Murmurs of Middle Earth

by LadyHobbit

Summary

Fluff, angst and of course, bucket-loads of smut with everyone's dream characters. Who doesn't love a hobbit, an elf, a dwarf or a human on a boring night in? Request whatever you want in the comments, characters, storylines or just if you want a bit of fluff. I hope you enjoy!

Notes

Braiding gets a little more intense than you foresaw. Fun with dear Bofur induces! There's not enough Bofur love going around.
You had recently joined The Company of Thorin Oakenshield to your delight. You had seen them on their journey while travelling to Lake Town and had decided - whether they wanted you to or not - to help them out. It was quite a challenge to get what they were doing out of them but through your feminine charm and gentle persuasion you proved that you were worthy. Meaning that you almost skewered poor Nori with an arrow whilst proving how much of a good shot you were.

You were all settling down for the night, all the Dwarves taking up their usual spaces beside their usual sleeping buddies - your words not theirs - when you realised you didn't have a spot. You shifted from foot to foot and tried to decide who would be the most accepting of you next to them, more like crushed next to them. Your eyes landed on Bofur and his quirky hat and decided he seemed the most approachable. Your first choice may have been Bilbo but he was already surrounded on all sides. You nervously approached Bofur and cleared your throat, he looked up at you. Damn it. His eyes are gorgeous. Y/N, You scolded yourself, none of that.

'Excuse me, Bofur? Is it okay if I sleep next to you? It's just there's no other spaces and you seem the least scary-' you mentally cursed yourself for letting that slip.

He chuckled deeply at your expression and patted the ground next to him, 'Aye lass. You can settle down here, I'll keep an eye on you. And just so you know, none of the others are scary, they're secretly extreme softies.'

You giggled and sat down next to him, trying not to brush up against him too much.

'Even Thorin?' You quirked an eyebrow.

'Aye, even Thorin. He's just got things on his mind with this quest is all.'

'I'm sure I can get through to him,' you winked at Bofur.

He laughed heartily at your suggestive comment and leaned into your side. Strange, you'd known him for a day or so and already you were laughing like old friends and if you had your way, more. If you were honest you had, had your eye on him for the whole time. You loved what you had seen of him. His merry singing, his flute playing, his jokes and just his cheery nature got to you.

You leaned back into him and sighed. You could feel the delicious heat radiating off him, and his hard muscles beneath his clothes.

'So Bofur,' you started, 'got anyone special back home?'

He looked at you, 'Nope. Just me back home. I'm not lonely though, I've got Bifur and Bombur. Have you got a strapping young lad?'

'Me? No. Totally free,' you looked to him and smiled.

'Good to know. So lass, ready to settle down?'

You smiled and arranged your old blanket and snuggled down, moving a bit closer to Bofur than necessary. He smiled softly at you and removed his hat. You gasped at the state of his braids, his hair was fine, lovely really, but the state of his braids was just unacceptable.

'Bofur,' you whispered so you wouldn't wake the others, 'your hair..'
He laughed, embarrassed, and scratched the back of his head.

'Aye... It hasn't been well kept. But how could I? I've been on the road so long and I know it's awful but-

'No, no,' you quickly interrupted, 'your hair's fine! It's lovely actually. In fact, it's very lovely... Anyway, no. I meant your braids! They're in such a mess..'

He laughed and pulled up his braids to look at them, 'You're right there lass. Do you mind doing them for me?'

You gasped inwardly. Braid his hair for him? But that's so special. And so intimate. You're not saying you don't want to but why is he asking? Does he like you.. No way. Also, you might accidentally hurt him!

'Oh... I don't know... Isn't that really special in your culture? I don't want to accidentally hurt you or offend you or anything.'

He smiled at you, a lovely genuine smile, 'Oh lass, you won't hurt me. And I want you do to them.'

You grinned at him. He wanted to be intimate with you! You scooted over to him and settled on your knees behind him. You gently ran your fingers through his hair, taming the knots and just loving the feeling of his hair through your fingers. Once the knots were tamed, you took his braids and gently undid them. Then you started one by one rebraiding them. As you were doing so he steadily moved closer and closer until he slid down and leant back on your knees.

'Mmm, you're good at this lass,' he sighed.

You grinned to yourself and said regretfully, 'I can see you're getting comfy down there dear, but I need to do your beard.'

He chuckled at your use of a pet name and slowly slid back up to rest on his forearms as you sidled to his front. It was quite daunting doing his beard because this was where you might accidentally hurt him, not to mention the fact of being close to those lips. But you spotted a problem.

'Bofur,' you whined, 'I can't get close enough with you sitting like that!'

He groaned at you and grabbed your hips, pulling you onto his lap with his legs stretched out and your legs either side.

'Any better lass?'

You blushed deeply and brushed your hair back, 'well yes, but now it's difficult for me to concentrate...'. You trailed off.

He shifted slightly at your words and you smiled to yourself. I must not move, I must not move. Keep it under control. But surely a little bit of play innocence wouldn't hurt?

You smiled to yourself as you carefully undid his beard braids. You brushed through carefully and chuckled to yourself.

'What's so funny?' He said softly.

'I was just thinking,' you shifted back, seeing his mouth open and take a sharp gulp of air before quickly composing himself, 'why don't woman have beards?'
'Lass,' he laughed, 'why are you thinking about such things? And you could say that our female dwarves have slight beards.. Elves don't though. So sadly you won't be getting one anytime soon,' he poked your cheek.

'Oh, I'm not an elf. You could call me a mutt, if you wanted. My father was a dwarf and my mother was an elf. In fact, that's why I travel. I'm not really accepted anywhere..' You trailed off.

'Oh lass.. I accept you. You're lovely and it makes me even happier that you trust me enough to tell me that.'

You smiled softly and wrapped your arms around him. He rubbed your back and you nuzzled his neck. You broke apart and smiled at each other.

'You're one of a kind Bofur.'

He grinned and you started again on his braids. You shifted slightly on his lap, your legs were getting stiff.

'Y/N, d-don't.'

You looked at him for a moment and it clicked. You made a quick decision. A decision that turned out to be a very, very good decision.

'Don't what?' You asked softly.

'You know fine well what.' He groaned.

'What? This?' You rocked gently against the growing bulge in his trousers.

'Yes,' he gasped, 'that.'

You continued rocking against him, earring groans and squeezing of hips.

'Bofur,' you gasped, 'what do you want?'

He looked at you, his eyes dark with lust. Just looking at him made you grind down hard on him.

'I want you,' he growled, 'to ride me.'

'Consider it done.'

You pushed his chest down until he lay against the ground. You leant down and placed your lips against him. His lips were everything you wanted. Soft, warm and just everything. You felt his tongue trace your bottom lip and you gladly let him in. You moaned in appreciation at the way his tongue danced and twined with yours. You slightly moved against his bulge and he growled,

'If you're doing to do something. Please. Do it.'

You ran your hand down his chest and onto his bulge. He pushed into your hand and whined for friction. You gladly obliged and massaged him gently. He broke the kiss to let out a load groan and you took the chance to kiss and nibble his neck.

'I think,' you whispered, 'it's time for your clothes to come off.'

He chuckled darkly, 'as do yours, lass.'
'Deal.'

You sat up and pulled off your tunic top. As your breasts hit the cold air, your nibbles pebbled and you sighed. You looked down to see Bofur watching you closely. You wiggled quickly out of your trousers and then were totally naked on top of him.

'I swear,' he whimpered, his voice strained, 'I could come from just looking at you lass.'

You grinned wickedly and as quick as you could, ripped his clothes off. He groaned as his erection sprang free and you moaned as a pool of liquid heat made its way south, you were dripping enough as it was. You braced your hands on his chest.

'I think it's best, if we skip the rest of the foreplay. Because truthfully? I'm close already lass. I don't think I can bare anymore.'

'Mmm,' you moaned, 'agreed.'

His hands reached up to pay your breasts attention as you carefully lined yourself up on him. You sunk down slowly, the feeling of him filling you and him pinching and kneading your breasts making you cry out. He let out a growl as you slipped all the way down on him, you squeezing him deliciously.

'Mahal. You're so hot and tight. I don't think I can last long.'

You purred in response and began to rise up and down, swivelling your hips on him. He threw back his head and cried out, you doing the same. You felt your stomach tighten and clench as you sunk down on him, his girth was just so much. He was stretching you in the most delicious way.

'Y/N,' he whimpered, clutching at your hips, 'I-I think... I'm close... You just feel so good lass.'

'Me too,' you answered, barely enough breath to get that out, 'mmm, you just feel so good!' He laughed breathily and slammed his hips up to meet yours. You cried out his name as your stomach felt like it was on fire, wanting him to stop but wanting for him to keep going. You lost all focus and you could only just make out Bofur's groans and a sharp gasp as he spilled his seed into you. You both milked out your orgasms for as long as you could until you collapsed onto his chest, still joined.

'Who knew hair braiding could get so intense?' You laughed lightly.

'Aye. That was pretty intense,' he chuckled, rolling you so you were face to face and he could slip out of you.

'Bofur... Can this not be a one time thing? I really like you a lot...' He looked at you in surprise, 'lass, this was never a one time thing. I really like you too.'

'Good,' you sighed happily, placing a soft kiss of his lips.

You both snuggled down under his blanket with you buried into his chest and his arms around you.

'Oh thank Mahal! Are you two quite finished? I still heard all of that even through my hands. Can I please get some sleep now?' Kili whisper shouted from across camp.

'Sorry Kili!' You and Bofur called out together, blushing deeply.
You both went to sleep in each other's arms. Perfectly content and just happy to be together.
Thorin - I Am Your King

Chapter Summary

Thorin is not happy when Thranduil gives you a breathtaking present. Slight possessiveness and dominance comes forth.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was a few months after Thorin and Company had reclaimed the Lonely Mountain. Thorin as well as Fili and Kili had almost lost their lives. It was only because of pure luck - also you and Ori's cunning - that they were still with you. They were forever in your debt and Thorin finally accepted that his love was just as smart and strong as he is.

The dwarves and you had all settled into the Lonely Mountain and made it habitable again. You personally thought that you and Thorin's quarters were the most stunning. A big, airy room carved with beautiful animals and strong dwarven kings. A large king-sized bed dominated the whole room. And rightly so because it was breathtaking, deep red covers over an antique mahogany bed. Red velvet drapes surround the bed so that you could both get the privacy you both ache for.

~

Thranduil the Elven King of Mirkwood - which used to be know as Greenwood - had requested you and Thorin's company at his palace. He has asked to speak with you and Thorin about the running of the Lonely Mountain and the split of the treasure. Thorin was mortally offended by another king telling him how to rule his kingdom but you calmed him down and assured him it was just Thranduil's way. Thorin looked at you sideways and wondered if there was something going on.

You and Thranduil got on very well - especially considering you were a dwarf - and often sought each others company. It was also useful because he would do his dealings with Thorin's kingdom through you. Personally, you thought of him as a great friend which angered Thorin deeply. It was true yes, you thought him attractive but nothing on Thorin.

You and Thorin arrived at the palace and the guards let you in for a male Elf to lead you straight to the king.

He bowed deeply to you and Thorin and you two, of course, bowed low back.

'Greetings, Thorin Son of Thrain and greetings, Y/N daughter of Istan the Wise.'

'Thranduil,' Thorin said, nodding his head,'what do you need to speak of with me?'

'With you Thorin, I need to speak about trading, nothing overly important. But I require Y/N's advice, if you will?'

Thorin tensed up next to you and you reached down to squeeze his hand, 'Of course Thranduil, what is it you need?'

He smiled warmly at you, 'dear Y/N, I need your advice for an Eleven Maid I am dining with. I wish
to get her a gift of jewels, but I am not sure which would she would like. And I would like your trusted opinion.'

You grinned widely, 'of course! May I see the options?'

He went to his throne and picked up two velvet cases. He opened them and presented them to you. What looked back at you took your breath away. In the first box was a necklace made of starlight gems. Gems of the purest white and deepest sparkle, so bright and simply astounding. In the second box was a necklace of glinting opals, all beautifully carved and of the highest standard. You could hardly pick between them but you felt that an Elf of such high standard to be dining with the King should have the Starlight jewels.

'Oh Thranduil,' you breathed, 'they are both most breathtaking. But I think for your Elf Maiden the Starlight jewels would be most lovely.'

'In that case,' smiled Thranduil, snapping the boxes closed and placing the box with the Starlight jewels inside his robe, 'I would like you to have these Opal jewels as thanks for your friendship and always trustworthy council,' he held the box out to you.

You gasped and heard Thorin let out a slight growl, 'thank you so much Thranduil. They are most beautiful and I have no way to even convey my thanks.'

'Think nothing of it Y/N. You may go, I have business to attend to with Thorin.'

You bowed and turned to Thorin, 'I'll see you at home, yes?'

He gently placed his hands on your hips, but with great pressure pressing into you. He pulled you into him and kissed you roughly. Your knees buckled as he twined his tongue with yours. He broke away too soon for you and growled. Lust obvious in his icy blue eyes.

'Go home and wait for me in our quarters. Naked.'

'What?' You squeaked.

'You heard me,' he growled.

He let go of you and you hurried away.

~

You were sitting on you and Thorin's bed absentmindedly picking your nails, naked as he ordered. 'Obviously something had riled him,' you thought. Though you couldn't quite work out what.

'Y/N?' You heard Thorin's voice call, coming towards your quarters.

'In here, Thorin,' you called back, your stomach starting to do flip flops.

The oak door opened and in stepped Thorin. Looking tired but that melting away as soon as he saw you. He eyed you carefully, starting to strip off his clothes. Heat spread through you at his lustful eyes drinking in your naked form. He left his undergarments on and sat on the chair at his desk. He gestured to you.

'Come here,' he said quietly, gesturing you over.

You slowly got up and made your way over, never breaking eye contact with him. You stood in front of him and he glared at you.
'Y/N. I am not happy.'

'Why? What's wrong?'

'You. You're what's wrong. Flirting with Thranduil while I was right next to you and then him giving you a token of 'friendship,' he grunted.

'Oh Thorin,' you couldn't stop a chuckle escaping, which caused Thorin to growl angrily and pull you into his lap, your legs either side of him.

'Do not,' he said quietly, 'laugh at me.'

You shuddered as his hands rubbed up and down his sides.

'I'm not,' you whispered, 'I'm laughing at how absurd this is. Thranduil is a good friend of mine, that's all.'

'I will not deny that he is thought of as good looking and that he is powerful. But that gives you no right, as my betrothed, to act that way with him.'

'Thorin,' you sighed, 'you are so much more than him to me. You are both handsome and powerful. But more than that you are kind, loyal and the love of my life. He is but a friend. I love you Thorin Oakenshield.'

He smiled, his eyes softening at your words, 'I love you too Y/N. But you are mine. And always shall be mine,' his eyes hardened again and he pulled you down further into him.

He wrapped his arms around your waist and pulled you flush against him. You moaned as he crushed his lips to yours. You fisted his dark hair and pulled lightly making him growl. You could feel his erection hardening in his underwear as you squirmed against him, your own arousal needing fulfilled.

'Oh Mahal,' he broke away from you and groaned deeply,' you're so hot and wet.'

He held your thighs as he stood up throwing you down onto the bed. You giggled lightly and he smiled a feral smile, grabbing your ankles and pulling you down the bed.

'T- Thorin,' you stuttered, 'what are you-' you interrupted yourself with a cry.

Thorin had buried his heads between your legs and was relentlessly sucking and nipping at your clit.

'Mahal!' You screamed, 'oh, Thorin! Don't you dare stop.'

You felt him grin against you and he slowly ran a finger down your entrance. He suddenly then plunged two fingers deep inside you. You squirmed on the bed and bucked your hips wildly. He raised one hand to hold your hips down and relentlessly used both his mouth and fingers on you. You felt your stomach clench and you cried out.

'You are mine,' Thorin hissed, 'I can make you feel better than he ever could.'

You shuddered and screamed his name wildly as your orgasm washed through you. Thorin eagerly lapped up all you had to give him and smiled at you once your body had relaxed. You could see some of his juices in his beard and you giggled softly.

'I'm not done with you yet, my love.'
You felt your body react to his words and you watched his deliciously muscled body come to rest over yours. You looked down and saw his erection straining painfully against his underwear. You reached down and carefully freed his bulge and he groaned loudly as it sprang up and hit the cool air. You almost squeaked at the sight, always forgetting how well endowed he was. You reached your hands to his face and cupped his cheek with a soft smile.

'I love you,' you said gently.

He grinned and placed a loving kiss on your lips, 'I love you too Y/N.'

He lined up with your entrance and quickly thrust in. His mouth opened at the feeling and he threw his head back, enabling you to suck and nibble at his neck. You moaned and whimpered as he thrust in and out of you.

'Oh Y/N,' he gasped, 'those noises just...' He trailed off as his cock twitched inside of you.

You smiled cheekily and squeezed him. His thrusting faltered and he growled.

'Don't,' Thorin growled, 'I won't last with you doing that.'

You smirked and raised your hips to meet his thrusts. He groaned in appreciation and sped up. Pounding into you roughly and gripping onto the headboard behind you. You closed your eyes and felt the fire in your body strengthen and start to get unbearable.

'Oh Thorin! You screamed, 'I'm close!'

He growled and buried his face in your neck. You felt him shudder as he spilled his seed inside of you and he feeling of him twitched and the sound of him moaning sent you over the edge. You screamed his name and grabbed handfuls off his hair as you squeezed and clenched around him. As you rode down from your high, he whispered loving words into your ear. You sighed against him as he slid out. He tucked himself behind you and wound an arm around your waist, his mouth at your ear.

'I'm sorry I got jealous Y/N.'

'It's okay,' you giggled, 'in fact, I wouldn't mind you getting jealous more often.'

He chuckled at this and buried his head in your hair.

'I love you Thorin,' you whispered.

'As I love you, dear one.'

Chapter End Notes

My first request! I hope it's what you wanted. You know to request anything if you'd like it. I hope you enjoy!
Chapter Summary

More braiding fun with my dear one Thranduil! It's more fluff than smut, this one. Request in the comments! Please enjoy. I love Thranduil.

You wandered the palace floors contemplating how you'd gotten there. How is it that you, a common Elf, had come to marry the great Elven King, Thranduil. You giggled to yourself and shook your head.

'He made a mistake marrying me,' you said to yourself, grinning, 'I'm too much of a handful for that Elf.'

You had a point. The King often told you so. He loved you with every fibre of his body but sometimes he really wanted to stab you with a fork. The feeling was mutual, I can assure you. You were bouncy, gentle, affectionately aggressive and loved to bully him. Completely different to him, he knew that you could get around him by just looking at him a certain way, it drove him to his wits end. No one ever saw the side of him you did. In company he was indifferent, cold and aloof. But with you he was playful, caring and sarcastic. Which you totally adored.

'Thranduil?' You called into the empty corridor.

In his throne room, Thranduil sighed smiling.

'What does she want this time?' He said out loud, 'Yes Y/N?' He called back.

You peeked your head around the door, 'what are you doing?'

'Important work that has nothing to do with you.'

You frowned, 'no you're not,' you said incredulously, 'you're sitting there doing nothing!'

Thranduil groaned and rubbed his chin with his hand, 'well I tried, didn't I? I tried to warn her off,' he said looking upwards.

You huffed and leant against the door, 'I really dislike you sometimes. Also, you look really good when you do that,' you rubbed your chin with your hand.

'I dislike you too,' he grinned, 'and you look lovely all the time.'

You smiled, 'flattery gets you everywhere, my king.'

He watched you as you swished your hips walking about to his throne. You were just about to slide onto his lap when you backed off, you'd had an idea.

'Y/N,' he whined, 'get over here.'

You smiled slowly, 'Thranduil...' You started.

'Oh no. What do you want?'
You grinned widely, 'can I braid your hair?'

'What?'

'Can I braid your hair, please?'

Thranduil cocked his head at you and knitted his eyebrows.

'Thanduil please! This is all I'll ever ask for! Please?' You begged.

He snorted, 'Y/N, why do you want to?'

You slowly ran your fingers through his unbraided hair and sighed, 'because it's so soft and I love your hair.'

He groaned, 'if that's what you really want, you can.'

You squealed and jumped on his lap. You gently removed his crown and set it aside as he rested his hands on your waist to keep you steady.

You slowly combed your fingers through his already tangle free hair and grinned. You took 2 sections from the hair in front of his hair and quickly braided it as you did with the other side. You leant around to the back and took two sections from either side of his head to make a fishtail at the back of his head. You heard a sigh and Thranduil shifted beneath you.

You leaned back to look at his face. He wouldn't catch your eyes and a faint peach colour stained his cheeks.

'Anything wrong, my King?' You said sweetly.

'Well, your em- ' he gestured to your front, 'were right in my face and I will not be held responsible for how much cleavage your dress shows.'

You laughed at his words and slid down his legs to get closer to him, 'you shouldn't be afraid to talk to me Thranduil. You can use as many dirty words as you fancy. I am your Queen after all.'

He chuckled at your words and pulled you down to kiss him. You sighed happily into his mouth and thought a little. Thranduil had been very stressed recently and hasn't bedded you as much as he used to. Maybe it was time for you to do something. You slipped your tongue into his mouth and rocked gently against him. He broke the kiss to groan loudly.

'Y/N,' he said softly, 'what are you planning?'

'Well, my love. You've been so stressed and I'm a tad worried about you. So I'm going to give you a taste and hopefully you'll repay me later.'

He looked at you wide eyed, 'what do you-?'

He was cut off by you rocking and grinding over his already hard cock. He panted and wrapped his arms around you, he slid his large hands down to rest on your bottom and pulled you against him to rock against him how he wanted.

You grinned as you felt him twitch under you and heat pooled between your legs. But you payed no attention because this was about him. You continued to harshly rock against him, you braced your hands behind you on Thranduil's legs and pushed down harder.
'Y/N' he gasped, sweat glinting on his brow, 'I don't think I can take much more of this. You're going to make me cum in my pants,' his hips bucked at these words and he let out a whimper.

'I know darling,' you whispered, 'that's the point.'

You saw him start to protest so you wiggled your hips in a circle and he cried out loudly. You felt him twitch and his hips raised to meet your warmth.

'Oh my, Y/N. I can't- I'm-' he groaned loudly and hissed your name as he came. Dampness spreading through his robes.

You carried on rocking, milking his orgasm on for all you're worth. As soon as he was spent he relaxed and slumped into you. You stroked his hair softly.

'Feel any better Thranduil?' You said softly.

'I always feel better when you're around Y/N. Thank you.'

Your heart swelled with affection and you rested your cheek on his head.

'I really love you Thranduil. Even though you're a fool.'

Thranduil didn't understand how you could insult him and get away with it but you just had something, 'I love you too, my Queen. Even though I dislike you immensely.'

You laughed slightly at this, 'do you fancy going for a walk?'

'Does this walk include you jumping me and trying to win in a fight?'

You laughed merrily, 'what else would it include, my dear? I know I can win in a fight with you anyway.'

He raised his head to look at you and quirked his eyebrow, 'you're on.'

You chuckled delightedly. This is why he was the love of your life. He put up with you and played with you. What else could you want?
Kili - Foul Play

Chapter Summary

A short Kili fluff with a hint of smut. He insists he could beat you in a fight and you beg to differ. Foul play is used.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was time. Kili had gone out hunting in the pine woods by the Lonely Mountain so now was your only chance. Kili had insisted that you couldn't beat him in a fight and you were incredibly insulted. 'Who was he,' you thought, 'to judge my fighting ability when he's never been subject to it?' So hatched your plan.

You knew his hunting spots in the forest well also it was a help that this time he had told you exactly where he was going. You put on a dark cloak and your leather boots, you decided not to take a weapon because he was your husband after all. You should go a little easy on the poor dear.

You set out about forty minutes after him and skirted the woods, left to the path. You were swift and quiet and could only be noticed if you wanted to be noticed. A while later you heard footsteps and spied Kili’s back, he was creeping along holding his bow with an arm thrown over his back to grab an arrow when required.

You smirked to yourself and carried on tailing him until he stopped, obviously hearing something. You hoped it wasn't you and stealthily climbed a tree that had a protruding branch that happened to hang over just a little short of him. You edged your way carefully along the branch, holding in your giggles as you got ready to pounce on your unsuspecting husband. He whipped round to look at you just as you dropped onto him.

'Got you!' You cried as you Kili hit the ground with a grunt, with you comfortably on top of him.

'Y/N?' He questioned, peering disbelievingly into your face, 'what are you-?'

'I, my love, am proving to you that I am better at fighting than you.'

He let out a loud sigh and let his head drop against the dirt, 'remind me again why I married you?'

You grinned, 'because now you've always got somewhere there to protect you. Just a bonus that it's this,' you gestured to yourself, giggling.

He chuckled under you, 'you've only proven that you can creep up on me. If an enemy took me unawares I'd still win in actual combat.'

You frowned, 'I don't think so Kili. Not with me.'

He flipped you over so he was on top of you, quick as a flash, 'oh yes with you Y/N,'

You growled and pushed him off you, surprising him.
'Oh,’ you growled at him, 'it is so on.'

Kili shrugged, 'you want to fight me?'

You nodded, giving him a feral smile.

He readied his stance, 'then so be it, little one.'

You flashed him a smile before dashing off into the woods again. 'Time for a little surprise,' you thought to yourself.

'Oh no, not that Y/N. I'm sure that's against the rules.'

You smiled, that was the point. You leapt on him from behind and sat on his back. He threw his arms behind him, grabbing you and pulling you off, he then straddled you and placed a gentle hand around your throat.

'I win,' he whispered, grinning.

'I don't think so,' you smirked.

You reached up and tickled his sides relentlessly, he squiggled and squirmed and then as he was unfocused you pushed him off you.

'That's foul play!' He moaned at you.

'Welcome to my world,' you laughed.

He then started advancing on you. 'Foul play?' You thought, 'I'll show him foul play.' You backed off slowly, grabbing the hem of your tunic top. You raised it slightly and looked at him, you saw his Adam's apple bob and his sure footsteps stuttered. You turned your back on him and whipped off your top. You heard him gasp.

'Y/N,' he stuttered, 'what are you do-?'

He was cut off by your swift turning and his eyes were instantly drawn to your breasts popping out from atop your bra. You smirked at his expression and drew your arms across your front, raising your bust provocatively.

'What's the matter Kili?' You crooned, 'a bit distracted?'

He gulped and shifted his legs. You were obviously having the desired effect, 'that's cheating Y/N. That's not fair.'

You laughed and picked your top back up, smoothing down over you.

'If you admit I won, I promise I'll do anything you wish when we get back.'

'Anything?' He gasped.

'Anything,' you said smirking.

'Okay... Okay... Fine. You win Y/N.'

'What do I win at, Kili?'
He huffed, 'you could win in a fight against me.'

You grinned widely, 'yes! Do you want to go back now or-?'

You were cut off by Kili grabbing you by the waist and pulling you into him.

'I really love you sometimes Y/N.'

'Yes... Sometimes I really love me too,' you teased.

He laughed and placed a soft kiss on your lips.

'I really do love you too Kili.' You said softly, breaking the kiss, a sweet smile gracing your face.

He smiled softly at you and placed his lips back on yours.

You really loved that foolish dwarf.

Chapter End Notes

This was just a short one. I have no requests at the moment so please do! I hope you enjoyed!
You looked up to the stars and sighed happily. You'd snuck out of The ElvenKing's - Thranduil - palace and into the moonlit night. You fancied a break, a break from your duties of being the only female warrior, a break from Thranduil's watchful eye and most of all a break from the suffocating confines of the palace while Mirkwood was considered a dangerous area. You being a warrior, you felt as though you could handle yourself even in darkness. But you had brought your trusty short sword just for precaution.

You smiled at Mirkwood's beautiful - even under the sickness - trees and flowers. You were heading to the lake, the lake knows as 'Midnight Lake.'

You wandered further and further away from the palace and towards the Lake. You reached the clearing with the Lake dominating the view along with the moonlight casting tricky shadows on the water's surface. You sighed contentedly.

'Hello old friend,' you whispered, 'I've missed you.'

You smiled softly and started slowly unlacing your silken nightdress, when you heard a rustle behind you. You looked out of the corner of your eye and saw a flash of white hair and a bow. You laughed to yourself, Legolas was here. He must have followed you out here to watch over you! You felt your heart swell with affection, 'if only he knew how I feel about him,' you thought, 'but maybe... Maybe... Now is the time.' It was a dodgy move and you knew it, Legolas was a chivalrous Elf and you knew he'd step away as soon as your nightgown was removed.

'Legolas,' you said softly, still with your back to him.

You heard a rustle and felt a presence close behind you. 'It is dangerous in these parts Y/N. Especially at nightfall. How did you know I was here?'

You smiled, 'I know. You're not the only one with elf ears.'

'I will leave now if you wish for privacy Y/N.'

'No...' You mused, 'stay.'

You heard a sharp intake of breath and the rustle of a few steps back. You turned your head to see that he'd only retreated back to lean against a tree, his brown eyes burning into you.

Your head turned back to face the lake and continued with the laces on your nightgown until it slipped smoothly off your shoulders, leaving you naked and pale against the moonlight. You heard a sharp gasp and you slowly slipped into the lake until it rose just above your breasts.
You turned, 'please join me Legolas?' You asked quietly.

He nodded silently as he began on his clothes. You watched, trying to disguise your smile, as he stood totally unclothed and bold in front of you. He caught you smiling and quirked his eyebrow.

'Like what you see, Y/N?'

You shrugged your shoulders, 'maybe I do. Now hurry and join me!'

He laughed at your eagerness and quickly entered the lake to stand beside you.

'You are beautiful Y/N. I've always meant to tell you,' he said quietly, looking to you.

'As are you Legolas. And I've always meant to tell you.'

He raised his hand to your face and looked into your eyes, a lazy smile gracing his angular, flawless features.

'I think I love you. I've known you for so long and you are so strong and gentle at the same time. I can't imagine my time without you as I cannot imagine the palace without you.'

You were stunned. He was the great ElvenKing's son, why an earth should he seek you? But you could see in his eyes that the words he uttered were deathly true.

'Legolas, you whispered, wrapping your hand over his upon your face, 'these words you speak are music to my ears. I have felt the same for a long time and I didn't mention for the sake of our long lasting friendship and in case you did not feel the same.'

'You feel the same for me Y/N?' He whispered.

'I do Legolas. I do.'

He gave you a loving smile and placed his lips gently over yours. You moaned happily and wrapped your arms around his neck, he wrapped his long arms around your waist and pulled you flush against him. You gasped into his mouth at feeling his hard, warm chest against you. He took advantage of this and slipped his tongue into your mouth, it danced and seduced yours in the most delicious of ways. You felt your primal urges awaken and you shifted your legs and rubbed against him, begging for some form of friction.

'Y/N,' he gasped, 'are you sure you want this?'

'Mmm, of course,' you murmured, 'you are my love and I want to bind myself to you. As long as you wish to do the same?'

'Of course,' he whispered.

You smirked and trailed one hand down his hard stomach - feeling his muscles clench and unclench as you did so - and wrapped your small hand around his girth. He groaned and looked to the starlight sky as you glided your hand up and down his length to fully ready him for what was to come, the groans and hisses that came from his mouth were quite delicious.

'Y/N,' he groaned, 'stop. If you do not stop, you will take me before we have even begun.'

You smiled seductively and whispered, 'take me now then, dear one.'

He growled at you, his eyes bright and fierce. He grabbed your hips in his hands and lifted you to
wrap your legs around his strong torso. He lined himself up at your entrance.

'My love?'

'Mmm, more than ready.'

He growled, echoing from deep within his chest, and sunk you down onto his pulsing erection. You both moaned loudly at the sensation and you winced a little at the harsh stretch. He gave you a moment to adjust until you wiggled impatiently on him that caused him to hum appreciatively. He lifted your hips and slammed you down on him, again and again. He ducked his head to your bouncing breasts and he lowered his head to wrap around one nipple, sucking and nibbling in just the right way, switching between breasts. You moaned out at the feeling, the sensation adding to your fire. The water splashed around you both as you moved together as one and you shivered at the noises adding to the sensation. You rotated your hips as he sunk you down and he cried out at the new sensation, you joining him as he hit that certain spot inside you.

'Oh Legolas!' You cried, 'I don't think I can-

'I know,' he shushed you with a demanding kiss as you felt the fire reach its peak inside of you.

You broke the kiss to scream out Legolas's name as you clenched and squeezed around him. As you were riding out your orgasm you felt him twitch inside of you, you biting and sucking on his neck as he throatily groaned, riding out his high. He lowered his head back to your breasts, breathing heavily.

'Oh Y/N. I love you.'

'And I love you, my Legolas.'

He sighed and slowly lowered you back into the water, slipping from you, you moaning at the emptiness. He walked back a few steps towards shore and held out his hand.

'Come back with me to my chambers and you and I can spend this beautiful night together.'

You nodded, smiling, 'nothing would make me more happy.'

His eyes flashed at you as you took his outstretched hand. The join of your hands marking something that would be special for as long as you both of your spirits were present.

Chapter End Notes

Remember to request. Thank you for reading!
Bard - Spice It Up

Chapter Summary

Bard had been a tad down lately and you had conjured up a cunning plan to lift his spirits. This was a request and I hope it is to your liking!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You wanted to experiment, you wanted to spice things up. You wanted you and the love of your life, Bard to try something new. He'd been a tad mopey lately and you wanted to see his legendary smile again and instead of just doing something nice for him you wanted to make him feel extreme and out of this world pleasure. You wanted to make him feel good and to enjoy every single second of it.

You had made a trip to a secret contact of yours and purchased a few supplies for tonight's plan. Bard had no idea what he was in for and you were terribly excited to set it in action.

You stood in front of the mirror fluffing your hair and pouting your red lips to match your black, lacy bra and pants. You had suspenders holding up your fishnet tights and little red bows decorated your underwear. You winked at your reflection and pushed up your chest.

'I am so ready,' you said to the mirror, 'I am dangerously sexy. I will make my betrothed feel amazing and I will show him what he has.'

You heard the door slam and and a deep voice called, 'Y/N? Are you here, love?'

You grinned wickedly and slowly walked out of your bathroom and down the corridor to the front room, wiggling your hips to get you in the mood. You entered the front room to see Bard sitting with his back to you.

'Bard...' You said, trailing off.

He turned his head to answer but snapped his mouth closed. His eyes widened and darkened as they trailed up and down your barely clothed figure. You standing with your hands on your hips, chest out, bottom out and a slight smirk on your face.

'Like what you see? It's all yours Bard.'

He stood slowly and you could obviously see the bulge growing in his trousers. He growled and made his way towards you.

'Nope. Can't touch until I say so.'

He let his hands drop and groaned.

'Darling, what are you doing?'

'I am showing you a good time. You've been acting down lately and I want to cheer you up a bit. I miss your smile,' you said quietly.
'Oh Y/N,' he broke into the first genuine smile in a while, 'that's so thoughtful. And one of the many reasons why I love you.'

You sighed, 'I love you too.'

You turned on your heel and walked out if the door into the corridor, flicking your finger in a come-hither motion. You turned away and kept walking until you reached your shared room, him close on your heels. You strided into the middle of the room and stopped, turning to face him.

'Strip.'

'What?' He gasped.

'You heard me. Do as I say!'

He gulped and started to remove his clothes.

'Leave your hair,' you said, smiling.

He chuckled and stopped himself from totally undoing his hair. He then removed the last of his clothing.

'Good, good...' You studied his body, 'now onto the bed.'

He complied and moved into the middle of the bed.

'Now stay there a second...' You said, turning to rummage in the drawers behind you. You turned to face Bard holding rope in your hands. You saw him gulp.

'W-what are you doing, Y/N?' He stuttered.

'You'll enjoy this my dear. And just in case, remember you can tell me to stop at any time.'

You moved to the side of the bed and as gently as you could, tied each of his arms to each bedpost. You leaned down to his glazed expression and placed a soft kiss on his lips.

'Be gentle with me,' he whispered, chucking softly.

You smirked and leant to his ear, 'never.'

You then moved to straddle him and smashed your lips roughly onto his. He groaned at your forwardness and shifted on the bed, tugging slightly on his restraints. You felt his tongue slowly trace against your bottom lip and you gladly let him in. You moaned and lowered your body onto his. He broke the kiss and hissed as your heat touched his pulsing erection. You grinned and tucked your head into the crook of his neck and sucked harshly, making him buck into you. You trailed your lips down his warm neck and down to his chest. You flicked your tongue over his nipple and he hissed through his teeth, you grinned and carried down his body until you got to his hips. You rubbed your hands over his slightly sweaty thighs and looked up to him. He was watching you intently and his chest was rising and falling rapidly.

'Y/N...' He groaned, 'please.'

You smirked and rubbed his thighs as you licked a bold line to his already twitching manhood. You liked a stripe us his large vein, as he gasped and pulled hard at his restraints. You slowly took him into his mouth and sucked on his head making him cry out. You bobbed your head up and down, taking as much as him as you could.
'Y/N,' he gasped, 'yes, oh God, yes...' He trailed off.

You were spurred on by his reaction and took him down your throat. You felt him twitch and you gagged slightly, squeezing his cock deliciously.

'Stop! Y/N stop. I'm not going to last... Please. I want to be inside of you when I cum,'

You grinned and removed yourself with an obscene pop. He growled loudly and pulled roughly at the ropes binding him.

'Calm my dear,' you whispered moving to his face.

You leant across to untie the ropes, purposely leaning your breasts into his face. As soon as you had untied his second arm he flipped you over and ripped your underwear off, throwing your underwear across the room. He let the suspenders and the fishnets be though.

'I'm not going to last. I am going to show you how rough I can be. Are you ready?'

You gasped under him. Him intertwining your hands together.

'Yes yes,' you gasped.

He groaned as he slipped his rock hard erection into you, not too gently. You locked your legs around his hips and cried out as he hit that certain spot inside of you. He shifted his arms around your waist and pulled you with him as he sat up. You whimpered at the new position and squeezed him involuntarily. His thrusts started getting sloppy and you could tell he was close. You felt the fire intensify inside you and you you could feel the waves of pleasure coming towards you.

'Oh Bard!' You screamed.

Your words were his undoing and he thew his head back as you pulsed around you. The vibrations caused the waves of pleasure to fully consume you.

Once you had both rode out of your orgasms and tucked yourselves around each other in bed you talked about what had just happened.

'Do you feel any better, dear Dragon Slayer?'

'Yes, I do my love. And all thanks to you.'

He gave you a soft smile and pulled you flush against him.

'You are the most splendid girl Y/N. I really do love you.'

'As I really love you, Bard.'

You two fell into a sweet slumber into each others arms. As it was for a countless time to come.

Chapter End Notes

Please request whatever you'd like!
Bilbo - You're Late

Chapter Summary

Bilbo is a tad late back from his indescribable adventure. And you are not pleased.
Smut/Angst/Fluff are all included.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You paced back and forth across you and Bilbo's oak floor. Bilbo had been away for a year and a few months and he was incredibly and unbelievably late. To be specific, one year, three weeks, four days, eight hours and twenty-two minutes late. And you were overflowing with such a rage that it could wipe out the entire Shire if it were to escape. You were so enraged that you had gotten past the barrier of missing him and were plotting eighteen possible ways to kill him when he finally decided to turn up.

You had gone on a errand to Bree and left him alone - which you thought you could trust him with. You came back to an empty larder, a muddy carpet and note explaining that he had gone on an adventure - of all things - to slay a dragon and regain the dwarves kingdom. This was Bilbo you were talking about, you didn't doubt at all that he'd gone on such an adventure but you were indignant that he hadn't asked you to accompany him! That's what you are most angry about. You were a Took and Took's do not like to be left out.

You had received word from Gandalf to expect Bilbo home this very day, the letter also remarking on how brave he'd been and explaining what had happened. More of a book than a letter really.

You were ready to greet a grieving but proud Bilbo. And you were expecting to meet him sixteen minutes ago. You threw your arms in the air and collapsed to sit in the middle of the floor facing the door.

You waited for a good long eleven minutes before there was a knock and the door started to open. You jumped up and your eyes met with a proud, a tad mucky, strong Hobbit.

'Hello Y/N,' he said softly.

You folder your arms across your chest and eyed him, 'you're late.'

He opened and closed his mouth until he spluttered out, 'excuse me?'

'You're late! You are one year, three weeks, four days, eight hours and forty-nine minutes late to be exact.'

He laughed uncertainly and stepped over the threshold, 'well better late then never?'

You gritted your teeth. You could feel every single emotion that he'd put you through bubbling up inside you. You stared at his stupidly lovely face, his stupidly soft hair and his stupid, stupid soft smile.

'Bilbo Baggins,' you hissed, 'I really hate you.'
He grinned, 'you did miss me then?'

You huffed and walked over to him, you gripped onto the front of his travelling cloak and studied his eyes. He wasn't the same hobbit that had left Bag End. He was braver, wiser, stronger and his heart had hardened. But you still saw the undying love they possessed every time he laid them on you. A small smile tugged at your lips as you stared at him.

'Of course I did, you fool. You put me through hell and back, though not, I know, as much as you have been through.'

He sighed and pulled you into a bone crushing hug.

'There were a few times,' he said quietly, into your hair, 'that I thought I wouldn't make it back.

You tightened your arms around him, 'but you did. And you came back to me. And that's all that matters.'

You felt a small drop land on your shoulder and your eyes welled up. All of the sadness that you had been bottling up was starting to break free.

'I was so worried about you. I can't even begin to describe it. I've missed you so much,' you whispered, small tears rolling down your face.

'I've missed you too. I didn't even get to say a proper goodbye,' he said brokenly.

'Oh Bilbo,' you whimpered, 'you're safe and you're here and it's all over now. You did it, my brave darling, you did it.'

He clutched you tightly and sobbed into your shoulder. You gently tugged him down to sit with you while you rocked him. All the while tears rolling down your face as you whispered sweet words of comfort into his ears.

After a while, he pulled out his pocket handkerchief and tidied himself up. He dabbed gently at your eyes and nose to clean you up a bit too.

'Does the hero get a kiss?' He whispered.

You nodded and grabbed him, wrapping your arms around his shoulders, pulling him into you and going to lay back on the ground. He kissed you back just as fiercely with as much passion and love as he could muster. You spread your legs so he could nest in between them.

'Bilbo,' you sighed, breaking the kiss, 'it's been so long... Do you want to?'

He looked into your eyes and nodded.

'Nothing would make me happier Y/N. Right here though, I can't wait any longer.'

You nodded and he smashed his lips back onto yours making you gasp, which he used to slip his tongue into your mouth. You moaned slightly in appreciation and felt him massage himself against your thigh. He was already hard and just the thought of him entering you after all this time sent a wave of longing throughout your body.

'Bilbo,' you gasped, 'I want you now.'

He growled in response to your bold request and started removing your clothes. Once you were fully naked and he had gotten drunk on the sight of you he started on his own. As he got to his
undergarments his cock was straining painfully against the fabric. As soon as he removed them he let out a sigh of relief at the freedom.

'Mmm,' you sighed, 'this is much better than my imagination.'

He laughed breathlessly and you saw his cock twitch as he thought of what you had been up to all alone.

'Are you ready for me now, my love?'

'Yes!' You gasped, 'please.'

He slowly lined himself up with you and without any warning slammed himself fully inside your warm, tightness. He cried out at the feeling as you squeezed your eyes shut and let out a sharp gasp. As soon as you had adjusted to him again, he slowly started thrusting in and out. You swear you almost passed out at the feeling. It had been an unbearably long time and you were loving it. Bilbo grunted and groaned deep within his chest at your insane heat and squeeze.

'Y/N,' he warned, 'it's been a while. I'm not going to last.'

'I know sweetheart. Neither am I.'

You pulled his head down to lay gentle, sweet kisses on his damp neck. You hooked your legs around his hips he could thrust deeper inside of you. You both cried out at the new sensation.

