Oin roughly set his shoulder into place. “Damnit Oin! Give a Hobbit some warning next time!” Bilbo shouted at the healer before he could keep his mouth closed. “Sorry! Sorry! It just… caught me off guard, is all.”

“Don’t worry about it laddie, I’ve heard much worse from some of my other patients!” Oin laughed as he mixed up a salve for Bilbo’s battered chest. “Arm up.” The Hobbit did as he was told and waited patiently for Oin to finish wrapping the bandages around his chest. The rest of the company were off at the Troll’s hoard, looking for anything that might be of use. The old healer told Bilbo to be careful with himself from now on, “I haven’t got endless healing supplies you know!”

“Ah! There you are Bilbo!” Gandalf exclaimed as he walked over to the Hobbit, holding a very familiar sheath in his hands.

“Claw!” Bilbo grinned and grabbed the blade from the Istar’s hand. “Where did you find it? I
thought it was lost forever!” He clutched the sword to his chest and held it tight.

“It was in the Troll hoard, my friend.” The Wizard chuckled and turned to Oin, “Have you looked at Kili’s leg? I saw him limping around the hoard.” The healer swore and swiftly packed his equipment up then set off towards the cave.

“You didn’t find the other one, did you?” Bilbo asked hopefully.

“Unfortunately, no, I didn’t see Talon anywhere.” Gandalf replied somberly, bowing his head. Bilbo flapped his hand.

“Nothing you can do about it Gandalf! I’m sure it will turn up eventually.” The Hobbit smiled and drew Claw out of its sheath. It was custom made for Bilbo, so everything about it was Hobbit size. The blade was perfectly weighted and about the same length and width as his other sword, Sting (the one he left in Bag End), though the edge was straight instead of curved. It had multiple grooves etched into the steel that were shaped like geometric scales that travelled up to the end (as an homage to his other form). The guard was curved upwards, almost in a ‘U’ shape, but not so pronounced, and the hilt was wrapped with Gundabad Warg hide (it was made with the hide of the first Warg he killed as a Hobbit and it was surprisingly durable). The pommel had half of an opal anchored on the end (the other half was on Talon’s pommel. That opal had been a part of his hoard and when Morgoth came, he took everything except for that opal, so he held it close at all times. It was one of the few things that he was able to keep after he left Mordor’s army). Talon was the mirror image of Claw, and he had to pay the Dwarf who made them more because making two blades that looked the same ‘Was an insult to her creativity and skill’ (Dwarves are very particular about their crafts).

“Thorin, I hear movement in the trees! Something’s coming!” Dwalin shouted across the camp, causing Bilbo to snap out of his nostalgic trance. The Company formed ranks and drew their weapons. The thundering sound got nearer and nearer until a group of rabbits ran into the clearing, towing a familiar Brown Wizard on wooden sled.

“THIEVES, FIRE, MURDER!” Radagast shrieked as his sled ground to a halt. “Gandalf I’ve been looking for y- oh, hello Skumagol, nice to see you again.”

“Likewise, Aiwendil.” Bilbo replied with a smile and a polite nod in the Brown Istar’s direction.

“Anyway, I need to discuss something of dire importance with you, Olorin!” Radagast exclaimed, gesturing frantically and marching over to Gandalf.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment on this chapter if you liked it! Even a simple hello will give me life!! Any questions or ideas are very welcome as well

Bilbo has two identical, custom made swords of Dwarven make named Talon and Claw, but he lost Talon on the road (it was recovered by someone and is given back to him when the company arrives in their home [try and guess who found it]), and Claw was stolen (found in the troll hoard). The sword he left at Bag End was an old Elven dagger (Sting). I was debating letting Bilbo find Sting the same way he does in the Movies, but I want my Bilbo to be a badass-dual-sword-wielding-Hobbit-Dragon. Skumagol is Bilbo Sindarin name. it’s derived from Skui Magol (Sky Sword) I thought it sounded pretty cool. Any suggestions are welcome btw
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

“These are Rhosgobel Rabbits!” The brown Istar said as he gestured over his shoulder to his sled. “I’d like to see them try!”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Skumagol… why does the halfling have an Elvish name? Thorin scowled, staring blankly at his new sword. He thought that Hobbits rarely, if ever, travelled out of the Shire, let alone far enough to be even remotely near an Elven citadel! What on Middle Earth did he do to earn a name? There was something strange going on with their burglar, and the Dwarf king intended to find out what that something was.

