Make My Night

by ourdreamsrealized

Summary

Thorin forget your birthday, but he makes it up to you. You confess your love for Thorin to him, thinking that you’re just telling Dwalin of your secret feelings after getting drunk on your birthday.

Notes

Posting stuff from my Tumblr. Enjoy!

“Ugh,” you groaned, slamming the empty glass onto the counter. “I can’t believe he forgot my birthday, Dwalin.”

The electric blue eyes belonging to the dwarf sitting next to you widened, “Did you just call me Dwalin?”

You ignored the question, swirling the last drop of ale around and around. Your eyes were trained on the way the amber liquid flowed about the circumference of the cup, “I just don’t understand him sometimes.”
“Understand who?” your companion—whom you thought to be the bald dwarf—questioned, leaning forward onto the bar.

“Another, please!” you shouted, waving your glass in the air, only to have the male sitting next to you lower it to the safety of the wooden counter.

“I think you’ve had enough, Y/N.”

“I have not!” you stuck your bottom lip out, crossing your arms over your chest and unintentionally causing your breasts to become more prominent with the lift.

“Yes, you have. You don’t even remember who brought you here!”

You rolled your eyes, “Stop being silly, Dwalin.”

Your friend sighed at your antics, shaking his head as the bartender came over to the two of you.

“Do you want more, my king?” he asked, and, before Thorin could answer, you decided to correct the middle-aged dwarf.

“This is Dwalin. Not Thorin.”

“Of course,” the bartender grinned slightly, humoring you before turning back to Thorin. “Would you like some more ale, Dwalin?”

“No thank you,” the dwarven king said, taking your cup from your iron grip and passing it to him. “She is done as well.”

When the worker left, you turned to Thorin, placing your delicate hand on his bicep, causing him to shiver as your breath descended down his neck in warm waves.

“Dwalin, I have a secret to tell you…” you practically sang then broke into a fit of giggles.

Being the gentleman that he was, Thorin decided it was best to persuade you from revealing anything to him that was meant to be left between you and his best friend, even if the thought of the two of you sharing something clandestine made his blood boil.

With great care, he put some distance between the two of you, “Perhaps you should tell me later, when we aren’t in public.”

You patted his shoulder, boisterous laughter falling from your pink lips, “‘tis fine, my friend! ‘Tis fine!”

The dwarven king smiled at your silly behavior but maintained his position on the subject, “Still, I do not think—”

“You cannot tell Thorin, though,” you said, your gentle features suddenly turning somber.

Now, the poor Durin was intrigued beyond his will, and he couldn’t stop the question from surfacing, “Cannot tell Thorin what?”

“That I love him.”

For half a heartbeat, Thorin thought you meant romantically, but the way your E/C, doe eyes looked at him when you said it made him shake his head at the very idea.
“I’m sure he knows that.”

“No, Dwalin,” you let out a frustrated puff, a frown pulling on the corners of your mouth. “I love him, in all the ways a woman can love a man.”

Thorin straightened on his barstool, his palm coming to rest over the lower half of his face in an attempt to hide the blush he surely knew was there.

Did you not know what you were implying?

“That’s why it hurt so much when he forgot my birthday,” you murmured, resting your chin on the wooden surface before you and letting your arms hang down towards the floor. “Honestly, all I really wanted was to spend the day with him.”

Thorin’s face brightened at your confession, and he placed a comforting hand on your back, opening his mouth to say something.

“I also hoped he might take me back to his chambers and make my night.”

Thorin froze at your words, and just like that, his clothes were suffocating—hot and way too tight.

With a parched throat, he removed his fingers from the vermilion fabric that covered your back and turned towards the bar, flagging down the bartender.

“I think I will be needing that other pint…”

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