'Let go on the count of three?' He panted, his thrusts losing their rhythm.

You nodded quickly and took a deep breath of air.

'One,' he started, forcing himself to speed up.

'Two,' you gasped, you were so close. You could feel euphoria approaching.

'Three!' You both cried out.

You felt his cock twitch and spill his hot liquid into you through the mist of your intense pleasure. He continued to thrust slowly, making sure you got the best out of your high. As soon as you were fully spent he slipped out and cuddled into you, laying his head on your heaving chest.

'I can't put into words,' he gasped, 'how much I've missed you. I felt so awful the way I left you and I just want you to know that I love you. Undoubtedly and unconditionally.'

You grinned and ran your hand through his curly haired head, 'Bilbo, I have been at a loss without you. Of course, I may have had a few tiny adventures nowhere near as big as yours, but adventures all the same. And I would like to tell you about them, as I really want for you to tell me everything from your point of view what happened on your adventure. And even though you are constantly late and an utter fool, I wouldn't change any of that for the world because I love you an unbearable amount too. For longer than I shall live.'

You felt him sigh against you and relax. You kissed his hair and retreated into your thoughts, with your hand threaded through his hair to remind you that he was back in your arms once more.

Even if he was late.
I had two requests for a Bilbo angst/smut! I added some fluff too because I was in rather a fluffy mood. I hope you both like it!
You and the Company of Thorin Oakenshield are captured by Prince of the Woodland Realm, Legolas. He takes an interest in you and you make a bold decision. This was a request so I hope it's what you wanted!

Your heart was pounding and you knew that no luck or help were going to reach you at this point. You were quite disappointed really, you had always respected spiders and now, they were going to kill you. 'What an injustice,' you thought, 'for me to rescue all those helpless house spiders and to repay me, they take my life. Typical, never trust anything with more than five eyes.'

Indeed, the Company of Thorin Oakenshield, Thorin himself, Bilbo and you were about to - after fending them off rather valiantly - be prodded and poked and then eaten alive by Giant Spiders.

'You dwarvesss, thought you could beat usss? We, are the great spidersss of the forest. Not even Sssting,' the Spider that was speaking looked sharply at Bilbo's weapon that had now been named, 'could beat usss. You have no hope.'

The spiders that were surround you moved in closer as your tight knit circle crushed closer together, sidling away from the snapping pincers and the venom dripping dangerously close to them. You grabbed Dwalin's arm in fright and clung on, desperate even for a little comfort in your last moment. To your astonishment he pulled his arm away to grab your hand in a tight grip.

'It'll be okay, lass,' he said softly.

You nodded and managed a small smile, squeezing your eyes shut. You expected to be knocked to the ground instantly but instead, there was a whoosh of arrows, a long, pain-ridden keening sound and then silence. You cautiously opened your eyes to see that the spiders had been killed by a hunting party led by the Prince of the Woodland Realm, Legolas, son of Thranduil. And Captain of the Guard, Tauriel.

'Dwarves,' spat Legolas, 'what is your business in these parts?'

You - alongside Bilbo, hidden from his vision in the midst of the circle of dwarves - said in a small voice, not meaning to be heard by anyone, 'not all of us are dwarves.'

You had underestimated the elves hearing, even with you being an elf - an outcast mind, being a wanderer - and Legolas's head snapped towards your quiet words.

'Come forward those who are not of dwarven kind.'

The circle stayed protectively around you and Bilbo.

'Come forward or you shall all have a worse fate.'
You took Bilbo's arm gently and nudged the group aside, ignoring the dwarves protests. Legolas took a long look at the two of you and crossed his arms.

'A hobbit if I'm not mistaken. And an elf... How strange. You are not of my realm nor of Rivendell. Where have you come from?' He asked.

'I am a wanderer. I am neither here nor there, but I have a great friendship with many a being. Which happened to bring me here.'

'Do not speak to me in riddles. You do not have the features of any elf I have seen. Who are you?'

'I am Y/N and this,' you gestured to the hobbit, 'is Mr Bilbo Baggins. A very respectable hobbit indeed and it would do you good to treat him with such respect.'

Legolas frowned, 'why do you speak to me in such a manner?'

'I am a wanderer. I answer to no one but whom I care about.'

Legolas looked away from you with a strange glint in his eye and proceeded to ask Thorin his business in these parts. Thorin refused to tell him anything which lead to you all being present in front of the Elvenking himself, Thranduil.

~

All the dwarves and Thorin had been locked in the cells after refusing to give anything away and dear Bilbo had disappeared. You hoped he would come back with a plan and do something to help you all get out of this mess you were in. You, much to your unease, had been ordered to see the Elvenking along with only Legolas present.

'Y/N,' boomed Thranduil in his rich voice, 'Legolas tells me you are an elf. Is this correct?'

'Yes, that is correct.'

'Where have you come from, for I have never seen such an elf with features resembling yours,' he looked at your curly H/C hair and your striking E/C eyes.

He was right though. You didn't look like any elf that was usually seen. You didn't have angular features, your hair fell in tight curls, you weren't as tall as any of the elven woman present and your body was not lithe nor graceful. The only giveaways that proved you were an elf were your pointed ears, your keen eyes and ears and that you were immortal and aged rather well.

'I do not know where I am truly from for I was abandoned and found as an elfling. Taken in and raised by the dwarves.'

Thranduil and Legolas both let out a gasp.

'You were raised by those... Creatures?' Hissed Legolas, staring at you.

You turned a steely eye to him, 'do not refer to them in such a way. I will not tolerate it.'

'You are in no place,' rumbled Thranduil, 'to make demands.'

'And you have no place,' you spat, 'to speak of them in that way.'

Thranduil stared at you.
'Legolas,' he said quietly, 'take this vixen to the master chamber and get as much as you can out of her. In whichever you deem fit, but do not harm her.'

He waved his hand dismissively as he turned away from you. Legolas took hold of your arm and you went with him with no complaint, taking your punishment in your stride.

~

You were sitting on the chamber floor with your wrists loosely tied to the wall behind you. They did not cut into you nor hurt you, but you did not take kindly to being tied up. Legolas squatted in front of you.

'This would be over a lot quicker if you just told me what their business is,' he said softly.

'It is no concern of you or your father's,' you said, aloof.

'The king is talking to Thorin now. So if I do not get it out of you, no doubt he will get it out if him.'

'Then why not let me go?' You said quietly.

'Because where would the fun be in that?' He said smirking.

You looked into his warm eyes and relaxed smile and collected your thoughts. Away from authority his features were soft and kind, his voice gentle and comforting. He had not asked you for anything nor had he even threatened to hurt you. You were taken by his eyes and decided then and there what you were going to do.

'You are enjoying this, my prince?' You smiled sweetly.

His eyebrows rose slightly, 'what has caused this change in behaviour?'

'I'm tied up,' you said softly, 'I am vulnerable. Are you not going to take advantage?'

You saw his eyes widen and he gulped, 'I will not do anything you wish me not to.'

'What about what I wish you to do?'

'What do you wish me to do?'

You smirked, 'kiss me, Prince of the Woodland Realm.'

He slid his hand round to hold the back of your neck and slowly pressed his lips to yours. His lips tasted of fine wine and were sweet to the taste. You hummed in appreciation of his gentle actions and tugged on your binds lightly.

He broke the kiss to your annoyance, 'do you wish to be untied?'

You thought for a moment, 'yes, I think that would make certain things easier.'

He reached over you and carefully undid the ropes. Once your hands were free you stood up taking him with you, wrapped them around his neck and pulled him back to you. Your tongues fought for dominance and he won, pushing you into the wall. You could feel his bulge pressing into your heat and you couldn't stop a small moan slipping out. He grunted and bucked his hips making you emit a sharp gasp.

'What do you want dear Legolas?' You whispered, trailing kisses down his strong neck.
'I want you on your knees and using that lovely mouth of yours.'

You nodded slowly, surprised by his bold request, trying to ignore the heat intensifying inside of you at his dirty words. You sunk down to your knees, maintaining eye contact and you worked on his laces. As soon as you had freed his already leaking erection you licked a bold stripe up the underside. He let out a growl and clenched his fists. You licked around the flushed head, flicking the tip with your tongue causing him to buck.

'Stop teasing Y/N,' he growled, closing his eyes.

You compiled and sucked on the head a little before taking him in your mouth and running your tongue around him as your head bobbed. He let out all kinds of noises, all adding to your arousal. You pumped your hand quickly, squeezing gently, on the part of his cock you couldn't fit in your mouth. You felt him twitch and you knew he wasn't going to last much longer, obvious too because of the broken noises he was making. You intensified his pleasure by forcing yourself to take the whole of him down your throat, gagging at the sensation. He cried out and grabbed fistfuls of your hair. You let your jaw go slack as he gently thrusted in and out of your mouth, letting him take control. He yelled out your name in broken gasps as he came all down your throat, you swallowing it greedily and licking your lips.

'That was...' He panted, 'unbelievable.'

'Mmm,' you hummed, 'am I able to go free now?'

'Yes,' he mused, 'but not before I return the favour.'

He pulled you up by the arms and pressed you against the wall, attaching his lips to your neck. You relaxed into his lips soft touches but then jolted as his long fingers stroked you over your clothes. You felt him smirk into your neck at the jolt and you laughed slightly. He slowly raised his hand up your body slightly and slipped his hands into your trousers, still over your pants. He rubbed harsh circles on your clit and soon had you moaning and begging for him. All the more by the harsh sucking on your neck, so harsh that he was leaving marks. He had just pushed your pants aside with his deft fingers when there was a great commotion from above and shouts of,

'They've escaped!'

'Fetch the guard!'

'Where is Legolas?'

Legolas let out a loud sigh against you and removed his fingers. You whimpered and let your head fall back against the wall in annoyance. Legolas took your hand and urged you to look at him.

'Come with me? We shall find your friends and you can return to them. I will not be far behind. When you have completed your quest, we can be truly together if you would want that. But for now, I shall watch over you and make sure you get back to your friends.'

You grinned at him, overcome by his kindness, 'I would most like to finish this later. But more so I would like to know you more and spend time with you. After my quest we can do so. Thank you.'

He nodded, his eyes warm and full of love and intertwined your fingers so both of you could run together and not be separated.

I guess things aren't always as they seem.
I have plenty of room for more requests, so please do. Thank you!
Ori - Cuddle With Me

Chapter Summary

You had really missed Ori on his travels but now he was back and was leaving you unsatisfied. A very fluffy smut for you all. I hope this request was what you wanted!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ori was working tirelessly on his book. He was focused on documenting every little thing that had happened on his quest with Thorin and company. He had gotten back a few days ago and after a loving hello you had gotten no attention since. You hadn't seen him for a year and a bit and yet he didn't seem to want to be intimate with you at all. He was totally disinterested and you were not happy.

'Ori,' you whined, splayed out on the couch in your living room.

He was by the desk, yet again, working on his book. Don't get me wrong, you were proud of him but you just wanted some attention. You missed him.

'Yes Y/N?' He said distractedly, scribbling away.

'Come and cuddle with me,' you said, throwing your legs down.

'I'm busy.'

You frowned at his back, 'you've been busy for days! I really missed you and I just want to spend some time with you.'

Ori turned his head to smile at you, 'I missed you too and I'm sorry but I'm busy!'

He turned back to his work and you huffed frustratedly. What did you have to do to get his attention? You had been romantically and intimately deprived for too long. You felt your chest tighten and you mentally scolded yourself. Do not cry, do not be that girl. But the more you tried to contain it, the more your eyes welled up and the lump in your throat swelled. You tried to hold your breath to keep the whimpers in but that was a bad idea because when you did go to take a breath you choked. You made a cross between a gasp and a whimper and clamped your hand over your mouth but it was too late, Ori had turned around. His eyes widened and you saw his face drop.

'Oh Y/N,' he breathed, getting up and making his way over to you hurriedly, 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry.'

He sat down on the couch and pulled you into him, crushing you against his chest, rocking slightly.

'It's okay Ori,' you whimpered, 'I don't even know why I'm crying. I've just missed you so long and you haven't spent anytime with me and I just want to talk and be close to you.'

You felt him sigh against your cheek, 'I really am sorry Y/N. I didn't know you felt this way, you should've said. Do you still want to spend time with me now?'
You laughed slightly, 'of course I do. I love you.'

'I love you too,' he breathed.

You moved to cuddle into him and he slid down slightly so you could wrap yourself around him properly. You smiled into his chest and breathed in his lovely smell.

'It was awful being away from you for so long... I just wanted to get all our adventure down before I forget it.'

You felt bad now. 'I'm sorry Ori. You should go and finish it. I'm selfish for being like this,' you started to untangle yourself from him but he stopped you.

'No. I want to be here with you more.'

You looked up to his smiling face and had an overwhelming urge to kiss him. So you did. You leaned your face up and slowly pressed your lips to his. He kissed back instantly and you wiggled closer to him. You had missed this so much, you couldn't even word it. You sighed and pulled him down with you so you could have the feeling of all of him. You lay on your back against the sofa with him hovering over you.

'I want to feel all of you,' you sighed, breaking the kiss.

He nodded, nuzzling into your neck dropping all of his weight onto you. You sighed contentedly at the security and warmth this gave you. Not to mention the warmth that spread throughout you at finally being intimate with him and having all of him pressed against you. You could tell he was feeling the same by the bulge you could feel pressing against your stomach.

'Mmm,' you hummed, 'Ori, let me undress you.'

He raised his head from your neck at your bold request.

'Only if I can return the favour,' he said softly.

You nodded and and slowly removed all his clothes from his top half. You ran your hand down his hard chest and sighed, he shivered slightly as you ran your hand down his trail of hair southwards. You slowly unlaced his trousers and removed them, smirking as he hissed at air hitting his already hard erection.

'You really have missed me,' you quirked.

He rolled his eyes at your attempted wit and hurriedly removed all your clothes. His tongue darted out of his mouth to lick his lips as his eyes landed upon your breasts. He lowered his mouth to your nipple and you cried out as he nipped and pulled at it gently. You squeezed your thighs together at the sensation and whimpered softly as he moved to the other nipple.

'Ori,' you whispered, 'I want to feel you now.'

He growled and raised his head to look you in the eyes. All you saw in his soft eyes were brazen lust and unconditional love. You knew he was your one.

He lined himself up with your entrance and slowly slipped into your dripping heat. He let out a guttural groan at your readiness for him and paused so you could adjust. You shifted after a second to tell him you were ready, you heard him gasp at your actions and he slowly started to move. This time was different, usually he was rough and focused on getting you to feel as much pleasure as
possible. This time he was just savouring the feeling of being in you after so long and just being near you was enough to make him grin stupidly. He moved slowly but gave such powerful thrusts that had you whimpering and moaning each time. He revelled in your reactions and it added to his already approaching high.

'Ori,' you sighed, 'I think I'm close...'

He nodded, his eyes shut and sped up a little. You started to lose sight and idea of what was happening, just focusing on your beloved Ori and the pleasure that he was giving you. You felt him shudder and knew he was close too. You raised your hips lazily to meet his thrusts and you heard him cry out a string of profanities mixed in with your name as he spilled himself into you. He continued to thrust inside you, determined for you to join him.

'Let go, my love.'

His words were your undoing and you screamed his name as euphoria overtook you. You sighed as your high subsided and Ori collapsed onto you. You both lay together for a while, panting.

'Are you still on for cuddling Y/N?' Gasped Ori.

You grinned and nodded. He shifted around and you snuggled into his front. He wrapped an arm around you and you both relaxed into each other.

'That was amazing,' you breathed quietly.

'You're amazing,' whispered Ori.

You giggle and squeezed his hand that was around you.

This is exactly what you had missed.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all the requests! Feel free to request as much as you want.
Thranduil - Misbehaving

Chapter Summary

You decide to test the king's self-control and have a very merry time doing so.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Oh,' you gasped in awe, admiring yourself in the mirror opposite you.

It was the Twilight Festival in Mirkwood and as the Queen, it was your duty to look lovely and act even lovelier. You wanted to impress Thranduil and show him that at times you could be ladylike. Rare times, but you could all the same!

Your maid had delivered the dress that had been made - you hadn't been informed - especially for you. She had laid it down carefully on your silk bedcovers and it took your breath away. It was a ballgown and lightly swept the ground as you walked. It was the colour of newly fallen snow and had tiny, sparkling starlight gems sewn intricately into the design. It had long, flowing lace sleeves which curled gracefully around your hands. The dress hugged your body, complimenting your hips and breasts, making you look unquestionably sexy in the most ladylike way possible. It had a plunging neckline that you had requested of your dress, which was not normal for elvish clothes but you felt like it would be a nice, fresh change for the Twilight Festival. It showed no cleavage but shadowed in a way that showed off the swell of your breasts and hinted at sinful things. You liked to test the limits of what was considered modest and rarely had the chance to do so.

The look was finished with dainty, bejewelled crystal shoes that added enough height to make your legs look long and give a definite swing to your hips. Also, a choker of starlight gems to match your dress around your neck, emphasising the length. You wore a small opal ring and finally your crown. The king had - also without your knowledge - ordered a new crown to be made just for this occasion. It was made of silver and twisted and spiralled in the most beautiful pattern. Made to represent the twining of a willow tree so you understood.

Your maid - her name was Maewil - gently placed the crown on your head and stood back to look at you. She clasped her hands to her mouth and nodded.

'You look breathtaking,' she whispered.

A grin graced your face and you clapped your hands together, 'thank you Maewil. And it's all thanks to you!'

You ran over to her and embraced her. She tensed up and then relaxed and hugged you back. You were affectionate for a queen and always surprised people. As you let her go there was a knock at the door.

'Come in,' you called.

A guard entered the room and bowed before addressing you, 'the king requests your company in his study, my queen.'
You nodded your head, 'thank you. You may go.'

He bowed before leaving the room. You said your goodbyes to Maewil, assuring her you'd see her at the festival and left to the king's study. You walked with a new found confidence at your appearance and came to the door of Thranduil's study. You grabbed the door knob and swiftly entered the room.

'It would be nice if you knocked, Y/N,' Thranduil stated, not looking up from what he was writing.

'I didn't think I needed to,' you quirked, 'considering you're my husband. Are you ready for the festival?'

He sighed at your attitude, 'Indeed I am. Did you get your crown?'

You were getting slightly pissed off that he hadn't looked up to see your new attire, 'it's beautiful. Thank you, my love. But do you not want to see it in person?' You said, your tone changing to a softer, more persuading tone.

He stopped his work then and looked up at your words. You were standing with your hip tipped to the left and your right hand settled on your hip, showing off your curves. His eyes widened as he trailed them down your body, stopping at the suggested cleavage, full hips and thighs.

'Do you like it?' You smiled, spinning round.

He opened and closed his mouth, 'what... Exactly. Are you trying to do Y/N?'

'I think I look quite nice in this dress. I just want to look as beautiful as every other elleth at the festival!'

He stood up quickly and knitted his eyebrows together, 'you don't just look beautiful. You look positively goddess like. Venus, to be precise. You are showing too much and I do not like the idea of other elves staring at what is not theirs.'

You pouted, 'I don't see anything wrong with this dress. And you,' you stared at him, 'do not have the right to tell me what not to wear. That is my decision. What exactly is your problem with this dress?'

You saw his jaw clench at being spoken to in that way and he advanced so he was almost pressed against you.

'My problem is not with the dress,' he hissed, 'but how you look in it. You are testing my control.'

You understood what was happening now and smirked. You moved to press yourself against him and he took a sharp intake of breath as you did so.

'My king,' you said softly, 'I know now what troubles you,' he moved his hands to your hips, 'but I will not be parted from this dress until you remove it from me later this night.'

His fingers dug into your hips at your words and you placed a soft kiss on his lips. With that you stepped out of his grasp and turned to make your way to the door. As you opened it you turned your head.

'It is time for the festivities. Are you coming?'

He nodded, his expression pained as he made his way over to you, shifting uncomfortably.

This is going to be fun.
You collapsed against the side of a tree, watching the elves spinning in perfect harmony as the music raged on. You had been dancing non stop for hours and you just needed a rest. You had danced with multiple male partners and of course, Maewil. Purposely neglecting to dance with Thranduil, which you could tell was angering him. You could see him staring at you now, icy blue eyes burning into your body, setting of a slight tingling in your lower abdomen.

You smiled merrily at him and you could see his anger intensify. This made you giggle and you wanted to have a little fun. You looked left and right and made sure no one could see you from the dancing throng, just Thranduil from where he was sitting. You locked eyes with him and slipped your dress off one of your shoulders, keeping the eye contact. You saw him shift, his burning gaze hitting you southwards. You then slipped the fabric off your other shoulder so the material was just kept up by your heaving breasts. You saw - even from that distance - his cheeks redden slightly and he moved to stand up. As he stood, you could see that he was trying hard to fight the decision to make his way over to you. To sway his decision in your favour you reached down, which made the remaining material fall from your breasts - now only held up by the clinch in your waist - and hiked up your long dress, so you could get your hand up your thighs and to your underwear. You pulled them down your legs and gracefully removed them, straightening up and holding them in front of you. You leaned back against the tree, your nipples hardening in the cold breeze and watched Thranduil's fiery stare of disbelief and lust. He walked over to you, as fast as he dared and came to stand in front of you, his silver tunic brushing against your nipples.

'What are you doing?' He demanded, rage contorting his face.

'Tempting my king,' you whispered.

He growled and planted one hand against the tree beside your head.

'This,' he rumbled, 'is beyond reason. If you had been seen, you and I would never be able to hold our heads up again. Why are you endangering our dignity like this?'

You chuckled, shaking your head at the realisation that he thought you wouldn't check first.

'I can assure you Thranduil,' you chuckled, running your hand up his heaving chest to rest on his shoulder, 'that I thought of that and I assure you no one has or can see us.'

He roughly grabbed your hip with his free hand, 'I don't believe you. I've told you before,' he hissed, 'I don't want people seeing what isn't theirs.'

You gasped as he finally let his eyes trail down to your naked chest and he licked his lips.

'I can't decide whether to risk it and take you here or go all the way back to our chambers.'

You squeezed your thighs together and hoped he'd pick the first option. The risk of being caught somehow adding to your arousal. To help sway his decision you ran your hand down his chest and to the very obvious bulge in his trousers and squeezed slightly. He hissed and grabbed your wrist.

'Don't you dare,' he said softly, 'after what you've put me through. You are mine and will do as I say. Understand?'

You nodded, whimpering at his dominant command. He let go of your wrist and spun you both round so you were pressed against the hard wood of the tree. He hastily grabbed your dress and pulled it the rest of the way down, exposing you to the cool night air. He let his eyes drink in your
body before, with no warning, plunging two of his fingers knuckle-deep inside of you. You cried out and pushed back against the tree.

'Shush, dear one,' he said, crooning at you, 'you wouldn't want us to be caught, would you?'

You let out a strangled moan in response and felt your stomach contract in the most delicious way. He felt it too and sped up his actions, pushing you to your climax. As you came down from your high, he unlaced his trousers and let his painfully hard cock out from their confines. He sighed as it hit the cold air and leant forward to your ear.

'You will not be able to walk after this, my queen. I guess I'll have to carry you back to the palace.'

You closed your eyes and tipped your head back at these words as he trailed wet kisses down your exposed neck. You felt him line himself up with you and he roughly slammed in. It forced a gasp from your lips and he bit your neck, keeping his own sounds under control. He roughly pounded in to you so hard the tree was groaning and protesting as you heavily slammed into it. You let out whines and whimpers as you your vision started to dance. You felt his thrusts become sloppy and you were too far gone to thrust up to him. Your orgasm washed over you in a powerful tidal wave as he, at the same time, spilled his boiling seed into you. You both gasped and sighed as you came down from your highs and Thranduil buried his head in your chest.

'I'm sorry, Y/N,' he muttered, 'you just looked so breathtaking and I couldn't take you dancing with all those elves and not me. But I am not to be blamed for what happened next,' he chuckled at your antics.

'Don't apologise,' you whispered stroking his hair, 'I enjoyed that immensely. Also, you shouldn't get jealous. You are my husband and the only male I notice in a room. I love you.'

'I love you too,' he sighed, 'now come on and I'll take us the long way back to the palace.'

He scooped your legs out from underneath you as you settled the dress over yourself and snuggled into his chest.

'This has been the best Twilight Festival I've ever attended,' you said, softly.

'I'm glad. I'm happy to say, it's the same for me, my love.'

Chapter End Notes

This ended up being rather long because I always end up getting into the story of Thranduil writings. This was definitely a joy to write and I hope this was the request you wanted and you all enjoyed it!
A dominant Legolas smut for all you lovelies out there. How can you not love him? I hope this request is to your liking and I hope you all enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

'What is your business with dwarves?'

Thorin's Company and you had been caught in Mirkwood by the elves. To be precise, Legolas Prince of the Woodland Realm. He had thrown the dwarves in the palace's prison and had requested of Thranduil, King of the Woodland Realm to question you alone, and he had agreed. The dwarves kicked up much fuss about this and almost got themselves killed until you stepped in assuring them you'd be fine.

'I go with them to Laketown, for I too have relations there,' you said, looking him in the eye.

His usually warm eyes flashed that of a burning forest.

'I do not believe you. '

'That is your decision, my prince.'

He gritted his teeth and came nose to nose to you. You tried to ignore his molten eyes, his warm breath fanning over your face and his warm, hard chest pressed against yours.

'You will tell me your real business or I shall not be held responsible for my actions.'

'Surely,' you whispered, 'you would not harm an unarmed elleth?'

He scoffed, 'what is your name?'

'Y/N.'

He whipped around and walked from you before you could even register what had happened. You swore you heard the words, 'a pretty name to match a pretty face.'

'My prince?' You started, 'if you plan not to harm me, then what is your plan?'

He turned and surveyed you with a curve to his lips and a glint to his eye.

'If you do not give me the information I request, then you shall be punished.'

'Punished?' You cocked an eyebrow, 'what do you mean, my prince?'

'Legolas,' he corrected, 'I wish to get this information out of you. And I shall do so in whatever way I see most promising.'
He began to make his way slowly to you, his head cocked.

'Do not think I have not noticed, Y/N.'

'Noticed what?' You stammered.

He chuckled lightly and came to stand pressed against you once more.

'The way your breathing picks up when I come near,' he gently ran his fingers down your face, 'the way you look at me,' he breathed, 'the way your body moves and the way you present yourself,' he grabbed your hip roughly with one hand making you jump, 'do not think I would not notice,' he all but growled.

'My p-prince - I mean Legolas,' you were in quite a fluster, for all he spoke was true, 'I do not know how to answer.'

He smiled - gently now.

'Just tell me what your business is and I shall give you what you wish.'

'How do you know of what I wish?' You whispered, your eyes flicking from his eyes to his lips.

'It is written all over your face, dear elleth. Now tell me of your business.'

You sighed, you really wanted to tell him the truth. But you would not betray your friends.

'I wish I could. But I do not wish to betray my friends for I owe them a great deal and they are dear to me. I am sorry.'

His eyes hardened to impenetrable oak and he nodded, holding your eyes.

'If that is the way you want me to do it, then I shall.'

He took your hips in both hands and pulled them into him, earning a sharp gasp from you. He smashed his lips hungrily to yours, squeezing your hips with his fingertips as he forced your lips open. You felt your legs buckle at his dominant kiss and you wrapped your arms around his neck to stop yourself from melting into a puddle on the floor.

You felt a tingle in your lower abdomen and you shifted your hips to try and relieve it. This earned a buck and a rumbling groan from Legolas, as he pushed back into you. He ran his hands behind you and grabbed your behind with both of his large hands. He moved his hips against yours, grinding and swivelling and rubbing against you in all the most delicious of ways. You dropped your head to his shoulder as he pulled you into him, you let out soft moans and whimpers of his name as the fire in your belly became almost overwhelming.

'If you tell me your business now,' Legolas gasped, 'I shall be gentle and kind. What do you say?'

You opened your legs and leaned back - using his shoulders as a weight to keep you grounded - to give him full access to you and you to him and he gasped at your bold action.

'I will not betray my friends,' you whimpered softly.

'So be it,' he hissed.

He pulled you with him as he lay back onto the ground, swiftly switching your positions so he was on top. You reached up to stroke his sculpted cheekbones but he stopped you by gripping your
wrists in an iron hold. He pinned your hands above your head and leant down to kiss you. He nipped at your lips until they bled and rubbed himself against your thigh, groaning wantonly.

'Legolas,' he gasped, 'let me touch you.'

'No.'

He reached behind him and drew out a dagger.

'What are you-'

You were cut off as he let your wrists go and swiftly cut your tunic and trousers down the middle. You were left bare.

A rumble echoed deep in his chest and his eyes wandered as they pleased. He quickly undressed and leaned over you.

'One last chance Y/N.'

You shook your head, eyes glazed.

He tightened his jaw and ran one long finger down your trembling body. You jumped and squirmed as he trailed his finger down your body. He stopped at your painfully hard nipple and flicked it, somewhat roughly. You moaned and arched your back to him, offering yourself to him. He chuckled and rolled your nipples - switching from one to the other - between his fingers. You whimpered and gasped his name, your arousal growing with each touch.

'Legolas,' you whispered, 'please...'

He frowned at you, 'I make the decisions here, elleth.'

Without warning he roughly slammed into you. You cried out at his sudden intrusion, him giving you no time to adjust. You whimpered at the pain but it soon turned to intense pleasure. Him slamming into you, without any sign of slowing down. You bucked your hips against him and threw your head back. He pressed one hand down to your stomach to hold you down to his liking, he then trailed his hand down to your bundle of nerves and pinched it between his thumb and forefinger. You screamed out at the fire inside you raged throughout your whole body, you clenching and squeezing him. He growled out low and long as he himself came undone.

As soon as he had ridden out of his orgasm he hastily slipped out of you and continued his actions on your clit.

'Legolas!' You cried out as you came a second time. Too sensitive for it to take long.

'I will keep going Y/N,' he hissed, 'I will keep going until you tell me what I want to know.'

You gaped at him and quickly through back your head as you felt your third orgasm approaching. You felt his free hand make its way to your heaving breasts and play with them. This added to your state and you came hard a third time. You had never had more than two orgasms so this was seriously pushing your limits.

'I can't!' You screamed as you were launched into bliss once more.

'Just tell me,' Legolas growled.

You couldn't take it anymore. You felt as though you were going to pass out, your vision was
swimming.

'Okay! I'll tell you.'

He instantly stopped his movements and you let your head fall back, gasping for air. Legolas leant over once more and kissed you softly on the mouth, his eyes warm and caring again.

'That's all you had to say.'

It turns out though, that by this time the dwarves had already escaped - thanks to dear old Bilbo - but you did not find anything out, let alone find them, until much later.

A prince does not like to be kept waiting, you see.

Chapter End Notes

Keep the requests rolling in <3
You were rudely interrupted from your slumber by a load bang at the door.

'Y/N!' Cried a voice, 'let us in!'

You groaned loud enough to be heard by the visitors and turned over, cuddling into your warm blankets.

'Please? The weather's lovely and we have food,' the voice continued.

Your head raised at the mention of food and you grudgingly dragged yourself out of bed and across the room, down the hall and to the door.

'Pippin and Merry?' You asked the door sleepily.

'Please contain your excitement. Yes it is us!'

You nodded - still to the door - and let the two excited hobbits in. They walked quickly into your house and turned to face you as you shut the door.

'You may need to cover up a bit more if we're to be going to the woods,' said Merry, eyeing you.

'Not that we're complaining,' added Pippin.

You looked curiously down at your attire. A cotton shirt that hung too large on you and reached to mid thigh. You shrugged at them both and smiled.

'I shall wear what whatever I want, thank you very much. But on this occasion I think you may have a point.'

'Please don't cover up too much!' Pippin called after you laughing.

You ignored him as you dressed and washed hastily going to meet your two friends in the kitchen were they had already made themselves at home.

'Nice second breakfast this,' said Merry, mouth full.

'Mmm, ivb verr goob,' Pippin garbled.

'You two just make yourselves at home,' you said sarcastically, 'it's not like it's my food or anything.'

'Surely you'd share with your two bestest friends in the world? Merry wiggled his eyebrows at you.
'I would...' You thought, 'but they're not here.'

Pippin and Merry both gave you deadpan looks as you laughed to yourself.

'This day is going to be great,' you thought to yourself happily.

~

'This is the life,' you thought.

Relaxing with your two favourite people, eating lots of good food and just having free rein.

'It's different having males as friends,' you said aloud.

'How so?' Asked Merry.

'You'd think I'd care more around you but actually it's the opposite. Plus, there's just something better about male embraces, I have no idea why.'

'Merry and Pippin cast a glance at each other and smiled.

'Cuddle?'

You looked at Pippin.

'Hmm?'

'Do you want to cuddle?' Added Merry.

Tough though you treated them, you were always down for some affection.

'Well, yes,' you grinned.

Merry budged over to you and pulled you up so you were seated on his lap. Pippin then moved so he was curled against you. You all sighed in content as you moved around for perfect comfort.

You closed your eyes against Merry's chest and listened to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. You had Pippin's head on your lap and were mindlessly running your fingers through his hair.

'This is what picnics are for,' you whispered.

'Agreed,' sighed Pippin, obviously enjoying your attention.

Merry made a noise of approval and wrapped his arms around your stomach softly.

You must have sat in silence like that for a good hour at least. You watched the river flow steadily next to your scenic picnic spot and had a cheeky idea.

'Guys,' you said softly.

They grunted in reply.

'I have an idea...'

They fully paid attention now.

'Why don't we go for a swim?'
Pippin raised his head to look at you.

'But hobbits don't swim?'

'For a wade then. We'll be fine as long as we don't go past our depth and there are three of us.'

'I'm not sure...' Wavered Merry.

'Please! Oh please, Merry! I promise I'll be nice.'

He laughed quietly at you, 'but we don't have anything to swim in either.'

You quirked an eyebrow, 'who said anything about needing clothes to swim?'

That shut the two hobbits up. They stared at you in disbelief for a moment.

'You mean,' Pippin frowned, 'naked?'

You giggled, 'why not?'

You realised how fun this could be and you weren't going to lie, Pippin and Merry are attractive. And if you were going to be completely honest, a little part of you always wanted something to happen.

You untangled yourselves from the two stunned hobbits and stood before them.

'I'll start,' you smiled.

They watched with open mouths as you took off of your boots and jacket, followed by your skirt and blouse, leaving you in just your slip. You turned away from them and whipped it off quickly running for the water. You dipped down so your chest was covered by the water and turned to face their gaping mouths.

'It's not too cold!' You called, 'come and join me!'

They watched you for a few more seconds then seemed to come to their senses. They both stood and started to undress in silence. You watched with glittering eyes as their naked forms entered the water to join you.

'Well I can say I've seen everything now,' you joked, 'and quite something it is too.'

There mouths' twitched at your typical humour but they still said nothing.

'You two usually talk more than me, what's going on?'

Still they said nothing.

'Am I going to have to make you both talk?' A wicked plan sparked in your brain.

Silence.

'So be it,' you grinned.

You slid through the water over to Pippin, who was watching you closely. You stood up to your full height so your head to your belly-button was exposed. You saw him swallow but still he kept his tongue.
'Not enough?' You said to yourself.

You moved until you were almost nose to nose with him.

'Merry,' you whispered, 'why do you not speak?'

He averted his eyes to the river until you grasped his hands lightly. His eyes flickered back to you as you squeezed them, he squeezed back and you smiled. You guided his hands to your hips and placed them there as you moved so your breasts were slightly touching his chest. You heard his breathing quicken as he struggled to keep his eyes on yours.

'If you talk to me now, I will be much more grateful,' you trailed off.

'Y/N,' he whispered thickly.

You grinned and stepped away from him.

'Wait,' was all you said.

You turned to Pippin whose expression was pained and said to him, 'are you speaking to me?'

Silence followed so you steadily waded to him too. This time you slid your hands around his back and pressed your body to his. You felt him let out a sharp gasp and his hands landed on your waist.

'Do you wish to speak now?'

'What is your plan, Y/N?' Was all he said.

You quirked a brow in response and stepped back so you could survey the two of them.

'You have done what I wish, now I ask you to what you wish.'

They swallowed and looked to each other.

'As in...?'

'Yes. I want you both.'

They smirked at each other and advanced on you, you getting evermore excited.

They lavished you, as you did them. So many sinful things were hidden by that river and so many to come. Who knew that they both would want you in that way? You knew it would not taint your friendship for it was too strong for that. It was a night never to be forgotten for it marked the beginning of many.

At this moment you all lay together once more upon the grass in each other's embrace. Limbs tangled, sweet words passed around and something stirring in all of your hearts.

What this picnic started will blossom into something beautiful.

Chapter End Notes

I'm happy with how this turned out! I may even do a part two to this one if you all like
it. I hope you all - especially the requester - do! <3
Fili - My One Love

Chapter Summary

Fili is late home from a meeting with the Elvenking and you are not best pleased. He was not there when you needed him and you are going to tell him so.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

You swung your elven-made sword in your hand, admiring how it flashed in the sunlight.

You had been awaiting your husband's company for some while now and it was no secret that you were becoming impatient.

You had never been known as a patient dwarf but more of the one without facial hair. You were one of the few - now increasing in number - female dwarves that decided against facial hair and so got rid of it. It wasn't exactly a hard business, you just had to brew a potion and then drink it as you had done many a year ago.

You huffed, sheathing your sword and beginning to pace Erebor's battle ground.

It was deserted - having been reserved for the Prince's use - and it was eerily silent, making your nerves twitch.

Your dwarven husband had been gone for a few days now with his uncle to discuss trading issues with Thranduil, the Elvenking.

If you were honest, you quite liked Thranduil. His arrogance, his fiery temper, his indifference. Not to mention him being a complete bastard really appealed to you. You found him to be amusing company and you delighted when you could bring even a hint of a smile to his lips with your witty speech. You could tell that he had a soft spot for you and you were thinking of paying him a visit quite soon.

'Y/N!' You heard a shout from just beyond Erebor's battlefield.

You knew your Prince's voice anywhere and unsheathed your sword as his form came into view. Once again you marvelled at his golden hair, clever face and his well built body. It sent shivers of pleasure up and down your spine just to see him.

'Hello Filli.'

You planted your sword in the ground next to you and folded your arms, eyeing him with a brow raised.

'I am so sorry. The meeting went on longer than we anticipated and I did try and send a message to you but Thorin would not let me leave! You know what he's like. I'm really sorry... But it is great to see you.'
He grinned and advanced upon you, arms open wide and inviting.

You quickly whipped your sword from the ground and pointed it at him. He stopped abruptly, eyes wide.

'You,' you said smirking, 'have been gone too long for my liking. And as you know, Fili, I am not a patient person. Prince or no Prince, you are not worthy of my attention.'

He cocked his head and frowned.

'But surely you have missed me, my dear? I thought about you the whole time I was away, in more ways than one.'

You gulped at this statement and the grip on your sword loosened.

'Fili,' you whispered, 'you were not there to satisfy me.'

His eyes widened as took a deep breath.

'My love?' He questioned, wishing you to go on.

You were frustrated. You knew it, he knew it, I'm sure the whole of Erebor knew it! You knew what you wanted. And by any means you were going to get it.

'Surely, my Prince,' you purred, once again sheathing your sword, 'you know of what I speak? For you do so like to watch me.'

You watched as Fili's eyes calculated your words and darkened considerably. You saw his expression change and his eyes narrow.

'I know of what you speak,' he said lowly, 'but I wish you to be more specific.'

'Oh, do you now?' You whispered, swinging your hips up to him and stopping when your body was lightly against his, 'well, dear Fili, I sat in our chambers, in our bed awaiting your return. For greatly I missed you but I also missed what you could give me. My desires became so strong that I had to act on them as it became clear that you were not returning for another day or so. I gave into my longing and pleasured myself.'

At this you stopped and ran your hand down to his hip. You felt his breathing quicken as his hands balled into fists, trying to refrain from touching you just yet. You trailed your hand from his hip and brushed across his straining trousers. He jolted and hissed through his teeth, closing his eyes. You dragged your hand back across and laid your hand upon his bulge and squeezed gently. He let out a large breath at that, groaning as you began to massage him.

'I pleasured myself thinking of you,' you whispered, 'for only you can make me feel that good. It did not come near to what you can give me but it came close enough and I was relieved.'

You removed your hand from him at that point and he groaned in annoyance. But you quickly made it up by pressing your body flush against his.

'Fili, give me what I desire,' you moaned thickly.

Just the feeling of his hard body against your soft one made you weak at the knees.

He growled at your demanding words and pushed you to the ground, him ridding himself of his clothes as fast as he could. As he removed his trousers his hard cock sprang free and he shivered as
the restraint was broken.

You lay upon the ground eagerly watching his every movement and quickly ridding the burden of clothes from your body too.

He quickly planted his knees either side of your thighs as he bent down to place his warm lips against yours. You sighed into his mouth as you finally got what you had wanted for days. You wrapped your arms around his neck and fist ed his thick, golden hair. This elicited a growl from him and he retaliated by slipping his tongue into your mouth.

His calloused hand trailed down your body until he reached your aching sex. You jumped as he brushed a fin ed upwards and smirked against your lips.

'So wet already, my Princess? Do you need me right now?'

You hissed and bucked your hips to rub your warmth against his pulsing erection. He growled loudly at your antics and pushed you down with his hips. You seemed to have finally broken his resolve as he rutted and rocked against you. You whimpered as bursts of pleasure erupted throughout your body at the pleasurable way he was moving against you. He seemed to be experiencing the same as he gasped and bucked above you.

'Y/N,' he gasped, 'I need-' he cut himself off with a loud groan, 'to be inside of you. I'm not going to last much longer!'

You nodded, your face contorted and eyes shut in the uncomfortable, but most thrilling, way.

He quickly lined himself up with your entrance and slid in with ease. You both gasped at the feeling and once you had adjusted he began to thrust slowly. You cried out at the feeling and begged him to speed up, your walls tightening and clenching around him.

He had been away a while and you could feel already that he was twitching and aching for release. It made your heart swell to know that he was trying to please you as much as possible.

'Fili,' you gasped, clawing at his toned back, 'you can let go!'

Fili groaned loudly in appreciation and you felt him spasm and realise into you. He kept thrusting into you to build your pleasure. He quickly moved his hand to your clit and rubbed quick circles upon it, making you scream his name as you felt yourself on the edge.

'Come for me,' you heard his whisper, 'come for your Prince.'

That was your undoing and you came with a scream around him. Him gasping at the sensation and squeezing his eyes closed.

As you both relaxed and came down from your highs, he slipped out of you and cuddled into your side.

'Am I forgiven?' He asked softly, his breath tickling your ear.

You laughed lightly.

'Of course, Fili. I love you too much to say mad. Unless of course,' you added, 'you did something really bad.'

He chuckled and wound an arm around your stomach.
'I'm glad. I am more than happy to be with you at last, my love.'

You sighed happily and rested your head upon his, breathing in his manly, nature-like scent.

'You are my one love,' he whispered as your thoughts clouded.

'You are my true Princess.'

Chapter End Notes

   It's crazy how many requests and kudos and lovely comments I've gotten! It all makes me unbelievably happy. Request all you want, I appreciate and note down every single one. I hope this request was what you wanted and I hope you all liked it! <3
This is a fluffy and funny chapter! It's actually so cute and I was just in the mood for a
cute Merry story. Smut is mentioned and if any of you want it, I will happily do a part
two for this. I hope you all enjoy!

'Merry, no! Don't you da-'

You were cut off as Merry tipped the entire contents of the salt jar into your carefully prepared buns.

'Meriadoc Brandybuck,' you hissed, narrowing your eyes at the scared looking hobbit, 'I said a pinch
of salt. A PINCH!'

You threw your hands up in defeat and roughly pushed him aside.