Bilbo looked at the muttering Istari and frowned at the concerned expression on Gandalf’s face. He could eavesdrop on their conversation if he wanted to, but in his experience, the words of Wizards rarely made sense. Bilbo heard someone draw a sword from it’s sheath. He turned and saw Thorin holding an Elven blade, glaring at it as if the weapon had personally offended him.

“Beautiful craftsmanship,” the Hobbit commented, “who forced you to take it?” Thorin was silent for a moment, then he answered.

“Gandalf…” he muttered.

(Of course he did.” Bilbo sighed. “I prefer Dwarven swords to Elven ones, they’re sturdier and have more weight behind them. Easier to break bone and damage armor.” Thorin looked surprised.

“Did Gandalf make you take that blade?” The Dwarf asked, gesturing to Claw, which was strapped to Bilbo’s waist. The Hobbit shook his head with a small smile and drew the Sword out of it’s sheath, showing it to Thorin.

“I had it commissioned from a Dwarven Blacksmith a while back when I was traveling with Gandalf. Lovely lady she was, had to pay her extra to make another identical blade, though. But it was well worth the extra money! I was devastated when they were stolen.”

“May I?” Thorin asked, holding out his hand. Bilbo nodded and flipped the sword around so that the blade was resting on his palm. The Dwarf grasped the hilt and gave a few test swings. The Hobbit’s enhanced hearing picked up on the King muttering to himself “Perfectly balanced, straight edge, excellent craftsmanship.” Thorin handed the sword back. “Do you recall the name of the Dam who made this blade?” He asked.

“I believe her name was Daryan.” The Hobbit replied. The King wouldn’t have ever met her or seen her work, and he never will, for she had been killed in an Orc raid barely two hours after she finished crafting Claw and Talon. That, and the fact that he met her over 8000 years ago.

“I’ve never seen this type of metal tempering in person, but I remember reading about ancient Dwarven blacksmith techniques back when I was still apprenticing. It made the blade strong, but it
took months to finish, and eventually the smiths of old abandoned it in favor of making more swords in less time and using less resources.”

“Yes, it was truly incredible to watch such a process.” Bilbo sighed wistfully, remembering the evening Daryan presented him with Talon and Claw. It had been the eve of Durin’s day and the marketplace had been bustling, full of decorations and giggling Pebbles. There were banners flying high in the sky and Dwarves working in their shops and the mines, trading their produce and resources in preparation for the festival. The orcs attacked once the sun had set. They left no survivors.

Thorin examined his new blade once more when it was clear Bilbo wasn’t going to continue speaking.

‘That’s strange,’ he thought, ‘since when do swords glow blue?’ the sound of Bilbo drawing his sword (with a snarl) and turning to face a tree on the edge of the clearing had Thorin doing the same.

“Master Baggins?” he asked, prompting the rest of the company to draw their weapons as well.

“Orcs…” Bilbo hissed, lunging forward with a roar just as a large Warg burst from the tree line. The Hobbit cut it down with a practiced ease in just seconds. “Warg scout, which means an Orc pack is not far behind!” Bilbo stated, half-heartedly wiping Claw against his trouser leg.

“Orc pack?!” Ori squeaked, clutching his sling-shot to his chest. A distant whinnying caught Bilbo’s attention. His heart dropped down to his large, hairy feet.

‘The ponies... all of our supplies...’

“Who did you tell about your quest,” Gandalf demanded, marching up to Thorin, “beyond your kin?”

“No one.” Thorin stated, drawing his axe.

“Who did you tell!?” Gandalf shouted.

“No one, I swear!” Thorin answered and Gandalf huffed at him. “What in Durin’s name is going on!”

“You are being hunted…” Gandalf said gravely, “Get to the ponies!”

“We can’t! They’ve bolted!” Kili called from the edge of the clearing. There was a collective silence as everyone thought of options. Do they hide here and wait until the Orcs lose them? Or do they take their chance and attempt to run to safety?

“I’ll draw them off!” Radagast proclaimed.