'Ouch Y/N!' He squeaked, stumbling into a nearby cabinet making the china plates inside shiver,
'what was that for?'

You whipped your head round to stare at him.

'What was it for?' You cried, 'I've spent ages on these for tonight and then you waltz in and ruin
them! And you wonder why I never allow you to help. You are an idiot, you are just as bad as a
Sackville-Baggins. In fact, it would give me great pleasure if you went and irritated Lobella instead.'

You fired insults at him, your rage radiating off you in waves. He stood his ground and watched you
carefully until you stopped.

'Is that it?' He said quietly.

You turned back to your baking and nodded hotly. You continued to add sugar to the mixture, trying
in vain to even it out just a little.

'I'm sorry Y/N,' came a quiet voice.

You turned to see Merry looking at you with wide, troubled eyes and a sad smile on his face. You
also noticed he was twisting his hands together, something he only did when he got nervous.

You almost smiled. You almost accepted his apology. You almost let yourself be gathered into his
arms. But then you remembered tonight.

Tonight was Bilbo's eleventy-eleventh birthday and you had been asked, nay begged, to make your
much loved jam buns.

You had been working your fingers to the bone for many hours now trying to get everything ready
and flawless for Bilbo's big day. The sheer number of buns needed was unbelievable and every
batch counted. Which was why you were so mad at Merry and didn't even want to lay eyes on him.

'Please just leave me to it? Go and see Pippin or Frodo. Just let me get this done,' you said softly, watching his hopeful eyes sadden.

But even so he nodded his head and made his way to your front door, head bowed and posture defeated. You felt awful, but you just had to get this done.

~

'Yes!'

You had completed all the buns! You surveyed your handiwork and grinned widely. They looked beautiful and tasted divine. Perfectly golden, hard on the outside and soft in the middle. The jam was a deep red and rich in fresh strawberries and your little surprise of clotted cream - just because it was such a special occasion - added a gorgeous flair to an already perfect recipe.

But now that you had finished your job, the memory of Merry's rejected face crept into your mind. Even though he was an idiotic, stubborn, mischievous, cheeky and irritating hobbit, he was YOUR idiotic, stubborn, mischievous, cheeky and irritating hobbit.

You decided to go out and search around Hobbiton to find him and apologise. You knew he'd be with Pippin or Frodo so it shouldn't take you too long to locate the Brandybuck. He'd most likely be at the Green Dragon with his companions drinking away and singing.

You set out along the winding road to the Green Dragon, waving and greeting your friends and neighbours as you went.

You were just rounding a corner when an arm darted from behind a tree and grabbed you roughly. You let out a shrill cry as you were pulled from the path and pushed against the large oak by a warm body, facing away from you.

'Shh,' the person hissed.

'Excuse me?' You cried indignantly, 'you have the audacity to pull me against a tree of all places and you tell me to 'shh'? Who are you?'

'Don't be a fool Y/N. It's me. Merry.'

You let out a sigh of relief and leaned back against the tree causing him to push more against you - which really, you didn't mind.

'But why are you here? And why am i here? And why are we whispering?'

'I'm here because I was making my way to see you, you're here because I can see a Sackville-Baggins approaching and that's also the reason I'm whispering.'

'Oh my days,' you cursed under your breath, 'what do we do? Can we run?'

'Not enough time, we'll be caught!'

'Well we can't just stay here and be seen! I'm not going to listen to any of them witter on about Bilbo's 'hidden' gold for a full two and a half hours again.'

You felt Merry chuckled at that.
'Then I guess our only choice is to run!'

Merry grabbed your hand and you both slowly edged around the tree away from the advancing figure that was undoubtably a Sackville-Baggins.

You both jumped back onto the path and raced back along, keeping your sights set on your house. You heard a call from behind but ignored it and kept running. When you reached the door you threw it open and basically fell in a heap over the threshold.

'Quickly! Close the door!' You gasped at Merry.

He slammed the door and leaned against it, panting heavily. This is why hobbits don't run. What's the point in running when you could be enjoying good food or being with friends?

'Y/N,' Merry panted, raising his eyes to you, 'am I forgiven?'

You quirked a brow and mimed thinking but quickly broke into a smile.

'You saved me from a potential ear beating. Of course you're forgiven!'

Merry laughed loudly and tackled you in a bear hug. You eagerly hugged him back and breathed in his comforting scent. Earthy, spicy - most likely from Old Toby - and manly yet boyish at the same time. Your knees almost buckled just at the scent.

'Damn you Meriadoc,' you thought, 'who gave you the right to be so attractive?'

Merry broke apart with a chuckle.

'What did you say?'

You blushed deeply, 'did I say that out loud?'

'You did yes.'

You groaned and hid your face in his shoulder until you felt a warm hand gently tip your face upward.

'You are everything I could ever ask for Y/N,' he whispered, rubbing his nose against yours sweetly.

'Do you want to stay the night?' You blurted out.

His eyes glinted and he placed a soft yet needy kiss on your lips.

'Yes,' he said thickly.

He slid his hands to your waist and moved his body until it was pushed against yours.

'Merry, hang on,' you whispered.

Merry stopped and looked at you worriedly.

'What's wrong?'

You giggled, 'nothing! I was just wondering if you wanted to try one of my buns? It's got a new ingredient for such a special occasion.'

He looked at you curiously, 'what's that?'
'Clotted cream.'

'Y/N!' He cried, 'you know that's my favourite!'

You laughed loudly and poked his soft stomach.

'I know that. Maybe we could eat first and then... You can make it all up to me?' You said, flicking your eyes from his eyes to his mouth.

'This is why I love you Y/N,' he laughed, giving you a loving but passionate kiss on the mouth.

'I love you too Brandybuck.'

And with that you both went off to investigate your baking and see if it was up to standard.

Oh it was.

Chapter End Notes

Please keep requesting :)
You sat by the babbling river just appreciating the time away from your rowdy dwarves.

You were part of Thorin's company, a partner to Bilbo who was appointed as burglar. Thorin had been incredibly hesitant to take you along considering you were a female and had no experience in fighting. Luckily, Gandalf had been there to 'convince' Thorin to take you along and now here you were.

You sighed as you watched the steadily flowing river and thought about every horror, mistake, fight and mess you had gotten yourself into.

'Am I even worthy to be in this company?' You thought, 'all I've done is get myself or others into trouble. Am I really helping or am I just making things worse? Oh bother this whole quest!'

You frowned and grabbed a rock from beside you, throwing it with great force into the water. A small sense of satisfaction grew inside you at the splash and the pleasing noise as the rock broke the surface and sunk.

A small smile made its way onto your face.

'Things can't be too bad,' you thought, 'if small things can still bring large pleasures. I mean, I've made new friends, I've seen new places, I've even been to Rivendell of all places! And we've made it this far and I am proud of that.'

You gazed into the clear water for a while, a small smile still gracing your face when a ripple broke the water. You raised your head and tried to locate the cause of the disturbance. You frowned slightly when you couldn't see anything and slowly lowered your head back down when another ripple appeared! You slowly got to your feet then and listened carefully. You knew you should probably go back to the Company but these turn of events had gotten you intrigued.

'Hello?' You called out, 'is anybody there?'

You cocked your head and listened for a moment. Nothing but for the swish and whisper of the river.

You had learnt that even the smallest thing could be hiding something big so you were on your guard now.

'Hey!' You called, louder now, 'if there is anybody there, show yourself!'

You heard a small splash from a short distance away and moved your hand to the hilt of your sword,
eyes narrowed.

'Draw your sword, little creature. But I don't think it'll get you anywhere.'

You jumped at the mocking voice and drew your sword quickly.

'Who are you?' You questioned, looking around for the voice's owner.

'You know who I am. You stole something of mine. We met by the great rock, before those high and mighty elves drove us away. You know what you've taken and I want it back.'

You knew who it was now. It was the orc that had given you your first injury and the orc that you had stolen from.

Just as Dwalin had shoved the orc from you as the Company was running, you had managed to snag a funny leather strip from around its neck. It had screamed and cursed something awful as you had gotten away and only when you had entered the Troll Cave did you open your clenched fist to see what you had swiped - Nori was so proud of you. It was a leather strip as you knew but with a deep blue sapphire jewel carefully attached. You marvelled at the jewel but never did you put it on. You kept it with you though and as you heard that orc's voice you grasped the said necklace in your pocket.

'Do you want it back?' You asked.

'Do not be a fool,' the orc spat.

'Well then show yourself and come and get it.'

The orc then made it's way into the light. You gasped as you got a good look at it. It's gnarled features twisted into a grin and his black armour glinting and reflecting onto the water's surface.

'Give it to me,' the creature hissed.

You thought for a moment.

'No,' you said, 'you tried to kill me. It's mine.'

The creature snarled and advanced on you. You thrust your sword outwards and the creature stopped, drawing his own sword.

'Then you will die.'

It came at you with a roar and your swords clashed loudly. You were not ready for the sudden attack and you stance was not correct. Your feet went from underneath you and you landed on the ground with a gasp, your sword flying out of your hand. You turned wide eyes to the orc above you.

'Before I take back what's mine,' the orc grinned, showing it's rotten, disfigured teeth, 'I think some consequences should come of your actions.'

You opened your mouth and let out a loud cry just before the orc smashed its foul hand over your mouth.

'We'll have none of that,' the orc said softly, 'first let's ruin this pretty, little face of yours.'

You thrashed under the orc's heavy weight as it drew a short, sharp blade and placed the tip against your skin. You squeezed your eyes shut as the blade pierced your skin. You let out a muffled cry
which turned into a gasp as the blade was suddenly dragged down your face at quite a speed. Your eyes shot open as a huge body crashed into the orc.

It was Dwalin.

Dwalin quickly held the creature down, a fierce light burning in his eyes.

'Any last words, scum?'

But Dwalin did not let the orc speak as he quickly took hold of it's neck and twisted and broke it.

The orc lay still.

You sat up slowly, breathing heavily, one hand lightly feeling how much damage was done to your face.

'Not much,' you thought, 'mostly superficial.'

You held your fingers in front of your face and saw the scarlet stain of blood. You hissed but it was as you'd thought.

'Y/N,' Dwalin hurried over to you, kneeling down, 'are you okay? He hurt you. How do you feel?'

You laughed lightly despite everything.

'I'm fine, I'm fine. It's not deep. How did you find me?'

'You had been gone a while so I came looking for you. I heard you cry out and now here we are. What was that orc asking you for anyway, lass?'

You took the necklace from your pocket and held it out.

'Must have been precious to him,' you said quietly, 'I would have give it to him too. If he hasn't tried to kill me and had just agreed to take it and leave.'

Dwalin smiled softly at you.

'You can seldom bargain with these creatures, you're lucky to be alive. I'm just glad I found you, I don't think I could take it if you went where I could not follow.'

Your mouth parted at his words and you looked into his wise, usually stern face, now soft with emotion and something else you could not quite place.

'What do you mean Dwalin?' You whispered, eyes searching his face.

'I mean,' he looked down, 'that I don't want to lose you.'

'But-but I'm a hobbit? And you're a dwarf! A dwarf warrior no less. What would you want with me? I'm just a burden.'

Dwalin looked up quickly, taking your face between his large hands.

'You may be some things Y/N. A pain, mischievous, silly, but you are not a burden! Thorin just needs to see what you can really do and you will have that chance soon. And does it really matter what you and I are? I care about you, lass. That's all that matters,' He said gruffly.
You felt your cheeks glow in a deep red blush and smiled widely.

'You are right Dwalin. And just so you know, I care about you too.'

Dwalin rubbed his thumbs over your cheeks and his eyes flicked from your eyes to your nose and finally rested on your lips. Your eyes fluttered shut as you leaned in and your lips connected.

You let out a rush of air and wound your arms around his neck causing him to slide has hands to bury into your hair. The kiss was passionate and needy and hinted at what was to come.

You pressed into him and pushed him back to lie on the grass beneath you. You shifted so both your knees were either side of him and then broke the kiss.

'Take of your clothes, warrior Dwalin,' you quipped.

'I'm not in the position to do that Y/N. You'll have to do it for me.' He winked at you cheekily.

You sighed, rolling your eyes and began to rid him of his clothing. Finally, when you were both naked you leant down, your breasts brushing his chest as you did so making him gulp.

'I'm going to ride you, my warrior,' you whispered, 'and you are going to enjoy it.'

A deep rumble erupted from his chest at your words and his calloused hands came up to fondle your heaving breasts. You tipped your head back and positively purred at the perfect attention he was giving you. You squirmed slightly making his actions stutter and a groan come from those parted lips. That brought your mind back to where you were and you slowly lined up his already rock hard erection with your dripping heat.

You slid down with a soft cry, him running against your insides in the most delicious way. He grunted as you sunk down his full length and stopped.

'Y/N,' he ground out, 'please. Do something.'

You nodded, eyes shut and began to slowly move up and down his twitching length. You both sighed at the sensation and soon were sweating and crying out as both your orgasms approached.

He held it for as long as he could to make sure that you were first - forever the gentleman. And a few seconds later he cried out your name, spilling his hot seed into you.

You both lay together, sweating and utterly spent.

'I guess we should go back now. They'll be wondering where we are,' you said softly.

'Aye, you're right lass,' Dwalin sighed, 'we better get going.'

A while later you both arrived back at the camp much to the rest of the dwarves relief. Many guessed what had happened due to your glowing appearances and your hair and clothing in disarray.

They grinned and gave you knowing looks as you blushed under their dancing eyes.

The whole Company was bemused and pleased to see both your hands tightly interlocked and how much Dwalin's tough demeanour changed when he was around you.

And that's how it was until the end of your days.

By each other's side, hands tightly interlocked.
Please keep requesting :) and just so you all know I actually have two other fanfictions up. Yet Another Ring To Rule Them All and Promises, Courage and Intimate Situations. The first is The Hobbit based and the second is The Lord Of The Rings based and they are both relationship ones with smut etc. included. It would mean so much to me if you checked them out and told me what you thought! Thank you all <3
Chapter Summary

I shall get back to my usual requests tomorrow. A fluffy Nori chapter. I just wanted to do a Nori one because there is definitely not enough Nori love going around! I hope you all like this and I am considering a part two containing smut if you all would like that? <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

You sat at the long, mahogany table with your companions and sighed at the green food placed in front of you. Leaves and vegetables, that's all it was. Where's the protein in that? You were going to slay a dragon for heaven's sake! No wonder all these elves are slim, they obviously don't eat meat or half as much cake as we do.

You frowned and prodded at the garden that had taken up shop on your plate. You picked up a stick of carrot and chewed dejectedly upon it.

'How can you eat that?' Gasped Dori disgustedly.

'Because that's all there is!' You snapped.

Your table seated six of the dwarves and the hobbit - Dori, Nori, Oin, Bofur, Kili, Dwalin and of course Bilbo.
The table next to yours seated - Ori, Balin, Fili, Gloin, Bombur and Bifur. Thorin was seated at the high table with Gandalf and Lord Elrond.

You picked up yet another carrot stick off your plate, they were quite good as carrot sticks go.

You noticed the rest of your table looking disbelievingly at their plates and inspecting it closely, only Bilbo was chewing on it as you were.

'Where's the meat?' Dwalin demanded.

'I don't think there is any,' you mused, 'elves are vegetarian so I guess that explains it.'

Dwalin glowered and pushed his plate far away from him, as did the others.

'It's not as bad as you'd think,' you said through a mouthful of carrot, 'not as good as meat or pastries but not bad.'

The whole population of the table stared at you with furrowed brows.

'I've always said there's something wrong with her,' Bofur shook his head in mock seriousness.

'Are we eating the same thing?' Said Dwalin.

'You are odd,' added Kili.
'What did she say?' Came Oin's usual input.

'I agree with Y/N,' Bilbo chimed in, 'it's quite good! I'm sure you'd all like it if you gave it a chance.'

'Yes,' replied Dori, rolling his eyes, 'but you're a hobbit, you like all foods! This one,' he pointed at you, 'is a dwarf. And a strange one at that.'

'She's strange yes, but maybe she has a point?' Nori spoke up, sending you a cheeky smirk.

All the dwarves looked at Nori incredulously.

'Come on lads,' he said, 'we're off to slay a dragon and you lot won't even touch a salad? Let's give it a go, just to humour Bilbo and the most un-dwarf-like dwarf over here.'

The dwarves all groaned and grumbled about green food being the devil's work and Nori only being on your side because he had a soft spot for you but all the same they dragged their plates back in front of them. They each picked up some form of vegetable or leafy green and put it in their mouths with pinched faces. Bofur, who was the first to swallow, shrugged and smiled and picked up some more, Oin swallowed but pushed his plate away again, Dori spat his out after a few chews, Dwalin shivered as his went down and he too pushed his plate away, Kili swallowed and picked up some more to eat and Nori chewed happily on a piece of celery.

You laughed loudly at the different ranges of reactions.

'So, Kili and Bofur,' you eyed them digging into their plates now, 'not as bad as you thought, hmm?'

They held their hands up in surrender and nodded taking the abuse of the other dwarves with light smiles on their faces.

~

Halfway through your second plate of salad your eyes landed on a shifty looking Nori. You watched carefully as he sprinkled pepper onto his salad, inspected the elven pepper holder and then quickly slid it into his inside pocket.

'Oh for Mahal's sake!' You thought, 'again? If Dori saw him doing that...'

'Nori,' you spoke up.

His kind eyes turned to you and he raised his brows in question.

'Can I speak to you in private for a moment?'

He grinned wickedly and nodded his head, laughing at the whistles and calls of the other dwarves as you two made your way back into the homely house together.

You turned to face him and crossed your arms, a frown on your face. His grin faded and he looked at you worriedly.

'Y/N?' He questioned, 'what's wrong?'

'I saw take that pepper shaker!'

He shifted and uncomfortably and shrugged.
'It's just a keepsake. Could be worth something! You never know.'

You tried to keep your face clear of emotion but you couldn't stop a small smile from tugging at your lips.

'We are going to reclaim a dragon's horde and you are going around stealing elve's pepper shakers? That's ridiculous!'

You snorted at this and tried - in vain - to hold in your laughter. You saw Nori's mouth twitch and his eyes start to dance.

'I prefer the term 'borrowing' and when you say it like that I'll admit it does sound silly! But it's what gets me through life.'

You looked at him closely, your eyes beginning to water from the strain of keeping your laughter under control. Nori, seeing your predicament, began to laugh, which turned into guffaws, which turned into gasps, which turned into clutching his stomach doubled over, literally crying. The same was happening to you, both of you finding even more hilarity in each other's reactions.

'I need to sit,' you paused to gather breath, 'down.'

Nori nodded, unable to speak coherently and took your hand gently. You tried to ignore the jump in your stomach and the buzz throughout your hand and arm as he led you down corridors to him room.

'Do you want to stay with me for a while?' He said weakly, 'I have things you'd like to see.'

You nodded happily and entered the room allocated to him by Lord Elrond. It was a lovely room. High ceilinged, a large, comfy looking bed and a colour pattern of greens, browns and blues.

'Nice for an elven place.' He remarked.

'It's beautiful.'

Nori gave your hand a small squeeze as he let it go and made his way over to his bag to start rummaging through it. He brought out some jewellery, golden cups, a few wooden objects and quite a few gold coins.

'All things I've borrowed,' he said, 'all from this journey.'

You gazed in wonder at the many things Nori had managed to 'acquire' and shook your head in mock disappointment.

'If only Dori could see this,' you said shaking your head, 'I'm sure he'd be so proud.'

Nori laughed loudly.

'He would definitely have a heart attack.'

'He probably would,' you giggled.

'Ah! Here we are,' cried Nori pulling out a small golden bracelet.

He made his way back to you and held out the gorgeous bracelet to you.

'I want you to have this,' he said, placing it into your open palm, 'so you never forget the adventures and good times we've had together.'
You stared at the delicate, gold bracelet that now lay in your palm. It was of an entwined design with one small starlight gem set in the middle.

'Nori,' you gasped, looking up to meet his bright eyes, 'where did you get this?'

'Here and there. I want you to have it. It's of elven make so it could have any kind of history.'

You felt your eyes fill up and you smiled softly at him.

'Thank you,' you whispered, 'would you do it up for me?'

Nori clasped the bracelet around your wrist but did not let go. He looked at you with a sweet smile and sparkling eyes.

'Oh, to hell with it,' you thought.

You quickly, but gently leaned in to press a soft kiss on his lips. You felt his hands squeeze yours and you parted your lips to please him.

You felt him sigh in satisfaction as he finally held you in his arms. This was all he had wanted. His friend, his ally, his one love.

His true Partner in Crime.

Chapter End Notes

Keep requesting :) I'm thinking of doing a really special chapter when I hit 150 kudos - I love you all, this is crazy! - and I would love some suggestions! I want to thank you all and I'm going to start planning now. I hope you enjoyed that fluffy chapter!
Aragon & Legolas - Double The Fun

Chapter Summary

I'm sorry this request took so long but I've been busy with other requests and my other two stories but here it is at last! I actually like how this turned out. If any of you would like a part two just ask :) I hope you enjoy and I certainly enjoyed writing this for you! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Gimli, Legolas, Aragorn and you were sitting in the shade of the trees that lined the remains of Isenguard. It used to be a grand, powerful fortress of Saruman but the Ents - from the Elder days and the shepherds of trees - the very beings that he overlooked, overthrew him in a torrent of hasty anger and tactics.

Your long hunt for Merry and Pippin was finally completed when you found them feasting and smoking of all things. Treebeard - the leader of the Ents - had taken them under his wing and cared for them well. Gimli especially was torn between great joy of seeing the two young hobbits again and a powerful rage. The hobbits moved this to joy after offering them all food, drink and pipe-weed.

Gimli rose saying that he was off to look around a bit, possibly go and have some more food and left the shade of the trees in the direction of Isenguard's stocks.

The three of you all relaxed, finally being to have a break after the long and perilous roads you had braved to find the two young rascals.

You gingerly lifted your left arm to brush some hair from your face and hissed as your arm bent at the elbow. The journey had taken your mind of your injury but now that your brain was not occupied it burned and insisted on being examined.

'What's the matter Y/N?' Asked Aragorn, watching your face contort into a grimace.

Legolas said nothing but watched your face curiously.

'Oh it's nothing,' you said brushing it off, but deciding to have a look later, 'just a scratch I got a few days back.'

'I think you should let us have a look of it,' said Aragorn, concern flashing in his eyes.

'No, no. It's okay, it's nothing.'

'No Y/N,' Legolas spoke up, 'let us see.'

You sighed, rolling your eyes, but gathering up your sleeve anyway to show them your wound. You had not seen it for a while and what you saw made your stomach turn. A scarlet gash ran from your forearm to just above your elbow. It was surrounded by deep purple bruising and little raised bumps resided in those bruises.
You held in a gasp at the sight and looked to see Aragorn's grave expression and Legolas's shocked one.

'Okay,' you said slowly, 'it is a little worse that I thought but surely it'll just heal on its own?'

Aragorn flicked his eyes away from your wound and to your eyes.

'This is a very serious wound Y/N,' he stated, 'we have to get Gandalf.'

Legolas nodded along with Aragorn, looking at you with worry filled eyes.

You nodded solemnly and went back to your thoughts, keeping your sleeve up and being completely aware of Aragorn and Legolas's fleeting glances.

It was only a while later when you heard a crash in the forest behind you. This jolted you from your thoughts and as you refocused you saw that Legolas and Aragorn were gone.

'They must have to gone to fetch Gandalf,' you thought.

There came another, closer, crash from behind you which caused you to leap to your feet in surprise. You drew your short sword with your right arm, keeping your throbbing - if not more so since you'd focused on it - left arm close to your body.

'Show yourself!' You cried in the direction of the crash.

Silence.

'I said show yourself!

'As you wish,' came a nasally voice that made your hair stand on end.

A uruk-hai stepped from the forest to stand a few feet from you. It was tall, taller than a man for sure. It had long, dirty hair, gnarled teeth, a muscled body and a misshapen face.

'He must have escaped from the Ents!' You thought, 'this is going to he tricky.'

'You're injured,' stated the uruk-hai.

'No I'm not,' you hissed, irritated that the uruk-hai had noticed.

The creature laughed a loud, nasty laugh and drew its sword.

'You're helpless,' it growled.

It lunged forward to attack you but you were ready and defected its attempt. It was hard to fight with one arm but you were managing as well as you could.

It was a fierce fight and you would have won if it was not for the uruk-hai grabbing onto your left arm directly onto the wound. You let out a loud, strangled cry and stood stock still. You took one last attempt before the creature was sure to kill you or worse.

'Legolas! Aragorn! Someone help!' You shrieked.

The uruk-hai slapped a dirty hand over your mouth and held its blade to your throat in the other.

'That was a mistake,' it whispered, its foul breath blowing over your face.
You squeezed your eyes shut and waited for what was to come. But nothing did. In fact, the uruk-hai's grip slackened and then disappeared altogether with a grunt. You opened your eyes to see the lifeless creature on the ground, two arrows embedded in its bloody skull. You turned your wide eyes to Legolas and Aragorn who stood watching you, Legolas's bow still drawn.

'Well, that was rather close,' you gasped before your wound flared up and you felt the ground coming up to meet you as the pain overtook you.

The last thing you remembered was a pair of strong arms catching you before you reached the ground.

~

You dreamed of silver hair and keen eyes. Of arrows and kings. Of forests and battles. You dreamed of two beings, though you could not work out who.

You awoke with a start. You groaned and tried to lift your head only to realise it was on somebody's lap. You looked up to see Legolas's concerned eyes staring down at you.

'How do you feel?' He asked quietly.

You thought for a moment.

'I think I feel okay?'

He chuckled quietly.

'You passed out from the pain. We had gone to fetch Gandalf and arrived back in the nick of time, he's mended your wound and even he was quite amazed at your pain tolerance.'

You grinned at this and lifted your left arm, it was completely normal! Albeit a small scar running up the length of your arm.

'Where is Aragorn?' You asked, just realising he was missing.

'He went to fetch some water for you, he should be back any second.'

You nodded and moved to sit up, only to fall back onto Legolas's chest. You apologised as he chuckled and you couldn't deny the rush that went through you at being so close to him. He placed his hands on your waist and moved you with him to a tree so he could lean against it and you against him. Your cheeks flushed at the contact but he did not seem to mind.

'Why do you flush so?' He asked innocently.

You spluttered and gasped not sure how to answer that question but was saved the trouble by a grinning Aragorn.

'She flushes like that Legolas because of her proximity to you.'

Legolas cocked an eyebrow as your cheeks reddened even more. You cast a glare at Aragorn and he replied with a smirk, sitting down next to Legolas and you.

'I see,' mused Legolas, who then straightened out his legs, parted them and grabbed your hips to place you in between them.

You gasped at this action and a tingle spread throughout your lower regions. Legolas laughed at the
sound and Aragorn grinned.

'Well this is hardly fair,' you groaned, 'two can play at this game.'

You moved to your behind was pressed against Legolas's crotch and rubbed against him. Legolas's legs squeezed your side and you felt him shift behind you, his trousers tightening.

Aragorn watched this with an indifferent gaze until his mouth twitched amusement.

'Would you like Legolas and I to pleasure you Y/N?' He suddenly asked.

You felt Legolas chuckle behind you and squeeze your hips lightly.

'I-I,' you stuttered and after much effort you managed an abrupt, 'yes.'

Aragorn smiled gently and took your chin gently in his hand and leaned in. He pressed his soft lips to yours and you relaxed as Legolas wrapped his arms around your stomach, shifting so he was pressing into you, his head nuzzling your neck and hair. Aragon's lips were skilled and soon had you breathing heavily and moving on Legolas's lap. Legolas grunted at your movements and lifted his hips to press into you more.

Aragorn broke the kiss to say, 'Legolas, come round the front so we can both pleasure her.'

You felt Legolas nod and he gently moved you off him so he could go and sit by Aragorn.

'Lie back,' ordered Legolas.

You did as you were told and Aragron started unlacing your trousers while Legolas started on your top. Soon you are completely bare in front of them but all your nerves were gone due to the heat that was raging through your body. You squirmed slightly on the ground and let out a sigh. Aragorn and Legolas watched you with dark eyes and uttered low words to each other.

Aragorn placed his warm hands upon your thighs and rubbed them slightly as Legolas moved to lean over you and place a kiss on your collar bone. You shivered at the amount of attention and surrendered to the pleasure that they were giving you.

Aragorn then began to kiss up your thighs to where you wanted him most as as Legolas kissed down the valley between your heaving breasts. You bucked slightly as Aragorn reached your inner thighs and whimpered his name quietly. He licked a long stripe up your sex making you cry out and as you did so, Legolas took your nipple into his mouth, sucking harshly.

You whimpered and moaned upon the ground at the delicious attention the two royals were paying you. You cried both their names as the fire strengthened and you could hardly string together a coherent thought, let alone a sentence.

Legolas licked and sucked and teased your nipples and breaths until they were tingling and throbbing in the loveliest way and Aragon, dear Aragon, was making you cry out with his skilled tongue, going between sucking and rolling your clit between his lips and tongue fucking you senseless.

You cried out again and again, screaming both their names out in pure bliss until finally the white hot flame in your abdomen reached its peak. You shrieked out their names as you shook and white spots appeared before your eyes as your orgasm hit you.

Once Aragorn had cleaned you up and Legolas has placed a sweet kiss on your lips you sighed happily.
'That was amazing,' you breathed, smiling softly at them both.

They both looked at each other and smirked.

'You think we're done with you?' Chuckled Legolas, 'I haven't had my turn yet.'

Aragorn nodded, eyeing your naked form, wonder in his eyes.

'We've barely even begun.'

Chapter End Notes

Plenty of room for requests! And remember if you ever want a part two to anything, just ask <3
Thorin - Stay Still

Chapter Summary

Thorin neglects to ask for help with his wounds so you go and search for him. This is a long one because I had some time on my hands today! I actually really like how this turned out so I hope you all feel the same. I hope this is what you wanted! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The Company - including you - had a rather nasty run in with three, very big, mountain trolls. Thanks to Bilbo's quick thinking and Gandalf's ability to always appear when needed, you had survived this ordeal. But not without a few cuts and bruises which you and Oin were hurriedly tending to.

'Y/N,' whined a voice.

You sighed loudly and turned from your work on Ori's sliced hand to see Kili clutching his side and wincing.

'Yes Kili?'

'My side hurts!' He looked at you with doe-eyes and you couldn't help but laugh.

'I know, I know but just hang on minute! I'm almost done with Ori.'

Kili groaned but sat back down next to his brother Fili. You turned back to your work and finished up binding Ori's hand.

'There,' you examined your work which was of course up to standards, 'all done.'

Ori smiled happily and thanked you, going back to his patched up brothers, Dori and Nori.

'Right Kili,' you sighed, beckoning the grinning dwarf over, 'your turn.'

Kili came to stand in front on you and shimmed his top half out of his armour and clothes. The bare chested dwarf stood unashamedly in front of you and you couldn't help but eye his muscled chest and strong build. Kili noticed you looking and cleared his throat.

'If you wanted to see you should've just asked,' he said cheekily, winking at you.

You laughed lightly and shook your head, clearing the most unsuitable thoughts from your mind. You tended to his side quickly and efficiently with little pain caused to him.

'Thank you Y/N,' he grinned once had put all his clothes and armour back on.

'Anytime,' you smiled, 'right, is that everyone?'

You turned to see twelve mended dwarves nodding back at you.
'Where's Thorin?' You thought, 'it's not like him to be missing.'

You slipped quietly over to Oin and whispered that you were going to find Thorin to make sure he was okay. Oin nodded and you hoped he had actually heard you and was not just nodding for the sake of it.

You crept quietly away from camp and into the surrounding forest searching for Thorin. It was a chilly night and with the clear sky you could see the stars, glimmering ways to the past, bright in the sky. Your feet made no sound in the long grass and you strained to hear a sound of Thorin. Finally you heard a small hiss and a curse, you followed the sounds with the light of the moon to guide you.

'Thorin?' You whispered, not wanting to break the silence, 'Thorin? Is that you?'

'Y/N?' Came a voice as a figure stepped out into the clear moonlight to greet you.

Taller than most dwarves with raven black hair and silver streaks running down his curls like a waterfall. You could not deny, especially in the moonlight, that he was breathtaking. Deep, intense eyes, eyebrows furrowed and his strong body hidden beneath his great coat.

'There you are,' you said, greeting him with a smile, 'why did you leave camp? I came to find you to see if you needed any help.'

Throrin returned your smile and shook his head.

'That is very kind of you Y/N, but I am completely fine and in no need of help.'

You couldn't help but remember the hiss - of which you were sure was caused by pain - and the curse.

'Are you sure?' You asked him, cocking an eyebrow.

'Yes, I'm fine,' he said a little too forcefully.

'If you're fine,' you said, crossing your arms, 'walk over to me and I'll watch.'

'I do not have to pro-'

You cut him off quickly, 'there is not a problem you have with walking is there? I thought you were fine?'

You saw his jaw clench but he did as he was told and began to walk towards you. You saw his face contort in pain and his arm reached out and held his stomach and sides. You rushed forward and wrapped an arm around his waist.

'You're not fine,' you stated, 'you should have just told me! Sit down so I can have a look.'

He grumbled to himself but sat down on the ground with you. You reached forward and began to tug off his coat. He grabbed your wrist in one large hand and stilled your movements.

'What are you doing?' He said flatly.

'If you try and take your clothes off you'll just hurt yourself more. If I do it, you'll have more chance of not being hurt further.'

As you said these words his grip relaxed on your wrist and you finally managed to pull that heavy coat off him. You couldn't help but stare at his thinly clothed chest - you could see the power and...
muscles beneath. You struggled to look anywhere but there as you felt your stomach drop as thoughts rushed about your head. You carefully moved his royal blue tunic over his head and came face to face with a half naked Thorin.

'Oh Thorin...' You sighed.

His chest was splattered with dark purple and blue bruises and multiple gashes could be seen on his chest and his back. There was one particularly nasty one across his lower stomach and you lightly touched it making him wince.

'Sorry, sorry. Why didn't you come and see Oin or me? You have far worse than the others!'

Thorin shrugged and leaned back against the tree you had ushered him over to when you both sat down. His face was pale and you could see in his eyes how much pain he was in.

'I can handle myself Y/N,' he said softly, glaring at you, 'I've had far worse.'

'I daresay you have,' you replied, 'but that doesn't mean that you should neglect to come and see me when I'm perfectly available!'

'You had others to deal with.'

You sighed loudly and pushed back your hair with one hand.

'I will never understand the stubbornness of dwarves,' you thought, 'absolutely ridiculous.'

'Thorin, can you please stop being a fool for one moment?' His eyes widened at your brash words but you continued, 'I came on this quest to help fight and to heal. My job is to tend to the wounded and sick and that includes you. Oin and I can easily manage thirteen dwarves so you need not think that we could not treat you. And if you do not wish to be treated in front of the rest we both would be more than happy to treat you somewhere else. Do you understand?'

Thorin gritted his teeth and nodded curtly. You were satisfied that you had calmed him and that he had held his tongue but now it was time to get down to business.

You repaired the bruises with absolutely no problem. You dressed them in a herb mixture that you had taken in your bag with you and left them to be bandaged up when you had tended to the rest of his wounds.

The gashes proved a more difficult problem - besides being distracted by his hard, warm chest and that he flinched every time you laid a gentle hand upon it. Once you had eventually cared for all the smaller gashes - after a few curses and hasty apologies - you turned to the one that would cause a real problem, the ugly, inflamed one making its way from one hip to the other across his lower stomach.

The length of it actually reached under his trousers and you were hurriedly trying to thing of a solution to this 'problem.'

'Uh, Thorin,' you said tentatively.

He hummed in response.

'I'm going to have to move your trousers down a bit so I can tend to this gash. Is that okay with you?'

He let his head fall back and sighed.

'If you must.'
You held in a giggle at this and carefully shimmied his trousers down so you could get a clear shot at the wound, which happened to be just at the end of his hip bones and - luckily for him - just high enough so nothing was on show.

'Pity,' you thought wickedly, 'I would have so liked to see how well endowed the King under the Mountain was.

You mentally scolded yourself for thinking such a thing and hastily turned back to the task at hand.

You took a calming salve from your back and carefully smoothed it onto his angry gash. He gasped and hissed at the stinging feeling.

'Sorry Thorin,' you said absentmindedly.

The gash's red colour faded considerably as the salve got to work. You then took out some special herb mixture that was very effective and rather rare and dabbed it onto the gash.

'That is going to start to hurt in a second,' you warned him, a small smile on your face.

'I'll be fine, I do not th'...

He cut himself off with a cry and a loud curse.

'Language Thorin. I did warn you!'

He grunted and glared at you.

'Okay,' you said happily, 'now the easy part. All I've got to do is bandage you up and you're good to go.'

'Thank you Y/N.'

You nodded, smiling, reaching round to take your bandages from your bag.

'My pleasure,' you grinned at him, readying the bandages in your hands, 'now, you're going to have to stay completely still for this and let me move you, otherwise it gets very complicated.'

Thorin nodded and his body visibly relaxed to let you bind him. You knew you had to start from the bottom - which was the part where you would lose most concentration - and make your way up to beneath his armpits.

You gently started to wind the bandage around his hips and lower stomach, feeling slightly sad that you would no longer get to see his magnificent chest and not to mention his hips. You encountered a problem while doing this and ceased your movements to think a moment.

'What's wrong?' Thorin raised his head to look at you.

'Nothing's wrong, I just can't reach you properly from the side...' You trailed off thinking, hoping for any other solution other than the one bouncing about your head, 'Thorin, I'm going to have to sit on your thighs, I'm afraid.'

Not that you were really sorry.

Thorin stared at you for a moment, his eyes hard. You waited for his reaction with an apologetic look on your face.
'That is the only way?' He asked, quietly.

'I'm afraid so,' you said nervously.

You watched as he closed his eyes and his body tensed, he opened them again for you to see that they had gotten brighter.

'If that is the only way, then you have my permission.'

You nodded and carefully moved your legs either side of his to sit as far away from him on his thighs as you could.

It's not that you didn't want to sit close to him, far from it. You just didn't think he'd really be happy with it. You also couldn't deny the buzz that made its way up your body at your position over his muscled thighs. But then, you came across another problem. You couldn't actually reach around him to wrap the bandage around his back. This was too much and you stared to laugh.

'What's so funny?' He asked, looking at you with a cocked brow.

'I'm very sorry Thorin, but I'm going to have to get a little closer because I can't reach around your back from here,' you said, your mouth twitching.

He closed his eyes and rested his head against the tree but moved his hand in a way saying for you to carry on. You shimmied up his thighs and came to rest with your stomach pressed against his bare one. You tried in vain to wrap the bandage around his back but you just couldn't contain your laughter.

You dissolved into giggles and accidentally dropped your head onto his shoulder, forgetting who your patient was.

'I thought you were meant to he professional?' He questioned, his breath ghosting over your hair.

You composed yourself and sat up straight, your eyes bright and cheeks flushed.

'Sorry, I didn't mean to laugh it's just this whole predicament.'

You watched as an emotion flashed across his face but could not determine what it was for it was gone a split second later.

'I do agree with you there,' he said, a small smile gracing his intense features.

You returned his smile and busily began to wrap the bandage around his front and back. You were quite aware of the way you were moving against him but really, there was no other way. As you reached round his back and back around he front, you shifted back and forth considerably fast because of how experienced and skilled you were with bandages. You could feel him tense up and then relax again and then tense up and also his rapid and stuttered breaths. You could see his hands gripping the ground in a white knuckled grip and this you could not see, but his eyes were squeezing shut and then opening again, mouth parted trying not to make a sound.

You could not deny that it was incredibly hard for you not to react either for your lower abdomen was buzzing and jolting with each movement you made. And it was not helping in the least that you were now moving against something.

You didn't really know how to approach that problem. You couldn't really stop and face him, you had a job to do and it was such a delicate subject. You were not disgusted or embarrassed by his
'predicament' you were in fact, rather enjoying the feeling. You had only reached his middle with the bandages and you still had half of his torso to go, which you were rather happy about.

Thorin shifted slightly beneath you causing you to stiffen and squeeze your eyes shut.

'Thorin,' you whispered, trying to disguise the thickness of your voice, 'stay still.'

You heard him grumble beneath you, trailing off into a small sigh.

'I can't Y/N,' he said softly, 'not until you stop what you're doing.'

'I've still got half your torso to go, I'm sorry.'

Yet again you were not in any way sorry.

Thorin raised his hands up and gently placed them over your hips. You jumped at the contact causing him to let out a loud grunt.

'Y/N,' he whispered in your ear, 'I know you wish for it too, I can feel it.'

You gasped and stilled against him.

'Tell me you wish for it. And if you do, the quicker you finish my bandages the sooner we'll both get what we want.'

Your mind was racing but you could not deny that you wished for it. More than wished for it, you desperately desired it.

'I wish for it Thorin,' you said quietly, 'I wish for it.'

Thorin hands squeezed your hips and and you hurriedly began bandaging the rest of him. As you moved against him to wrap the bandage around him, you fully rocked against him now, no holding back. You felt him shiver and he began to buck against you, groaning loudly.

'Please Y/N,' he ground out, 'please hurry.'

'I'm going,' you gasped, 'as fast as I can.'

Thorin moved his hands lower down your hips and began to pull you against him the way he wanted. It was harder for you bandage him up but it was worth it and you managed it.

You began to feel the familiar tingle in your lower stomach and you hastily finished his bandages.

'Finished!' You cried, turning into a moan, 'I'm finished.'

Thorin pushed you onto the ground in a flash and crashed his lips onto yours. You could feel the lust radiating off him and in the kiss and you kissed him back with just as much. He had managed to get himself between your legs, with your legs wrapped around his waist. He was rutting against you slightly as he kissed you, making you whimper into his mouth and a deep grumbled emit from his chest.

You broke the kiss and gasped, 'Thorin, I c-can't please. Please.'

Thorin growled and you felt his nod against you. Before you knew it you were both devoid of all clothes and the only barrier was Thorin's bandages, but really, you were in no state to notice.
Thorin looked painfully hard and you cringed thinking how much he ached for relief. Thorin lined up at your entrance, his beard scratching at your neck in the most delicious way, placing kissed upon your neck and chest. Thorin thrust into you roughly and you cried out his name at the feeling.

You both did not last long at all. Calling out each other names, cursing and the sound of skin on skin drove you both to your high very quickly.

Thorin collapsed on you in a heap as you sighed contentedly.

'Well,' you gasped, 'that was one way to heal you.'

You felt Thorin chuckled atop you.

'Do you wish to come back with me?' Thorin said into your chest.

'What do you mean?' You asked, your heart leaping.

'I mean do you wish to be mine, Y/N?'

'I didn't know you felt that way Thorin.'

You were surprised but mostly... Insanely pleased.

'Well, I do.'

'Then I would love to be yours Thorin. I would love to.'

You felt Thorin smile and he ran his hands down your waist gently.

'What a night,' you thought, 'Mahal knows what's going to happen next.'

Anything could happen. And that was what kept you going in the dreary days and nights ahead.

And of course, King under the Mountain, King of Erebor, the mighty Thorin Oakenshield.

Chapter End Notes

I have some big ideas for the 150 kudos story which I think you'll all love! Please keep requesting and I would love some feedback. Comments, thoughts, anything :)
The Company - Games Night pt.1

Chapter Summary

Here is the first part of the 150 kudos special story! I was going to make it all one large part but I thought, why make you all wait longer? So here's part one! I really hope you all like it and I'm working really hard to make it great as a large thank you to you all! Thank you all so much for everything and I plan to continue writing for a very, very long time. I hope you all love it. <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It has been raining for days. No, it has been raining for weeks. Months. Years. I can't even remember how long it has been raining for. All I know for sure is that I'm wet, irritated, hungry and that I want to throttle that so-called King Under the Mountain.

I wonder if any of the dwarves would actually mind right now if I 'accidentally' pushed Thorin off his horse and 'accidentally' dropped my sword onto his head? Judging by their expressions on their faces, they'd turn a blind eye.

All the dwarves had similar looks of dejection, misery and complete madness in their eyes. Rain dripped in heavy drops into their braided beards and weighed them down, their ponies had lowered heads and were dragging their feet in the mud and they were all shivering slightly.

No, they wouldn't turn a blind eye. They would probably assist me.

'Gandalf, can't you do something about this rain?' Piped up Dori, looking sullenly out from his dripping hood.

'No, Master Dori. If it's going to rain it will keep on raining until the rain stops. If you want to do something about the weather I suggest you find another wizard.'

'Are there any?' Bilbo asked from Gandalf's side, looking genuinely surprised.

'There are five of us in total. Saruman the Wise, he is the leader of the white council and is the wisest of us all, there is me, Gandalf the Grey, there are the two Blue Wizards,' he paused for a moment looking thoughtful, 'you know I've quite forgotten their names. And last of all there is Radagast - the Brown.'

'Is he a great wizard?' Asked Bilbo, 'or is he more like you?'

I had to clamp my lips together to stop from laughing at this. Fancy Bilbo having the guts to say something like that to a wizard! Gandalf looked quite put out.

'He is a great wizard in my opinion,' said Gandalf, looking at Bilbo from under his hat, 'he prefers the company of animals to people though.'

Bilbo nodded thoughtfully and said no more.
I looked at my fellow companions thoughtfully. Nori and Fili were flanking me and both looked completely beaten and I could see Kili in front of me, shoulders sagging. Maybe it would cheer them up slightly to have a chat? More so it would deter the complete boredom that was soon to overpower my soul.

'Nori?' I turned to my left to look at the mopey dwarf.

'What is it Y/N?' He asked raising his eyes to look at me.

'What is,' I thought for a moment, 'the most expensive thing you've ever stolen?'

His eyes danced at this question and his whole demeanour seemed to brighten.

'I prefer the term 'borrowed' rather than stolen lass,' he said smiling, 'just give me a second to think.'

He looked off into the distance. All the dwarves within hearing distance were listening now, interested to hear of the thief's escapades. Ori especially - who was beside Kili - was looking at his brother with rapt attention.

'Ah!' He suddenly burst out, 'let me tell you the story. It's quite long so are you all sitting comfortably?'

We all shot him a deadpan look and motioned for him to continue.

'Well boys and girls it was a dark and lonely night and I was setting up shop in a nice, homely cave. Beautiful it was. We're talking mouldy walls, cold draughts, little insects and small mammals and of course the unwelcome goblin or two I had to kill of to stay there.

I was just settling down for the night when I heard a strange noise behind me. I turned round and I noticed that there was a hidden tunnel leading into the rock. Of course I went down it, what else would one do in that situation? And I came across a small community. You would never believe it. All underground and very functional! But there was only one problem. It was a goblin community.'

We all leaned in closer, totally lost in Nori's tale.

'I explored every nook and cranny of that old place, took me half the night. No one was around which was lucky, all asleep I guess so I had a free rein to go as I pleased.

I was walking down this one street and I came across a large building which had a sign that read, 'Grogarks's Treasury'. And of course, the word treasure to me is like a bone to a dog. So I went around to the door and it just sprung open! Of its own accord of course. And my, my what a place it was! Very roomy with just one door in the wall opposite to me. All manner of security protected but it seemed as though the guards had neglected their duty that day as it was no trouble for me to get in there and 'borrow' one large sack of jewels and coins. Full to the brim that room was, I didn't think they'd really miss one sack. Gold, silver, rubies, diamonds, emeralds, even a few small mithril and starlight gems. You name it, it was there. Though sadly I didn't get to explore further because the guards that had been absent now appeared and what a frenzy there was! I had to get out there very quickly and hide somewhere. Luckily there was a large tree just beside the cave that I climbed up and its leaves shielded me from view. I got away with a sack of treasure that still keeps me going to this day.'

Nori finished his tale with a smug grin and we all laughed and praised him. All expect Dori who tutted and shook his head.

'I really hope this quest makes an honest dwarf of you. You're a bad example to Ori!'

Nori brushed his brother off and laughed. Ori said nothing but looked longingly at Nori.
'Ori's fine. Stop fretting, I am an honest dwarf. I only borrow what I need and I plan to give it all back one day.'

Dori clucked disapprovingly and turned back to look ahead.

'He's going to beat you up one day,' I said giggling.

Nori turned raised an eyebrow at me and waved his hand to imply I was being ridiculous.

I giggled and turned back to look see what lay ahead. I craned my neck around the bulky back of Kili but blast it all, now the huge bulk of Bombur was in the way! I twisted further to the right, almost laying my head in Fili's lap.

'What are you doing Y/N?' Asked Fili, watching her actions with clear amusement.

'I'm just- I leant further out of the saddle, 'trying to- a little more, 'see- another inch outwards, 'beyond our line of- Argh!' I let a squeal as my saddle slipped and I fell to the ground with a muddy splash.

I lay there dazed for a second trying to make sense of what had just happened. I heard loud laughter as my dancing vision refocused. I groaned as I felt the damp seep through my hair and I raised a hand to find that I was now caked in mud.

Fantastic.

The Company had stopped and Fili had gotten off his horse to come and stand above me.

'You know Y/N,' he said with a smirk, 'you could have just asked me to tell you what was ahead.'

I resisted the urge to throw a handful of mud at his attractive smirking face and looked up at him with the most pitiful, doe-eyed expression I could muster.

'Help,' I whimpered, jutting out my lip.

The other Company members looked on in undisguised amusement at my attempt to mollify the heir to the throne of Durin. Thorin watched his youngest nephew with curious eyes, wondering if he would help her or laugh at her. Bilbo had a small smile on his face, hoping the dwarf would help the now miserable girl. Gandalf just watched on knowingly.

I locked eyes with Fili and studied his face as I did so. He has lovely kind eyes, not to mention that he is incredibly and undoubtedly handsome. Especially all wet with rain. The whole line of Durin is rather on the handsome side when I come to think of it.

Fili let out a loud sigh and held out his hand to her. She smiled widely as the Company all nodded knowingly, Gandalf not looking in the least bit surprised. She took Fili's offered hand and gasped as he hauled her up, him yanking her hand so hard she lost her balance and fell forward into him.

'Oh sorry!'

I'm not the least bit sorry. My head was buried under his neck and I could smell his delicious scent. All earth and musk and man. My knees went quite weak and I swear he heard my heart speed up. Heat was radiating off him in waves and it took all my self control not to wrap my arms and legs around him and just refuse to move. But of course that is very impolite and I would never do such a thing. Unless of course... He wanted me to.
He laughed lightly and straightened me up, his large hands covering my waist for one lovely second, the whistles and calls of the Company loud and brash.

I could feel my cheeks redden and a blush begin to spread up my neck and I just hoped that there was mud covering it.

'You look a sight Y/N,' called Kili from his horse, scanning you unashamedly from mucky head to mucky toe.

'I'll have you know, little princeling,' I turned to face him hands on my hips, 'that I am sporting the ultimate style of choice. The clean look is out, the muddy, unwashed look is back in. It's important for a royal to know the up and coming fashion, I take it you didn't get the memo?'

That silenced Kili. The dwarves laughed heartily my quick wit and Kili huffed, looking at me with a cute frown upon his young features. I put my hand on one hip, dropping the other and blew him a kiss. I saw a blush stain his cheeks at my flirtatious move and a small smile tug at his lips. I smiled at him triumphantly and turned back to Fili, who was staring at me with raised brows.

'You need clothes,' he stated.

'True, true,' I said, picking at the hem of my cloak, 'but I've been needing clothes for the past few weeks. What's a bit of mud and water? I'll dry off soon enough. After all,' you shot a look at Thorin, 'we need to get going.'

Fili sighed and shook his head. 'I thought it was dwarves that are meant to be stubborn. Hang on a second.'

Fili sloshed over to his horse and rooted about in his bag coming back holding some trousers and a warm looking tunic. He held then out to her and she shook her head quickly.

'Fili, I can't take your clothes! I'll dry off as quick as a wink.'

He rolled his eyes and thrust them into my arms, 'I'm not offering Y/N, I'm giving them to you.'

I opened my mouth to argue but his stern look silenced me and I closed it with a snap. All the dwarves were watching with a surprised silence.

'Where should I change...' I trailed off, there was not shelter in sight. The trees were sparse and far apart and there was nothing to duck behind.

Fili saw this problem too and shrugged his shoulders. 'I guess you'll just have to get changed here.'

'I can't change here!' I cried, 'if you hadn't noticed you're all male and I'm female.'

'We promise not to look, lass!' Cried a laughing Bofur.

'Yes... We promise,' came a much less convincing call from Kili.

'Tell you what Y/N,' said Fili quietly, 'I'll face away from you and keep my eyes open so I can watch them. Then they won't be able to see and neither will I and I'll be able to make sure that they don't look.'

I smiled gratefully at Fili and nodded. He turned to face the Company and Thorin ordered everyone to close their eyes apart from Fili.

I hastily removed my dripping clothes and pulled on Fili's large, soft ones. They swamped me but
they were warm and dry and that's all I really wanted!

She had not noticed this, either had Fili for that matter but Kili had seen her change. He had used the oldest trick in the book and covered his eyes leaving a gap to peek out of. He didn't want to invade her privacy, by Mahal no! He was just young and curious and the sight of her pale, curvy - albeit dirty body - gave him thoughts that he should not have at this particular moment.

Quite unknown to Fili and you also, a few others had sneaked a few peeks. Some more than others and none at all.

Thorin also had gazed upon her body. A king, he knew, should not do such a thing but he just could not help himself. He too was plagued with impure thoughts until that evening when the impure thoughts took on reality.

That evening, when everything changed.

~

Praise Mahal, the rain had ceased! I was quite content now, sitting on my horse both of us with raised spirits, cuddled by Fili's warm garments that smelled deliciously of him and my now dry cloak.

The sparse forest looked totally reformed into the bargain. Moonlight filtered through the trees leaves casting shadows and illuminating the now drying ground. The grass was bright and bathed in a strange beautiful light from the knowing light of the moon and the company now chattered and laughed loudly amongst themselves.

Thorin shifted uncomfortably in his saddle. Why did the girl keep invading his thoughts? Why did her wet, muddy body keep enveloping his mind and drifting before his eyes. He shook this vision off determinedly and stared ahead, trying in vain to focus on the path ahead.

Little did he know that Bofur, Fili, Kili, Dwalin, Nori and even little Ori where struggling with the same dilemma. Though it was considerably worse for Fili and Nori being directly beside her.

Fili kept glancing over to see her relaxed on her pony a small smile playing on her lips, her lips that looked so pretty and pink, her lips that would feel so lovely upon his, her lips that would look lovely wrapped around- stop it Fili! He scolded himself harshly, uncomfortably aware of the tightening of his trousers.

Nori on the other hand had his eyes fixed on her small hands. Her small hands that were quick and clever enough to rob a troll of his wallet with absolutely no problem. A fellow borrower, this girl was after his own heart.

Kili who was in front of her was listening to her quite whispering to her pony. He was deeply emerged in his thoughts of that quiet voice gasping and whimpering his name. He wondered how loud she would scream when she- he stopped his train of thought right there before it got any further, for many reasons.

Bofur and Dwalin were just struggling to get the image of her pulling her tunic over her head from their minds. They had been starved from female company for weeks now and the sight of one naked was just too much. The way her chest moved as the tunic slipped over her head and the way she sighed as she removed her sopping clothes. They fought this battle inside their heads to get rid of these images but lost each time.

And poor, dear old Ori. He was trying in vain to forget everything before things became obvious.
Thorin was on the look out for suitable shelter and spotted a clearing in the woods big enough to accommodate them all.

'We shall camp there!' He cried, pointing to the clearing, 'we are all in need of a rest and to gather our thoughts.'

Some more than others it seemed.

Chapter End Notes

What did you think? Are you looking forward to part two? Any suggestions or comments or thoughts? I tried writing in the first person and I have to say I liked it a lot more so expect more of that! I feel as I though to helps you to connect with the character and get to know them better. Feedback is always appreciated and thank you all for everything and part two should be up very soon :)
Chapter Summary

And here it is, part two! And my goodness it's a long one. I hope this will shed some light on what's coming up. So yes, there will be a part three and then it's back to normal requests :) and to think, I only meant for this to be a one chapter story. I really hope you're all enjoying this and I hope it's a meaningful thank you for sticking with me and being so supportive and lovely! I really hope you enjoy <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The fire was roaring away merrily as we spoke and ate under the watchful stars. We had set up camp, laid out our blankets, eaten a sparse meal and were finally all comfortably chatting and laughing around the blazing fire.

I don't think I've ever felt more at ease, being surrounded by friends, in front of a warm fire and snuggled up to two very handsome dwarves on either side. A King and his second heir no less.

I looked to my left and right, eyeing up Thorin who was speaking lowly to Dwalin on my right and to Kili, who was staring absentmindedly into the fire on my left. I prodded Kili's arm gently and he jumped, whipping his head around to focus on me.

'Don't do that Y/N! You almost gave me a heart attack,' he held his chest, smiling at me with wide eyes.

'Sorry Kee, but I wanted to speak with you.'

'Don't call me Kee,' he groaned, 'I get enough of that from my brother. What do you wish to speak about?'

I was silent for a moment or two deliberating how to phrase my next question in fear of him making him angry. I decided that since it was Kili, I should just come straight out with it.

I looked at him and refrained from giggling a little at his puzzled expression, 'well Kee,' I really did laugh at his groan then, 'have you ever-have you ever been with a woman before?'

I watched his expression turn from curiosity to shock to anger to embarrassment finally to settle on disbelief. I watched as he scrunched up his nose and his cheeks began to flush. I was quite pleased with this reaction and it confirmed my thoughts that no, he hadn't and that was strangely appealing to me.

'I-I,' he stuttered, flushing furiously now, 'what kind of question is that for you to ask me? Why would you-'

I cut off his bumbling quickly, 'I take it you never have been then,' I said, smiling slightly.

He closed his mouth with a snap and shook his head, eyes cast down. He had never looked cuter. Well, I say cute but cuteness which was definitely usual for him was not his only skill. Unbelievable
attractiveness was also a charm he possessed, just imaging him in battle got me all hot and flustered.

I resisted the urge to comfort him because that was obviously not what he needed, that would just embarrass him more so I decided to go to the opposite end of the spectrum.

'Really?' I asked, 'I thought you had? Being a handsome and powerful warrior.'

Kili raised his eyes to meet mine and my stomach dropped at the look in them.

'You think I'm handsome?' He asked, grinning now. All traces of embarrassment lost.

I felt a bit like a trapped deer. Of course I do! Why would he even need to ask? The intensity in his eyes is incredibly unfair and uncalled for and I refuse to let him make me feel this way, no matter how handsome, cute and strong he his.

'Well, of course I do, who doesn't? Well I mean-I mean look at you? You're-well-you're,' I was the one stuttering now. It was incredibly unnerving to watch Kili now being the calm one and me being on the spot.

Kili ceased my torture by beginning to laugh loudly at our changes positions. I let out a strained laugh too and soon we were both clutching each other in peals of genuine guffaws. We dissolved slowly into giggles, then into gasps and then hung onto each other as we both struggled to breath, doubled over with the pain in our stomachs.

'When you two have stopped acting like a pair of immature children, I shall carry on,' came an unimpressed, authoritative voice from my right.

Kili and I looked at each other in alarm and turned to see Thorin, as well as the entire Company, watching us with amused expressions. Thorin trying to hide his amusement beneath a mask of indifference but we could see the crinkle of his eyes and Fili who was across the fire from us, was suddenly very interested in his shoes.

Odd.

'Now, before you all retire for a well earned rest, I'd just like to speak to you all a moment,' he looked at each Company member in turn.

A moment of which was rather wondrous in my books. He spoke of Erebor and Smaug and the quest that lay before us, very stirring but it was hard to concentrate as I'd had rather long day. Then Gandalf said a few words that I could not make out through the haze of my tiredness that blurred my vision until I snapped back to life at the sound of 'sleep.'

'We have a big day tomorrow and I think we all need our sleep,' said Gandalf, casting a kindly look in my direction.

I smiled thankfully at him and raised myself up from the log and stretched, letting out a groan as I did so.

Kili watched her with interest as she flexed her body in a very lovely way. He watched as her chest because prominent and a small groan escaped her lips. He quickly turned back to the fire, shaking his head and shifting uncomfortably. Either she or Kili did not know this but there was also a pair of icy blue eyes fixed on her frame... And Kili’s reactions.

I made my way to my blanket which I had planted beneath a looking oak tree. I preferred to be under
cover of something at night but I made sure that I could still see the stars from my position.

My father used to tell me stories of the stars when I was small. He used to tell about the First Age and the great Eldar Elves and the Men of the West. It's funny to think how these are the same stars that watched over the old days that are watching over us now. So much has changed but they will always be there, out of our power, untouchable and never changing.

I fiddled with my blanket trying to warm myself up, taking comfort in the Company's steady breathing. Typical isn't it? I was so very sleepy before but now as soon as I have the option to sleep I'm wide awake.

I sat up with a sigh and twisted my neck to look at who was in close range of me. Balin was close to my right, there was no one at my left apart from the old oak tree, Oin was above me and dear young Kili was below me.

The young Dwarf prince had his eyes closed and his breathing was steady but I wasn't sure if he was asleep or just dozing. His face was at peace and he looked so much younger in sleep than in waking.

I wonder why he's never been with a woman? He's surely been offered many times before. I scanned what I could see of his body, his soft, pull-able looking hair and the stubble that I had a strange urge to run my fingers through.

Before I knew what I was doing, my hand reached out of its own accord and lightly stroked his chestnut coloured hair. It was as soft as I'd imagined and I felt a warm tingle spread throughout my body as I started to play with his loose hair. A saw his mouth twitch as I braided, unbraided and stroked his locks. I failed to see his eyes blink open as I was so engaged in what I was doing.

'Y/N...?' He said sleepily as he turned his head to try and make out what I was doing.

I had a lightning fast debate in my head. Should I back off? Should I not? I don't really want to but would he want me to? He doesn't look angry so I decided to play it cool.

'Yes Kili?' I said softly, focusing my eyes on the part of his hair that I was working with.

'What are you doing?'

'I couldn't sleep and you looked so lovely and I couldn't help myself.'

He smiled at me then. A genuinely happy one that reached his eyes making them sparkle and his dimples making an appearance. He sat up quickly as I let go of his hair and placed himself in front of me.

'What?' I asked quietly, mindful of the dwarves surrounding us.

'Braid it for me,' he replied.

I fought to suppress a grin and gently took hold of his hair. I weaved his hair together quickly as I'd had so much practice and then leaned back to survey my handiwork. I crawled around to his front and eyed how his braids looked from that angle. I tried to ignore the look on his face as I had to lean in closer to properly assess them.

I could feel his warm breath on my face and I tried to keep my eyes and concentration on the task at hand. But without meaning to my eyes strayed to the stubble scattered across his lower features and consequently to his lips.
Yet again, without the permission of my brain, my hand reached out and lightly traced the stubble starting from his chin and across to his jaw. His lips parted at my actions and I tried - I really did - to stop my hand from twisting into the hair falling by his jaw and raising my eyes to meet his.

His eyes were wide and intense and I'm sure my own held a similar expression.

I want to, I really do. It feels as though my lower regions are on fire and it's been a long time since a charming, handsome man gave me any attention and if I'm honest, I really just want to jump him and have my wicked way with him - as my mother used to say.

'Kili,' I whispered, my voice faltering from all the emotions and feelings rippling through my body, 'Are you sure about this? I mean if you want to I mean. I don't want to rob this of you because it should be a special-

I was cut off very efficiently by Kili's soft lips moulding against my own. It silenced me instantly and I relaxed into his needy embrace.

'Y/N,' he smiled breaking the kiss, his face still inches from my own, 'this is special.'

I resisted the urge to hug him hard and instead crashed my lips to his once more. I took him by surprise and he fell back with me on top of him. I'm definitely not complaining! His long arms were wrapped around my waist, my hands still twisted in his hair, his leg was planted between mine and I could feel his desire pressing against my stomach.

We tried to keep quite and really, I thought we were doing well. We fought to suppress our moans as I gently moved against him, succumbing to the intense fire churning in my stomach.

'Y/N,' he gasped as my lips moved to his neck, 'I can't take it, let me-let me be on top.'

I nodded and shifted onto my back, rolling off him as he quickly scrambled to be atop me. He hastily removed my clothes and his own and soon we were skin upon skin, hot and sweaty in the cool night air.

'Kili,' I whined, 'I want you now!' I felt Kili chuckled against my breasts as he paid each nipple the most delicious kinds of attention, rolling them about his mouth, nipping at them and sucking them harshly which made me buck and him grunt loudly.

'Anything you want Y/N,' he breathed, moving back up so he could connect our lips and line up with my aching entrance.

He thrust in quickly as I muffled a cry against his shoulder, my legs tensing and finding leverage wrapped around his hips. He began to slowly move in and out of me, rubbing in all the right ways and relaxing me greatly.

'I thought,' you said softly, 'that you'd never been with a woman before?'

He looked at me with a puzzled expression, gasping every now and then from the lovely feeling of me enveloping him.

'I hadn't,' he ground out.

'Well,' I giggled lightly, 'you are exceptionally good for a beginner.'
He flashed me a cheeky grin and nuzzled his face into my neck, his stubble scratching slightly. I began to claw at his back as your breathing deeply. I could feel my high approaching and I urged him to go faster.

'Harder,' I pleaded as loud as I dared, 'Kili!' The cry of his name made him shiver inside and out and he began to pound into me, making me crying his name over and over again. White danced in front of my eyes as I sunk into the oncoming bliss that was threatening to take me over. I let go with a moan and a bite into Kili's shoulder and I was dimly aware of Kili's thrusts stuttering as he too, reached his high. Still he rocked in and out of me until we both collapsed against each other.

I took a look around the camp and saw to my relief that none of our fellow companions seemed to have awoken. I thanked Mahal for that good news because who knows what would have happened if one of them had?

'Y/N,' Kili muttered rolling off you and snuggling into your side, not stopping his eyes from wandering over your exposed frame, 'if we put our clothes on we can stay together tonight and just say that you got cold if they ask questions.'

I smiled warmly at him and pecked his nose sweetly.

'Good idea, we both need some sleep anyway.' He nodded and quickly pulled his clothes back on as I joined him. We both snuggled down under his blanket and cuddled into each other.

'Goodnight, my dear Kili,' I said softly.

His eyes were already dropping but he kissed my lips lovingly and nuzzled into my neck, closing his eyes.

I looked the lovely dwarf prince lying next to me. I didn't know that anything like this would ever happen on the quest, I thought the most exciting thing that would happen would be being burnt to a crisp by an irritated dragon! How wrong I was.

The line of Durin is not as I expected.

Was my last thought before my eyes slid closed and I entered the land of the stars and faraway lands.

~

We were once again on the move, having had a restful night - for some - and being ready for what the days may hold once more.

Thorin had decided to bring up the rear this day so that meant that he and I were riding side by side with Nori on my right and Kili as usual in front.

Now Thorin has a very different demeanour than Kili and Fili I was not sure what to talk about or how to act with a king. With Kili and Fili I'd just ask silly questions and play with them - that rings too true with Kili now - but with Thorin who was a lot more mature, I had no clue where to begin. So I focused my mind on the events of last night.

My eyes glazed over focused on Kili's still braided hair as I replayed our escapades earlier escapades. There had been a lot of questions when the Company awoke to see Kili and I tangled in each other's
arms but we soon managed to talk our way out of it, or so we liked to think. Everything had been normal from then on, with me being a little closer with and more reliant on Kili than usual but other than that, everything was just as before.

I was shaken from my daydream by a gruff voice.

'You are rested now Y/N?'

I turned with a smile to see Thorin's impassive face looking back at me. I willed myself not to stumble over my words.

'Yes, I'm good to go now,' I chuckled lightly.

'You did not get kept awake for any reason last night?'

He knows. He definitely knows. I could see Kili in front of me turning his head slightly to now listen to our now increasingly tense conversation.

'No, no. I-I was fine, I got tad cold but Kili helped me out,' I shrugged in what I hoped was a nonchalant fashion.

'Yes,' said Thorin flatly, 'I noticed that. But if you ever get 'cold' in the future Y/N, come to me.'

What exactly was he implying? I resisted the temptation to shift in my saddle and steeled the fizzing butterflies in my stomach and beyond and fixed a proud expression on my face.

'Kili helped me just as much as you ever could, thank you very much.'

I heard a snort from in front of me and to my right and I rolled my eyes in frustration. Dwarves never can keep their laughter in.

Thorin looked grunted harshly at me and moved his pony so it was close to mine, neck to neck.

'I grant you Y/N, that I have different skills to Kili and it would be in your interest to heed my words.'

I stared at him, mouth open. He was definitely implying what I believed he was now. The cheek of that dwarf! Not to say that I wouldn't consider his words but I shall teach him a lesson one way or the other for his audacity.

'I will consider your words Thorin Oakenshield,' I said with a smirk.

A hint of a smile tugged at his lips as he moved his pony back to his original position and out to ride to the front, to - I'm guessing - speak to Gandalf.

Kili turned his head to stare at me and his expression was smug. He smirked widely at me and winked. I gaped back at him and he turned back around laughing to himself.

'You better watch out for Fili too. He's had his eye on you for a while even more so than Thorin and I,' Kili said softly.

But Y/N did not hear that remark and carried on going over and over what had just happened.

What had she gotten herself into?
So, The Line of Durin, hmm? What are you thoughts on that? On everything! I'd love to hear what you're all thinking and if you're looking forwards to part three. Remember you can always request anything and any time here in the comments and I'll always write them done, just as a reminder :) I hope you're all looking forward to part three as much as I am!
Chapter Summary

I'm sorry this part took so long but I wanted to make it extra special since it was the last part. This is the longest chapter I've ever written and I could have split it into two parts, but I didn't fancy it so I left it as the finale. I really hope you all enjoy it and that it is a good enough thank you for everything you've all done for me. Thank you all so much and I hope the last part is what you all wanted because I sure enjoyed writing it! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I was still in shock at what had just happened when Fili hung back to return to his original position beside me.

'Hello Y/N,' he said pleasantly, 'I trust you had a good night?'

Why in Mahal's name is everyone asking about my night?

'I-' I began to reply but was cut off by Kili's loud voice.

'Aye, she did,' he said smugly, eyeing both of us. What happened to the innocent Kili I was with last night? 'Nori,' he said turning to the amused looking dwarf on my right, 'could we swap places?'

Nori nodded, smirking widely and quickly swapped places with Kili so I was flanked by the two dwarves that I knew were about to give me a hard time. Excluding one, of course, who was now sadly quite a distance in front of me.

'What do you mean, Kee?' Asked a puzzled Fili.

I giggled at Kili's pet name as he rolled his eyes.

'I mean, Fee,' Kili shot a pointed look at Fili, 'that I know Y/N had a pleasant night last night.'

I wanted to jump off my pony and never come back. I wanted to sink into the ground and live amongst the earth worms deep underground. It's not that I'm ashamed of what happened last night, Mahal no, I would happily replay it. It's just I don't want Fili knowing because... Well... Because I would like to do the same to him.

What is wrong with me?

'And how would you know that?' Asked Fili, eyeing us both suspiciously.

Kili opened his mouth but before he had a chance to utter a word I jumped in.

'Me and Kili stayed up together, I was cold and he warmed me up. It was lovely, we talked for about half the night.'

I shot Kili a look that would have sent the most powerful of orc running over mountains and dales
but not Kili, Kili just grinned happily at me.

'Don't lie to me Y/N,' Fili chuckled shaking his head, 'Thorin and I have already spoken about it. We are both very jealous that Kili got there first but it cannot be helped.'

My brain failed to process what had just been said to me and I looked at one dwarf prince, then the other, gawking at both.

'You-you're jealous? What of? I mean, what has Thorin got to do with this? I think I know what he was implying earlier but I didn't actually think-Kili, did you know about this?'

Kili shook his head quickly, 'no Y/N. This is not some sick game. I knew that they liked the look of you and thought well of you but that was it.'

'And Fili,' I turned on him, 'is this some sick game to you and Thorin or-'

'This is not a game!' Cried Fili with an angry glint in his eye, 'don't be ridiculous.'

I huffed and locked my eyes onto Nori's back, my brain whirring and working, trying to process this new and very odd information. I left the brothers to their chat - still on the topic of me it seemed - but I paid no attention as I was deep in my own thoughts. I was only aware of the sway of my body as my pony plodded slowly along, the laughter of the Company and the chilly breeze that whispered and tugged at my hair.

I was rudely awoken from my thoughts by a squeeze to my arm. I turned to see Fili looking at me intently and jerking his head to the front. I followed the direction that he was trying to tell me and my eyes landed on Thorin who had turned his pony to face Fili, Kili and I as the whole Company stopped.

'We need to spread out our packs more,' Thorin said, eyeing each member of the Company until his piercing gaze settled on me, 'Y/N, you're the lightest. Everyone off your ponies and help spread the packs, Y/N you'll ride with me.'

On a pony with Thorin. On a pony with the King of Erebor. On a pony with the most intense dwarf I'd ever encountered. Being on the ground where I could walk off if need be was enough. How an earth am I going to fair being in such close contact with him for such a long time? And with what I have just been told! My stomach flipped uncomfortably at the thought of that and I hastily scolded myself, quelling the thoughts and feelings.

I slid off my ever faithful pony, gave him a loving pat and made my way to Thorin's pony to say hello. He was a lot bigger than my wee trooper and I greeted him cautiously but kindly and he welcomed me quickly.

I watched as the dwarves traipsed back and forth through the now drying mud of the forest, spreading out packs between the ponies. It's a lovely day, now I think of it. It had finally ceased raining and the sky was clear and a breeze rustled the trees surrounding us. Cold sunlight filtered through the gaps and cast illuminated pathways onto the road ahead.

Yet again I was completely lost in my thoughts, absentmindedly stroking the pony's muzzle, so I did not notice Thorin come to stand in front of me until he cleared his throat with a cough.

'Oh sorry Thorin,' I gabbled quickly, making his horse jump.

I swear I saw a hint of a smile on his lips as he gestured for me to mount his horse. But I didn't know if I was going behind or in front...
'Am I going behind you or in front...?' I asked, unsure of myself. Especially being this close his royal grumpiness.

'You will go in front,' he said flatly.

I thought for a moment.

'But surely I should go behind because you'll be holding the reins-' I said, you will go in front,' he said with more force.

I resisted the urge to call him bossy and stepped back so he could go first, that obviously being easier. Once he was on I moved to mount and actually struggled being unused to someone already being there. He noticed my struggle and sighed, leaning over and grabbing me by the waist to lift me up and settle me on. Only then did I realise what this position meant for me. I was pressed up against his front, him with his arms around me, holding the reins and his hot breath blowing across my neck.

This is not good.

'Are we all ready?' He called to the Company.

They were all mounted and packed and a chorus of nods and yes's answered Thorin's question. He nodded in satisfaction and urged the pony on as I had no choice but to lean back into his warm chest for balance.

It was quite a lovely position really. If I had been in it with someone like Bofur - a relaxed, merry sweetheart - I would have joked and laughed about it but being in it with an intense, incredibly handsome dwarf like Thorin was a whole different matter. I hardly dared to breath and I kept my eyes firmly fixed on the road ahead, as we were leading the group. I was painfully aware that I was snuggled into his chest - not intentionally mind - and that his chin was almost resting upon my head.

I wanted to say something, to spark conversation to ease the tension but what was I supposed to say? I could at least make an attempt.

'So...' I began, 'what was Erebor like in your days?'

Thorin was a little older than me for I was raised in the Blue Mountains and knew little of Erebor's history and what it was like and I was genuinely interested in his answer.

I felt his chest tense at my questions and I wondered for a panicked moment if this was the question I was most definitely not to ask. But he relaxed a second later and began to speak.

'It was beautiful. I wish you could have seen it as I had. I have no words to describe it's spectacular majesty and it's prosperity, I shall have to show you myself when we get there.'

I nodded, imaging great halls lined with jewels and great golden statutes towering taller than anything I could ever imagine. It sounded like quite a place.

'I'm glad I am able to help you reclaim it,' I said without thought, 'it sounds as though you really care about it and that's something to take pride in.'

Thorin was silent.

'Take the reins,' was all he said.

I took the reins hesitantly and he wrapped his strong arms around my middle tightly, dropping his
head to my shoulder, his raven hair cascading down my shoulders.

'I wish to thank you Y/N,' he muttered into my shoulder.

'For what?' I whispered.

'For always believing in this quest, for always being bright and for always helping and putting others before yourself.'

I was speechless. I didn't know what to say so I decided to let my actions speak as words. I let go of the reins, laid my hands upon his large ones and twisted my head around forcing his own to rise. I locked eyes with him for a second and hesitantly placed my lips upon his. His fingers tightened around my stomach and pulled me tighter against him, kissing me back gently and passionately. We broke apart disappointingly quickly considering pony's do often need to be told where to go and it would not do for the rest of the Company to see what was going on just yet.

'This is not fair,' Thorin growled as I twisted my head back to face the front and hastily gathered the reins again.

'Be that as it may, we can't do anything about it.'

I was just as disappointed as he was, if not more so. The sensation of him being pressed against my back and his arms being around me was enough to set my insides alight and I was forced to use all my self control not squirm.

Thorin's arms that were placed around my middle shifted and he moved backwards slightly so his hands could rest on my stomach. He spread his large palms out, the expanse covering my stomach and part of my ribcage and causing me to stop breathing. He leant his head down to whisper in my ear, sending shivers and jolts throughout my body.

'Keep hold of the reins and keep your eyes on the path ahead, no matter what. And also, do not make a sound.'

I didn't plan to. He moved his large hands back to my hips and squeezed gently, manoeuvring me so that my legs draped back over his own and I was totally exposed with him holding my hips for extra balance.

'Thorin!' I gasped, 'this is not safe and it is as clear as day to those behind us what is going on.'

Thorin chuckled against my ear, 'I know Y/N. But if they wish to look, let them. You are nothing to do with anyone but me.'

I shifted upon his lap, my legs feeling stretched beyond their capacity and nodded, holding the reins tighter.

Thorin stroked my hips in satisfaction and ran his large hands over my body, avoiding the two places I wanted him to be. His chest rumbled in a deep laugh as I huffed and grabbed onto his wrists.

I'm never one to just hint at what I want. Why hint when I can get what I want by just telling them straight out and getting it sooner?

I gently removed his hands from me and placed one upon my heaving chest and one to my lower regions. I could tell he was surprised by my forward actions but he made no complaint as he began to massage one of my breasts with one hand and cup my heat with the other. I relaxed into his touch, letting my head fall back against his shoulder a small sight escaping my lips. I could feel his desire
growing beneath me, his breathing deepening.

'Eyes on the road ahead,' he whispered against my cheek as he stilled his delicious actions.

I hastily removed my head and trained my eyes on our path through the forest. His pony - I owe him a great deal - was not bothered by the lack of contact I had on him or by the strange way our weight was situated. He was quite content just plodding steadily along the path, with his friends behind him.

Thorin did not stop his assault on me and as soon as my head was up and my eyes were ahead he began again. His applied more pressure to his hands and tweaked my nipple through the thin cloth of Fili's tunic making me gasp and squirm against his other hand. His other hand teased and rubbed against my heat making it ache and throb. I gulped back a moan and wiggled slightly, desperate for more friction and for him to do something - anything.

I was incredibly pleased when I felt his hand slowly slip beneath the waistband of my trousers and undergarments and begin to slowly massage my clit. I jumped and bucked against him, hissing at the forward contact as he squeezed my breast harshly, biting onto my neck.

My eyelids fluttered as he continued his assault on my clit and breasts and I sighed quietly, whispering pleads for more. I could feel how much more he wanted by the something that was pressing against me.

'Thorin,' I stuttered as his fingers continued to rub slow circles on my clit and run a finger or two over my wetness, 'please, give me more.'

I felt him shudder beneath me, rearranging himself.

'You want more?' He said quietly in a strained voice.

'Mmm, yes,' I hummed.

'Who am I to disappoint my lady,'

Before I had time to question his last sentence he sat me forward again. I heard him curse and groan slightly as he ripped his trousers down to release his erection that was flushed and already dripping with pre-cum. He quickly lifted my by the hips and held me above him slightly.

'Do you want this?' He asked.

'Yes!' I gasped, it was all I did want.

'You're absolutely sure, my Princess?'

'Yes. I am absolutely sure.'

He needed no more words and hastily lowered me onto his twitching member. I sunk down on him deliciously and I silenced a cry as I took all of him. He threw back his head and let out a gasp, squeezing my hips. I wiggled atop him signalling that I wanted him to start moving, or start helping me to move for the position I was in was quite tricky.

He guided my hips up and down on him as we both let out soft whimpers and moans - not loud enough for the Company to overhear mind - and soon I was unable to string together a coherent sentence for the pleasure that was taking over my body.

Thorin shifted his body, moving to give us a new position every so often for we could not afford to
make it obvious what was going on by fast movements, we also did not want to upset the pony. He thurst into me slow and hard, my mouth hung open from the force and I felt as though I was going to explode. I could feel my high approaching and I knew Thorin could too because he let out a curse as my insides clenched and squeezed his erection. I gasped that I was almost there and he used the last of his strength to send himself and I into the bliss of oblivion. I muffled a loud cry as my body convulsed and shook as I rode out my high, Thorin groaning and shaking beneath me, still weakly thrusting into me to make my high the best he could.

As soon as we had both cleaned up as well as we could and were decent I took my place snuggled back up against him. This time though, I let myself relax and bask in the warmth and scent of him. His fur-lined coat giving my head a perfect place to rest alongside his chest.

'Are you okay to ride Thorin?' I asked quietly, smiling up at him.

'Of course I am,' he replied, back to his usual regal manner but his eyes and hint of a smile told me that everything, indeed, had changed.

But I knew that could be changed and he had a caring, loving side to him. With this thought in mind, I closed my eyes and was lulled I sleep by the steady rhythm of Thorin’s heartbeat against my cheek and the swaying of the pony.

~

I was awoken later by Thorin whispering into my ear and the swaying of the pony coming to a halt.

'It's late, Y/N. We're all going to set up camp here for the night.'

My bleary eyes focused slowly as I took in my surroundings. We now seemed to be out of the forest and by a steadily flowing river surrounded by tall rocks and bushes. It was a nice difference from trees and I wondered if maybe I could bathe a little in the river.

Thorin dismounted along with the rest of the Company and held out his arms for me.

'I am perfectly capable of getting off a horse on my own, thank you very much,' I scoffed, swinging a leg over and slipping off gracefully.

He shook his head at me as the Company laughed as we all traipsed to the clearing between a group of boulders and the fast flowing river.

Setting up camp was postponed by the young dwarves' mischief and everyone cracking jokes. Everyone was in high spirits at making good progress and even managing to rest up early, even Thorin had a small smile upon his lips.

I joined in with the merriment and laughed heartily as I was preparing my blanket and things.

The weather added to our high spirits. It was a clear and cool late afternoon and there was not a raincloud in sight.

We all broke off into little groups as we had finished and just relaxed and chatted with each other. I ended up with Bofur and Oin as it happened.

'So lass,' said Bofur, eyeing me in amusement, dimples on full display, 'I could be wrong but did I see you and Thorin doing something rather questionable earlier on?'

Oin looked at Bofur in surprise as he grinned and then at me in non-disguised shock. What was I
supposed to say?

'I-well. I uh, I don't know what you mean,' I said definitely.

As I said this I could feel heat spreading across my face and my palms started to sweat. Blast it all!

Bofur nodded knowingly, 'I'll take your word for it lass. But I know what I saw and I saw what I know.'

I opened my mouth but snapped it shut again, realising I had nothing more to say.

'Questionable activities? With Thorin? Does he mean-' Oin was cut off by Bofur shaking his head at him quickly which silenced the tactful Oin in a second.

'I don't know what Fili will say about that,' said Bofur, raising his brows knowingly.

What Fili would say? This has nothing to do with Fili, why would he have anything to say about all of this?

'What do you mean?' I asked, puzzled.

Bofur rolled his eyes and dragged a palm down his face, 'lass! Are you blind? Fili cares for you. He gave you his clothes, he's always staring at you! You should have seen his face when you and Kili spent the night together.'

Yet again I was struck dumb. Fili cared for me? As well as Kili and Thorin? Blimey, the whole bloody line of Durin seems to care for me, Mahal knows why! They have their pick of the ladies, why would one, let alone three, want me?

I said as much to Bofur but all I got out of him was a shake of the head and a laugh.

'How do you feel about Fili, Y/N?' Asked Oin, who seemed to hear perfectly well when it suited him.

'Well, I've never really thought about it. He has always been there for me and I do find him handsome but I've never really considered that aspect of him and I.'

I was lying of course and Bofur seemed to sense this.

'Go and talk to him,' he advised.

I nodded and excused myself saying that I needed to go and have a think. I hurried over to my blanket and sat down with a thud. How am I going to do this? What do I want to do? Do I want him? Do I want him like I want Thorin and Kili? Truth be told, I do. And if what Bofur said was true then it shouldn't be too hard to do something about it.

I just needed a plan.

~

'So you tell him to keep walking up the lake until he finds me, okay?' Tell him ten minutes after I've left.'

I had finally decided on what was to be done. I had spent a long time in my thoughts and decisions and had finally come to a conclusion. I was now just telling Bofur what part he was to play and what he was to do.
Bofur nodded as I was speaking and grinned widely at me.

'Will do, lass. Good luck and have fun,' he winked at me and sent me on my way up the verge following the river.

I hastily waved goodbye to him and ran through the long grass under the creeping night until I could run no more. I slowed to a walk on the look out for what I wanted.

At last, after many trips and curses, I stumbled - literally - upon what I was searching for. An area of the river had flowed into a large, deep pool. Deep enough to submerge me and perfect for what I was planning. I grinned to myself and quickly stripped down naked and stood there for a moment, loving the feeling of the cool air against my skin.

I skipped over to the edge of the pool and dipped a toe in, hissing and giggling at how cold it was. I steeled myself and ran into the water wanting to get the shock over with. The freezing cold water reached my breasts and I squeaked as the cold water washed over them making my nipples harden.

I danced and splashed in the water for a bit, revelling in the feeling of being clean and my hair getting a dunk.

At last I heard the rustle of grass an a call of my name. It was Fili's voice.

'Y/N! Where are you? Why are you so far away from camp on your own? Bofur said you wanted to see me?'

'Yes? I'm here. Because I needed a wash. He was right, I do,' I called back, answering all his questions at once.

The golden haired prince came into view and I quickly submerged myself to just below my collarbone in the water. His puzzled and slightly worried expression landed on me as I smiled in greeting. His eyes took in my position and my clothes by the bank and I watched as his mouth opened and closed silently.

'Care to join?' I said mischievously, cocking a brow.

'I-I thought you wanted to speak with me? I'll leave if you want me to, you're obviously not decent...'

'And if I don't want you to?'

I saw his eyes darken and flash and his hands that were by his sides, drew into fists and flexed.

'Then I guess,' he murmured quietly, 'I can stay.'

'Why don't you come in with me?' I asked innocently, 'there's plenty of room.'

He chuckled at me and nodded. He stood and begun to strip off his clothes, my eyes never leaving his graceful actions. I had to focus on not shivering as his chest was revealed to me. Strong, muscular and I could see a trail of golden hair leading down to where my eyes where drawn next. He stripped down naked and I let my eyes roam his impressive form, heat igniting throughout my body once more at the mere sit of his impressive form.