“These are Gundabad Wargs, they will outrun you!” Gandalf stated.

“These are Rhosgobel Rabbits!” The brown Istar said as he gestured over his shoulder to his sled. “I’d like to see them try!” Radagast grinned as he gained a fire in his eyes that spoke of his determination. Bilbo hadn’t seen the Istar like this since he met him about 2000 years ago.

The howls of Wargs echoed in the wind, barks and yelps travelled through the trees, and Radagast the Brown was laughing like an Orc on a killing spree. He dodged and weaved across the rocky
landscape, taunting his pursuers all the while.

“Come and get me!” the Wizard crowed as he ducked under a boulder, his rabbits darting across the landscape as easily as if they were birds flying through the sky. A Warg made to bite Radagast, but it over-corrected and tumbled to the ground face first, yelping as it sent it’s rider flying into a rock. The Brown Istar roared with laughter when he saw this and urged his rabbits to run faster. Meanwhile, the Company was using the many rock formations as cover, hiding from the Orc pack that was currently hunting Radagast.

“Ori, no!” in his panic, the young Dwarf nearly ran into the pack’s path. Ori stumbled as Thorin grabbed the collar of his tunic and tugged him behind the boulder where the rest of the Company was taking cover.

“Sorry Thorin…”

“No harm done, Ori.” He whispered. Suddenly, he heard something snuffling above them and the ring of a sword being drawn. A Warg had caught their scent! Thorin turned to his nephew and nodded at the bow in his grasp. Kili nodded and drew an arrow out of his quiver. He took a deep breath as he steeled himself, then jumped out of cover. The Warg snarled as an arrow struck it’s right shoulder, causing the creature to topple sideways off the rock. The Orc that was riding the Warg bared it’s grimy teeth and reached for the horn strapped to it’s belt. Another arrow struck it’s chest before it could call it’s brethren for aid, but the roaring Warg got the pack’s attention regardless. Bilbo lunged forward and cleaved the Orc’s head clean off it’s shoulders, quickly moving to the wailing Warg and giving it the same fate as it's master. All was quiet, until the Orc pack crested the hill in front of them.

“The Dwarf-Scum are over there!” Roared the leader of the pack in Black Tongue.

“RUN!” Gandalf yelled.

Chapter End Notes

As always, leave a comment if you enjoyed this chapter and let me know if you have any ideas for when the Company reach Rivendell! I have a loose idea, but nothing is concrete yet. Onto the notes!
I saw in some other fic that Dwarven children are called ‘Pebbles’, and I think that's super cute, sooo…
I don’t know if Orcrist glowed blue or not, but in this version it does.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

“This was your plan all along!” Thorin accused, marching up to Gandalf “To seek refuge with our enemy!”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Company was huffing and panting as they sprinted through the valley, a pack of Orcs right on their tail.

“After them!” The lead Orc roared, spurring it’s Warg on with a kick to the creature’s flank. Bilbo growled to himself as he saw several rider-less Wargs descend the slopes of the valley, slowly closing in and forcing the Company into a tighter mass.

“There they are!” Gloin shouted.

“This way! Quickly!” Gandalf urged them forwards.

“They’re herding us…” Bilbo thought, horrified, as everyone came to a halt when the valley ended in a bowl-like shape. The Hobbit noticed Gandalf slip away as Wargs prowled along the ridge. ‘What are you planning, you crazy old Wizard?’

“There’s more coming!” Kili yelled when he saw the Wargs charging into the valley.

“Kili!” Thorin bellowed, “SHOOT THEM!”

“We’re surrounded!” Fili cried, readying his swords. Kili loosed an arrow at an Orc that sat astride a Warg. It hit it’s mark, sending the Orc into the ground as black blood bubbled from it’s mouth.

“Where’s Gandalf?” Bofur shouted, hefting his hammer into a defensive position.

“He’s abandoned us!” Dwalin concluded, forever jumping to conclusions. Ori used his slingshot to send a small rock into a Warg’s eye, doing nothing but angering the monster further. The Orc riding it snarled and licked it’s black teeth.

“Hold your ground!” Thorin called, crossing his axe and the Elven sword in front of his chest. The Wizard suddenly popped up from behind a rock.

“This way, you fools!” He then disappeared behind the rock again. The Company hastened to follow. Thorin jumped onto the rock and stood guard as his friends (and the Halfling) slid down the hole that had been hidden behind the rock formation. He swung his blade and cut down a Warg that had made to take a bite out of his chest. He looked up and saw his youngest nephew still shooting at the pack.

“KILI, RUN!” Thorin shouted, making Kili release his nocked arrow and run to the hole. The Dwarf King slid down not a second after he made sure everyone else was at the bottom.
Blaring war horns caught the Company’s attention, but those were not Orc war horns. Thundering hooves and whistling arrows were the next sound, along with several shouts and curses in Black Tongue. An Orc rolled down the hole, an arrow sticking out of it’s chest.

“Elves.” Bilbo commented as he inspected the arrow head that he pulled from the corpse.

“Elves?!” Thorin spat, gripping the hilt of his sword tighter. Dwalin all but growled as he moved to the very back of the cave.

“There’s a pathway here,” he shouted to the group, “but I can’t see where it leads. Do we follow it?” Thorin looked like he was about to make the Company climb back out of the hole, but Bofur was quick to interject.

“Follow it of course!” He exclaimed, practically shoving Dwalin out of the way. Bilbo and Gandalf waited until everyone had raced down the tunnel before they started talking.

“This will come back to bite you in the rear, you know.” Bilbo stated as they walked the path to Rivendell.

“You can’t blame me for tricking Thorin, he forced my hand! We have a map we can’t read and questions that need to be answered!” Gandalf replied. Bilbo huffed a laugh.

“You do remember that I am over 10,000 years old, right?”

“Indeed I do. What of it?”

“I am fluent in all the written and spoken languages of Middle Earth, save Khuzdul, and you are telling me that you truly believe we need to journey to Rivendell just to read a map?” Gandalf glanced at the ground, now looking slightly guilty. “What language is it written in anyway?”

“Ancient Dwarvish.” He muttered, now averting his eyes completely.

“That, my dear Gandalf, is the first language I learned to write.” There was silence.

“… Oh….”

“‘Oh’ indeed, you old coot!”

“Who are you calling old? You’re 500 years older than I!”

“Rivendell…” Kili breathed as he gazed upon the Elven Citadel for the first time. Regardless of someone’s thoughts on Elves, their cities and architecture were always breath-taking, and the copious amounts of Magic woven into the valley walls themselves only added to the feeling of wonder. (Thorin was still glaring)

“Close yer mouth Kili,” Dwalin chastised, cuffing him on the back of the head, “Ye’ll catch flies.” The young Dwarf promptly closed his mouth.

“This was your plan all along!” Thorin accused, marching up to Gandalf “To seek refuge with our enemy!”

“You have no enemies here, Thorin Oakenshield, the only ill will to be found in this valley is that which you bring yourself.” Gandalf replied, eyes narrowing.
“You think the Elves will give our quest their blessing? They will try to stop us!”

“Of course they will, but we have questions that need to be answered!” Thorin sighed at Gandalf’s tone of finality. “If we are to be successful, this will need to be handled with tact, respect and no small degree of charm, which is why you shall leave the talking to me.” The Company walked down the rocky path to Rivendell, slipping on loose gravel the entire way down. They finally reached the courtyard, there was a brown-haired Elf wearing a circlet already waiting for them.

“Mithrandir.” The Elf greeted with a small smile, striding down the stone staircase.

“Ah, Lindir!” Gandalf replied, placing a hand over his heart and nodding his head. Lindir copied the gesture and spoke to him in Sindarin.

“We heard you had crossed into the valley.” Gandalf responded in Westron.

“I must speak with Lord Elrond”

“My Lord Elrond is not here.” The Elf stated, tilting his head a little.

“Not here? Where is he?” Gandalf asked confused, just as Elven war horns resonated around the valley, heralding the arrival of the hunting party. The warriors galloped across the stone path, their steeds panting and snorting.

“AIGIR BEKAR! Close ranks!” Thorin shouted as he saw a dozen Elves galloping towards them. The Dwarves scrambled into a rough circle, putting Ori in the middle and drawing their weapons. Bilbo rolled his eyes at the frantic Company and stepped back so he was standing on the grey Wizard’s right side, opposite to Lindir. The Elves guided their horses into a circle around the Company and then brought their steeds to a halt.