It seemed to me that the line of Durin was very well equipped.

'You better come and join me,' I whispered in what I hoped was a seductive tone, 'it's cold.'

Fili strided the few steps over to the riverbank leaving his clothes in a heap alongside mine and
quickly slid into the freezing water. It felt warm to me now since my body had time to get used to it but for him it would have been unbearable for the first short while.

His teeth were gritted as he paddled over to me.

'How can you stand this Y/N?' He asked.

I giggled at his tortured expression, ignoring the temptation to splash him.

'I've been here a while. Come here and I'll warm you up,' I opened my arms and he instantly splashed into them, hugging me tightly.

I held him close until his shivers subsided and he relaxed into my embrace.

'What did you want to speak to me about?' He asked, his voice muffled against my hair.

'Kili. Thorin. Us,' I said, readying myself for whatever reaction was coming my way.

I felt him freeze in my arms and I held my breath waiting for something.

'They really like you Y/N,' he said quietly, pulling away so he could look me in the eyes, 'and so do I.'

'But why,' I asked, 'why do Thorin, Kili and you like me? I like you all too but I don't understand.'

'Kili has liked you since you started talking to him and since you were always there to share things with and were so caring of him. Thorin has liked you since you proved to be a merciful warrior and you always put others before yourself and he immensely enjoyed your company. And me,' his face began to redden, 'well, I've liked you since I first laid eyes on you.'

I couldn't help the smile that spread across my face. I couldn't help throwing my arms around his neck. I couldn't help kissing him with all I possessed. And I couldn't help pushing myself flush against him, the fire devouring my body from the inside.

He kissed me back with as much fire and our limbs tangled together like the spirals of a flame. The water amplifying the fire inside me instead of quenching it. We devoured each other, heat and love thick in the air. I could feel his heart's rapid beating against mine.

I tangled my hands in his golden locks and latched my lips to his neck. He groaned deeply at the sensation and rubbed his hands up and down my thighs, slightly bucking against me.

With the water lapping gently against our aching bodies and the moon appearing from behind the clouds along with a sea of beautiful stars, I entered into a blissful euphoria alongside my golden haired prince. We were tangled as one and we were undone as one.

We fell against each other breathing heavily, Fili slipping from my tender area with a sigh.

'I think I'm in love with you Y/N,' he said quietly, leaving his forehead carefully against mine.

My breathing stopped and my heartbeat quickened. He loves me? He is in love with me? Am I in love with him? Do I know the answer? I think I do.

'Fili, I said softly, 'I love you too.'

And I do. I really, really do. But... But there was something niggling at the back of my mind. What of Kili and Thorin? Surely I don't...? I think I do.
'But,' I carried on, 'I think I may be in love with Kili and Thorin too. That makes my love no less binding to you but it's wrong and I shouldn't love all of you, I don't know.'

Fili silenced me with a gentle kiss.

'I know you do Y/N. I know you do. I'm okay with that, as long as I know you love me as much as you love them, I'm okay with it. We're all okay with it.'

'What do you mean, 'we're all okay with it,' I asked puzzled.

Fili looked a tad shifty then and gave me an embarrassed smile.

'We all spoke about it when you were with Bofur and Oin. Do you want to go back and give them the news?'

'Go back and,' I paused, 'tell them how I feel?'

Fili took his forehead off yours and nodded slowly, 'yes.'

I gulped and gave him a pained look as he took my hand gently and began to pull me onto dry land.

'I promise it'll be okay Y/N. you have no reason to be worried.'

I nodded, trusting him, as we both hurriedly pulled on our clothes. I notice how dark it was getting as did Fili and he took my hand once again. We set off at a run back towards camp, towards my future, towards the other two men that I love.

As we came into sight of camp we noticed that everyone was asleep - or pretending to be in Gandalf and Bofur's case, curious as they are - aside from Thorin and Kili, just the two that I wanted to see and at this present time, didn't. For the butterflies fluttering inside my tummy were soon turning into hissing and nipping snakes.

'Fili! Y/N! There you are! We've been waiting up for you for hours. Where have you been?' Came Kili's panic stricken voice, eyes roaming over the two of you searching for any injury.

'We're fine, everything's fine. Y/N just wished to speak in private with me.'

Thorin snorted, 'for that long? Do not think I do not know what you two were doing,' he eyed Fili and I's still dripping hair.

I felt a blush creep up my neck as Kili laughed loudly. Fili squeezed my hand reassuringly and urged me to speak.

'Thorin, Kili,' I began nervously, they both heard the tremor in my voice and watched me intently, 'Fili told me everything and I just wanted to say that I too, feel the same way.'

Thorin and Kili were both shocked. Their eyes widened and now it was Fili's turn to laugh. Kili was the first to speak.

'You feel the same? You-you love us? As we love you?'

'I do,' I said sincerely, 'by Mahal, I do.'

'You know what this means?' Said Thorin quietly, 'you know that this means you are binded to all three of us. You understand that?'
'I do.'

Binded to three dwarves. Becoming royalty. Queen of Erebor. But lost of all, oh, most of all, being able to be loved and to be loved by the three that I could not imagine being parted from.

Kili grinned happily and I swear his eyes are overly bright with tears of great joy - as are mine for definite - Thorin smiled too, his eyes lighting up. Not an icy blue but a blue that reminded me of the ocean, a blue that I could drown in. And Fili, my dear Fili, turned into my side and rested his forehead against mine. Thorin and Kili approached us and also rested their foreheads against my own. I closed my eyes at the intimacy of it all and revelled in the feeling of love and security. Knowing that I would always love these dwarves in each and every way possible.

'I love you,' I whispered thickly, looking at Fili, Kili and Thorin in turn.

'I love you too,' they each said, their eyes full of hope and devotion - mine holding the same genuine feeling as theirs.

'Well about bloody time!' Cried a voice.

It was Bofur and I could do nothing but burst into contagious giggles that soon had all four of us clutching each other.

I am with exactly who I am meant to be with and exactly where I am meant to be.

I could not ask for anything more than what I have right now.

Chapter End Notes

So what did you all think? I would love and really appreciate some feedback on this chapter especially. I really want to know your thoughts and things on the whole three parts or just this one, whatever you fancy. The requests will start as normal again and who knows? Maybe I'll do another one of these again sometime! Thank you all so much <3
Chapter Summary

Thranduil finally finds the girl he has been searching for and how surprised she is to see him! This is more of a fluffy Thranduil story with much more of a storyline. But if you all enjoy I will happily do a part 2 with smut. I quite like the way this story is going and I do already have plans for a part 2. This is two requests smushed into one :) a request for Thranduil and a request for Thranduil with a Laketown lady (with a human no less!) I hope you all enjoy! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

'Y/N! Quick sharp now girl. King Thranduil will be here any minute and I will not have you - of all people, let me down. Have you got everything ready?'

Fancy that, the great King Thranduil coming here. Ever since those mysterious dwarves and such like had appeared in Laketown every manner of strange thing had begun to happen.

First and probably the most notable, Smaug - The Chieftest and Greatest of Calamities himself - had come down from his reside of the Lonely Mountain and attacked us all. I cannot begin to give an accurate recount of what happened for it was all chaos and betrayal in those life changing hours that our village was destroyed.

Thankfully Bard - a most noble and intelligent man, keen of sight and mind and a descendent of the Dale lords - shot the great beast down with the help of his son and saved us all from total carnage and destruction.

Sadly, that was not the end of it all. Thorin Oakenshield who had led said dwarves in a quest to reclaim Erebor had contracted gold sickness and endangered us all yet again. But in the end and after a rather large battle, there was much to be celebrated. And many to be remembered.

Along with the great kingdom of Erebor, Dale was also refurbished and once again shone with a light that was once thought to be vanquished. I, a simple girl of Laketown, had only been a child then and remembered only flashes and what was told to me of the great events. Most of my life had been lived in Dale and hopefully, a lot more of it.

Dale had once again become a beacon of trading and strange folk flocked from far and wide to our dazzling town that was so perfectly situated neighbouring Erebor. The streets were buzzing with life, children were playing in the streets without a care in the world and laughter could be heard far and wide.

'Y/N! Are you listening to me?'

I jumped and turned to face Lady Genivil. Her face was red and her small, beady eyes were fixed on me with a fierce glare. She was pretty once, I could tell. But now, after many years of frowning and ranting, her face looked as though it had been painted red by mistake and then someone had tried to paint white over it. It just didn't work.
'Yes, Lady Genivil. Everything of course is ready,' I replied with a smile.

I could see this angered her, for her lips puckered but she could not say anything for I had done nothing wrong.

'Yes, well,' she humphed, 'check all your equipment again. You have been chosen - by the King's personal decision - to fashion his new dress robes,' she gritted her teeth, 'Eru help us all. Please do try and be polite and do not embarrass me!'

'When am I ever impolite Lady Genivil? I know my place and I know my manners. You have my word that I will be on my best behaviour.'

'You see that you are!' She spat, 'now do excuse me, I have to attended a very important gathering with a few lady friends of mine,' she turned and flounced to the shop exit, 'and remember,' she said turning round to look me in the eye, 'you have the name of my business to live up to. See that you make me proud. Good day.'

I nodded, 'I promise I will. Goodbye Lady Genivil!' She ignored my farewell and left the shop, 'You old hag,' I added with a smirk as I watched her generous body waddle along the street.

At last I'm alone! Thank goodness for small mercies. Albeit what Lady Genivil obviously thinks, I am prepared. It is highly unusual for a King to pick a Tailor's for new robes such as he requests. Usually he would take his business straight to the elven maidens which would cut the waiting time by quite a lot but I guess he wants to try a new way. And who am I to complain? More business means higher wages.

I plopped down on a wooden seat by the window, just then realising how nervous I was. I was going to meet, talk with and try to not embarrass myself in front of a king. I had also heard that he was very attractive and cold into the bargain, two traits that I did not do well with.

It did not help matters that since I was measuring his sizes for his robes, something that would usually be done by someone more professional, but he wanted something new this time, which is why he's coming to me - I will have to actually touch him. Which scared the living daylights out of me. What if I accidental hurt him? What if I accidentally displeased him in some way? So many 'what ifs' where rushing through my head that I did not hear the door open nor the bell ring.

'This is Lady Genivil's I take it?'

Who's interrupting me at a time like this? The sign on the door clearly states that we're closed for very important business. Why does no one read signs anymore?

'I'm very sorry,' I said, without looking up, 'we're closed today. Try coming back tomorrow.'

'I don't think it would be wise to send me away. You are expecting me?'

The iciness of the voice made me lift my head to see who this strange visitor was and why he was not leaving. As soon as my eyes took in the impressive stature and chiseled features my mouth dropped.

I had just told a king to come back tomorrow. I had just told our most important visitor to leave. I was definitely not living up to my promise to Lady Genivil so far.

'Oh my goodness, I am so sorry!' I squeaked, leaping to my feet, 'I was in another world. Welcome to Lady Genivil's! I'm Y/N and I shall be assisting you today,' I bobbed a quick curtesy.
Thranduil nodded with a cool smile and tipped his head respectfully.

I have not yet ruined this whole affair then.

'I am pleased to make your acquaintance Y/N. Is everything ready?'

'Of course, of course,' I gabbled, rushing round to gather all of my tools and sketches, 'I have everything here,' I spread all my items out on the table in front of my and beckoned Thranduil over.

As he stepped over to my table I watched in awe at his fluid, graceful movements and wished that I, a human girl, could move in such a way.

Thranduil surveyed my sketches with a critical eye but seemed quite pleased with what I had come up with.

'Very good Y/N. You indeed have a clever mind. Do you require my measurements now?'

'Um, yes, if that's okay with you?' I asked, feeling not at all ready to take on such an unusual customer.

He nodded regally and removed the crown from his silver hair, setting it on the table alongside my sketches. He then rid himself of his cloak and I saw his flawlessly made clothes in their full glory. Why had he come to me if he could have those kind of clothes at his fingertips?

It was my job to be indifferent to male and female customers stripping down to their undergarment but never before had I witnessed a king - also a very attractive one at that - strip down with so much dignity.

He stood there, barely clothed, with as much grace as if he was clothed in Lothlórien cloth spun with silk gold. I forgot myself and took a moment to let my eyes roam over his pale chest. He was lithe in figure but I could see the muscles ripple underneath his porcelain skin. I was too engrossed in studying him that I did not notice his eyes shift towards me.

'Y/N.'

I hummed in response.

'Would it not be a good idea to get on with your job?'

Oh! Oh by Eru. Why am I such a fool?

'Oh yes, of course, sorry,' I gabbled.

I could feel my face flush and I swear I saw a hint of a smile tug at Thranduil's mouth at my actions. I hastily plucked my measuring tape from the table and mentally prepared myself for the task of touching such a flawless creature.

'Do excuse me,' I murmured out of habit, gently wrapping the tape around his stomach.

I measured his chest, arms and neck without fault. Efficiently scribbling down the measurements on my well used notepad for when I would begin the real work of designing and making the garment.

I moved onto his calves and gently wrapped the tape around the first. I started when I felt him shift slightly. I looked up to his face and saw it as impassive as ever. I must have imagined it. I brushed it off and moved onto the next calf, the same thing happened! But this time I noticed a small change in
his expression. His eyes had lightened considerably.

My next measurements were the knees. I did the same as before but this time his knee jerked out and almost collided with my face! I jumped back in panic a small giggle rising in my throat.

Thranduil looked at me apologetically, 'I am sorry. I am cursed with being rather ticklish around the legs.'

I nodded, unable to keep a large smirk off my face as I tried to contain the laughter and mischievous plan that was bubbling inside of me.

I stepped back to him and knelt down once more, this time measuring his thigh. I purposely placed the measuring tape down from where I needed it and slid it up his leg, earning a jerk and this time a small squeak from the oh so proper king. I barely held myself together at the squeak and reminded myself over and over again of who this was, who I am and my promise.

'Stop trying to hide it Y/N,' his voice rumbled from above me.

I looked at him as innocently as I could.

'Hide what, my king?'

He sighed and gave me a small, genuine smile.

'I can see you're dying to laugh and if you want, then so be it.'

I stared at him for a moment and then snorted quite against my will. That began a fit of laughter on my part as Thranduil watched calmly with a crinkle to his eyes and a slight curve of his mouth.

'Quite finished?' He asked a short while later.

'Yes, yes I think so,' I gasped, exhausted from my laughter.

'You are much as I remember...'

I frowned. That was a strange thing to come out with. He knows me? How very odd.

'If you're, have we met before?' I asked, puzzled.

I saw his face drop slightly and I instantly felt bad. I really didn't remember!

'Of course you wouldnt remember. I forget how young humans are even when they look old. You must have been a very young child then when we met. You have no recollection of me at all?'

I thought for a moment. I did have some strange memory of crying for my mother while sitting alone in the burning ruin of Laketown with the inhabitants too scared and too consumed with grief I tend with a small, lost child. I remember being approached my a large, strange creature that terrified me. I remember screaming as loud as I could while the creature crept closer to me. Then suddenly, it was gone and in it's place was a tall man. He picked me up and returned me to my mother. I remember playing with his long, silver hair as I was in his arms.

'You-you were the man that saved me in Laketown?' I stuttered.

Thranduil smiled, 'so you do remember. But of course, you would think I was a man but now you know he was an elf - indeed, he being me. You were the sweetest human child I'd ever met. You insisted on playing with my hair taking no heed to danger we were in. I must say, it took a while to
find you, in your years anyway. I take it twenty years is a long time to a human?"

'Yes...' I stuttered, 'it is. I'm twenty-four now and I have changed so much. You-you look the same as I remember.'

'We elves do not age as humans do. Which is why I was wondering if you would like to accompany me to dinner in my Kingdom?'

My brain did not know his to process this. It packed its bags and left my instincts to their own and did not return for many days.

'I-well-I,' I stuttered, 'yes. Yes! I would, sorry. I would.'

Well after some effort I got the right words out.

Thranduil smiled and bowed low to me, his long hair falling down in waves around his head.

'Thank you Y/N. You may of course call me Thranduil now, if you wish.'

'My ki- sorry, Thranduil. As happy as I am about these events I would just like to point out that you are still barely clothed. No matter how pleasing that may be in my view.'

I inwardly praised myself at his shocked expression. Even if he ordered for my execution at least the basis would be amusing.

'Bold words for a human. You have bravery, foolish as it may be,' he quirked a brow, 'but you are correct, once I am dressed we can discuss matters further.'

That reminded me. For a human. Surely and an elven king would not and could not invite a human girl as his guest to dinner?

I voiced this question and he gave me a somewhat scathing look.

'I honour out traditions and our values but you are an expedition. I knew when I saved you that I would indeed find you again.'

My mouth parted at these words as I took in the soft eyes and gentle expression of the Elvenking in front of me. He saved my life and I never relayed him. I shall show my gratitude to him and prove my bravery is not foolish into the bargain.

I raised a hand to his cheek and before he knew it, my lips were softly pressed against his. I could hardly contain myself If I was to be truthful. He tasted of freedom of music and as sweet as the moonlight of a full moon.

I broke our kiss - somewhat regretfully - and stepped back, eyeing his face. A look of shock, confusion, desire and of something I could not recognise flashed across his face, which settled upon softness.

'That was indeed unexpected Y/N. But gives me all the more reason and pleasure knowing that you will dine with me. I look forward to it immensely and will send someone for you tomorrow at eight.'

Before I could reply he hastily stepped over to me and placed a gentle kiss to my lips. My eyes fluttered closed at his tenderness and when I opened them again when the lovely warmth ceased, he was gone.

Well that was one visit I'm never going to forget. And I cannot say that I am not greatly looking
forward to tomorrow night.

Who knew that Thranduil, known as indifferent and tough was ticklish?

That, I would obviously use to my advantage.

Chapter End Notes

I would love some feedback and if you would like a part 2, just ask! Because I would actually rather like to write a part 2 to this one. Thank you for reading!
Here is part 2 to Double The Fun! I moved this request up on the list because so many people were asking for it :) I hope you all like it and it's what you wanted! It's a wee bit shorter than the previous stories because the storyline of this particular one had already been done. Thank you so much and please enjoy the threesome fun! <3

'That was amazing,' I breathed, smiling softly at them both.

They both looked at each other and smirked.

'You think we're done with you?' Chuckled Legolas, 'I haven't had my turn yet.'

Aragorn nodded, eyeing my naked form, wonder in his eyes.

'We've barely even begun.'

My eyes flicked from the silver haired elf to the rugged man, back and forth, eying them both eagerly.

I was tired yes, but if they weren't ready to stop then neither was I and I wasn't about to back down from the unspoken challenge.

Legolas's eyes roamed over my glistening naked body and I watched as his eyes trailed down each curve and detail. I felt my cheeks flame along with another part of my body under his intense gaze.

Aragorn was also looking at me with a animalistic glint in his eyes. He knew it was Legolas's turn but he was not about to be outdone by an elf, even if that elf was the honourable Legolas.

'What do you wish to do to me dear Legolas?'

I had found my tongue at last and I hoped to provoke Legolas into action with my lusty words as my desire had begun to grow.

Legolas's eyes flitted to my face seeing the true meaning behind my words.

'I wish for you to ride me, Y/N.'

I smirked, looking forward to what was to come.

'I will grant your wish if you remove your clothes for me,' I whispered, taking my turn to eye him now.

He nodded, his eyes never leaving mine and rose, beginning to slowly undress. I watched as his
chest was uncovered, taking in the ripple of his muscles as he moved gracefully. I watched with a smile as he removed his last items of clothing until he stood totally bare in front of me, a tall graceful being beyond my comprehension.

Aragorn had moved to watch the events unfold against a tree and was watching with interest as to what was going to happen next.

Legolas stalked over to my still sitting form and knelt down close to me. His breath fanned over my face as my lips parted at the proximity. His eyes were wide and gentle, searching mine and seemingly liking what they found for he raised his hand to slowly caress my flushed cheek.

'You are sure you want this? You are not to tired? We could all rest together if you'd rather that?'

Legolas's kindness and concern for me touched me and made me all the more determined to pleasure him to the full.

'I am absolutely sure I want this and I know you do too.'

As soon as those words had left my lips Legolas's mouth was covering mine in a sweet but hard kiss. I hummed in appreciation as I moved to push him back onto the ground with me atop him. As our skin connected I felt an intense burn and butterflies erupt throughout my body. I moaned at this feeling and tried to soften it my moving slightly against Legolas's thigh which was planted firmly between my legs.

I heard a loud groan that had not come from Legolas and lifted my head to see Aragorn staring at me intently, his hand wrapped around himself. The heat inside me intensified as I realised that Aragorn was pleasuring himself over the sight of me and Legolas.

Legolas was planting passionate kisses down my neck. Ranging from small pecks to sucking and nibbling which drove me crazy.

I had soon had enough when Legolas latched onto my breasts and nipple once more and used his unbelievable skill. He had he crying out in seconds and I could just not take it anymore.

I raised myself into a sitting position and steadied my hands against his chest so I could watch his expression. I lined myself up with his throbbing erection and slowly sunk down to the hilt, whimpering as I did so. Legolas shut his eyes and let out a loud sound of appreciation.

I turned to see Aragorn painfully hard and stroking himself slowly, eyes trained on my actions.

I steadily began to move in the way Legolas wanted me to, him grunting and groaning my name as I fought the urge to cry out in fear of someone thinking we were in trouble.

Our bodies were slick with sweat as we moved together as one, each whispering the others name. All too soon I was gasping and calling Legolas's name as I felt the powerful bliss consume me. I was dimly aware of Legolas still rocking inside of me unsteadily, he too having reached his high and riding it out.

Through the fog I heard another cry, deeper and hoarder than Legolas. Aragorn too it seemed had let go of himself.

As soon as the fog cleared I collapsed with a sigh onto Legolas's heaving chest. Legolas raised a hand and placed it gently on my back, a sweet smile gracing his face.

'We're not done yet.'
Aragorn had risen and strided over to us with a mischievous smirk on his face.

'No, I know what I want to give to you.'

I smiled at him cheekily as I gently eased myself off Legolas, him hissing slightly. I moved my slightly numb body over to Aragorn but did not rise. I stayed on my knees and looked up at him through my eyelashes.

'Will you take what I am willing to give you?'

Aragorn looked shocked as he took in my position and the meaning behind my words.

'Only if you want to and are comfortable. Are you sure you want to do this?'

'Of course. You deserve it and I wish to pleasure you, Aragorn, you deserve it.'

He smiled softly down at me and laced a hand through my hair as a sweet thank you and a gesture of care. I returned his smile and made quick work of unlacing his trousers and quickly removing his undergarments. He gasped slightly as his now recovered erection sprang up and hit the cool air.

I braced my hands upon his thighs and licked a bold licks from under the shaft of his erection, following his prominent vein up to the head. He shivered slightly and the hand in my hair tightened. I began to gently suck on the flushed head as he jolted and bucked into my mouth. I took more of him now and began to bob my head as he groaned and whimpered my name above me. I readied myself and took him as deep down my throat as I could, opening my eyes wide and looking up at him.

This made his erection twitch in my mouth as he cursed and groaned loudly at my actions. I was so focused on the task at hand that I did not notice Legolas coming up close behind me until I felt a soft stroke up my wet heat.

I moaned at Legolas's touches and the vibrations made Aragorn close his eyes in pleasure, his head tipping back and neck exposed. Legolas trailed a finger up and down until he suddenly plunged two fingers deep inside me making me lurch and my eyes to close.

I continued to roll my tongue and bob on Aragorn as Legolas pleased me intensely with his hands. He moved one long finger to my clit and I began to shift and squirm, my third or fourth high of the day approaching. My mind was fuzzy with the pleasure and sensations until I heard Aragorn gasp and his hand in my hair gripped even tighter. He began thrusting into my mouth as his high enveloped him. He kept thrusting until his high finally subsided, he then gently pulled out of me - I having swallowed all of his seed with no trouble - and watched as Legolas brought me with deft movements to my orgasm.

I cried out both of their names as I came around Legolas's fingers. My body felt quite weak but pleasurably fuzzy and light as my orgasm ended. I turned to see Legolas smiling sweetly at me but what I really noticed was he had quite the problem that needed sorted.

I nuzzled my face into his neck and whispered lustful things as I quickly dealt with his problem - it being quick as he had enjoyed watching Aragorn and I and pleasing me.

I don't think I can do anymore... This has been quite the day to remember!

I said as much to Aragorn and Legolas who agreed and brought theirs and my blanket over. We all snuggled up together on the hard ground, watching the darkening sky with a strange sense of satisfaction and relaxation that we had not felt in a while of being on this quest.
'Legolas! Aragorn! Y/N! Where are you three? Up to no good I bet. Where-' 

Gimli crashed onto where we were gathered and stopped abruptly. His face turned red and he quickly turned around.

'What is the meaning of this? You three doing Mahal knows what at a time like this? I have no words you unbelievable-' 

I cut off Gimli with a laugh, 'you're lucky you didn't find us a few seconds earlier.' 

Gimli huffed as Legolas and Aragorn laughed at the dwarf's discomfort. 

As long as I had my companions, I would be safe.

Chapter End Notes

Remember to request and feedback would of course be lovely!
Thorin & Dwalin - Prove Yourself

Chapter Summary

Only Ori knows how much of a good warrior you are, now it's time to prove yourself. In more ways than one. Sorry I've taken so long! This was a hard one to write and I had a hectic week as it was. But it's here now so I hope you all like it. Smut with two very handsome dwarves ahead. I also have no idea how this story turned out so long..

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The King under the Mountain and his best friend always intrigued me. Thorin - that was his name though I should never call him just that so informally - and Dwalin as it happens are two very attractive and very unachievable bachelors.

I have actually lost count of how many females had thrown themselves upon them and sometimes, sometimes they were led away with them to empty rooms away from prying eyes. I have never and will never do something so cheap. Oh no, I shall do it in the classiest way possible, with a plan in mind and confidence on show.

If I was to be honest, I would say that I would like them both together, just the thought of that causes butterflies to swarm in my tummy and a tingle to spread throughout my body.

Though they've never noticed me. Probably because I don't walk around scantily clothed and pouting and whenever I see them I don't simpler and flirt. There's just a particular group of female dwarves that do that, the rest are perfectly lovely.

Thorin and Dwalin usually ignore them and go about their business, they tend to push them off with a frown on their faces. It's when they've had a few drinks that they bask in the female's attention and smirk at each other as they walk off with their chosen one or more.

I do not want to be like that. No, I want us both to be perfectly sober and modest. Until we get into the bedroom of course.

I have a plan, not a manipulating, scheming plan. Quite a normal, girl next door kind of plan. They've never really noticed me and I've never given them reason to or approached them, now I'm going to.

'Y/N!'

My thoughts were interrupted by a very out of breath Ori. His face was red and beads of sweat were shining on his forehead. Ori happened to be my most valued friend in Erebor. We both worked tirelessly in the library and had grown very close even though our personalities clashed terribly. If anything, that made our friendship all the more unbreakable.

'Why are you so out of breath? What's wrong?' I asked in a rush, scanning him carefully for any signs of injury.

'When-' he paused to breath, 'when are you-Oh Mahal-' he took yet another deep breath and braced
his hands on his knees, 'are you busy?'

I shook my head no, I was just daydreaming in the library, the only place I seemed able to plan anything. The silence, the smell of old and new books and just the feel of it calmed and ordered my manic thoughts. But I wasn't about to tell him that, as sweet as he was.

'No, no Ori. I'm free, what do you need doing?'

'Well, Dwalin's battle partner has been severely injured while out on patrol and I was wondering if...?'

He trailed off watching my reactions carefully.

What a window of opportunity! I could not of asked for better timing. I mentally blessed that poor dwarf that had been injured and tried to keep the growing smile off my face.

'You don't have to if you don't want to! It's just he sent me to find someone and you're the first person I thought of but it's okay, I can just-'

I cut off Ori's worried babblings with a look.

'You'll do it then?' He asked disbelievingly.

I laughed slightly and squinted at him, 'of course I'll do it! It should be fun.'

Ori's eyes widened and he shook his head quickly, glancing at me nervously.

'Y/N this is Dwalin we're talking about here. You have seen him fight? Even when practicing he is dangerous! Can you handle him?'

I brushed Ori off with a sweet smile.

'Of course I can.'

~

I was just approaching the large battlegrounds close to Dale where Bard now ruled when Prince Fili and Prince Kili approached me, both kitted out in their armour and weapons.

'Hello!' Said Kili, cheerily, flashing me a grin.

I couldn't help but smile back at this merry dwarf who was rather on the attractive side. The whole line of Durin just seems blessed in the looks department.

'Hello,' I replied, bowing to them.

They nodded their heads respectfully back and Fili squinted at me, as if trying to place something.

'You're Ori’s friend. Y/N, isn't it?'

How surprising! Fancy the Princes knowing who I am.

'Yes, that's right.'

'Well, it's lovely to meet you Y/N. I'm Kili,' said Kili.

I like him.
'And I'm Fili. Just out of curiosity, where are you off to?' Asked Fili, eyeing my weapons and armour, much like his own.

'I have been asked to be Dwalin's new training partner so I'm just off to begin.'

Fili and Kili looked at each other with wide eyes.

'But-but you're a female?'

I narrowed my eyes at him, 'I hardly think that makes any difference Prince Kili,' I said coldly.

Kili hurried to correct himself, his cheeks tinting a soft red.

'No, no! I don't mean it like that. I mean, have you seen Dwalin? Even the strongest of warriors struggle to practice with him. Are you sure that this is wise?'

'I agree with Kili on this one,' chimed in Fili, 'he takes combat very seriously. You could be seriously hurt! Are you sure you can do this?'

All this implantation of me not being able to handle Dwalin is really getting on my last nerve.

'Thank you for your concern but I have confidence in myself and in my combat skills. I will be completely fine, there is no need to worry.'

Fili and Kili shook their heads in defeat and clapped me on the back as they made their way back to the castle.

'Do come and tell us how it went if you can still walk when it's over,' called Kili with a laugh.

'I can't wait to say I told you so!' Fili joined in with an even louder laugh.

'Dwarves,' I groaned, rolling my eyes.

I'd be fine surely? Dwalin wouldn't hurt me. What am I talking about he's never even met me! Of course he wouldn't.

I'll be fine.

I continued walking until I reached the entrance to the grounds and my nerves took over. I peeked round the great door into the almost deserted sandy arena and watched, eyes wide.

I could see the broad physique of Dwalin practicing on a defeated looking dummy. He swung his battle axe and each time hammered the dummy so forcefully I cringed. That would be me in a moment.

I squinted my eyes against the glaring sun and noticed another figure also in the arena swinging a great sword. His hair whipped about him as he moved and even though he was carrying such a weight he still moved with the upmost gracefulness.

It was Thorin.

Thorin and Dwalin must have been training together. That's why Fili and Kili were there! It was all the important peoples' training day... Well, that's what I call it.

Oh, I can't do this. Not both of them together and in this situation! But I don't want to disappoint Ori, or have to face Fili and Kili. Right, I'll just have to get on with it, no matter how bad it may go.
I steeled my thumping heart and knocked loudly upon the door. The noise echoed around the arena and both Thorin and Dwalin ceased their movements to turn to face me.

I almost melted under their harsh gazes but I pride myself on being a strong girl.

'Hello,' I managed to call out, 'I was asked to step in as your training partner,' I locked eyes with Dwalin, 'nice to meet you, I'm Y/N,' I then turned politely to Thorin, 'my king.' I bowed gracefully.

I straightened up and watched them, waiting for some sort of reaction and what I got, made my blood boil.

Thorin looked at Dwalin and shook his head slightly whereas Dwalin burst out laughing.

'Excuse me,' I said calmly, 'what is so funny? You needed a partner so here I am.'

Dwalin stared at me, a smirk still tugging at his lips.

'I sent Ori to find a warrior to match my skill and assist me in training and he sends a lass who works in the library?!!'

What is with all this 'you're female' business all of a sudden? I can fight, oh yes, I can fight. They've just never given me a second glance to find that out. Whereas Ori who knows that fine well, knew that it was in fact, a very wise choice to come to me. I am not some simpering, little flower that they are probably used to, thank you very much.

'Ori knows me very well and knows what my skills are. I would advise you to trust his judgement and therefore to trust me. It will not do you a service to be so flippant and mock someone you know nothing of. So, do you wish to have a partner or no?'

Dwalin looked at me with a stony expression and Thorin had his brows raised.

'Fine,' said Dwalin flatly, 'go and choose your weapon and we can begin.'

I couldn't help a satisfied smile make its way onto my face as I brushed past Thorin who was watching me very closely. I made my way to the weapons and carefully selected a short sword that I knew would assist me the most.

I wish I had my own weapons with me but I left them in my quarters, I would have been in my element if I had them.

I brandished the sword with ease and swung a few practice strokes getting used to the feel of it. I nodded my head in satisfaction and turned to make my way back to Dwalin. I stole a glance to what Thorin was doing on the way and watched in awe at his sure and fluid movements that made my knees buckle. I mentally scolded myself for I needed to concentrate and get into the mindset of a battle.

'So I am not to hold back since I so awfully misjudged you?' Dwalin quipped with a grin, 'but we can't have you getting hurt now, can we?'

I raised a brow at him, 'you are definitely not to hold back and if you or I do get hurt then that's combat, isn't it? Are you ready to be beaten?'

I watched Dwalin's eyes flash as he gritted his teeth, 'can't say I am, no.'

I couldn't stop a challenging grin twist my lips in return as I watched his obvious determination to win.
'Well then, prove it.'

I readied my stance as Dwalin swung his axe at me in a beginning move. I dodged it effortlessly and moved to slash my sword down his back. He saw this coming and hit my blade down making me stumble forwards. I saw his expression and I saw Thorin turn away from watching us interestedly and my temper flared up inside me. I pictured my father leaving my mother in a heap, crying bitterly into the floor. I watched as my father gave up and left us to fend for ourselves. I watched my mother fade as my brothers and I tried to nurse her back to health. I watched her lying there, pale and for once, happy again, on her soft bed. I pictured leaving my brothers in search of a better life, their love and blessings upon me. I pictured fighting for my life too many times to count and training myself up in combat and all this, all of this, made my vision dance and my heart sing.

I swung my sword with a growl, angrily connecting with his axe, with a loud clang. We were then thrown into an intense battle, me being quite the match. I had multiple gashes and blood was dripping from my arms, legs and everywhere else really. I knew that this was not how you should behave in a practice arena and not what should be happening but Dwalin and I were completely lost in the moment.

One of Dwalin's throwing knives connected with my face and carved a deep, dark slash all the way down from my forehead to curl around my chin. In retaliation I quickly flipped my sword in my hands and thrust the hilt as hard as I could against Dwalin's head. It connected with a crack and Dwalin hissed loudly. It was a cheap but effective trick I'd learned before I came to Erebor and probably should not be used in dignified battle. Kind of like biting and nipping in a way.

'STOP!' Bellowed a voice.

Me and Dwalin froze instantly and turned to look at Thorin who the shout had come from. He approached us both with an unreadable expression.

'What, in Mahal's name, are you two trying to do? Kill each other? Dwalin!' He eyed Dwalin sharply, 'you should know better than that. And Y/N...' He trailed off, looking at me closely, 'we did misjudge you bya long way but that is still no reason to fight like a wildcat in practice combat. I am severely disappointed in you both.'

I hung my head ashamed but lifted it quickly when I heard a snort from Dwalin.

'Mr High And Mighty over here. Y/N and I got lost in the moment and does it really matter? I learnt some new techniques today and I'm guessing so did Y/N.'

Thorin glared at Dwalin but I could see a small glint his eyes. And I was right for it wasn't long before a full out smile appeared.

'Brave words my friend. But yes, you are correct. I think that should definitely do for today. Y/N, we indeed did not expect that at all and I hope that you would be happy to practice with us more?'

'Of course,' I grimaced.

Oh Mahal, my legs and stomach are killing me. I've definitely lost a lot of blood from one leg and my stomach feels as though it's being ripped in half by two giant hands.

My vision started to dance as I took a step to follow Thorin and Dwalin and I stumbled slightly. Thorin turned at the noise and eyed me worriedly.

'Are you okay Y/N?'
'Yes. Yes, I'm fine,' I whispered.

I stumbled again and this time lost my balance. I expected to hit the hard ground but instead I was swept up against something warm and unyielding.

Then everything went black and I could think no more.

~

'What did you do to her?'

A fuzzy voice grated against my pounding head. I tried to move but it was too painful so I just listened to the far away, yet comforting, voices.

'I didn't mean-I didn't think she was hurt that much! She didn't stop or say anything or even show...'

'Dwalin, you know your strength as well as I do. I saw you get some hard hits on her and she you. You should have been paying attention.'

'I didn't mean to hurt the lass.'

'I know you didn't. I see she got some well aimed hits on you as well?'

'Aye, she did. She's a feisty one for sure.'

I heard a hiss and a laugh which faded into nothingness again.

~

'She's waking up. Oin!'

A gentle hand shook my shoulder and my eyes blinked open to see a kindly, old dwarf smiling at me.

'Hello, Oin,' I croaked, trying for a smile.

I know Oin well. Ori and I like to help him out with healing and suchlike. It was nice to see a friendly face. Speaking of which, I wouldn't mind seeing Ori.

'Hello lass, you've had quite a time of it. How do you feel?'

'Sore.'

'Where?'

I gestured to the places where the pain hurt the most and grimaced as Oin set to work. He applied salve, cleaned and dressed the cuts and bruises in no time at all.

'There,' he said, eyeing his work with satisfied eyes, 'you should feel much better very soon. Quite the tough one, aren't you?'

I grinned and nodded, reaching out to squeeze his hand as a thank you. He smiled at me, said goodbye to Thorin and Dwalin and left me alone with the two people I was not ready to see.

'Y/N, I'm really sorry. You should have told me to stop, I didn't know-'

I cut Dwalin off with a laugh as he stared at me.
'It's absolutely fine Dwalin, really. I enjoyed it. I'll be better in no time so there's really no need to be sorry.'

Dwalin opened and closed his mouth while Thorin gazed at me with a smile tugging at his lips.

'You aren't angry?' He asked.

I stared at Thorin with - what I hoped - a cheeky expression on my face.

'Not in the slightest. You now believe that I can fight?'

They nodded quickly.

'Then no, I am not angry.'

Dwalin let out a large breath of relief and Thorin continued to stare at me with intensity that I had not seen in a long time.

'You are-you are different, aren't you? Why have I not been introduced to you before?'

'Because,' I hesitated, 'you thought I was not worth it. Because I did not throw myself at you both. Because I work in the library so you presume I am weak.'

That silenced them. It was a gamble saying those words to a king and to a warrior but they needed to hear and by Mahal, I wanted to be the one that said them.

'I-I don't understand-' began Thorin.

Dwalin looked equally confused and disbelieving.

'No,' I said quietly, 'you wouldn't, would you? But maybe now you do. Maybe now you will pay attention to everyone and see that everyone has something to offer,' I said calmly, 'now, could you please send for Ori?'

They nodded dumbly.

Oh, this is the start of a beautiful friendship.

~

I have been up and about as normal now for a good few weeks. Dwalin, Thorin and I have all been training together since then and have gotten closer and closer. Ori keeps making hints at how he knows something's going to happen. I just laugh and brush him off, but really, I'm hoping against hope that it will.

Today I have been asked to train with Thorin and Dwalin, not just with one while the other watches. Today feels like a day when something big is going to happen and I know exactly what I'm hoping for. Or who I'm hoping for.

The past few weeks have been full of flirting and messing about. I have not seen either of them go off to a quiet room with a scantily clad girl since I began talking to them. They constantly tease me as I do, them.

There was one particular moment when we had been training for a good long while and we were all incredibly uncomfortable and sweaty. It was so bad I threw caution to the winds and stripped down to my undergarments in front of them. Fair to say their reaction was promising. Very promising if
Anyway, today felt like one of those days so I was extra quick at getting down to the arena to meet them.

'Lass!' Shouted Dwalin as I came into view, 'ready for a beating?'

'You know it,' I grinned, stepping up to meet the two males.

'I was actually thinking,' began Thorin, 'that maybe we could work on something different today. How about some trust exercises? Since Y/N will now be joining our Company on patrol.'

I stared at him with wide eyes while they both grinned widely at me.

'What? With you two? What about the library? What about Ori? I will not-

I was cut off by Thorin holding up a hand to silence me.

'You will always have your job in the library, the only difference now is that if my Company are called out then you shall be joining us.'

Joining them? Fighting against enemies with Thorin and Dwalin...

'Who else is in the your Company?' I asked.

'There's Dwalin, Fili, Kili, Balin and I,' said Thorin, 'and you, if you agree to join us.'

'I-well, of course!' I cried, grinning from ear to ear.

'Good. I'm glad to hear it,' said Thorin, holding my eye contact until I broke away with a blush.

'What were you thinking of Thorin?' Asked Dwalin.

'Just the mandatory and possibly some other things. Whatever we feel appropriate.'

And so began the most fun training session of my life. After talking and joking we agreed to start with the simple 'catch me' exercise. The men insisted on catching me first, then we'd mix it up.

I fell back against Dwalin who caught me with ease. I looked up into his face and was taken aback by his expression and the way his eyes were dancing. I was so lost that I did not notice I was leaning up until our lips connected.

His lips were soft and warm and I melted into our strange embrace with ease. My thoughts were scattered and I did not break the kiss until two came together that bore the words: 'Thorin' and 'Training'.

Our eyes lingered even as I had broken the kiss and he moved me gently to stand up straight again to face Thorin. He watched me cooly and gestured for me to fall back to into him. I hesitantly obeyed and had the same problem. Thorin's blue eyes made me gasp as they seemed to burn into my soul. He leant down to place his lips to my ear and whispered,

'Do you trust us?'

It took me a good few seconds to process what he had just said and just as I was about to reply his lips placed a soft kiss on my neck. I tried to gather my thoughts and form a coherent sentence but it was just impossible. Thorin trailed his soft lips down my neck and I sighed slightly at the feeling, my
knees threatening to give way.

'Oi,' came a gruff voice, 'learn to share.'

Thorin chuckled against my neck, his stubble sending shivers down my neck.

'Do you wish to be shared?' He whispered, 'or do you wish for us both one at a time. Or, just one of us.'

'The first, the first option,' I gasped.

'Very well,' he said quietly, he raised his head and gestured for Dwalin as he carefully lowered me to the ground.

'She wishes for us both Dwalin,' said Thorin.

'I wouldn't have expected anything other,' was Dwalin's reply.

They knelt down next to me and Thorin moved so he could catch my lips with his own. He tasted salty and sweet at the same time and his lips were soft yet strong. I submitted to him and let his tongue enter my mouth, the feeling making me gasp and wonder why there were no hands on me. As soon as that thought had crossed my mind I felt Dwalin beginning to remove my clothes. I happily obliged lifting my hips to get my trousers and under garments off. I broke the kiss with a sigh as Dwalin moved to remove my upper clothes. He threw aside my tunic top which left me just in my bra. I arched my back, making sure that my breasts were drawing the males attention and unclipped my bra with ease, sliding it down my arms and flicking it aside.

I lay there naked as Thorin and Dwalin's eyes roamed freely over my body. Just to aggravate them a bit I lazily trailed a hand up and around my breasts, tweaking the nipple and rolling it between my fingers. With the other hand I slid it between my legs and played with the wetness there, rubbing soft, slow circles against my clit making me sigh and moan, squirming upon the ground. I watched their reactions with satisfaction as their eyes widened and they shifted slightly. Thorin hands were squeezed into fists, restraining himself and Dwalin's jaw was set in a harsh line.

'What are you waiting for?' I whispered, moving a hand to stroke Thorin's face and the other to rub Dwalin's thigh.

That got them going.

Oh how they pleasured me. Hot, needy kisses, hands squeezing and massaging my flesh as I cried out their names. Not that I did not tend to them. I made them mad with desire, I tortured them both, refusing to give them what I know they wanted and teasing them within an inch of their wits. But finally, I worked my magic on them and they returned the favour eagerly. No longer did they wish for whores, no longer need they fantasise about certain ladies. I gave them what they lusted after and more.

We ended more tired and sweatier than we would have if we had just done combat training.

I lay completely bare, my head on on Thorin's chest and Dwalin cuddled into my side. They both had their arms around me and were breathing hard.

'Can this,' I began, 'can this not be a one time thing?'

Thorin and Dwalin both raised their heads to look at me.
'What do you mean?' Asked Thorin, smiling at me.

'I mean, could we be a thing? Could this work? You don't have to of course, it's a silly question. I'm sorry, I shouldn't.'

Dwalin cut me off with a laugh.

'So confident a while ago and now as timid as a pup. I would be more than happy for this to be a thing, lass.'

I grinned at Dwalin and placed a sweet kiss upon his lips. I then turned to Thorin.

'Thorin?' I asked tentatively.

He thought for a moment and then turned to grin at me, his eyes alight with happiness.

'I would be honoured to be with you, Y/N. So much so, that I do not mind sharing.'

I reached up a hand to cup his face and placed a soft kiss to his lips. I pulled away but not before I saw the way he looked at me. Like I was the jewel that kept him going, like I meant something, like I was the Arkenstone.

I cuddled back down against them with this thought in my head.

'And to answer your previous question, yes.'

'Yes what?' They both asked.

'Yes, I do trust you.'

And with that we all lay together in sweet silence, just happy to be with each other.

Chapter End Notes

I felt as though this one should be light smut. But I hope you all liked the way I wrote it and of course I would love feedback and requests! <3 I have a lot of requests at the moment but I always accept and write down whatever you all ask for so I never forget a request. 200 kudos is absolutely crazy and just thank you all so much! You're all such lovely people and I can't even describe how happy you all make me.
Legolas - Childish Antics

Chapter Summary

Meeting the Legolas's father will be a challenge. Especially since you have an awful case of rogue tongue. A comedic, fluffy (and very cute) Legolas story! *there will be tickling* I hope you all enjoy! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

'Promise me Y/N, that you will at least try to be on your best behaviour when you meet my father?'

I huffed at Legolas's imploring expression and rolled my eyes.

'I will try my best.'

Legolas smiled at me gratefully - which he knew I could not resist - and reached out to intwine our hands together.

Legolas and I had been courting for a month or two now and Thranduil had requested to meet me which I particularly nervous about.

I have absolutely no royal grace, no filter in my brain and a constant case of verbal diarrhoea. One memorable moment was when Legolas and I were dining with Lord Elrond and a few other important elves. A rather haughty elf - I cannot for the life of me remember his name - was saying how tragic it was that his friend's mother had died a few days before her birthday. Everyone made the expected sounds and shook their heads sadly, whereas I did not. I tried, I really did, to say something appropriate but it did not come out that way. This is how it went:

'Ah yes, a tragedy that she should die so young and right before her birthday too. My friend nearly went to pieces. Awful, truly awful.'

Everyone clucked their tongue and bowed their heads gravely. I had it in my mind to say something meaningful and so I tried.

'What a shame,' I began, 'what an absolute shame. She had so many years ahead of her and right before her birthday into the bargain, such a tragedy.'

I really should have stopped there.

'Although, it's also a shame that all those presents were wasted. I mean, I heard that your friend has bought her a mithril necklace. Mithril! Very, very expensive indeed. Shame she can't see it or use it for that matter, considering she's dead and all. What a waste of money!'

I knew as soon as I'd said it that I'd put my foot in it. Legolas was staring at me, wide eyed, the haughty elf was glaring at me, Lord Elrond looked rather amused and the rest of the audience was just generally shocked.

Fair to say that I stayed rather quiet after that, also due to the fact that Legolas was very, very put out.
Which is why he is in rather a tizzy over me meeting his father, Thranduil, King of the Woodland Realm.

'So remember,' said Legolas as he pulled me along the palace floors to the Throne Room, 'only speak when spoken to, be polite, be dignified and most of all, remember I'm relying on you.'

I peered at him, a brow cocked, 'are you trying to scare me away? You just listed all of the qualities I lack.'

Legolas sighed and averted his eyes.

'I know.'

Oh ye of little faith. I promised him I'll try my hardest and that's what I intend to do.

We arrived at the delicately carved doors and stopped. Legolas took a deep breath as I smoothed my dress and then he knocked, three times very loudly.

'Come,' rumbled a deep voice from within.

I took one last deep breath as Legolas led the way in to the very impressive Throne Room. Thranduil stood by his throne and smiled at us politely.

'It is good to see you Legolas. So this is Y/N? How nice to finally meet you.'

I bowed and smiled back at him.

'It is nice to meet you also, my king.'

Thranduil is actually rather taller and more intimidating than I originally thought. I see now were Legolas gets his good looks from.

Thranduil seemed pleased with my greeting and beckoned us to follow him through to an adjoined dining room. As we were walking Legolas hung back to whisper in my ear,

'You're doing well, my love. Keep it up.'

'You know,' I whispered back, 'I'm not some simpleton, I do know how to act in normal society.'

'I know, I know. But your tongue does has a tendency to slip but that is one of the things I love about you, Y/N.'

'You really know how to get yourself out of trouble don't you?'

He leant away and smirked at me before going to rejoin his father a step or two ahead of me.

We sat down at a very large, very old table and began my worst fear, important conversation.

I did well at first until Thranduil brought up the subject of marriage. If Legolas asked I would say yes but bringing it up for us to converse about was not something that made me feel exactly relaxed. And when I got stressed or uncomfortable that's when I would say the worst things.

'So, how do you two feel about marriage?'

Legolas choked on his drink - charming - and stared at his father.
'Father, is this really dinner conversation?'

'I don't see why not?' He said, smiling, 'I would love to get an idea of if there is any chance of a grandson.'

It was my turn to choke on my drink... If I was drinking one. I stared at Thranduil's calm expression and tried to for a coherent answer.

'Well,' I chuckled, 'I can't really say if that is in the cards at this particular moment. Not that I wouldn't want to have a child with Legolas! No, that would be lovely. Unless of course he doesn't want to then that's fine but it's too early to be thinking about that anyway...' I trailed off, cursing my nervous babbling.

Thranduil just looked at me and Legolas looked as though he was in pain. Oh Eru help me.

'I am just going to fetch something, please excuse me,'

Thranduil bowed his head to us both and left in a swish of his cloak. I turned to Legolas slowly and smiled sheepishly.

'How am I doing?'

'Not too badly, you haven't completely offended him yet or been banished so that's a plus.'

'You don't trust me at all do you?'

'I do! Just not in some aspects...'

I frowned at him, 'I may love you but I certainly don't like you.'

He chuckled at my pout and shook his head.

'Yes you do.'

'No I don't.'

'Yes.'

'No,'

'You do!'

'I do not!'

'Do so.'

'Shut up Legolas, you're so childish,' I groaned.

'I know you are but what am I?'

'Right, that's it! You're for it now. I am so done with you.'

Before he could even assess what was happening I was on him like a dog to a bone, like a hobbit to chocolate cake, like a dragon to gold, like a whore to a... I'll stop now.

I launched myself upon him and knocked him to the ground, consequently forgetting where I was and just focusing on giving Legolas as much discomfort as possible.
He landed on the stone floor with a groan and stared at me and I sat across his stomach.

'As much as I like this position Y/N I must insist that you remove yourself from me and please, resume it later on.'

I hit his chest at these sinful words and laughed loudly.

'Oh such words from a prince's mouth! And so much more than words can this prince's mouth do. Anyway, I must punish you for not believing that I can in fact be a proper lady elf and for making fun of me.'

Legolas stopped his struggling to gape at me.

'If you dare Y/N. If that's what you're thinking of then you can stop right now I will not.-'

He was cut off by exactly what he didn't want. I began to tickle his sides mercilessly and relentlessly. His mouth opened and his eyes widened as he began to laugh, begging me to stop. His laughs turned to gasps as his struggles weakened. I being heavier than I look.

'Please- he whimpered, 'I believe you can be a lady, you are-you are a lady! Just please st-stop!'

'I don't believe you!' I sang, leaning my head down to pepper sweet kisses down his neck as he thrashed.

'No, no! I mean it-I do. Please stop, I'll do whatever you want! Please Y/N, I love you, please.'

I ceased my actions for a second and grinned.

'Well maybe since you asked so nicely...'

I leant down and softly pressed my lips to his as he relaxed under me. He kissed me back happily and laced his hands through my hair as I slid down his body to get comfortable. It was just getting rather intense when I heard a cough above me. My brain whirred into action and I shot up with - what I'm guessing - a look of pure horror on my face, Legolas's expression mirroring my own.

Thranduil had returned. I did not know how long he had been there but as I turned round and saw his expression, I knew it had been long enough. I resisted the insane urge to grin at him and hung my head instead, quickly clambering up and off Legolas who followed suit.

'Well,' began Thranduil quietly, 'I do not quite know what to think of this.'

'I'm really, truly sorry, my king. We were just having fun and I realise in the wrong place at the wrong time and I take full responsibility-

I closer my mouth with a snap as Thranduil raised his hand to silence me.

'I do not care for your excuses Y/N. Legolas, I thought you knew better than to participate in this folly.'

Legolas bowed his head.

'I am sorry father;' was all he said.

I kept my head bowed but raised it quickly when I heard a deep chuckle and was met with the sight of Thranduil's genuine smile.
'I left to find this,' he held out a small box to me and I took it, still in utter confusion to what was going on, 'I want you to have it as a welcome. Do not think that I have no spirit Y/N, you and Legolas obviously have something, it is plain to see.'

I opened the box carefully and was greeted with a sparkling ring. It was twisted and intertwined in a way that was similar to a tree. Thranduil and Legolas had ones exactly like it.

'Oh I-

'Legolas asked me to have to made a few days ago. He loves you Y/N.'

I looked at Thranduil and then to Legolas who was looking at me with bright eyes and a soft smile.

'Thank you, my king,' was all I could say with my eyes welling up and my voice thick.

'Please, call me Thranduil. I am glad to see my son has found someone who he can be best friends with as well as his wife,' Thranduil looked meaningfully at Legolas.

Legolas rolled his eyes at his father, 'I was just going to ask her father.'

'Yes, well, patience is not my virtue,' he chuckled.

I was silent through all this, watching Legolas silently. Thranduil's words repeating over and over again in my head. 'As well as his wife.'

Legolas shook my from my thoughts by taking both my hands in his.

'Y/N?'

I hummed in response, watching him intently.

'You're my best friend. You make me laugh, you are always by my side and I know I can always count on you. You may make a fool of yourself at times and get yourself into some seriously strange situations but that's why I love you. You're different and kind and generous and strange and much, much more. And I was wondering if you would do me the most tremendous pleasure and honour of becoming my wife?'

Okay, now the tears really did spill. Even Thranduil looked a bit weepy, a teeny tiny bit though. Forever the indifferent sort.

'Of course Legolas, of course I'll be your wife! I love you.'

Legolas gathered me into his arms and swung me round, laughing as he did so.

A wedding. I'm going to be a bride. Oh, my mother will be so proud.

Oh no.

My mother.

If they think I'm bad...

Just wait until they meet my mother.

Chapter End Notes
Please leave me some feedback because I absolutely love reading it all! And don't hesitate to request because I love that also :)
I called to Sam Gamgee who was working in Bilbo Baggin's garden, tending to the honeysuckle it seemed as I trotted up to meet his questioning gaze.

'Miss Y/N?' He said, looking up, 'whatever's the matter?'

'Nothing's the matter Sam, everything's grand, I was just wondering if you'd seen that blasted Brandybuck?'

He chuckled and shook his head, 'Merry? Why he went off to the Brandywine some while ago now.'

Just at that moment the freshly painted door opened of the Baggin's hole and Bilbo stepped out into the sunshine. He smiled as he saw Sam and I and made his way over.

'Hello Mr Bilbo, sir,' said Sam, greeting the old hobbit with a warm smile.

'Hello, hello, Sam. And Y/N too! What do I owe this pleasure?'

'I was just asking Sam if he'd seen Merry recently.'

'Ahhh, Merry. Off to the Brandywine River last time I saw him, in quite a hurry to. Is he in trouble again? Never out of it that lad.'

'No, no,' I giggled, 'I just needed to speak with him about party business as it happens.

Bilbo covered his ears quickly, 'well don't say anything more! Off you go now and good luck with that handful of a hobbit.'

'Thank you and thank you for your help Sam!' I waved and began my way along the road, 'the honeysuckle looks particularly lovely by the way, Sam! You have a true talent with plants.'

As I hurried on I heard a thank you called back to me. I smiled and continued down the very scenic roads in the direction of the Brandywine.

I passed many hobbits on the road to whom I gave a pleasant nod to and them to me.

After a while of walking I came upon the vast river suitable named Brandywine. I walked down to the riverside and peered about me, searching for the familiar curly head of Merry. At last I spotted him, sitting down, with his arms behind his head looking quite relaxed watching the steady flow of
'Merry!' I called, 'Merry!'

He grinned widely as his unfocused eyes landed on me as I approached.

'Y/N! How lovely it is to see you. Have you come to join my happy little gathering?'

'I'm afraid Merry,' I laughed, 'as much as I'd like to I can't at the moment. I need to speak to you as it happens.'

'I would be all to happy to speak with such a pretty girl as yourself Y/N,'

I felt my cheeks tinge pink at Merry's sweet comment. I brushed it off and settled myself down next to him.

'What is it you needed Y/N?' He asked, squinting at me with a genuine smile.

'I needed you speak to you about Bilbo's party. I wanted to ask your advice on the what fireworks to request of Gandalf.'

'Well, fireworks are my specialty,' joked Merry.

'If you are talking about the time you and Pippin let them off in Brandybuck hall's bathroom then you can make your way back inside,' I laughed, shoving his shoulder.

Merry held my gaze as I watched him try to hold in his giggles. Watching him made me snort which started him off and soon we were laughing about the legendary firework incident.

'Master Brandybuck's face! I can't-I can't bear to think of it- Merry dissolve into giggles once more.

'I heard the bang from the Brandywine River! It-it shook the trees and I almost fell in the water,' I took a deep breath, 'and the shouting, by Aulë, the shouts! I though someone had been-had been murdered. Such cursing and bellowing I'm surprised you two got out alive!'

Merry clutched me as he doubled over, laughing so hard his face was turning as red as a beet.

'I thought he was going to kill us! I really did-I really did. His eyes almost popped out of his head. And Pippin and I were standing there covered in water, bits of exploded fireworks caught in our hair trying-trying not to laugh.'

'Oh please,' I begged, 'stop! I can't take it. I think my lungs are going to burst, I need to sit down.'

I collapsed on the ground Merry following suit and took a deep breath to calm my constant giggles. I sighed happily and leant my head against Merry's warm shoulder, he tipped his head and rested it back against mine as we began to calm down.

'Could we stay here a while' I asked quietly, not looking at him as I spoke.

'Why?'

'It's my favourite place and I would like to stay with you.'

I felt Merry's eyes watching me carefully and I tried to keep any hint of emotion off my face as I awaited a reply.
'I would love you to Y/N.'

I don't know what I'm feeling right now but I know that I'm about to find out.

~

'Merry no! No! Stop!'

I shrieked as Merry waved a piece of gooey seaweed in front of him and chased me with it. I ran along the banks of the Brandywine until I came to where it cut off. I was trapped.

'Aha!' Cried Merry, advancing on me like I was his prey, 'I have you now fair lady. Prepare to be slimed!'

I backed away raising my hands in defence.

'Merry please, come on. We've been friends for years does that mean nothing? Please? I've gotten you out of so much trouble,' my voice got higher and quicker as he approached, 'you wouldn't do this! Think of the children! What will your mother say? I'll never talk to you again. I swear I-'

I gasped as Merry shoved the large rope of seaweed at me and I felt its wet, slimy texture against my skin. I whimpered as I felt it slip down my front and into my bra. Great, what a place for it to decide to home in on.

Merry watched with great interest as I brazenly stuck a hand down the front of my dress to retrieve the rouge seaweed. It looked questionable but I wasn't going to very well leave it!

As soon as I had fished the offending item out and flung it on the ground I rose my head to meet Merry's apprehensive gaze. As soon as he saw the glint in my eyes he knew he scared.

'Y/N, it would just a joke, please don't do anything-'

Focusing on causing him discomfort and completely forgetting about myself, I flung my body weight upon him, causing him to overbalanced and fall into the river taking me with him.

We rose out of the murky water coughing and spluttering. We stared silently at each other for a moment and then burst out laughing. What else was there to do?

I picked dirt and weed from my hair as I giggled and then tended to Merry's hair as he watched me intently. There was a line of dirt crossing from his cheek to his lips and I swiped my thumb down to clean it up. His cheek was soft and smooth and his lips parted as my thumb swiped over them. My lips parted almost in answer and we gazed at each other for a moment, my thumb still ghosting his lips. His mouth stretched into a sweet smile and he raised his hand to take hold of my own resting on his face.

'You are a rare person Y/N,' he said quietly, watching me with the most wonder and fascination that I had ever been subject to.

That did it. Merry could make me laugh until I disgraced myself, he always had my back, he was a gentlemen and acted as such (usually) and most of all, I knew that I could always, always trust him.

I smiled in return and leant in slowly as his wide eyes closed and he shifted to meet my lips halfway. Our lips connected in a wonderful second and moved together softly and sweetly. I shuffled closer to his warm body, my own body now feeling the cold and the chill from the air and water and he happily wrapped his arms around me and pulled my close.
The kiss got increasingly more needy as I pushed him gently down into the low water and nestled into him, our lips still connected. I felt his breathing stutter as I shifted upon him and my wet chest brushed against his. I smiled cheekily into the kiss and in return he slip his hands down the curves of my body and rested on my bottom, giving it a firm squeeze making me gasp, which gave him entrance into my mouth.

I moaned at the way his tongue danced with mine and moved myself so I was pressed against him deliciously even more. He groaned and broke the kiss to which I immediately began planting kissed below his ear and over his neck.

'Y/N, are you sure you're ready? That is if you want to of course! I'm not assuming anything I just-' I cut Merry off with a giggle.

'There is no one else I would rather be with,' I whispered, raising my head to look him in the eye. He smiled and nodded as he gently flipped our positions so he was hovering over me.

'There's not much point me taking your clothes off because I can see everything already,' he chuckled, his eyes roaming over my wet, skin right clothing.

I looked down to realise he was right. I felt my face heat up as I covered my eyes.

'Oh, that's embarrassing.'

'Don't be embarrassed! I'm not complaining, not at all.'

'And such a gentleman not to mention it,' I mocked, 'but I would so wish to take your clothes off.'

'If you really insist Y/N. I may as well return the favour and remove yours.'

So that's exactly what we did. It was an effort I can tell you! Peeling our sodden clothes off and dropping them with a soggy slap onto the ground. But it was worth it, oh it was worth it.

Merry hovered above me biting his lip.

'Is this your first time?'

I nodded as I felt my cheeks heat once more. I saw Merry smile softly and he reached down to trace my face with his hand.

'I'm honoured to be your first. I promise I will do my absolute best to make this more than good for you and please tell me, whenever, if there is anything wrong or you want me to stop, okay?'

Definitely fallen for the right one here.

'Okay,' was all I could say as I tried to convey my inner feelings through my eyes.

Merry smiled at me and slowly and very gently nudged into me. I winced at the intrusion and forced my body to relax, reminding myself over and over that the pain would be over very quick. Merry moved in a few inches more, his face twisted by the effort of not just ramming into me. Finally, after steeling my nerves and relaxing my body he entered my fully. He waited until I signalled him to move and then he began to thrust.

Slowly at first and very carefully but as I urged him on he became faster and harder. Leaning down to catch my lips in a sloppy kiss or to nuzzled sweetly into my neck. I had my legs wrapped around
his narrow hips as I searched for a deeper angle. I cried out his name as he hit that spot inside me that made me see stars. I cried out over and over again as he switched positions so he could hit it in the most delicious way each time.

'By Aulë Y/N! I'm close,' he panted, ducking his head down.

I moved my hands to lace through his curls.

'Me too,' I moaned softly.

He thrust a few more times and grunted my name as he spilled his hot seed into me. The feeling triggered my own orgasm as I was launched into a world of wonder and pleasure. I was aware of Merry keeping up his movements until my high began to fade and I refocused on his handsome features.

I whimpered at the loss as he slid out of me into the very shallow water and pulled my up and against his chest. I laid my head upon his chest and listened to the steady, comforting beat of his heart.

'Y/N, if I said that I may love you, what would you say?' Merry whispered.

I thought for a moment, a tingle spreading through my heart and down to my toes.

'I'd say that I felt the same, Brandybuck.'

He raised his head to look at me in delight.

'Really?'

'Really. I love you Meriadoc Brandybuck. You're my best friend and more.'

'I love you too Y/N,' he said softly, placing a meaningful kiss atop my head and sighing, 'and have done for a long time.'

'Oh Merry. Can we stay for a while longer?'

'I don't see why not. Brandywine now has more meaning than ever to me.'

'Me too, Merry, me too.'

And it had more and more meanings as time went on. And when we sat together as old as Bilbo Baggins himself and discussed all of our many adventures we remembered that our most special adventure happened by Brandywine River.

But that was a very long time away.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave feedback (it really helps) and I am always looking for more requests!
Thank you, you lovely people. <3
Chapter Summary

You have no idea how to tell Dwalin how you feel about him. Luckily, you have Fili and Kili around to assist you! A cute, funny story with a mention of smut. If you love mischievous Fili and Kili this is the one for you. I love writing about those two :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

I sat in the peaceful library, my mind filled with the Shire and Hobbiton and great hobbit tales that did not reach dwarven kind. It was a great shame, for hobbits are a rather misunderstood and underrate kind and I wish more people gave them some thought. I was so lucky to have met the quite amazing Bilbo Baggins and now I planned to one day go visit him in the Shire.

The secluded library was a nice change from the normal rowdiness of Erebor. Not that I didn't enjoy it, it's just I preferred the quiet, large expanse of the library to the other close walls and candlelit halls of the Lonely Mountain.

I had been, or still am for that matter, part of Thorin Oakenshield's Company to assist in reclaiming our home kingdom. I blame that quest for my inability to stand confined and dark places. I got so used to being outside and free to go whenever I pleased that I now cannot abide walls around me.

I was born in the Blue Mountains so I had no idea what to expect of the Lonely mountain and yes, I was incredibly in awe of its splendour and it did, in a way still feel like home but I was not overly excited like some of the other dwarves.

I do not even want to remember the dragon sickness that seized hold of Thorin or the battle where we nearly lost the line of Durin. I had slipped out the castle before Thorin had forbade anyone from leaving and had joined Bilbo and Gandalf.

The dwarves had the elves and the help of Dain Ironfoot on the battlefront of Erebor but Bard had little to no help. Of course, when Thorin saw me alongside Gandalf and Bilbo he cursed me and said I was no longer welcome inside Erebor. But that changed when I saved his nephews and Bilbo saved him.

When I heard that Azog had been spotted and King Thranduil himself was helping the people of Dale I returned to the grounds of Erebor to see Dwalin, Thorin, Fili and Kili leaving for an obvious trap set by Azog the Defiler.

I admit now the real reason I followed them was because of Dwalin.

I grabbed a riderless battle goat and urged him to follow his companions. He obliged and instantly I was tailing the others far enough behind not to be seen.

I shadowed the rocks so they could not see me but when Fili and Kili slipped away to explore I had to follow them. I shadowed their steps until Fili said to Kili to take another path and I felt as though I should follow Fili.
And thank Mahal I did.

Since I was behind I saw the oncoming danger first and quickly grabbed Fili and began to pull him to the way I knew, was safe. He almost pulled a knife on me first when I grabbed him but as soon as he recognised me, he followed without question. With the bellowing shouts and bone shaking groans of the danger behind, we made our way as quietly and as fast as we could down the paths I was leading him until at last the voices took a different course and we saw Kili ahead of us. We grabbed him too and made our way as fast as we possibly could, back to Thorin and Dwalin.

They were not particularly pleased to see me as it happened. But that does not matter because Fili and Kili were safe and Bilbo had saved Thorin - a tale which will go on for many, many years - and Dwalin was safe.

When it was all over I was given a right telling off to say the least by Thorin and Dwalin. But Fili and Kili were at least in some way thankful for my presence. And a few days later, when we were all working to restore Erebor, Thorin did make his way up to me and say thank you. And then, funnily enough, as did Dwalin the next day.

It was no secret to a few dwarves, a hobbit and a wizard that I had feelings for Dwalin. Apparently it was quite obvious in some ways but not obvious enough for Dwalin to notice.

'Aw, lass,' Bofur came up to me one day, 'you'd need to confess your love to him and strip off to your birthday suit if you wanted him to get the idea.'

I did not take Bofur's advice but I obviously had to come up with some sort of cunning plan. A plan so cunning that you could stick a tail on it and call it a weasel.

So I did what any normal, self respecting girl would do, flirted with all my might. And to my absolute surprise, it began to work.

I was sitting in a rather uncomfortable chair still reading up on hobbit lore - what little books we had on the subject - when I was interrupted from my memories when Ori peeked his head around the bookshelf I was behind and whispered my name. I put down the book and turned to greet Ori with a friendly smile.

'Hello Ori, what can I do for you?'

'Prince Fili and Kili wish to speak with you. They're outside the library waiting for you.'

'Do you know what they want?' I asked, puzzled.

'I don't actually, they didn't say. They were smirking a bit though, if that's of any use.'

Smirking princes were never a good sign.

I rolled my eyes and left my chair, stretching my back as I did so, 'I wonder what mischief they're up to now.'

Ori laughed and lead me out of the library to the doorway where the two princes were deep in conversation.

'-so we leave her with him and then we-'

Fili who was standing with his back to me was cut off by a Kili by a loud cough and a not so subtle eye gesture to Ori and I. Fili turned around to greet us quickly with a big smile plastered on his face.
'Ori! Y/N! How lovely to see you,' he gabbled, obviously worried we'd heard what he said, 'all well, all well? Great! Now-now Y/N, we have a-

Kili, who had been watching his brother with pain clear in his eyes, interrupted his stuttering brother with a significant look and took over, which was probably for the best.

'What Fili is trying to say is that we request your company, Y/N.'

Kili ended this statement with a cheeky smirk and a cocked brow that could swoon even the toughest dwarven woman, and my, my they were tough. But not me, for my eyes were already captivated by someone who was not present. Even though Kili is undoubtedly a very good catch, as is his brother.

'Is that so?' I smirked, placing a hand upon my hip, and what exactly, do you require it for? Not anything... Questionable I hope?'

Well, come on. If I can't have little fun with two very attractive princes, then who can I have fun with? Besides, I need to practice my flirting for tougher subjects. Though I seemed to be on the right track for Kili chuckled, Fili's eyebrows needed together alongside a small smile and Ori flushed a brilliant shade of red.

'Of course not Y/N, not unless you wanted it to off course. But right now, we have other situations in mind for you.'

Blimey.

'Situations including a certain warrior. Dwalin, perhaps?'

It was my turn to flush now. I hope they didn't notice... Oh, they did.

'Aww, Y/N,' chuckled Fili, 'look at you! You really need to tell him, you know.'

I fluffed myself up to my full height indignantly.

'Tell him what? If you don't mind my asking.'

'Don't take us for fools, Y/N,' he said, stony faced.

I deflated and grinned sheepishly.

'Oh alright, fine. I know I do. But I don't know how! I mean, how do you do something like that? It's bloody scary! What if he says he doesn't feel the same? What do I do then?'

'Pardon me Y/N,' came Ori's soft voice, 'if he doesn't feel the same then he's missing out on a lot. Only a fool wouldn't feel the same. You'll be absolutely fine.'

Oh bless his dear heart.

I turned and smiled softly at him, 'thank you Ori, that means a lot.'

Ori nodded and his cheeks tinted a soft pink.

'Well! Now you have the confidence you should, let's go!' Cried Kili, taking your arm.

'Go where?' I asked.

'Dwalin was asked to go hunting and he needed a partner so we suggested you. You're welcome by
the way,' said Fili, taking my other arm and beginning to lead me off down the softly lit corridor.

'But-but I'm not-I can't-' I began.

'None of that now. We will be very disappointed in you if you come back and you haven't told him or kissed him or... Well, I'll leave that to you,' said Kili, winking at me.

The cheek of that dwarf! I would slap him one if he wasn't holding onto my arm. Not too hard of course, Thorin would kill me. Just hard enough to seriously injure the cocky bastard and mess up his annoyingly handsome face.

Fili and Kili led me up to the front door of Erebor and then stopped. I could see Dwalin's impressive physique by the large doorway and my heart jumped in my chest.

'Now Y/N,' Fili whispered, 'do your best, no inappropriate jokes, be sophisticated and by Mahal, no going on about hobbit lore.'

'But hobbit lore is fascinating! If more people just-

I was silenced by Kili's hand over my mouth. I furrowed my brows and mentally stuck a rusty fork in his eye.

'Promise to say no more about hobbits?'

'Ajdhkndj dbsks lajebekdk.'

'What did she say?' Kili asked Fili.

'She said, 'ajdhkndj dbsks lajebekdk,'

'Yes I know, but what does it mean?'

'Well she can't very well speak if she's got your dirty hand over her mouth can she?'

Kili removed his hand.

'Now what did you say?' He asked.

I am going to kill him in his sleep, I swear. I continued to translate what I had said which is too shocking to ever repeat and watched their mock horrified faces with satisfaction.

'You better go before I fetch some soap,' giggled Kili.

'And some water. But it's too late for that now, off you go and good luck!' Grinned Fili.

'Make us proud,' added Kili.

I nodded stoutly and began to walk over to where Dwalin still stood.

'Oh, they grow up so fast,' Kili sniffed, wiping an imaginary tear from his cheek as they watched her walk away.

'One minute you're changing their nappies and feeding them mush, the next minute they're swearing like an orc and threatening to kill you,' added Fili, taking hold of Kili's arm.

Kili looked at Fili and snorted with laughter, Fili quickly joining in as they turned and began to walk
off back to their quarters.

Dwalin turned as he heard me approach and smiled in greeting.

'What took you so long lass?'

I smiled in return and rolled my eyes.

'Fili and Kili happened.'

He nodded knowingly and gestured for us to leave and began our trek up and into the forest.

We walked in silence for a while which was unusual for me as Fili and Kili's words bounced about my head.

'Is anything the matter Y/N?'

I was jolted from my thoughts by Dwalin's concerned look.

'It's just you're rather quiet. And that's not normal for you.'

I let out a short laugh at that.

'No, no, I'm fine, really. I just wanted to say that-that I, um. I wanted to-to say-I wanted to say that I really-I really-

Dwalin, who was watching me with furrowed brows stopped suddenly.

'I have a feeling that this is important, sit down.'

I sat down heavily on the grass, cursing my inability to just tell him how I felt and instead sound like a stuttering mess.

'Now, what is it that you want to tell me?'

'I-I wanted to tell you,' I looked into his dark eyes, 'I wanted to tell you,' I took in his powerful build, 'that,' I studied his wide face,'I,' my heart sped up, 'did you know that most hobbits are terrified of water?'

Damn.

'What?' Asked Dwalin, looking incredibly confused.

One of Fili and Kili's rules out the window.

'Sorry, that's not what I meant to say. I meant to say,' I paused.

Blast it all!

'IreallyreallylikeyouDwalinandIhavedoneforalongtime.'

I looked down quickly and raised my eyes when I was met with silence.

'Care to repeat that Y/N?' Said Dwalin quietly.

'I don't think I want to.'
'I want you to.'

What did that mean?

'I said,' I looked Dwalin straight in the eye, 'I really, really like you Dwalin and I have done for a long time.'

I swallowed the lump in my throat and looked down at the spring green grass I was sitting on. At least now I was free. Everything was out in the open and now I can move on.

'Y/N?'

I looked up to be met with a gentle smile.

'I really like you too and also have done for a very long time.'

'What?'

Dwalin laughed at my surprise and took hold of my hand, holding in the middle of us both and intertwining out hands.

'You know what I said.'

'I would just like it confirmed.'

Before I knew where I was and what was happening Dwalin's lips were on mine. I very much like this type of non-verbal confirmation. I kissed him back with passion and revelled in the happy sigh that escaped him at my actions.

Dwalin asked entrance to my mouth and I refused him, wanting to tease him just that little bit. I did not expect his reaction. He positively growled and pushed my down with his body weight, pressing me into the ground. He ended up nestled between my legs in the most unseemly manner and I felt incredibly sorry for all the poor woodland animals that were watching this definitely not suitable goings on.

I tried not to laugh at my own thoughts as Dwalin broke this kiss to move to my neck, nipping and sucking making me gasp in pleasure.

'We are right in the middle of the path, if anyone were to come along...'

I trailed off as Dwalin shifted between my legs, his excitement now painstakingly obvious.

'I really don't care Y/N,' he growled against my neck.

'Fair do's,' I whispered, shifting myself now, looking for some form of friction to sooth my ache.

'I am taking you now, regardless of anyone or anything being present. You have teased me for far too long and I cannot take it another second.'

His words made me sigh and raise my hips to encourage a groan from his mouth.

I was most definitely looking forward to what was in store.

~

What happened on that path is now history. Though of course, there are always future events to add
to the previous accounts. And what happened on that path had quite a few more and will continue to have more, future events.

Dwalin and I are now an official couple and I have to say, Fili and Kili could not be happier.

Not to mention myself of course.

As soon as I had, ahem, come back from 'hunting' with Dwalin and we had reluctantly left each other's company - agreeing to meet up later that night - Fili and Kili had descended on me and whisked me off to their quarters.

They questioned me on everything but all I would say was,

'A lady never tells.'

Which of course told them everything they needed to know. And through blushes and stutters they somehow got all the details out of me and to say they were delighted was an understatement.

Though they did groan in disbelief when I told them of my hobbit slip up.

And it's fair to say that they are still questioning me relentlessly and groaning at my ridiculousness to this day.

But now I had another groaning at my ridiculousness too.

But I don't mind because I love him.

And he loves me too.

Hobbit lore and all.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave your thoughts and opinions for me. It means so much to read them! And of course, request if you want anything and I shall get to it! <3
Bofur - Braiding Turns Intense pt.2

Chapter Summary

Sexual tension rides high after the night that changes everything! Lots of dirty talk and fun times with Bofur ahead. I have to say, writing a part two to my first ever story was very strange. Revisting it after twenty-six chapters is rather odd and I have to say, I was really glad of the request to do so. So thank you and please enjoy! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Last night was the night it all changed.

Including a great bond between me and Kili being formed. For when you overhear things as he did, you can't very well ignore them. So Kili and I quickly befriended each other earlier this morning and spoke with each other for a considerably long time.

That was a while ago now and since then Thorin has gotten us all on the move again much to our dismay. I chose to walk alone, leaving Bofur and Kili to talk and laugh ominously together.

I have too many thoughts - unsuitable or otherwise - echoing inside my head to able to keep up an interesting and polite conversation. If I am to be honest, I could not get Bofur out of my mind, thoughts that are definitely deemed unsuitable and which made me involuntarily clench my thighs together.

I do not care to dwell, for walking through the forest surrounded by dwarves is not an appropriate place to think of such things and suffer the consequences of thinking such things.

Though Bofur was not making it easy for me.

I could feel his hot gaze on me even without looking to confirm. I could no longer hear Kili with him so that made him even more dangerous, especially considering I was already in quite a state. I felt more like helpless prey than ever.

I gazed at my surroundings instead, blocking out the yearning to look behind me and catch his fiery gaze.

It is late afternoon and the clear skies were still and cloudless, a cool breeze lifting my hair and calming my flushed face. The trees twitched and sighed as if speaking to each other in an unknown and unintelligible language which only few could understand. Small animals and birds could be seen and heard in the tall trees and in the undergrowth alongside the snapping of twigs and the heavy tread of dwarven boots and horses hooves.

I understand the peril in which I have enrolled myself in joining this quest. I understand that it involves kings and dragons, almost a typical fairy tale you might say. But being that the king was Thorin Oakenshield, the broody, handsome, wise - if a little grumpy and proud - dwarf and the dragon being Smaug, the last ever Fire Drake then, no. It is not a typical fairy tale.

There is no guaranteed happy ending, there is no way in which to know if the dragon would be slain
and the king would take his rightful place on the throne of Erebor. There is also no way to tell if we are all going to make it back with our lives.

I was jolted from my thoughts by a warm body pressing up against my back and a sure hand finding place on my bottom.

'Now what would have my lass so enthralled that she would fail to notice me wishing for her attention?'

Now is definitely not the time for his antics, for the dark thoughts about our small chance of success and imminent death had sobered me up a little, but I still ached for his touch. Which I did not wish to do now, but later.

I removed his hand from my behind and intertwined our fingers, pulling him to Ito step beside me.

'Just my thoughts Bofur. And I did notice, I just chose to ignore it.'

I turned to face his dismayed expression and grinned, squeezing his hand.

'You're so horrible to me, Y/N,' he pouted, 'all I wanted was your attention.'

'Well now you've got it, so what do you want?' I questioned.

A smirk worked its way onto his face and eyed me, as an eagle would his dinner.

'You.'

I rolled my eyes, 'be more specific please.'

'You naked on top or below me, whatever you want.'

Well, he is doing absolutely nothing to help my increasingly hot situation.

'Excuse me?' I asked, raising my brows.

'Don't tell me it's just been me imagining all of that,' he laughed.

I opened my mouth to reply and then closed it with a snap. He saw my reaction and laughed loudly, pulling me into his side, securing an arm around my waist.

'I knew it!' He chuckled, 'I knew it wasn't just me. So tell me, what do you want?'

He trailed off into a whisper, kissing the top of my head softly.

Do I say? Do I refuse to say? Do I get him back for putting me on the spot like this? That sounds like a good idea.

He's not the only one that can be dirty.

'I want you naked beneath me,' I began, 'I want to make you feel pleasure such as you've never felt before and I want you to return the favour. I want to feel your hands all over my body, I want you to prove that no one can make me feel as good as you can. I want you Bofur, and I want you right now.'

I finished with a smile, still snuggled into Bofur's cosy body, his hand sill around my waist. I waited for a response but all I got was silence. I twisted my head up to see Bofur's eyes shut and his jaw
taut. His hand moved from around my waist to around my stomach and pulled me over so my head was tucked under his chin. I gasped as I felt something poke my lower back and then smirked.

My words had their desired effect then.

I giggled slightly and tipped my head up to nuzzled my nose against Bofur's beard.

'Are you okay, my love?'

Bofur sighed and moved his head down to catch my lips in a sweet kiss.

'You really do know what to say, don't you?' He sighed, breaking the kiss.

'It's not hard,' I whispered, 'when I just have to say what I want.'

Bofur took a deep breath, 'Y/N, stop,' he said quietly.

'Why? Do you not want it too? Do you not want my glistening, naked body above you, yours to touch, my breasts bouncing as I ride your hard cock, squeezing it in the most delicious way. Moaning as whimpering your name, completely at your mercy-'

'I said stop!' He growled, his hand tightening across my stomach.

I could feel him pressing into me now, straining against the confines of his trousers. I grinned at the trouble I had caused and moved my hand to cover his over my stomach.

'Bofur,' I said quietly.

He looked down with dark eyes and a flushed face to be greeted with a similar expression.

'Kiss me.'

Bofur smiled and once again placed his lips over mine. This kiss was more heated than the last and I found myself arching my back into him, moving my hips. He gasped at my movements and I took the opportunity to slip my tongue into his mouth. I pushed back harder making him groan as his cock twitched through his clothes, harder - painfully so - than before.

'Stop,' he broke the kiss to whisper, 'stop or I won't be able to. I want to, Oh Mahal, I want to take you right here but I can't, I can't and you know that. Please Y/N, stop before I take you right here right now.'

My eyes closed and a small moan escaped me at his words, my head falling back to his chest.

'Even though I want that with all my being I know that I can't have it. Promise me something though.'

'What?' He ground out.

'As soon as we stop for the night,' I smiled, 'take me.'

I then somehow forced myself away from his chest and a few steps away from him, still holding his hand as I stared forward, trying hard to subdue all the feelings raging within me.

Just a little longer.

~
'You have all earned your rest today. We shall camp here.'

Thorin had led us into another clearing, surrounding by close knitted trees that provided a great cover.

The sounds of relief from all the Company signified that indeed, everyone was glad to finally be done for the day. Most of all, Bofur and I.

As the company began to set up camp I let go of Bofur's hand and jogged over to Kili who was just organising his bedroll and blanket.

'Hello Y/N,' he smiled, turning to face me, 'what's up?'

'I need,' I took a deep breath, 'I need you to cover for Bofur and I for an hour or so, if that's okay?'

I saw the look of realisation dawn on his features and my face flushed. He smirked and winked at me as I huffed, my face surely as red as a tomato now.

'Of course that's okay. I'll just say you went off to find some water, I've got your backs.'

'Thank you Kili, I owe you one!' I grinned as I turned around to make my way back to the anxiously waiting Bofur.

'Be safe now!' He called after me.

I made sure he saw my deadpan look as I made my way to Bofur, hurriedly interlocking our fingers and beginning to lead him off into the darkening forest.

'I take it Kili's covering for us then?' He asked, humour clear in his voice as I led us both on, trying to find the perfect spot.

'He is indeed,' I answered, spying a comfy looking open space.

I hurriedly let Bofur over to the spot and turned to face him. I pointed to the spot and smiled, an idea forming in my head.

'Sit.'

Bofur shot me a puzzled look but did as I said.

'Remember what I said earlier?' I asked, giving him a sly smile.

He widened his eyes, 'how could I forget?'

'Good. Because now I am going to act on my words.'

He opened his mouth to reply but closed it again as I languidly smiled at him. I took began to swing my hips to a beat inside my head and slowly took hold of my cloak and slipped it off, then came my tunic top.

Bofur eyed my semi naked torso hungrily and I pulled up my bra, causing my breasts to bounce and earning a curse from the onlooking dwarf.

I then quickly kicked off my shoes and trousers and stood in front of him in just my undergarments.

'Like what you see?' I asked quietly.
He nodded, his eyes drinking me in as though I was a drug that kept him alive. I maintained eye contact as I reached behind me and removed my bra with ease, watching with satisfaction as his eyes widened and a gravely groan slipped from his parted lips.

I stalked over to him, his eyes fixed on my every move, and sat down upon his lap.

'Y/N...' He whispered, his hands settling on the dip of my waist.

'Yes Bofur?' I grinned.

'You'll me the death of me.'

I giggled and quickly smashed my lips to his, the fire burning throughout my body intensifying as I felt his erection pressing against my heat.

The kiss was full of passion and grew evermore heated as I slowly began to grind against him, causing him to gasp and for me to move my lips to his neck, sucking harshly to leave a few marks.

'Y-Y/N,' he stuttered, his hips raising to meet my own, 'I won't be able to last if you keep doing that.'

'What?' I asked innocently, 'this?'

I pressed down harder, feeling his erection fully now and grinding against it in a way that supplied both his and my body with intense pleasure.

'That,' he growled, his hands squeezing my waist and trailing down to cup my behind.

I don't think he wanted me to stop, judging by how he began to guide me above him. Bucking against me every so often and hissing my name.

I threw back my head and cried out his name as I felt the white hot heat began to build. I began to swivel my hips in a circle which caused Bofur to groan loudly and buck against me harder than before.

'Y/N,' he cried, 'I'm close. It feels so good, oh Mahal, you're beautiful,' he moved his head so that his could place sloppy kisses to my bouncing breasts and thrilling nips to my hard nipples.