“Gandalf! Skumagol! Good to see you again Mellyn nin!” Lord Elrond said, using Bilbo’s Sindarin name. The Hobbit mentally groaned as he saw the Company’s faces. They were all either confused, angry or suspicious. There was a harsh whisper in Khuzdul.

“How does the Halfling know an Elf Lord?” Bifur growled.

“It would explain the Elven name.” Fili whispered back in the same language. Thorin, however, just cast an eye over the Hobbit, his scowl deepening.

‘What are you hiding, Halfling?’

Chapter End Notes

Omg thanks for all the kudos and reads!!
Ancient Dwarvish is NOT the same as ‘modern’ Khuzdul, btw
I like to think that the big war that Bilbo was in lasted for about 500 years, so he was born as the war was beginning
AGES ARE NOT CANNON COMPLIANT!!! Gandalf’s mind is older than his body, and when he says “You’re 500 years older than I!” he means body, not mind.
‘Aigir Bekar’ is something I got from the movies, I couldn’t really hear what Thorin said, so I just wrote ‘Aigir’.
Mellyn nin (my friends) is plural for Mellon nin (my friend)
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

“Moon Runes, of course!” Gandalf exclaimed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bofur jumped on the pedestal that sat between the two dining tables where the Company were eating and started to sing.

“There’s an inn there’s an inn there’s a merry old inn, beneath an old grey hill,
And there they brew a beer so brown
That the Man in the Moon himself came down one night to drink his fill.
Oh, the ostler has a tipsy cat that plays a five-stringed fiddle;
And up and down he saws his bow
Now squeaking high, now purring low, now sawing in the middle.
So the cat on the fiddle played hey-diddle-diddle, a jig that would wake the dead:
He squeaked and sawed and quickened the tune,
While the landlord shook the Man in the Moon:
'It's after three!' he said!"

The Company roared with laughter, flinging their mash potato at each other and the sculptures surrounding them. There was a sudden silence as tinkling Elven laughter joined in the cacophony of noise. Everyone turned to the head table where Gandalf, Thorin and Lord Elrond were eating their meal, and saw the Elf Lord himself nearly falling out of his seat with uncontrollable laughter (Thorin’s eyes were going to pop out of his head if they widened anymore). He straightened up, wiping tears from his eyes.

“What a merry tune! I do believe Rivendell hasn’t heard such a song in many centuries!” The Dwarves looked shocked as all the other Elves around them started to giggle as well. Bilbo rolled his eyes as he chuckled along with the Elves, still eating his dinner.

———

Rivendell was truly a place of beauty. Intricate archways with details so small they were practically invisible were a common sight in the halls of the citadel. Bilbo stood in front of one such archway, smoking his pipe under the night sky and feeling the cool midsummer breeze tousle his hair. His ears twitched as he heard footsteps coming up the stairs. He took a beep breath through his nose and smelled Spring air, various healing herbs and something that was distinctly Lord Elrond. Bilbo also
smelled the Dwarven alloy the Elf lord was carrying.

“Elrond, Mellon nin.” Bilbo greeted without standing, merely placing his hand over his heart and bowing his head. He didn’t need to look to know that Elrond was doing the same.

“Skumagol, Mellon nin. I assume you know why I am here.”

“It has something to do with the Dwarven metal you carry, does it not?”

“Indeed.”

“Typical Dwarven steel alloyed with,” Bilbo sniffed the air, “Mithril… Elrond is that *Talon* you carry?” The Elf Lord smiled and handed Bilbo the sword, the familiar weight making the Hobbit grin like a lunatic. “Oh thank you! I don’t know how I shall ever repay you!” Bilbo flung himself at Elrond, wrapping his tiny Hobbit arms around the Elf’s middle in a tight hug that was returned almost immediately.

“I found it at an abandoned campsite.” Elrond stated.

“Ah, that would make sense. Gandalf woke me in such a rush that morning! Although, I suppose having a pack of Gundabad Orcs less than a league away would cause anyone to panic slightly!” Bilbo replied with a chuckle.