I gasped through the sparks that shot through me and managed to place a soft kiss to his parted lips before I arched against him and screamed his name out into the space of the forest.

It was not long after that he whimpered my name mixed with curses and I felt a wet patch through his trousers. I let my head flop against his shoulder as I relaxed from my high and he pulled my close so I was clinging to him like a baby. His arms were wrapped fully around me and we caught our breath together.

'That was... That was-'

'Amazing?' I finished for him, laughing slightly against his shoulder.

'Exactly,' he said, softly.

'Well, there's more where that came from. Just you wait until we at back to camp and everyone's asleep.'

My stomach jumped at the thought.
I felt Bofur chuckle at my words and squeeze me softly.

'You're something else lass, you really are.'

'As are you, dear Bofur.'

And as we lay together catching our breath, I knew that this was the start of something.

Yet another adventure, had just begun.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you thought, it's all welcome and I adore each and every comment and it means a lot when you take the time to leave one! As always, requests are very much wanted and appreciated :)

Chapter Summary

I got a request for a part three to this story and was all too happy to oblige! There's something special about writing parts to a story you'd written a long time ago and I can't say I didn't enjoy it. Fluffy friendship with Kili was requested but of course some Bofur is in there. I really hope you all enjoy! :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

'Y/N.'

A quite whisper interrupted my dozing mind. I slowly opened my bleary eyes to discover it was still dark, the moon being the only source of light at this time of night. I raised my head from Bofur's chest to look around, had someone said my name?

'Y/N!'

Yes, someone definitely had! I couldn't see who it was so the only option really, was to answer. It would be a real turn up for the books if I turned out to be addressing voices in my head.

'Yes?' I answered, still searching among the sleeping figures around me to determine who was speaking to me.

'Come over here, I want to speak to you.'

'Well you see, I would. But I don't think I can enter my own head. Whoever or whatever you are, you could at least have the common decency to announce yourself.'

The voice chuckled quietly, 'Y/N, what are you talking about? It's me, Kili!'

Just then the figure closest to my side rolled over to reveal a young, smirking face. It was indeed, Kili.

'Kili!' I hissed, 'what are you playing at? I thought I was going odd.'

'A bit too late for that, Y/N.'

I gave him my best deadpan look and raised my eyebrows.

'What do you want Kili?'

'I wanted a chat.'

I rolled my eyes, 'about what?'

He shifted uncomfortably and cast his eyes down.

'About it all. The whole quest, the whole Company business. I'm worried Y/N.'
I smiled softly at him and reached out a hand to touch his face.

'Now Kili, we may not have the best fighters in the land and we may not be the smartest bunch-

'How is that helping Y/N?'

'I wasn't finished. But we are loyal to the end and look out for each other and that counts for more than skills with a weapon do. I believe that we will all come out alive and together. That's my view anyway,' I finished with a smile, stroking Kili's face softly.

Kili raised his hand and covered my own upon his face.

'Promise Y/N?'

'Promise.'

Kili smiled gratefully at me as I lowered my hand.

'You have no reason to help us Y/N,' he began, 'you could leave and then you'd be safe. Why don't you?'

I thought for a moment. Why didn't I leave when I heard his dangerous it would be? Why did I stay even now? Well, I know the answer to that.

'Well Kili, if I were to be honest, I was planning to leave soon but now I stay for a whole new host of reasons,' I turned my head and gazed at Bofur's relaxed features. Kili saw me and shook his head, a smirk on his face, 'but alongside staying because of my dear Bofur and the friends I have made - such as you, dear Kili - it was because my father used to tell me stories of Dale and Erebor when I was small and I used to listen in awe over all the heroes and villains. And when I heard what your quest was and who you all were, I knew that I wanted to be there, if not be included in the tales that will be told of this quest. I knew that I wanted to help.'

Kili was watching me closely and when I had finished he held out his hand.

'I'm glad you're here Y/N.'

I took his outstretched hand and interlocked our fingers tightly, squeezing softly.

'And I'm glad to be with such honourable people.'

He nodded as his face relaxed and his dark eyes fluttered shut as he finally settled down to sleep.

I was glad of the talk and the company I had as I too, warm and with a sense of security upon Bofur's steadily rising and falling chest and comforted by Kili's gentle hand, closed my eyes to escape the world of the living.

~

I awoke to the laughing and clattering of thirteen dwarves, a wizard and a hobbit all getting up and ready to move. I was dimly aware that I no longer was lying on a warm body and that the presence of a hand was no longer in my own. I sat up quickly and looked around. Bilbo closest to me so I spoke to him.

'Bilbo!' I said, 'why did no one wake me?'

Bilbo smiled in greeting, 'good morning to you too Y/N. Bofur said to let you sleep for a while and
he'd get your stuff ready.'

Very sweet of him but very unusual.

'Oh... That's kind of him,' I said uncertainly, 'and where's Kili?'

Bilbo gestured to behind me, 'over there.'

I turned to see Kili talking and laughing with Fili while packing away his things. I'm glad he feels better and I'm glad I was able to comfort him.

I thanked Bilbo as I got up in search of Bofur. I greeted all the dwarves and of course received good-natured grunts in return but was pleasantly surprised with the verbal, kind reply from Gandalf. Himself and Bilbo seem the only polite ones in the group.

At last I came across Bofur alone with his and my packs, sorting everything out and storing things away carefully.

'Hello Bofur!' I said cheerfully, bumping his hip as I came to stop close to his side.

'Morning Y/N,' he said flatly.

I took a sideways glance at him but dismissed his offhand attitude.

'Why did you tell the others to let me sleep?'

'I didn't want to disturb you.'

I furrowed my brows. This wasn't the usual, cheery Bofur I was used to. What's wrong with him?

'Bofur, is something the matter?' I asked, laying a gentle hand on his arm.

He discreetly moved his arm and turned to stare at me, 'lass, why were you and Kili holding hands? It's one thing holding hands when you're awake but when you're asleep...' He trailed off, his frown deep-set but I could see a hint of hurt lacing his expression.

'Kili woke me up earlier last night. He was worried and he wanted someone to talk to! Did you sleep through that while exchange? And if you don't believe me, you can ask him yourself.'

I don't like being confronted and Bofur was really rubbing me up the wrong way.

'I don't blame you if you like Kili, Y/N. He's young, royalty, handsome and a great warrior but you could at least tell it to me straight.'

Are you kidding me?

'Bofur!' I cried exasperatedly, 'Kili is my friend! He needed comfort so I was there. You are the one I want to be with. You are young enough,' I dropped in a wink, 'definitely handsome, intelligent, optimistic and funny! You can make me laugh even with the slightest of things and that's what I love most about you. You make me happy, okay?'

I could see Bofur fighting to keep the grin off his face as I spoke.

'You think I'm handsome?'

I groaned loudly, 'is that all you for from what I just said? Because-'
I was cut off quickly by Bofur taking me by the shoulders and pressing his lips to mine. It was loving
and meaningful and I practically melted into his firm grip.

He broke the kiss to look deeply into my eyes, 'I forgot to say good morning.'

'In that case,' I grinned, 'let me just...' 

And it was my turn to take hold of him - by the back of the neck - and pull him back for a deeper
kiss. Bofur wound his hands around my lower back and pulled me against his roughly. We only got
a few seconds as the calls and wolf whistles from the rest of the Company interrupted us.

I rolled my eyes, 'we'll carry this on later,' I smirked.

Bofur grinned mischievously and nodded quickly.

'Most definitely, my lady.'

~

Later turned into much later than I'd hoped. All day Bofur was needed by his kin so I spent the day
mostly with Ori, Dori, Nori, Fili and Kili. I already knew Kili well so it was interesting getting to
know his brother - who I warmed to very much - and the brothers of RI - who I also warmed to very
much.

We talked about what lay ahead, what their lives were before the quest and what they hoped to get
out of it. All very interesting, I especially liked Nori's answer of, 'all the gold I can store about my
person' for what he wanted out of it.

Kili pulled me aside at one point and we spoke about last night. He was very sweet and thanked me
a lot and I have to say that I do very much enjoy his company. In a different way to Bofur's of
course.

I unknowingly had an eye on him the whole time we were walking. I couldn't stop thinking about
what was hidden underneath those clothes and oh Mahal, what he could do with it.

It was absolute bloody torture.

Many, many, torturous hours later it was time to set up camp, but yet his kin still kept hold of him! It
was only when we had all settled down to bed and when I was thoroughly frustrated that his brothers
left him.

I hastily wiggled out of my blanket and made my way over to his awaiting form.

'About bloody time lass!' He hissed, ushering my under his blanket and setting me upon his lap.

'It wasn't my fault. Why did your kin keep you so long anyway?!!'

'We were talking about home and they were asking about you actually.'

That shut me up.

'Oh, what did you say? Actually no, I don't want to know, don't tell me.'

Bofur laughed and nuzzled his head into my hair.

'I missed you.'
I turned to plant a sweet kiss on his cheek. Which then somehow led to me being on top of him, his leg between my two and the sweet kiss turned into a passionate promise.

'Please not tonight!' Hissed a voice.

Bofur and I stopped dead and broke apart to look at each other. The figure beside us that happened to be Kili - of all people! - turned over and sat up.

'I'm sorry, but once was enough,' he stated, 'if you're going to get up to mischief please do it somewhere else.'

I gaped at him and smiled in relief as he began to laugh. Bofur sighed and sat up, with me still nestled against him.

'Thanks lad,' Bofur rolled his eyes, 'I'll remember this.'

Kili winked cheekily and grinned, 'anything to stop a repeat of that night.'

'Oh Kili!' I blushed, 'don't bring that up. You should have said something!'

He stared at me incredulously.

'What could I have said? I could clearly hear you two going at it like rabbits, completely lost in the moment as I was for words. There was nothing I could have said!'

'He has a point lass,' Bofur chuckled at my red face and stroked my burning cheek softly.

I groaned and nodded. I guess Bofur and I shall just have to wait a little longer.

'I know something we could do Y/N! You're good at it, really good. And it's about time too.'

I looked at Bofur with a cocked brow, 'and what's that?'

'Braid my hair for me, my love.'

I grinned and nodded excitedly.

'You could do mine too!' Piped up Kili, 'I trust you.'

I smiled softly, what a way to spend a night.

'Oh and Y/N...' Began Bofur.

I hummed in response, still thinking.

'Could I braid this into your hair?'

I watched as Bofur brought out a small, jewelled bead and Kili let out a gasp.

'I was talking to Bifur and Bombur about you, as I said. I was asking Bifur to make me this to show how I feel about you and asking for their blessing. I love you Y/N.'

I didn't even need to think. I didn't consider or question my answer for a second. Kili was watching my reaction with a large smile and bright eyes.

'I love you too Bofur.'
Please leave feedback, thoughts, comments, kudos anything! I appreciate it all <3 also, requests would be good right now and thank you all so much for reading!
Chapter Summary

Sorry I didn't update sooner! I had a lot of work to do these past few days and I'm sorry, but it's here now! I enjoyed writing about Aragorn and I think this request turned out rather well :) fluff at the beginning and downright dirty smut at the end. I hope you enjoy! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The windows shook and the trees groaned as the violent wind tore at their roots and felled ones less stout than they. The lightning flashed and I waited in terror for the come of the thunder. It came with a rumble and a terrible crash as I hid beneath my quilt and covered my eyes, reminded of the battles of when Sauron almost became the lord of all things.

I have been afraid of storms ever since I was a little girl, hiding under my mother's skirts as I tried to ignore the deafening roars and flashes that came from outside my safe haven.

It has worsened since the battles began and had not gotten better even when they ended. We do not have storms much in Gondor and that I am glad of, for I would not stay anywhere where they were a regular occurrence.

I was not born in Gondor, I originally came from Rohan and am directly descended from the great king Théoden who still reigns to this day. The reason that I now live in Gondor is due to the King - Aragorn son of Arathorn.

We met on the battlefield - me technically not supposed to be there - and we fought together. As soon as I saw him, I could not take my eyes from him. And I know not the reason he decided to stand by me, nor the reason I could not take my eyes from him.

And I still do not understand the reason he asked me to stay in Gondor instead of going back to my rightful place in Rohan. But I did know why I accepted, I accepted because I wanted to be with him. And my wish came true, not long after.

He had taken the rightful place as king of Gondor and I took the job of helping the people and stood as a bridge of sorts between the great kingdoms. We spent a lot of time together and grew very close, until at last he requested to court me and of course, I agreed.

We have been together now for a few months and things are going well, if not a little slow for my liking. I will admit to you that we have done nothing but kiss - and the kisses I live for - but nothing more, much to my disappointment.

It has gotten heated between his before and looked as though it was about to lead onto other things but every time we have been interrupted in some way. I have been in his quarters a few times but never set foot in his bed, no matter how much I'd like to.

There was suddenly a great flash of lightning and a crash shook my quarters as a tree fell and
smashed through my window, spraying shattered glass in all directions. That was the absolute last straw and I bolted from under my covers and across the floor and out the room. I stood in the hall in a panic, trying to decide what to do when a deafening rumble decided for me and I ran as fast as I could barefoot across the stone floors in the direction of Aragorn's quarters.

I reached the ornate oak doors and having no sense to knock, being in too much of a panic, burst in and skidded to a halt. The storm had faded into a dull grumble as I stood there like a deer caught in the midst of a bow and arrow.

'Y/N?'

Aragorn had grabbed his sword and was up in an instant.

'What's wrong? Are you hurt?'

I fumbled for words, my mouth opening and closing.

'No, no, everything's fine. I just wanted to uh- I felt like an absolute fool, 'to-to check, yes check! If you are okay?'

What am I doing.

He squinted at me and chuckled, 'of course I'm okay.'

I grinned, hoping it was genuine enough, 'well that's fine then. Terrific! I'll just head back to my room now...'

I turned to the door when another blinding flash and thunder clap that sounded like the world was ending, shook the walls. I squeaked and without thinking, ran into Aragorn and clung to him, hiding my face in his chest.

Aragorn - who had lain down his sword as soon as I had said nothing was wrong - sighed and wrapped his arms around me, enveloping me in his warm, comforting embrace.

'You dislike storms, don't you?' He said softly against my hair.

'You could say that,' I mumbled, hoping he couldn't see the blush staining my cheeks.

I have to say, the warmth of his chest and his strong arms were doing a very effective job of distracting me though.

The storm continued outside and with each flash and boom I jumped and attempted to burrow deeper into Aragorn. He whispered soft words of comfort as I huddled against him and rocked me slightly.

'Do you want to stay with me?' He murmured.

I moved my head from his chest and looked up to him, 'if it is okay with you, then yes.'

Aragorn smiled gently and nodded, moving away from me to take my hand and pull me down onto the bed and under the covers. He quickly gathered me into his arms and held me close, my head tucked under his chin and his arms around me, one of my legs between his own.

'Are you okay?' He asked me.

I smiled on the outside but on the inside my stomach was in knots and I found it very hard not to just smash my lips to his and have my way with him.
'Yes,' I said quietly, 'I'm okay.'

He stroked my back - doing nothing to aid my butterflies - and burrowed us both further under the covers.

'Sleep my love, we can talk in the morning.'

I nodded, not fully taking in his words, and closed my eyes, the storm forgotten with being so close to Aragorn's beating heart.

~

I awoke to find myself ridiculously tangled up with Aragorn. The weather was docile now and the sun shone through the large windows of the royal quarters. I felt rather silly over what happened last night, but nothing I can't overcome if I got to sleep with Aragorn every night.

My eyes moved over Aragorn's still form and I smiled at his peaceful expression and parted lips. Before I could stop myself I leant forward and placed a soft kiss on his lips, which was rather difficult because I was all but on top of him with one leg still under his own - and rather numb, may I add - with my hands upon his chest and almost face to face with him.

His hands that were resting on my back flexed and his eyes fluttered open.

'Good morning,' I smiled.

'Morning.'

By Eru, his morning voice is attractive. It rumbled against my ears deliciously and I hastily tried to disguise a shiver.

'I'm sorry about last night,' I whispered, 'I didn't mean to wake you and I certainly didn't mean get into bed with you, I-'

I broke off when he chuckled, his eyes fully open and I saw that they were glinting with humour.

'I'm glad that you woke me,' he gently placed his forehead to mine, 'I would do anything in the world to make you happy and to make sure you feel safe and it's a bonus if that involves you in my bed.'

I frowned, a smirk tugging at my lips. Did he realise how that sounded? It sounded quite agreeable to me, actually. My brain began to whir as I searched his expression and found nothing but honesty there. I scanned over what I could see of his tanned skin and mussed up hair and I was decided. I was going to have him, one way or another.

I shifted my leg from under his and clambered up fully onto his body so I was essentially covering him, my legs parted as I strategically placed my lower body over his own. Also making sure that my nightdress was hanging lower than usual and resting my chest against his own, causing my breasts to be pushed up and made prominent.

Aragorn watched my actions with parted lips and wide eyes and I smiled innocently at him.

'Is anything the matter, my king?'

I saw his brows raise at my comment and he moved beneath me, causing my lips to part slightly but not enough to be noticed.

'You know what you're doing.' He hissed, looking up at me, his hands balled into fists at his sides.
'I am sure I do not. What am I doing?' I whispered, moving my head to nip at his ear causing him to let out a ragged breath.

'You're trying to tempt me.'

'You were not already tempted?' I asked, moving to leave soft, wet kisses down his neck.

His hands moved to my hips and squeezed harshly.

'Of course I have been tempted Y/N, many times. But should we not wait until we are married?'

I smiled against his neck and shifted my hips slightly, causing him to gasp and for me to feel how much he really was tempted.

'Well, I am okay with right here, right now, but...' I quickly removed myself from him and went to stand, 'if you wish to wait that's fine with me.'

He was up in a flash, standing in front of me, his brows furrowed and his eyes flashing.

'Do not play with me, Y/N,' he growled, moving to hold my chin and connect our lips.

The kiss was passionate and heated and it took all my control not to just melt into his touch, forget the plan and surrender myself.

With great difficulty I broke apart and moved to the opposite corner of the room.

'But surely it is a game?' I said sweetly, tilting my head.

I saw his frown from across the room and my stomach lurched in anticipation as he came with sure steps to where I had situated myself. He stopped before he came to me and let his eyes run over my body, filled with desire. He then reached out his arms and pulled me to him.

'This is not a game.'

'Then why don't we make it one?' I said playfully, our noses almost touching.

He closed his eyes and let his forehead bump forward to mine.

'You are a difficult one, dear heart, a difficult one.'

'But surely the great king Aragorn needs a challenge?' I quipped.

He chuckled deeply, 'you do your best to test me, don't you?' he opened his eyes, 'what do you have in mind?'

I smiled wickedly and moved one hand to his face, adoring the feeling of his stubble against my hand.

'Let's see how long you can last.'

I saw realisation dawn on his features as he opened his mouth but before he could speak I shushed him with a finger.

'You made me wait so now I return the favour. Sit down.'

I motioned to a chair next to the desk in his quarters. He nodded dumbly and went to sit, groaning
uncomfortably as he did so.

Maybe it'll take less time than I originally guessed.

I walked over to where he was seated, making sure to swing my hips as I did so. His eyes never left my face as I made my way over but that soon changed.

I bent down a little, gripped the hem of my nightdress and pulled it off so I was nude, my hair swished as the nightdress disturbed it. I stood in front of him, one leg bent, a hand resting on my hip.

He had never seen me naked before so I was just as nervous as he probably was, but having to fake confidence was actually aiding my real confidence.

'You are a Goddess,' he whispered, his eyes trailing from the top of my head to the tips of my toes.

I blushed furiously and resisted the urge to suck in my stomach and clench my thighs tightly together.

'If I am a Goddess,' I whispered seductively, 'then you must be a God.'

I slowly walked towards him and gracefully - what I hoped was gracefully - straddled his lap. His eyes never left me as I bent down to kiss him, my hair falling around us to make a curtain of sorts.

Now, I have to tempt him and I have to tempt him well. I have an idea in mind but it was, well, it is downright dirty. But I have to say, my loins have more control than my bran at this particular moment and so I decided to go for it.

As I kissed him and he held the chair to refrain from touching me, I began to move slightly. Soft and slow at first but as I began to quicken up and press down harder Aragorn broke the kiss to groan loudly.

'You know you want to touch me,' I said, my breathing uneven as my stomach clenched and flipped, 'you know I want you to touch me.'

Aragorn cursed at my words and his hips bucked up into me, making me whimper his name.

As my need got greater I sought more friction and pushed down harder and moved quicker. Aragorn was still in his night breeches and I could feel his rock hard erection twitch and pulse beneath me. As I moved against him, my heat was so great that it had almost soaked through the material and aroused him further.

'I am going to have you scream my name tonight Y/N,' Aragorn growled suddenly, 'I will make you pay for this.'

I moaned out his name and felt my heat clench and the stir began in my lower stomach.

'As soon as I have made you cum, I will take you on that bed again and again, until you are begging for mercy.'

I have never seen this side of Aragorn before and it was making my orgasm all the more quick in approach.

'Oh Aragorn!' I cried as he began to buck his hips up, jolting me and causing the material of his breeches to rub against my clit.

I threw my head back with a cry as my high hit me like lightning lights the sky. I could still feel Aragorn moving against me and I was dimly aware that I was still moving against him. I heard him
grunt and his hands flew up to grip my waist as his hips bucked up into my own as his orgasm took
him.

I was gasping by the time it passed and smiled exhaustedly as Aragorn let his head drop into the
valley between my heaving breasts.

'Shame you won't be able to live up to your words,' I panted, raising my hands do stroke his hair.

He took his time in replying as he nuzzled my breasts gently, causing me to smile and my stomach to
jump.

'I still have the uses of my fingers and mouth,' he whispered, 'I will be ready soon, as well. Also,' he
raised his head meet my wide eyes, 'I haven't had the chance to become familiar will all off you.'

I stop a slightly excited smile tugging at my lips as I imagined what was to come.

'I too,' I began, 'have not had the pleasure of becoming familiar with all of you.'

He grinned and stood, hooking his arms beneath my thighs and gently taking me over to the bed and
lying me down.

'Well we better began then.'

I nodded, pulling him down to connect our lips in a kiss full of love and promise. Innocent as a daisy
and with as much love as I have.

For I did love him and little did I know yet, that he too, loved me.

Chapter End Notes

I'm approaching 250 kudos and I have to admit that I have some ideas for the 250 kudos
special story! I think you'll all really like it - well, I hope you'll all like it :) it's crazy that
already I'm almost at 250 kudos and it's all thanks to you guys. It means so much that all
you take the time to kudos or comment or request and it means so much when you do!
So a massive thank you to you all <3 as usual, requests are totally welcome as is
feedback and general thoughts on the story. Thank you!
Chapter Summary

The first of three parts to the 250 kudos special story! I decided to bring Games Night back because I felt as though there was a lot more to be done with that story and the characters had begun to develop quite a bit. As usual, this story is an introduction to many more things to come so there is only a light bit of smut mentioned but that will all change in the next to parts. Also, it's rather on the short side because the main story and everything else will be happening in the next two parts. I really, really hope that you're happy with my decision to bring this story back and that you like it. Thank you all! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

I breathed a sigh of relief as we turned away from the hewn orc body and the clatter of hooves and horn calls of the elves and into the dark, winding passage of the caves.

I stole a sideways glance at Gandalf and to my surprise he looked quite pleased. Strange considering we had just narrowly avoided being slaughtered by orcs, but that's wizards for you.

I quickly glanced round to check that no one was seriously injured and to my relief and surprise, everyone had escaped unscathed. Of course my eyes searched for my three first. Fili and Thorin were bringing up the rear seeming deep in conversation and Kili was just in front of me.

Fili, Kili and Thorin had deeply impressed and pleased me today, they waited - endangering their own lives - for all of the company to enter the hidden cave before themselves. I was especially in awe of Kili, who had gone the closest and slew the most and so had consequently been in the most imminent danger.

Feeling a tad overwhelmed with respect and love for Kili, I tapped him on the shoulder.

'Kili,' I said lowly, smiling warmly as he turned to look at me, 'you were really brave.'

'Thank you Y/N,' he grinned, reaching back to cup his hand around my face. He held our eye contact for a little longer and with one last smile, dropped his hand and turned back to speaking with Balin, who was in front of him.

I allowed my eyes to trail over the back of him. His dark hair, his powerful back and his very nice behind. I refuse to admit that just because of his honour and bravery I am beginning to desire him in more ways than one.

Though of course, I am.

He is deeply in conversation with Balin so I have no chance of getting his attention speech wise, but there are other, more satisfying ways.

As we walked on through the narrow passage to Mahal knows where - though anywhere is better than an open field surrounded by orcs and wargs - I shifted my gaze, subtly trying to figure out if any of the dwarves attention is on Kili or myself.
Nope, I'm clear.

I shifted forward slightly so I was walking almost nose to shoulder with Kili and paused to see if he had noticed. If he had, he paid no attention and brushed it off. Understandable considering we are all rather crushed together in the first place.

I thought for a moment and as I was walking, raised upon my tip toes to place a soft kiss on Kili's neck where his hair had been swept aside. Kili - who was still speaking to Balin - stuttered in his speech and turned around to look at me with a puzzled expression earning a sly grin in return.

I left it at that, hoping that he was now wondering what I wanted, as we had just reached the end of the long, winding passage. We all spilled out into the sunlight to be greeted with a wondrous sight.

'Rivendell,' Bilbo gasped, staring at the beautiful scene.

Thorin was angry. I could see it as soon as I turned to look at him. He growled something at Gandalf that I couldn't make out from my distance and from what I could tell, Gandalf put him in his place. Gandalf left Thorin looking as though someone had just insulted all of his ancestors and walked to the front of the company, gesturing for us to follow. I made my way over to Thorin, unfazed by his deep set frown and smiled gently at him.

'What's the matter?' I gently took his hand and interlaced our fingers, squeezing slightly.

Thorin's expression softened and he gave me a small smile as he squeezed back.

'That foolish wizard is taking us to the elves.'

I frowned, 'what's wrong with that?'

Thorin stared at me incredulously, 'what's wrong with it? The elves did not help us when we needed them most. They turned away and let our people burn and die.'

His eyes were ablaze by the time he had finished speaking and I had a slight urge to step away from him.

'Thorin, my love, these are the elves of Rivendell. You know as well as I that they are immensely different to the Woodland elves, we can trust them.'

Thorin stared at me as I spoke and continued for a good few seconds after.

'So you are saying,' he said softly, 'that you care not that they abandoned us? That they left us in the hands of ruin, starvation and loss? Erebor and Dale could have been saved if they had not turned their back to us. And you, the one who is dearest to me, is telling me that we should trust them?'

'I think we should trust these elves, yes.'

Thorin stared at me, mouth slightly open, when suddenly he dropped my hand with a look of disgust and stalked off to join Dwalin at the front of the company.

I stood in shock for a few seconds before it fully registered.

Thorin is beyond angry with me, he is disgusted. Though why should he hold a grudge against all of elvenkind when it was really just one elf that caused him so much pain? Thranduil, King of the Woodland Realm.
The bastard.

If I ever see him, I'll beat the living daylights out of him.

I stomped along behind the rest of the company entertaining myself with thinking of 101 ways to slay an Elvenking without getting caught. I was on number 52 - drop a large harp from a high distance onto his crowned head, if you're wondering - when I bumped into something solid.

I looked up to see Fili's kind face above mine.

'What's wrong Y/N?' He asked, turning around and falling into step beside me.

'Nothing, I'm fine. Absolutely terrific in fact.'

'No you're not,' Fili chuckled, 'tell me what's really bothering you.'

'That bloody King under the Mountain, he's bothering me!' I hissed, whipping my head up to glare at the back of Thorin's head, 'I try to reason with him and he acts like I'm some sort of slime that dripped out of a troll's nostril. It's ridiculous! He's got too much pride for his own good and if he thinks I'll crawl back apologising to him for my own opinion he has another thing coming!'

Fili listened to me rant and rage with an indifferent expression until I finished, breathing hard.

'He's just upset that you don't support him Y/N,' Fili said gently, 'he loves you and he values your support above all else.'

Blast this smooth talking prince.

'Yes, well,' I sighed, 'of course I love him too but if he acts like that every time we have a difference of opinion on a matter, I will not be held responsible for my actions.'

Fili grinned at me, 'you certainly know your own mind, you wee wildcat.'

I laughed loudly and planted a sweet kiss on his cheek.

'If I'm a wildcat, then you're definitely a lion.'

~

'Where's the meat?'

Dwalin looked disgustedly at his bowl of green leaves and vegetables.

'Elves are vegetarian, there isn't any,' I replied, regarding the dining table sadly.

All the dwarves stared at me with wide eyes and open mouths and almost instantly, an uproar of complaining and grumbling broke out.

'No meat? You've got to be joking.'

'No wonder they're all so slim!'

'I always knew there was something odd about them.'

I stayed quiet and stared dejectedly at my bowl that was more of a prize winning garden than a meal and sighed.
When will Thorin speak to me again?

We had come down from the paths at long last to the entrance of Rivendell where we were greeted by Lindir who assured us that Lord Elrond would be back soon. Just as he finished speaking, a sound of trumpets drew near as the clattering of hooves rung through the stone walls. A whole band of elves rode through and made a circle around us to which we all huddled together in our own, protective circle - of which I was thrust into the middle of by Fili. We then met Lord Elrond at long last who greeted Gandalf as an old friend and invited us to stay.

When he had mentioned food we all got rather excited but I have to say, the food is exceedingly disappointing.

I glanced over to where Thorin sat with Gandalf and Lord Elrond and sighed, it was upsetting knowing that I hold about as much attraction to him as deep water does to hobbits.

'He'll come round.'

I turned to my right to see Kili grinning at me happily.

'Don't worry about it.'

'But he's so angry,' I said softly, 'what if he doesn't forgive me?'

'Of course he will,' Kili chuckled, 'he adores you... As do I.'

'And me.'

Fili who was on my left joined in with Kili and I smiled at them both. Sweetly kissing Fili and then Kili on the lips.

'Is that all I'm getting?' Pouted Kili, while Fili laughed.

I leant forward so I was almost nose to nose with him and leant my forehead against his.

'What were you hoping for?' I whispered.

'Well, whatever you want I-'

He broke off as I slipped my hand up to rest on his thigh, stroking and squeezing gently.

'Whatever I want?' I breathed.

'Whatever-whatever you want,' he confirmed, his lips parted and his eyes not leaving mine as I trailed my hand up an inch or so further.

'I'll keep that in mind,' I said before gently connecting our lips for a brief second before pulling away and flashing him a teasing smile.

I turned to Fili, leaving Kili wanting more and breathing heavily, who was staring at me wide eyed.

'Are you willing to give me anything?' I said quietly, smiling seductively.

'Why don't you find out?' He quipped.

My smile widened as I leaned in to smash my lips to Fili's whose arms pinned me to him in a second. His hands were securely around my lower back as mine laced through his golden hair.
I broke the kiss a few heated moments later, 'Fili,' I whispered, 'remember we're not alone.'

I felt my face flush a vivid red seeing all of the dwarves watching us with amusement, Bilbo with an embarrassed smile, Gandalf and Lord Elrond had averted their eyes, the elves looked shocked and Thorin...

Well.

Thorin had jealously written all over his face.

Chapter End Notes

It is absolutely crazy and very exciting that I've reached 250 kudos! It means so much to me that you all take the time to read, comment and kudos my work. It's amazing, you're amazing! I would adore some feedback on my descision to bring this story back, what you think of the first part, any general thoughts/comments and of course, requests are always open! It would mean a lot. Yet again, thank you all so much for everything. <3
Chapter Summary

Now that I think about it, there may be a chance of this being four parts long! Smut hasn't come into yet, this is mostly angst/fluff and I quite like how the characters have devolved in this part! I'm so excited to write part six and please tell me what you think! Thank you all so much. <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I sat upon the balcony looking over the gardens of Rivendell, my mind abuzz with thoughts of the journey ahead and of my three lovers.

Thorin was angry, jealous and disappointed in me and I had no idea what to do about it.

He avoided me when we had all finished dinner, he avoided me when I made my way over to him to try and smooth things over and the most painful of all, he ignored me when I tried to kiss him when I wished him goodnight. He ducked away from me and left me stunned in the hall.

I hate to admit it but a few tears slipped down my cheeks when he did that and that is why I refused to join the other dwarves around their campfire and sought comfort from the night.

My tears dried on my cheeks as I gazed across the sea of beautiful flowers and twisting trees as I thought of a way to get to Thorin.

All I had done was speak my mind and if that was enough for him to leave me like this then I'm not sure I want to be with him. If I could not voice any opinion that he disagreed with then how could we achieve a steady, loving relationship? It just doesn't seem possible.

I felt my eyes blur as I considered this thought. I don't want to leave him. I love him, I love him too much.

'But he doesn't love me enough,' I choked out loud, raising my hand to cover my mouth as my arm wrapped around my stomach as I began to heave with sobs.

'You're wrong there, my dear.'

I whipped around to see Lord Elrond himself standing behind me. He looked at me with a kind smile and I watched, wide eyed, as he came to look over the balcony beside me.

'I come out here when I need to think,' he said, 'I see you have the same idea?'

I felt my eyes blur as I considered this thought. I don't want to leave him. I love him, I love him too much.

'Yes,' I stuttered, trying for a small smile, 'and I wanted to be alone.'

Lord Elrond nodded, 'understandable.' He turned to look me in the eyes, 'what troubles you?'

I looked straight back at him and I felt my lip wobble, 'Thorin and I had a difference of opinion and now he won't acknowledge me, let alone talk to me. And I'm afraid that this is it, that he doesn't love
me anymore because what I said, what I said really hurt him.'

'What did you say?'

'He didn't want to come to Rivendell because he doesn't trust elves since the Woodland King turned his back on him and his people and I said that the Rivendell elves are different and we can trust you. I only realised the weight of what I said when I thought it over and that's when I realised that this could very well have done permanent damage.'

Lord Elrond nodded wisely, 'I doubt that it has done permanent damage but he is hurt and hurt deeply by your words. You did nothing wrong for voicing your opinion is never wrong but I think that maybe you should have considered your answer more. You need to talk to him, that's all there is to do.'

'But he won't talk to me!' I gasped, 'he refuses to have anything to do with me...'

'Im afraid you shall just have to keep trying. Now,' Lord Elrond stepped back from the balcony, 'I am needed elsewhere but do consider my words. It will all be well in the end.'

He turned to walk through the door but I called to stop him.

'Thank you.'

Lord Elrond smiled and nodded his head in return. Then turned and disappeared.

I wiped my eyes and took a deep breath. Talk to him. I have to make him understand and see that I did not mean to sound as though I was against him.

The more I think about it the more unlikely it seems. I have to try and get through to a haughty, prideful, broody, kind of scary if I'm honest, soon-to-be King under the Mountain.

I hopped down from the balcony and made my way back into the halls of Rivendell, leaving the safety and beauty of the flowers, trees and stars.

I walked through the twisting, wide corridors trying to spot any sign of dwarf. As I walked down my chosen passage, I heard a slight whisper of laughter and knew instantly to follow it. I followed the echoing noise as it became louder and more distinctive by the second.

I turned a corner and came face to face with a rowdy pack of dwarves gathered around a campfire, almost bursting with laughter, seemingly, at a floored Bombur. I suppressed a smile as I searched for Thorin. Not seeing him anywhere I squinted to see if either Fili or Kili was around. I spotted the dark hair of Kili sitting near the bonfire at a table, holding an overflowing mug of ale.

I pushed my way through some dwarfs who greeted me cheerily as I tried to reach Kili.

'Kili!' I called, squeezing past Dwalin's rather large physique.

Kili looked around at the sound of his name and his eyes landed on me.

'Y/N!' He cried, as I sat down at the table opposite to him, 'how nice of you to finally join us!' Kili paused and scanned my face, 'are you okay?' he asked, smile fading.

I tried, I really did, but you know the deal. If you're upset the last thing you need is sympathy and with Kili's concerned expression, warm, gentle eyes and the overwhelming urge to just crawl into his arms and cry, I burst into tears.
Instantly, Kili was out of his chair and was bent down in front of me.

'Hey, hey,' he murmured, taking my face in his hands and gently swiping away the tears, 'don't cry.'

I gasped as I tried to stop but just ended up hiccuping like a pathetic mess.

'I-I'm sorry,' I stuttered, really trying hard to stop, 'I'm sorry Kili.'

'Don't be sorry,' he said gently, 'tell me what's wrong and I'll sort it. I promise I'll sort it.'

I dissolved into a puddle as he said that. He was so kind and caring and I just couldn't handle that right now. What I need is a good slap and someone telling me to snap out of it. Maybe I should have gone to speak to Dwalin...

I opened my mouth to speak but I couldn't get the words out I was such a mess. My head hurts, my eyes hurt, my mouth hurts and most of all my heart hurts. For too many reasons it hurts. It's breaking for Thorin, it's bursting with love for Kili and it aches to see Fili.

Kili saw that I could not speak and before I knew what was happening he had risen and scooped me up so that I was clinging like a koala to his front. I buried my head into his neck and tangled my hands into his clothes as he began to move.

I don't know where we're going but I need to get away from the rest of the company. I don't want them to see me like this, I don't want them to think any less off me because I know I can be rather clumsy and frustrating anyway.

My breathing was slowing as I inhaled the earthy, smoky sent of Kiki and the warmth of his body spread into mine. I began to match my breathing to his as he walked along, presumably to his room. After a few minutes we stopped and he turned to back into a door to open it as to not have to put me down.

'Kili, back at last. I wondered-'

The voice cut off as Kili turned around. I opened my eyes to peep through Kili's hair to see Fili sitting on one of the two beds that occupied the room. My eyes caught his and he jumped up and came quickly over to me.

'Kili, what's going on? Y/N, are you okay?' He asked hurriedly, laying a hand on my back.

'I'm fine,' I mumbled.

'No you're not,' stated Kili.

'Is she hurt? Did someone hurt her?' Asked Fili.

'I don't know,' said Kili, 'she couldn't tell me so I brought her here so that we could talk to her.'

Fili nodded and followed Kili as he gently unwound me and sat me on the bed. Fili sat down next to me and studied me intently while Kili sat on the floor and wiggled around so that he was leaning against the inside of one of my thighs.

'Now,' said Fili, 'tell us all about it.'

They both looked at me intently as I took a deep breath.
'I'm fine you two, really. I just couldn't take Kili being so nice when I was not fully calmed,' I put down a hand to stroke Kili's hair, 'Lord Elrond already spoke to me about it, it's fine.'

Fili looked at me sharply, 'you'll tell Lord Elrond but not us?'

'I just don't want to bother you both, you've got so much to get ready for already...' I trailed off.

'Tell us,' said Fili, 'we want to help you.'

Kili nodded along with his brother, looking slightly irritated at the fact that you had spoken to Lord Elrond before them. But you compiled and told them everything, from the whole encounter with Thorin until the exact moment when you saw Fili.

Fili and Kili both listened intently and were silent for a few moments once you had finished.

'As I said before,' said Fili softly, 'Thorin loves you, adores you in fact. He'll come round.'

'Yeah!' Chimed in Kili, 'once you talk to him it'll be fine. Uncle can be a bit stubborn at times.'

I laughed lightly, 'but that's the problem. I can't speak to him, he will literally just walk away if I try to say anything to him.'

'Just keep trying,' advised Kili, 'persistence. That's the key with Thorin! You also have the advantage of him doting on you.'

'Kili's right. I think the reason he took what you said so badly is because he expected you to agree with him and your opinion really matters to him. And you saying something like that, something that he feels incredibly strongly about, I guess, feels like some kind of betrayal.'

'But these elves are different to the Woodland elves so why would Thorin have a problem with them?' I burst out, look from Fili to Kili.

'Y/N,' said Kili slowly, 'he failed to protect his people. Erebor and Dale were turned to ash and all the dwarves lost their home. Some of his people could have been spared if the elves had not turned away from him, even the fate of Smaug himself could have been different. Do you see now why what you said was such a blow?'

My eyes dropped to the ground and I nodded, not saying a word for I had not a word to say.

'Not that he is not at fault too,' added Fili suddenly, 'storming off on you like that, refusing to talk to you, making you feel this way. All incredibly uncalled for and unnecessary.'

I raised my head and smiled at Fili.

'If I could just talk to him then maybe-'

'Fili! Kili! Out here now. I need to-'

A deep, rumbling voice was calling for his nephews right outside the door. Exactly who I wasn't ready to see with my tear stained face, puffy eyes and at the moment, a complete inability to face confrontation.

I watched on in horror as the door opened and Thorin stopped mid-speech as he took in my presence and my appearance. Something flickered in his expression but was gone instantly.

'Thorin,' I began, readying myself to fix this mess, 'I need to explain, I now understand-'
'I have no time for such people and matters,' he said shortly, not looking at me, 'Fili, Kili, with me, now.'

'Uncle, you need to talk to Y/N,' stated Kili.

'Did I not say that I do not have time?' Said Thorin sharply.

'Well make time,' said Fili, flatly.

I watched as Thorin's eyes hardened at Kili and Fili's obvious stand with me and cringed as Thorin strode forwards.

'You two are heirs to the throne of Durin. My throne! You will not defy me on the grounds of a silly, little girl who understands nothing of our duties and responsibilities. Now get up before I am forced to drag you there.'

Kili stiffened underneath me and Fili began to rise. I steadied them both with a hand and turned to look at them.

I smiled sadly at them. I was not surprised by Thorin's harsh words.

'Go with Thorin. It's your duty and I will not stand in the way of that,' I said as firmly as I could.

Thorin gave me one last look and swept from the room.

'I'm so sorry Y/N. I promise we'll be back soon, my love,' said Fili, kissing me sweetly on the lips before making his way out after his uncle.

Kili stood to stand in front of me. He studied my expression carefully and his own saddened.

'I don't want to leave you,' he said.

I smiled softly at him, 'you've got to.'

'But you're so upset and I can't stand leaving you like this...' He trailed off.

'Kili, I'm fine! Really. Now go on.'

Kili looked at me for a moment and then quickly enveloped me in a bear hug.

'I love you, Y/N,' he said against my hair.

I smiled, keeping the tears back as he moved back to kiss me on the lips.

'I love you too,' I whispered as he broke away to look me in the eyes.

He gave me one last sad smile before he turned and made his way after his brother and uncle, shutting the door behind him.

I sat on the bed in silence. Now that I was alone I felt the tears approaching. I watched as the dripped onto my knees and soaked through, I felt them slide down my cheeks and I forced myself to stay quiet. I've cried too much already and I know that it's silly, but I just can't seem to stop.

Nothing seems to be going right.

I climbed up Fili's bed and got under the covers, breathing in his scent that is much like his brother's
but different in a subtle way.

I need sleep, I wish to sleep so I can escape from all this. Escape from the pain in my heart and escape the life of a silly, little girl who understands nothing of her three beloved's duties and responsibilities.

I wish I'd never come on this blasted quest.

I wish I'd never fallen in love with the two, faultless princes. I am not good enough for them.

And I wish that I'd never met Thorin Oakenshield, King under the Mountain.

Because he would have been better off without me.

~

Kili leant back in his chair, folded his arms and studied Thorin with a disdainful glare.

Fili sat rigidly, expression blank and refused to participate in Thorin's plans for the rest of the journey.

'If you two have a problem,' growled Thorin, looking up from his plans with a steely expression, 'I suggest you let me know so we can move on to more pressing issues.'

'Why won't you talk to her?' Said Kili instantly.

Thorin glared at his younger nephew.

'There is nothing to talk about.'

'If you love her, you'll let her explain,' Fili said calmly.

'No doubt she told you what was said,' Thorin sighed, 'after everything, she thinks we should trust the elves. The very beings that turned away from us in our greatest need.'

'Maybe she has a point,' said Kili quietly, 'after all, these are not the elves that turned away from us. These are the elves that are offering us help even when they do no agree with what we are doing.'