The two old friends talked into the night, telling tales and singing songs together. They were so engrossed in their reminiscing that they didn’t see that the entire Company had gathered in the shadows near them, listening to their singing.

“Come now, Bilbo! I haven’t seen you nearly 300 years! I must hear one of your songs, Mellon, what about… ‘Heaven’?”

“As you wish, but that one is quite old.” Bilbo laughed at Elrond’s enthusiasm, cleared his throat and began to sing.

“Step out into the dawn
You pray 'til, you pray 'til the lights come on
And then you feel like you've just been born
Yeah, you come to raise me up
When I'm beaten and broken up
And now I'm back in the arms I love

And I think I just died
I think I just died
Yeah, I think I just died
I think I just died
And went to heaven
And went to heaven

Beaten and bathed in blood
I'm hit by, I'm hit by your love and drug
And now that you've come to raise me up

And I think I just died
I think I just died
Yeah, I think I just died
And went to heaven
Thorin’s eyes were so wide that they seemed to soak up the moonlight. The rest of the company were brought to silent tears, even Dwalin’s usually stern expression had melted into one of watchful contemplation (and his eyes were not wet thank you very much). Thorin wordlessly gestured for everyone to head back to the room where they were staying. On the walk back, he began to ponder over Elrond’s comment before the song.

‘I thought Halflings had shorter lifespans than us… 300 years is longer than most Dwarves live… strange creature, that Master Baggins is.’

“Your pride will be your downfall. You stand in the presence of one of the few in Middle Earth who can read that map. Show it to Lord Elrond!” Gandalf implored. Thorin sighed and finally reached into his pocket.

“Thorin, no.” Balin pleaded, reaching out and grasping Thorin’s shoulder. The Dwarf King shrugged the hand off and handed the map to the Elf Lord, who took a cursory glance at the parchment in his hand.

“Erebor. What is your interest in this map?” Elrond’s voice was deep and thoughtful. Thorin opened his mouth to reply when Gandalf cut in.

“It’s mainly academic. As you know, this sort of artifact sometimes contains hidden text.” The Wizard glanced at Thorin once Elrond had turned his back. The Dwarf was wearing a small smirk. “You still read ancient Dwarvish, do you not?” The Elf held the map in a beam of moonlight that streamed in through a window, revealing a message on the parchment.

“Kirst Ithil,” Elrond read aloud.

“Moon Runes, of course!” Gandalf exclaimed. Upon seeing the confused expressions of the Dwarves, Lord Elrond elaborated.
“Moon Runes can only be read by the light of a moon of the same shape and season as the day on which they were written.”

“Can you read them?” Thorin asked. Elrond replied not with words, but a sly smile and an arched eyebrow.

Chapter End Notes

WOW! Nearly 100 kudos and 1000 hits!! Thank you so much! :D Not entirely happy with this chapter, but I feel like I have to post something (I didn’t write the songs btw) Sorry about (incredibly) OOC Elrond (and Elves), I just wanted to write it lol. Bilbo acts different around Elrond because they have history together, and both his Dragon and Hobbit instincts trust Elrond as family, with Gandalf it’s only his Hobbit instincts. The reason for this will be elaborated in a later chapter (or sooner if you guys want) Okay, okay, I know that ‘Heaven’ doesn’t really fit the whole feel of The Hobbit, but I’ve fallen in love with it and I plan to use a few of my favorite songs in this fic, so, sorry ‘bout that... Link to the song: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EY72Qqj7G6M I’ve always imagined that Dragons are musical creatures, always singing and using their complex vocal cords to make different sounds. They have something called a ‘Soul Song’ that they sing to find their mate, and whoever’s song matches theirs is their soulmate. A group of Dragons could make music so incredible that it would practically hypnotize anyone who heard it (each dragon sounds like a separate instrument). When Bilbo is in dragon form, his age and even more complex vocal cords allow him to sing alone and make it sound like an entire Thunder is singing, thus hypnotizing people. In Hobbit form his singing doesn’t have that exact same effect, but he can bring people to tears if he wants. Not a lot of plot this chapter, sorry! As always, any questions and ideas are very welcome. Let me know how you feel about the chapter!
Lord Elrond led Bilbo, Thorin, Balin and Gandalf up a crude staircase that had been carved by hand into the valley wall hundreds of years ago. The group walked out onto a ledge that sat under a waterfall, the spray causing the air to appear misty. A large cluster of quartz on the end of the ledge had been flattened out on top, creating a pedestal. Bilbo vividly remembers the first time he saw this ethereal place. It was 3000 years ago on the night of a full moon. He was quite the linguist and very eager to learn another language as he already knew all the current languages of Middle Earth, so Lord Elrond offered to teach him an ancient Dwarven language, Moon Runes. It was this act of kindness that made both his Hobbit and Dragon instincts trust the Elf as family, as Fire Drakes share knowledge among their Thunder as an act of trust. Snapping Bilbo out of his reverie, the Elf began to speak.

“These runes were written on a midsummer’s eve by the light of a crescent moon nearly 300 years ago. It seems you were meant to come to Rivendell, Thorin Oakenshield, for the very same moon shines upon us tonight.” All of a sudden, the moonlight seemed to condense as it shone through the waterfall and gathered in the crystal pedestal, revealing a series of runes in the bottom right-hand corner of the map. Elrond glanced at Bilbo and motioned for him to read the runes. The Hobbit walked over and cleared his throat as he stood on his tip-toes and started to read.

“Stand by the grey stone when the thrush knocks, and the setting sun with the last light of Durin’s Day will shine upon the keyhole.” Bilbo looked up to see Thorin and Balin staring at him, mouths agape. The Hobbit raised a single eyebrow that caused them to snap their mouths shut. Thorin was the first to recover.

“I didn’t know you could read Ancient Dwarvish, Master Baggins. Why didn’t you tell the Company?” He asked incredulously.

“Because, Master Oakenshield, you didn’t care to ask. I am also making a point to Gandalf.” The Dwarf King looked even more confused at this statement. Regardless, he continued on.

“Summer is passing, Durin’s Day will soon be upon us!”

“We still have time, Thorin.” Balin soothed.

“Time for what, might I ask?” Elrond inquired.

“To find the entrance.” Balin replied. “We have to be standing in exactly the right spot, at exactly the right time. Then, and only then, can the door be opened.”

“So this is your purpose, to enter the mountain?” Elrond queried. Bilbo rolled his eyes.
‘Oh please! It’s not as if you didn’t know of the Quest! Eccentric Elf Lord…”

“What of it?” Thorin asked, crossing his arms over his chest defensively and fixing the Elf Lord with one of his trademark glares, as if daring Elrond to question him further.

“There are some who would not deem it wise.” The Elf handed the map back to Thorin.

“What do you mean?” Gandalf asked, brow furrowed in confusion.

“You are not the only guardian to stand watch over Middle Earth.” Bilbo answered, turning on his heel and walking back down to the kitchens. He was long overdue for a snack.

The next morning saw Bilbo refamiliarizing himself with Talon and Claw, as centuries without handling them had dulled his reflexes somewhat. He removed his waistcoat and untucked his shirt from his trousers, allowing for a free range of movement. The Hobbit stretched his arms above his head and popped his back. He reached over his shoulders and slid both blades from their sheaths, which were strapped to his back in an ‘X’ shape. He went through several drills, whirling around invisible foes and slaying them one by one. Bilbo was so engrossed in his training that he didn’t even notice the two Dwarven Princes watching him from the edge of the training field. Fili’s eyes were bulging out of his head and Kili’s jaw was on the ground. Bilbo’s flurried movements finally slowed to a halt and he noticed the brothers standing off to the side, he also noted their facial expressions.

“Good morning, lads!” Bilbo called cheerfully, re-sheathing Talon and Claw then waving them over. “How can I help you?”

“Oh, it’s nothing! We were just walking by and we saw you training. Your blades, are they of Dwarven make?” Fili asked as he walked over to Bilbo, his younger brother in tow.

“Indeed!” The Hobbit grinned. “Do either of you wish to train with me? We only have two more days in Rivendell to rest and stock up on food for the journey, so we may as well take advantage of the Elves’ training fields.” Bilbo offered, pushing his sweaty hair off his forehead.

“I’ll pass, thanks for the offer. Mister Dwalin put me through a few training exercises yesterday and my arms are still aching!” Kili replied, grinning sheepishly. Fili, however, was eagerly taking off his travel armor.