'I agree with Kili,' said Fili slowly, 'these elves are different and I think we should trust them.'

Thorin stared at his two nephews in disbelief. Even his own kin thought that Y/N's words held truth. Maybe he had treated her too harshly.

Thorin's resolve crumbled and he visibly deflated.

'You agree with Y/N?' He said quietly, looking from one prince to the other.

'Though she did not word her thoughts in the right term and did not fully understand the full weight of them, I do,' said Fili.

'As do I,' agreed Kili.

Thorin let his head fall into his hands as he sighed heavily.

'Will she talk to me?' He asked.

'She was very upset,' said Kili, a hint of anger lacing his words, 'very upset. You've really hurt her
Thorin but yes, I think she will talk to you.’

'She thinks that you don’t love her anymore,’ said Fili quietly.

Thorin raised his head from his hands and stared at Fili.

'She thinks that I do not love her?’

Fili nodded.

Thorin cursed under his breath and swallowed.

'You two may go,’ he said flatly.

Fili and Kili both nodded, hastily leaving the room and leaving Thorin staring at the table with an unreadable expression upon his face.

'Do you think Y/N will talk to uncle?’ Asked Kili, as he as Fili walked down the halls back to their room.

'I hope so...’ Sighed Fili, shaking his head.

They said no more as they approached their room. A few seconds later they opened the door to see a large lump underneath Fili's blanket. Fili could not stop a small smile from making its way into his face as Kili chuckled quietly.

'Do you mind brother,’ whispered Kili, 'if I join you tonight?’

'As long as I don't end up with your foot in my face like last time, I suppose I'll allow it.’

Kili nodded, grinning, as he quietly made his way over to the bed and quickly removed his boots and jacket to slide into bed next to Y/N. Fili then joined them and studied Y/N's sleeping face.

'She looks less troubled now,’ he whispered, 'she looks as she used to.’

Kili nodded and gently kissed her cheek.

'I hope you know that I'm here for her and not for you,’ chuckled Kili.

Fili shot him a deadpan look, 'goodnight brother,’ he said flatly.

'Goodnight,’ replied Kili.

The two princes each snuggled down beside Y/N's sleeping form and hoped that they provided her with at least a little, comfort, love and security.

And indeed, they did.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you liked it and stay tuned for part six! Thank you all so much for sticking with me and I would love to hear your opinions on this part. Requests are always open and I love you all very much because you're all brilliant and make me so happy!
Chapter Summary

The whole chapter is finally here! Thank you all for bearing with me, I've had a bad few weeks but my writing is finally getting back on track. There will be a part seven to this which is when a lot goes on.. If you get my meaning. I hope you're all looking forward to it and ill try my absolute hardest for you all. Thank you! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

'Where are you little one? I can smell you, you know. A female too. Why would they send you down here, I wonder? You are disposable and of little importance is the most probable answer...'

The dragon turned his great head, amber eyes glinting maliciously and with an arrogant smirk, flicked his tail sending a sea of gold crashing through the air and beating down on my body.

'You are scared too, my dear, I can smell it. I recognise it well for I am well acquainted with the smell of fear, oh yes,' the dragon let out a deep, rumbling chuckle which made the pillars shake, 'the people of Dale reeked of it and the dwarves, why they tried to conceal it. But it was there. Hidden beneath armour and mail, hidden beneath cloth and leather, hidden beneath honour and duty, it was there. Festering in their hearts and overpowering their senses. It was there and I knew it.'

I breathed heavily, a lone tear running down my cheek as I pressed myself against a pillar, desperately trying to conceal myself from the great dragon.

The dragon was silent, no gold stirred and I held my breath, the ominous silence more unnerving than the great ringing of gold and the growl of his voice. I risked a glance around my pillar and saw that the dragon was deep in thought, his eyes were glazed as if looking into a time that was not the present and he was quite still until he uttered one sentence.

'Thorin Oakenshield.'

There was uproar. His tail whipped and flicked, throwing gold and jewels every which way. A deafening, bone chilling roar echoed around the large chamber, causing me to clamp my hands over my ears and squeeze my eyes shut.

'He is the one that has sent you, little mouse, is he not? He has come back to try and take what is mine!' The dragon roared, full of fury, 'he has sent a little girl to do his dirty work, how like him. Disgusting, selfish, arrogant, weak dwarf! How dare he? How dare he not come and face me himself!'

I am scared, petrified, absolutely terrified witless and honestly, I think that's the trouble. My fear dispersed as white hot rage filled my veins, pumping through my heart, like a drum beat that signifies a beginning.

Or an end.

How dare he call me a little girl! How dare he talk of Thorin in this manner! How dare he think that
Thorin sent me down here to spare the others. I came down here voluntarily, to keep whom I love, safe. To prove that I am worthy, to the others and myself.

'Watch your mouth!' I cried, emerging from my hiding place quite rashly, 'you do not know of whom you speak. I will not be spoken to in such a manner.'

The dragon stared at me for a moment. Shock, confusion, anger, amusement and finally, cold curiously flickered upon his face. He bent his great head to examine me further. I held my ground as his snout blew hot air over my face, causing my hair to be blown back, as if in a strong wind.

'Who are you?' He finally said, retracting his great head and staring at me.

'I am Y/N,' I said without thinking.

'Y/N?' The dragon scoffed, 'Y/N of what? Where do you come from?'

'I am Y/N of-of the Sea.'

I may get somewhere with this.

'What do you mean by that?' The dragon asked.

'I mean, great dragon, that I came from the Sea when the stars were young. I rose when your kind had not... had not breathed their first flame, when the elves had not sung their first song, when my kind had not mined their first jewel, when the ents had not y-yet seen the green of the forests, when the hobbits had not their first pipe weed and when there was no-no good or bad, just, being.'

I was quite impressed with myself. The dragon too, had a strange look on his face.

'You speak words of great beauty, little one. Cleverly and intricately woven to make a worthy tale, but only a tale be it. I would know your name, Y/N of the Sea, if it were true. For everyone would know your name, but not your true name. And I know your true name and I know who you are and whom you love and I will destroy them. Do you understand me? I will destroy them.'

I stood still for a moment, at a loss, as the great dragon moved steadily closer to me.

'I saw it, little mouse, as soon as I mentioned his name. You love him. You are in love with Thorin Oakenshield,' the dragon laughed, a cruel, merciless laugh, 'and he loves you. And I shall do what causes no pain to me but will break him.'

The dragon moved steadily closer to my frozen form.

'I will break him.'

The dragon's eyes blazed with fire and the desire of pain.

'You will be gone and his spirit will be lost. He will waste away and you will be no more.'

The dragon's mouth opened and rows upon rows of gleaming, pointed teeth obscured my vision.

'I will remember you, Y/N of the Sea. You will be the reason that the mountain and all that is here, will always belong to me.'

I wanted to run, but I could not move.

'Remember me, Y/N of the Sea. Smaug the Chiefest and Greatest of all Calamities, The Last Fire
Drake, The Keeper of the Arkenston.' My breath left my body in sharp gasps. 'The Destroyer of Thorin Oakenshield.'

His piercing eyes held me captive.

'Think of him. Think of the pain. Remember Y/N, remember.'

Then it all went black.

~

'Y/N! Y/N, what's wrong?'

A voice broke through the blackness and I twisted, trying to free myself from its tight grip.

'Let go of me you filthy, smug, scheming-'

My eyes blinked open and I stopped. I'm not in Erebor's vaults anymore. I'm in Rivendell, I'm safe. Far away yet from Erebor.

'Fili?' I stuttered, 'Kili?'

Fili and Kili say back down on the bed, both giving a sigh of relief.

Kili grinned at me, though I could still see traces of worry lining his face.

'You weren't by any chance dreaming about Thorin, were you?' He said, slipping me a wink.

I reached out to hit his shoulder playfully, too relieved to do much else. But Fili caught my hand and held it, the concern still clear on his features.

'What were you dreaming about Y/N?' He asked gently.

I opened my mouth to explain everything, to explain what had happened and why I was in such a stage but I just couldn't get the words out.

'Smuag,' was all I could muster in a faint whisper.

Fili and Kili both sighed, looking at each other sadly.

'Y/N...' Said Kili, his eyes not quite holding mine, 'is it a good idea? You know, you coming all the way with us? We don't want to see you hurt... Or worse.'

I opened my mouth to protest, anger bubbling up and almost overflowing before Fili cut me off.

'Please just consider it, darling. For us, for Thorin, for the whole company.'

They want me gone? They want me to stay behind while they went off into the unknown leaving me in their wake, constantly and inevitably worrying about them? I think not.

I say up to face them and crossed my arms, steeling my expression and glaring at the two of them.

'You know that's not going to happen, right?'

'We just want you to be safe,' said Fili calmly, Kili nodding along with him, 'we need you to be safe.'

My expression softened and my eyes dropped from theirs.
'I'm sorry,' I said quietly, 'but I'm coming with you to the end.'

Fili nodded curtly and raised of the bed, his posture tense. As he walked from the room I saw him run a hand through his already tousled hair, a sign that he was stressed.

I gazed after him, feeling worse by the second. I laid my eyes on Kili but could not look for long. His dark eyes were shining with concern and defeat.

'But-but what if you get killed?' He whispered, his tone piercing my heart.

'Then I'd consider it an honour to die for such a worthy cause and with friends and loved ones by my side,' I replied, looking up to him and last and reaching our for his hand.

He gave my hand a quick squeeze and hastily retreated from the room.

I'm doing the right thing.

Aren't I?

~

It was the break of dawn by the time I had gotten to sleep. I was awoken about an hour later by the unnecessary cheeriness of the birds singing.

'Could you please,' I mumbled into my pillow, 'save it for later!' I shouted the last part, raising my head to glare out of the window.

The birds took no notice of my bad temperament and carried on with their songs. I heaved myself out of bed, groaning as I did so, my bones cracking as I stretched and yawned.

I wonder what time it is... There's no singing or anything so it must be quite early. I wonder if there's any breakfast yet? As in an answer, my stomach rumbled indignantly.

I hurriedly threw on some clothes, freshened up and made my way out of my room and in the direction of the dining hall were everyone who was up would be.

I admired the intricately stitched tapestries as I walked along the corridor, all telling a form of story. There were quite a few dancing and singing elves, a few mystical looking creatures and some - few and far apart - of war. One that caught my eye was of a tall, man-like figure, clothed all in black standing above a man who had a shining sword.

It was Sauron.

It did not do to dwell so I hurried on past that one and entered the hall. It all seemed empty.

'Hello?' I said into the room, 'is anybody here?'

My voice bounced off the stone walls as I glanced around the large room filled with tables and instruments.

'Well I'm here, if that counts for anything.'

My head whipped round to land on a figure just to my right who I must have missed on my initial first glance.

It was Thorin.
Sitting at one the tables with a few boys strewn around and one in his hands. He was looking at me expectantly, his expression unreadable.

'Well? What do you have to say?' He said, seeming bored with my very presence.

'Nothing,' I gasped, 'nothing that is of any importance to you, my king.'

I saw him flinch slightly at the formality but he regained his composure quickly.

'Then what do you want?'

'I was wondering,' I dropped my eyes, not being able to hold his gaze any longer, 'if you know where I could find Fili and Kili?'

'They're out in the garden right now,' he said gruffly.

'Right, okay, thank you,' I turned to leave, regretting ever getting up in the first place.

'Y/N, wait.'

I stopped in my tracks and turned to see Thorin standing and staring at me intently.

'Can we talk?'

I mustered as much as an uninterested expression I could manage and quirked a brow.

'What about?'

'About-about us,' he paused, obviously afraid of my reaction, 'would you care to accompany me to my quarters?'

He looked nervous. Which was an incredibly rare sight to see and shook me a little.

'If that is what you wish.'

He walked around the table to my side and reached for my hand slowly. I quickly drew my hands to my side and crossed my arms. I saw a flash of hurt on his face but ignored it.

I want to hear what he has to say and for he to hear what I have to say before I make any decisions. Before I decide what I am going to do.

Chapter End Notes

Again, you all for bearing with me! I really hope you liked this chapter and please leave me any feedback. <3 Part seven will be up soon and that's the last part (for now, not forever!). Requests are of course, always open!
The Company - Games Night pt.7

Chapter Summary

Oh my goodness me... I am so sorry. It's been so long and I can't really explain myself if I'm honest. All I can say is that I am so sorry and I left it on a cliffhanger too! Well, I'm back anyway and please enjoy pt.7! I hope it at least makes up a little for my absence. Thank you all so much :)  

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thorin walked a few paces in front of me as he took me along the winding corridors that must lead to his quarters.

If I am to be truly honest with myself, I'm not sure what I want. I love him, really do but what if it's always this way? What if every time we have a difference of opinion this happens? I don't think could go through that. I don't know if I'm strong enough.

Thorin glanced behind him to check that I was still following, I caught his eye and really looked. I saw what I needed to see. I saw unconditional and indubitable love. Never to be doubted, never to be questioned and most of all, never to be lost. In that moment I knew. I knew that things would be hard, I knew that fights would be fought, I knew harsh words would be thrown and I knew tears would he shed but I also knew that there would always be love. And what's more important than that? What more could I possibly ask for? I would always fight for him and I knew he'd do the same for me.

In that moment, he was all I'd ever need.

'Thorin,' I whispered, stopping in the middle of an empty corridor.

He stopped quickly and turned around, obviously confused to why I had stopped.

'What is it Y/N?'

I smiled in the most natural way and felt my eyes soften.

'I love you.'

The simplest of phrases, thrown around a lot these days. Though love is not a serious thing but when you feel it, you'll know. There exists this one kind of love that envelops your whole being, a kind that makes you forget everything, a kind that makes you understand why, why you are even here. And I felt that... I felt that every time I looked at my king.

Thorin held my eyes for a moment, searching them for meaning and when he found it, he strode up to me and cupped my face with his large hands.

'I love you too Y/N.'

And I knew he felt it the way I do. I knew that he truly did love me and nothing could ever get in the
way of that. I knew that his love for me was unbreakable as was mine for him.

His eyes danced with relief and subdued merriment as he moved in to kiss me. As soon as his lips touched my own I felt my entire being awoken as it had done for what seemed like eternity.

I threw my arms around his neck and pressed my already heated body against his own and sighed longingly. His hands tightened on my face and he deepened the kiss eagerly, obviously feeling what I was feeling and being just as pleased about it.

I reluctantly broke the kiss and smiled at him cheekily.

"I don't think it's a good idea to stay here in the halls, Thorin. Take me to your quarters and then..." I trailed off to run my hands down his back and move against him softly, "do whatever you please to me, I am at your mercy."

I felt something stir against my lower stomach and a rumbling growl left his mouth. He moved his hands from my face to my lower back and pulled me impossible close to him.

"Sweetheart, you are always at my mercy. Just be prepared because this time-this time you may not be able to take it."

I stared at him and eagerly returned to the kiss as I felt his large hands run down my body to cup my behind, squeezing playfully. I resisted the urge to giggle as signalled for me to jump into his arms.

"We may actually get there if I carry you."

He smirked at me as I playfully nuzzled and nipped at his neck. I was so invested in my activity that I didn't notice when Thorin stopped dead.

"Y/N?"

Through the misty haze of my longing I recognised that husky voice.

"Well, well, well Uncle."

And I definitely recognised that cheeky tone.

I raised my head and turned to see my two princes standing in front of us, arms crossed, looking incredibly smug.

I turned my head back to Thorin's neck and did some incredibly quick thinking and had the greatest idea yet.

"Thorin," I whispered into his ear, "I have an idea. Put me down and watch."

Thorin obliged and put me down without a word, very curious to what I was about to do.

I sauntered over to the brothers, their eyes watching my every move and looking less smug and more lustful by the second.

"I see you two have made up," smiled Fili.

"We were looking for you Y/N, we didn't know where you'd gone. You're in safe hands now though..." Kili winked at me.

I rolled my eyes at the brothers and tried my hardest not to make a sarcastic remark back, I had more
interesting ways to shut them up.

I made my way over to Kili first who had made the most 'cutting' remark and pressed up against him lazily. He didn't move back of course.

"What was that Kili?" I whispered, moving my head down to place sloppy kisses on his exposed neck.

"I was just meaning that-I-um-I didn't mean to-to-" He babbled, shifting from foot to foot as I continued my attack on his neck.

I moved my lips up to his ear as a quiet noise echoed from the back of his throat.

"I know what you meant my love, I'm just happy to see you."

That remark caused him to close his eyes and relax into my body, involuntarily pushing against me slightly.

"I'm always happy to see you to Y/N. Though shouldn't you be with Thorin right now? Not that I don't want you here, I always want you here it's just you haven't been with him since."

I silenced him by creeping a hand up his thigh and squeezing gently. I moved my hand across the waistband of his trousers as I smirked.

"Oh you are sweet Kili. And yes, I should be but the thing is, I haven't been with you in a while either. How about I show you how much you mean to me once I'm done with Thorin?"

Fili caught my eyes and stared at me, nodding softly. He bit his lip as I ran my hand across his waistband, not for the last time. I smiled sweetly and kissed his cheek, leaving him hot and bothered behind me.

It was Fili's turn now.

Fili stared at me as I began to make my way over to him.

"No... No, Y/N. You're impossible when you're in one of these moods, I can't handle you right now, go with Thorin and we can see each other later."

I tipped my head to the side and stared at him with my best attempt at doe eyes.

"But Fili," I said softly, "I want to be close to you, I want to feel your heartbeat against mine, your strong hands all over my body... Please Fili... Please."

I could tell that Fili knew what I was doing. It was written all over his face but I could see weakness... And I knew exactly how to access it.

"Y/N... Please."

Fili was asking to not to do it but I couldn't resist. His strong body was calling to me and it's not like the promise would go unfulfilled.

I began walking to him once more and this time he didn't tell me to stop or make any attempt to move away. I slowly cupped his face and slid my hands through his golden hair to twist together at the back.

"I love you Fili," I said softly.
"You are a true vixen," he growled, grabbing me around the waist and pulling me into his body, securing his hands firmly on my behind and squeezing harshly.

He moved so cleverly and so smoothly that I soon melted into his arms and almost wordlessly gave myself to him. But I finally reminded myself that there was more pressing issues at hand... Like Thorin being behind me watching all of this.

I pulled away from Fili's lips and he groaned frustratedly.

"Promise me that this isn't over."

I giggled, "of course this isn't over. It'll never be over."

I carefully bumped my forehead to his and left his grasp, stepping a few paces back to address the brothers.

"Now that you know what you shall have in due time, would you please let me have some time with Thorin?"

Fili and Kili both nodded quickly, smirking at each other and at Thorin, and sauntered off together leaving us both - finally - in privacy.

I turned to Thorin and had to suppress laughter at his face.

"Have I shocked you?" I chuckled.

"No... No," Thorin said weakly, "you are just full of surprises."

I grinned and held out my arms to him, clearly telling him to resume our previous journey.

At long last we reached his quarters, somehow still fully clothed, and he somewhat roughly threw me on the bed.

He ripped me clothes off which affected me quite a bit and quickly removed his own.

I could see his need clearly as his cock was rock hard and leaking pre-cum. I raised my eyes from that image to his face and was happy to see that he was looking at me with love and not just with lust.

"Thorin," I whispered, "I need you."

That was all he needed to push him over the edge. He moved on top of me quickly connecting our lips in a heated kiss and pushed into me roughly. I cried out into his mouth as one hand clutched my hip and the other moved to cup my face in reassurance.

His thrusts went from fast and needy to deep and tortuously slow. Every time he seemed to go a little deeper and every time I would just get more and more turned on, until I thought it would never end.

"Thorin," I gasped, "please, faster... Deeper."

He grunted in reply and somehow completed my demands. The pleasure he gave me was immense and by far the most powerful I had ever had. I felt myself edging closer to release as his thrusts began to slow and lose rhythm.

"Lass," he groaned, "I'm so-so..."
I bucked my hips up and sent him over the edge. The feeling of his hot release inside me triggered my own and I called out his name in ecstasy, feeling like I was going to explode.

Once we had both come down from our high, he moved so that I could snuggle into his side. We were quiet for a while until he broke the silence.

"So sweetheart, when are you going to live up to your promise and pay a visit to Fili and Kili?"

There was humour in his tone which hadn't been there for a long time.

"I think I'll do it some other time," I smiled, "they'll get what they deserve though."

"I don't doubt it!" Chuckled Thorin.

I thought for a moment.

"I'm sorry Thorin. I really am sorry for what I said, I didn't think before I-"

He cut me off with a wave of his hand.

"It's all okay, my darling. I forgave you long ago but do you forgive me?"

"For what? You haven't done anything."

"For the way I treated you... It was wrong of me. Please forgive me?"

I looked up at him, "of course I forgive you."

He returned my smile and moved closer to me.

"I love you Y/N. I love you more than anything, you do know that?"

"I know," I said softly, "I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all liked it! I have all my requests safe and up to date so please remember to request if you ever want anything. Thank you so much for sticking by me and for all the lovely comments and kudos! Again, I'm very sorry <3
Chapter Summary

It's my plan to pick this story back up again like I should have ages ago. I'm so sorry my loves, I started this at a time when I didn't know how busy my future would be. But I'm going to try my hardest from now on! This is some Thorin fluff (requested - I still have all my requests and am following them so keep requesting all you like) that I hope you'll love because I loved writing it! Fluff with the toughest dwarven King always makes my heart melt. <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I wandered the halls of Erebor in my green silk dress. The dress hung loosely on my frame and floated behind me in great opalescent waves, like that of a calm sea. From a distance, I could be mistaken for an ethereal nature spirit.

I raised my arms and let the silk flow down to the ground from my hands, marveling at the elegance. The dress had been a courting gift from the great Thorin Oakenshield and I loved it with all my heart, just as I loved him.

To this day, I continued to marvel and the intricacy of the stonework of Erebor. It was beautiful but yet, unmistakably fierce at the same time with a proud and regal air. I felt protected in these halls...

The room lurched as I fell to my knees, gripping the rough stone with my fingertips. My hair fell in front of my face, a great auburn veil obstructing my vision. I felt my eyes sting and I cursed myself, I didn't want to cry.

"Y/N?"

I squeezed my eyes closed, hoping that whoever this was hadn't seen my weakness and if they had, would forget it and leave me alone.

"Y/N!" The worried voice was accompanied by quick footsteps until the owner stood in front of me and knelt down, "are you okay?" A voice said gently.

I slowly moved my hair from my face to see a sweet looking Hobbit. It was Bilbo Baggins, one of my closest and dearest friends. His concerned expression and worry caused something in me to snap and I burst into tears, covering my face quickly.

"Oh Y/N, please don't cry," he said, wrapping his arms around my shoulders and pulling me to lean into him. I buried my face in his warm chest and took comfort in his homely smell, "Tell me what's wrong and we can fix it right away."

I gasped and struggled to form words through my sobs, "Thorin," I began, "Thorin is not well and I-I don't know what to do. He won't listen to me or anyone else and I'm afraid I'm losing him, Bilbo. He's sick, very sick and no one knows what it is or what to-to do."
As soon as I said it, I felt better. I hadn't told anyone close to me about this as I felt it was too personal and would embarrass Thorin but it was getting worse and worse and it was beginning to weigh on my mind and body.

Bilbo was still as he processed my words and then heaved a great sigh from within him.

"I know what's wrong with him," he said flatly.

I raised my head to look him in the eye, "you do?" I asked, shocked.

"Yes," began Bilbo grimly, "it's the Gold Sickness. Dwarves are particularly prone to it and quite a few of Thorin's ancestors - including his grandfather - suffered badly from it. It's greed more than anything I think but a kind of uncontrollable greed that takes over their whole mind and soul..."

Bilbo trailed off.

I gaped at him. Surely Thorin hasn't got something as serious as that? Surely not... But maybe, maybe he does. What do I know? I thought for a moment. Who knows about these things? Who knows Thorin Oakenshield better than I do myself?

"Balin!" I gasped.

"What?" Said Bilbo, confusion clear on his face.

I untangled myself from Bilbo's embrace and hugged him hard, laying a soft kiss on his cheek before I bounded up and began running full speed towards Erebor's library.

Bilbo shook his head slightly and chuckled as he watched your hurried exit. You were always doing things like that and it amused him greatly. A frown then crept onto his face as he began to muse about Thorin and his dangerous illness. He got up slowly and headed towards his room, a finger tap, tap tapping on his chin.

***

"Balin!" I bawled as I ran, "BALIN!"

I skidded to a halt outside the library doors as a ruffled looking dwarf hurried out of them. The twinkling eyes turned on me viciously.

"Y/N?! Why an earth are you shouting like that? There is absolutely no need-"

"What is Gold Sickness?" I interrupted bluntly.

Balin stared at me for a minute, then opened and closed his mouth and then sighed, his whole body deflating.

"You know what it is. You think Thorin has it, don't you?"

I nodded.

"There's a high chance that you're right, Y/N. I've seen it before and I knew I'd see it again. I just hoped that it wouldn't be in our King..." He trailed off, putting a hand over his face and rubbing his eyes tiredly.

"What can I do?" I stated, keeping my face free of expression and my voice free of emotion.

"I-I don't think anything can be done, Y/N," Balin said gently, carefully scrutinising my face.
I set my jaw and narrowed my eyes, "we'll see about that," I hissed.

Balin smiled, if anyone was to cure Thorin of his sickness, it would be you. Probably through force of will as when you were determined everyone better clear a path.

I returned the smile and began making my way quickly to where I knew I could find Thorin. If I was correct however, it would confirm my worst fear.

***

"Thorin?" I called, my voice echoing throughout the great stone chamber, "Thorin?"

The chamber was filled with treasure. Gold, jewels, precious stones, armour... You name it and it was here. Before, this chamber had filled me with a sense of wonder. The beauty, the colours, the light from all the glittering jewels and stones had befuddled and delighted me. But now the sight of them filled me with a sense of grim foreboding, a sense of disguised danger that I despised.

"Y/N?" A voice called out, it was Thorin's voice.

My heart sank as it was confirmed that he was here, surrounded by all the treasure that was grasping at his heart and stealing him away from me, away from everyone... Away from himself.

Thorin appeared from around a corner and smiled broadly at the sight of me. He strode towards me quickly and enveloped me in his arms. I returned the embrace and tried my best not to let all the emotion building up inside of me burst out.

"Why are you here, my darling?" He said, against my shoulder.

"I came to see you, I missed you. I feel like it's been ages since we've been together..." I trailed off.

Thorin pulled away from me and looked at me worriedly.

"I'm really sorry Y/N, you know how busy I am and I do try my best to-"

"No, it's not that," I interrupted quickly, "I'm concerned about you, my love. All the time you spend down here alone and your behaviour has been slightly odd for..."

I trailed off when I saw the look in his face. His expression had visibly hardened and I didn't recognise what I saw there. I suddenly very much wanted for him to let me go.

"Y/N," he said blankly, "what are you implying?"

"Well it's happened in the Durin family before and we all knew it could happen to you and I'm worried about you because your behaviour suggests it has happened and I don't know what to do because I love you," I babbled nervously.

His hands tightened their grip on my arms.

"Say it," he said lowly.

"Um," I stumbled, "I don't kn-know what you want me to... Say?"

"SAY IT."

The sudden bellow so close to me caused my mind to go blank for a few seconds and then I felt a crippling panic rising up from the tip of my toes to the top of my head. I grabbed at his hands
uselessly but his iron grip wouldn't falter.

"Thorin," I said quietly, "let me go right now. You're hurting me."

His hands dropped to his aides as he stared at me. I quickly turned away and ran as fast as I could towards my room. Away from him.

"Y/N!"

A shout came from behind me causing me to run faster. Tears began to blind me as I went through door after door, up staircase after staircase until I finally reached my room. I wrenched open the door and locked it behind me. With my back against the heavy oak, I slid down and his my head against my knees and tried to breathe.

That was not Thorin, I told myself, it was not him. That was his sickness. It wasn't him, it wasn't.

There was a soft knock on the door which caused me to lurch forward and then jump to my feet, arms wrapped protectively around me.

"Who is it?" I tried to keep my voice light and even as it could be anyone but deep down, I knew who that knock belonged to.

"Thorin. Y/N, please let me in."

His voice was calm and warm now. There was no hint of what I had heard earlier. I felt upset by what had happened... But also, angry. He knew what I had been treated like in the dark days. He knew and he still let the sickness get the better of him. I knew it was unjust but bitterness was wrapping it's bony hand around my heart and beginning to squeeze.

"Why would I let someone like you in?" I hissed at the door, "you're sick. You have Gold Sickness, that's what you have. I love you and you hurt me... You hurt me," my voice cracked as I struggled to hold back the tears that were threatening to fall once more.

I heard a sign from behind the door.

"I know, Gem, I know," I furiously scrubbed at my eyes when he used that name for me, it was like someone wrenched my heart. "I am sick, I do need help. I want help. I'm so... So sorry for hurting you. You know I would never do that on purpose and it's tearing me up inside knowing how I made you feel. Please Y/N, please help me?"

I rushed to the door and pulled it open, throwing myself at the dwarf in front of me. He held me close as if I would disappear and hid his face in my neck. I could feel small drops of hot liquid making their way down the back of my neck.

"I love you Thorin, nothing will change that, nothing. I'll help you, all of us will help you and you'll get better. I promise," I whispered, holding him tighter.

"Thank you," his voice rumbled against me and I sighed.

I was exactly where I wanted to be. Our love is much stronger than that pathetic Gold Sickness. The siren call of gold is not going to steal the heart of my beloved.

Not today.

Not ever.
Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it! Request whatever you'd like :) x
Legolas - The Midnight Lake pt.2

Chapter Summary

Talk about a shamefully long hiatus... My deepest apologises to you all. Even though I've been gone for such a long time (and I do always check in and my heart bursts when I see all the kind comments and requests that are still being left!) this collection of stories is something I am very proud of and am so glad I started. Even though I look back on some of the earlier ones and want to curl up on the floor but obviously my writing skill is improving all the time - or so I'd like to think! A little update on my life, I think is due, I'm 17 now and just finished my Highers (that's the equivalent of A-levels in Scotland) and somehow managed straight As (don't ask me how I did it as I have absolutely no clue) but I'm very proud of it as it's something I never ever thought I could do! I would love for any of you to tell me absolutely anything about how your life is going or anything like that, I'm always up for a chat. Anyways, this murmur (the request which may be more than a year old.. *face palm*) is part two to one of my very early stories, The Midnight Lake with Legolas! I hope you enjoy, my lovelies!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I nuzzled into Legolas’s neck which, as well as radiating sweet warmth, smelled like oak trees as they passed into Autumn and the crisp early-morning breeze. This caused a smile to tug at my lips which Legolas felt press against his neck and in response, pulled me closer into his chest.

I felt very protected in his soft but unexpectedly firm grip but also, quite vulnerable. Which for me, was not a feeling I was neither used to nor particularly fond of due to being a warrior by trade. All that vulnerability and any potential “weakness” that we could have developed as we matured was taken from us by being chosen as warrior elves at a very young age. While Legolas had a silver spoon in his mouth, I was in the training arena with surprisingly solid dummies and Captains that would sooner rip your legs off and stuff them down your throat than show you the slightest sign of affection. As you can imagine, this had some adverse effects later on.
The more I dwelt on this, the more my muscles bunched and my stomach writhed – and not in the fun way which I had previously been feeling. Legolas instinctively stopped in his tracks and scanned the area, trying to figure out what had made me tense in his arms.

“Are you okay Y/N? Did you hear something?”

I clenched my teeth and wriggled in his arms. Instantly, he placed me on my feet and stood close to me, searching my eyes with his dark worried ones. I brought my arms up to cross over my chest and feigned disinterest.

“I’m fine, I just thought that maybe it wouldn’t be wise to risk being seen by any guards in such a… compromising position.”

Legolas looked taken aback and said with clear hurt in his voice, “Oh, I understand. Would you still like to come back to my quarters with me?”

I was fighting an internal battle. My brain was saying no, you are trained to resist these temptations they are not for you. You have a duty! What kind of warrior would you be if you demeaned your
duty and fraternised with royalty when you are meant to protect them with your life not… Well, not do that.
But my heart was saying to trust him and he obviously cares deeply about you and you return that feeling so be with him! Be loyal to yourself, not what you are told to do.
Then there was my ever-faithful lower body saying, (and I quote), “Look at that hot piece of ass! You’re honestly telling me that you would give that up for your duty? Fuck duty, your new and improved duty is him so yeah, fuck duty! Look babe, when have I ever led you wrong? Trust me on this one.” But we don’t listen to her; in fact we usually pretend she’s not here.

I decided to listen to all of them.

“I do want to come back to your quarters with you Legolas, really I do,” I said, giving him a significant look which he smirked at in response, “but I have a duty to uphold and there would be so much bother if anyone found out… I’m not a suitable match for you.”
I gritted my teeth and resisted temptation to roll my eyes at having to say that. Love is love no matter what, right? It seems like a very difficult concept for some people to grasp. Legolas looked at me in silence for a few seconds then tentatively reached out his hand to grasp my own, he rubbed my palm softly and then gently knotted our fingers.

“That,” he began, “is the most out-dated, old fashioned load of nonsense I have heard in a long time, Y/N.”

I scowled, surprised at his mocking response, “It’s true! What would your father say? You know, the one who’s King?”

Legolas grinned playfully at me and furrowed his brows, “The King would say,” he paused to clear his throat, “why my dear boy, what an excellent and most valiant suitor you have chosen! Never in my life have I seen any maiden as fair as she. What? She’s one of our Kingdom’s warriors? Pshaw, what does that matter nowadays? You are a free elf Legolas and you may marry whomever you wish to.”

I snorted at his attempt to recreate his father’s lively eyebrows and his suave tone. I knew that he was just trying to make me feel better and King Thranduil most certainly would not react in such a way but it did give me slight hope, as Legolas was willing to risk such trouble for me, which must mean something. I smiled softly at his hopeful face and raised our entwined fingers to place a sweet kiss on the back of his hand.

“You are willing to risk it?”

“For you, I am willing to risk it,” he replied quietly.

I tugged him towards me and placed my hand on his pale cheek, lightly running a thumb under his jaw. I felt like I was either going to start crying or joyously burst into laughter so to stop a possibly embarrassing leakage or explosion, I swiftly placed my lips onto his. Kissing him felt so simple… he made me feel like us being close was the most natural thing in the world and I had always longed to feel that with another person. When he lightly ran his tongue over my lips, I felt empowered yet also kind of like a princess with a hint of temptress thrown in. It was a spectacular feeling, one of which I couldn’t get enough of.

As he pulled away, I saw the desire and love in his eyes and it was too much for me to handle. I took a step back with a slight grin on my face and placed both of my hands up against his chest, I could feel his slightly laboured breathing and this fuelled my next move. I slowly pushed forward, making sure to hold his lustful eyes with my own, until he was firmly pressed against a tree trunk. Then I dragged my hands down his chest, earning a sigh of anticipation and pressed closer to him, chest to
chest, to whisper delicately into his ear.

“How about, my Prince, we don’t go back to your quarters? Not because I don’t want to but because I simply don’t want to have to wait any longer to take you in my mouth. How does that sound?”

I made sure to flick my tongue slightly against his ear as I waited for a reply. My reply, I suppose, was more physical than verbal as he let out a growl from deep in his chest and said lowly,

“Well, my Princess, I have to strongly agree with your suggestion and commend your way of thinking as I don’t know anyone who comes up with such good ideas as you do. It is truly astounding the way your brain works.”

“Do you what else I have that works astoundingly?” I snickered.

“Pray tell?”

“My mouth…”

I chuckled at myself for actually saying something like that but judging by the bulge that was firmly pressed against my thigh he seemed to like it. I slowly got to my knees, making sure to explore his body with my hands as I went down and goodness me, what a surprisingly muscular lithe elf. I looked up at him through my eyelashes as I unbuttoned his breeches and tugged them down his thighs. He held eye contact but pressed his head up against the bark and closed his eyes when I playfully placed my mouth over his bulge through his underwear. I breathed hot air onto his already throbbing erection as his breathing quickened and his breath began to stutter.

“Don’t reduce me to begging Y/N, please give me your mouth…”

He trailed off as I raised my hand to massage him.

“I think it would make a nice change to see the Prince begging,” I mused, “If I deem you worthy, my dear, then I shall give you everything I have to give.”

“I could have you imprisoned for this.”

I resisted the urge to laugh and hooked my pinkies into the waistband of his underwear and began to slowly inch them down his legs. Legolas hissed as his hard member hit the cool air but I anticipated this and decided to be kind as I quickly engulfed him in my mouth causing him to almost lose his balance against the tree. I swirled my tongue around his girth, earning a grunt in response. I hesitantly attempted to take all of him but was struggling due to my bastard of a gag reflex.

Legolas noticed this and slipped a comforting hand into my hair, gently massaging my scalp, “You don’t have-you don’t have to take it all. It feels so good, you’re so good…” He breathed, a slight shiver resonating throughout his body.

This consideration spurred me on to try harder because I’ll be dammed if this son of a King isn’t reduced to a salivating, quaking mess by the time I’m done with him. I steeled my nerves and squeezed my thumb in my fist as I again attempted to deep throat him. This time I was much more successful as I moved my head up and down the length of his cock, slightly sucking to increase his pleasure. This caused him to release guttural groans and tighten his grip on my hair, when he began to buck slightly in my mouth I raised my hands to lay them against his slightly sweaty thighs. I could feel his muscles tightening and I readied myself to swallow.

“Y/N… I think-I think I’m going to…”
He never finished that sentence because I reached swiftly around to cup and fondle his balls with a free hand. This caused him to cry out and thrust harshly into my mouth, I continued to move as he came in my mouth, keeping a hand on his thigh as I could feel the difficulty he was having in staying upright. As he rode out of his orgasm, I gently removed my mouth from him and sat back on my heels, looking smugly up at him.

“You-you deserve to look that smug,” He chuckled, panting slightly and pulling his underwear up, “I’ll let you have that just this once.”

“Oh? Was I good?” I grinned, letting my eye drop in a wink.

He covered his face with his hands and laughed, kneeling down to look me in the face.

“Yes,” he grinned, cupping his face with my hands and squeezing slightly, “you were astounding, as promised.”

“Well, I did warn you. I would never lie to you and risk being imprisoned! Even though we all know I could easily escape due to my impressive intelligence and extremely cunning nature… What are you doing?”

Legolas had cut me off by gently pushing me to the ground by my shoulders.

“I am making you be quiet, first and most importantly,” He grinned wolfishly, “but I am also preparing to return the favour you just imposed on me.”

This statement sent a rush of heat to my lower abdomen and I instinctively rubbed my thighs together slightly in response. Legolas, being the fantastic guard and overall very observant elf that he is, noticed this and took full advantage. He lowered his head slightly to nip at my neck and suck on certain spots that had me sighing in pleasure, while I was distracted by this interesting turn of events, I failed to notice one of his hands trailing lazily down my body until I felt some very welcome pressure over my nightgown.

“That’s not fair,” I whispered, “you took me by surprise.”

“I thought it was impossible to take one of the Kingdom’s Warriors by surprise?”

I pouted and frowned up at him, “Yes with a sword maybe or a spear. I’ve never had a surprise attack on my genitals before.”

Legolas paused for a moment and then broke into laughter, “First of all,” he gasped, “I would certainly hope you’ve never had a sword or spear near there… aside from maybe my sword,” he wiggled his eyebrows at me.

“Okay, I suddenly am not very attracted to you anymore,” I sputtered, trying to keep a straight face.

He grinned and carried on, “second of all, I can’t believe you just said genitals.”

“That’s what they are? Okay, okay, fine, I’ve never had a surprise attack on my vagina before. Never had one on my vagina. Never on my vagina. Vagina.”

I tried to look at him seriously but it was mere seconds before we both dissolved into laughter. I can’t believe I’m a sexual situation and we’re both almost crying with laughter… I’ve got to admit it this is really nice. It’s not too serious, it’s not weird, we both feel comfortable enough to laugh and make jokes and yet the sexual tension and romance is still incredibly prevalent. This is the way it should be.
“Legolas,” I grinned, a little breathless from the giggling, “I really like you.”

Legolas stopped laughing and looked at me fondly, a slight smile still tugging at his lips, “I really like you too, Y/N. You’re an amazing woman.”

I grinned like an idiot and covered my eyes. Then I felt a very light kiss on my jaw, moving down to my throat, pausing to lightly suck on the join between my neck and shoulder and then down to stop at my chest. I removed my hands from my eyes and looked to see Legolas asking a wordless question, I smiled and nodded slightly in response and he began to unbutton my nightdress exposing my breasts to the chilly air. He lowered his mouth to place sweet kisses over the flesh and tended to the other with a gentle touch. I closed my eyes, revelling in the soft feeling of his lips and hand, only to feel a jolt and gasp as his mouth immersed my hard nipple. I subconsciously raised my chest to meet his mouth and groaned in pleasure as he began to suckle on my nipple, tugging at it lightly. I reached down to twist my fingers in his frankly stunning hair, which put my own hair to shame.

“I want more,” I whispered softly, tugging on his roots.

Legolas removed his mouth from my breast and gave one last squeeze before moving slowly down my body, holding eye contact the whole way. I watched, my lips parted, as he pushed my nightgown up to my waist and ran his finger lightly over my underwear.

“You are so tempting Y/N,” he gasped, “It’s going to take a lot of willpower to not just take you right here and now again.”

“You’d be so lucky,” I mumbled quietly, grinning to myself.

“What was that, my love?” Legolas asked, looking at me with his head tilted.

“I said, I’d be so lucky,” I said, quirking a brow. Legolas chuckled and shook his head, obviously knowing full well what I had said but choosing to ignore my snide nature at this particular moment.

He slowly began rubbing a finger over my heat, causing me to lean into his touch and buck my hips slightly, aching for more friction. Encouraged by this he hooked his fingers into my underwear and promptly disposed of them, moving his mouth to press against my heat in a sweet kiss. I subtly moved my thighs up and around his head, telling him gently how much I wanted him. I saw his smirk and then I felt his tongue press against me, I shivered and wiggled against him, wanting more. He began to lick my heat, coating me in warm saliva, which cooled in the night air causing me to buck upwards at the sensation.

“Please Legolas?” I gasped, pushing my head back into the earth.

“Since you asked so nicely,” he hummed, pushing his tongue inside me causing me to let out a squeal.

He moved so well and was so attentive to my every need that soon enough I was squeezing him with my thighs and curling my fingers into the dirt, begging him to keep going. He slid his hands up to my hips, grabbing them roughly and pulling me towards him, causing his tongue to go deeper and me to call out his name into the silence of the night.

“That feels so good—it feels so good. Please, please, oh my-Legolas!”

I cut myself off with a squeak, writhing and arching my back in pleasure, the intense waves of orgasm hitting me again and again. I could still feel his warm tongue inside me and his strong hands lifting my behind and squeezing hard, pulling me into him. As my high calmed, I raised my hands...
and beckoned Legolas to lie atop me. He gently placed his weight over my slightly shaky body and rested his head on my chest.

“That was…” I began, struggling to find the words.

“Yes, it was.” Legolas chuckled, nuzzling against my breast.

“Do you know what would make me really happy?” I asked, moving my hand up to rest on his head.

“Doing that again but somewhere less cold?”

I rolled my eyes and gently tugged his hair, “Yes but also… Also being yours.”

I held my breath as I considered what I had just said. It was true but also scary and risky but… Well, it was the truth.

“I would—I would very much like you to be mine Y/N. If you would also like me to be yours?”

“I was thinking it would go both ways, you know. I wasn’t just—“

Legolas cut me off with a kiss and chuckled at my disgruntled expression.

“Is that a yes?”

“It’s a yes.”

Chapter End Notes

Please do tell me what you thought and feel free to request! <3

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