“I’ll train with you! Haven’t had a proper spar in weeks!” He was wearing his trousers, an undershirt and his boots as he retrieved his own swords and strapped them to his back in the same fashion that Bilbo had. Fili drew his twin blades and settled into a ready stance, holding the swords in front of him. The Dwarf smirked. “I’ll go easy on you to start off, Mister Bilbo.”

“I won’t.” Bilbo replied without missing a beat, a devilish grin plastered on his face. “Master Kili, will you referee?”

“A-Alright,” Kili stammered. “let’s do first to five, no blood drawn and no aiming for the head or neck.” He cleared his throat and lifted his right hand into the air. “Warriors ready?” Bilbo slid Talon and Claw out of their sheathes and crouched into a fighting stance and nodded once. “Begin!” Kili shouted, dropping his hand down. Bilbo wasted no time as he lunged forwards, slashing Talon through the air, barely missing Fili’s chest as he dodged. The Dwarf recovered quickly, swiping at Bilbo’s arm only for his strike to parried effortlessly by the Hobbit. Fili internally frowned.

‘How is he so skilled? He is clearly more skilled than me, yet he isn’t taking the victory…’ He was snapped put of his musing when Claw and Talon were suddenly crossed in front of his throat and his
own swords were lying on the ground, the metal still ringing. The Hobbit’s movements where so fast and so fluid that Fili didn’t even realize he had been disarmed until two bloody swords were held to his neck. Bilbo had a smug grin on his face when he saw Fili’s shocked expression.

“Can you teach me to do that sword maneuver?” Fili asked as Bilbo removed his swords from his throat.

“Of course! I wouldn’t mind giving you a few tips, has Master Dwalin not trained you on disarming yet?”

“He has, but he only taught me to do it with one sword, not two. It’s refreshing to spar with someone who wields the same weapons as I.” Bilbo looked delighted as he nodded in agreement.

“I’ve always treated sparring as a mutual learning experience, for when you spar with someone who has a similar fighting style to you, you can learn from each other!”

“I’ve never thought of it that way before. For Dwarves, sparring is more of a test of skill than a learning opportunity.” Fili, Kili and Bilbo continued talking about various fighting styles as they collected their weapons and walked to the room that the Company had been set up in.

“So, Mister Bilbo, will you train us when we are back on the road?” Kili asked eagerly.

“You must ask Master Dwalin first. I do not wish to get on his bad side by stealing his students!” Bilbo replied as they arrived at the Company quarters. “And please, call me Bilbo.”

“Then you must call us by our names as well!” Fili stated and Kili nodded in agreement. They bid each other farewell and parted ways, the young Dwarves heading into the room and Bilbo going to the library for a bit of midday reading.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the wait! Hope you enjoyed the chapter and feel free to leave a comment or ask me any questions.

Moon Runes are a form of Ancient Dwarvish, so I just lumped them into one category (lazy writing sorry!).

In some ‘modern’ songs that I may put in the fic, there is ‘modern’ language used (gonna, 'til, etc). Just consider that to be Dragon intonation and speech patterns (more lazy writing oops!).

Talon and Claw can be used by either hand, just thought I should mention it.

I really wanted Bilbo to become a sort of mentor to Fili and Kili in sword fighting because of Bilbo’s skill with his dual swords. This will come into play more later in the story (*wink wink*)

End Notes

*I say ‘unofficial’ because Bilbo was ‘killed in battle’, not caught abandoning Morgoth.*
Sorry if some of the characters are OOC. If you have any questions or suggestions about the story, please leave a comment and let me know if you like the story so far!

Now for some notes on the story:

First and foremost, I apologize for any timeline issues, in my universe, hobbiton is already established and the hobbits have been settled for a while, but they kept settlement quiet. (just go with it)

In my universe, dragons can live indefinitely, and they reach adulthood at 200 ish, they never stop growing (they grow slowly) however, most dragons die young for reasons like battle, exposure, sickness etc.

Philomela is Latin for Nightingale (according to Google Translate)

When the company reach Erebor, Bilbo is older than Smaug

I'll give you the details on Bilbo’s size and coloring when we get to Erebor, or earlier, considering I’m writing this fic as I go.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!