Summary

Thorin Oakenshield embodied the kingdom he was about to rule. His heart and love as lost and well hidden like the Arkenstone - the heart of Erebor. On a quest we went, to reclaim a kingdom and a gem among treasures - both of which I found in its king. And I, a simple hobbit, never thought that I would claim more than the treasure that was stated in the contract.

Notes

Hello everyone! How’s the fandom after all BOTFA feels? Warning: There may be a few major spoilers.

See the end of the work for more notes

“So, this is the hobbit.”

I can’t forget the first words that came out of Thorin’s mouth; his voice oozed with mockery and resentment. I was so close to telling him off and making him realize that he shouldn’t base his judgments on appearances alone because looks deceive quite often, after all. And by Eru, on our journey, it was I who realized that he wasn’t the only one fooled.

“He shall be the fourteenth member of the Company!” Gandalf spoke in a taut voice.
Thorin grumbled, dissatisfied. But he nodded, nevertheless. He then turned to me, inspecting me from head to toe, before turning his back and informing Gandalf of something I couldn’t hear.

Nor will I be responsible for his fate.

~

“Tell me more of Erebor.”

I requested Balin and other older, more approachable dwarfs like Ori and Dori, who’s probably seen Erebor with their own eyes, for a story.

“Didn’t we already tell you of Erebor enough for what you need on this quest, laddie?” Balin raised a brow, after draining his bowl of Bombur’s stew one night.

“Yes, you have. Not that – not that I’m not listening or I forgot or I don’t appreciate it. It’s just, I want to know more about it. What’s in the halls? Are the pillars really made of gold? Do the people on the paintings roam as ghosts at night and steal gold coins?” I asked, jumping up and down like a hobbit child excited to witness Gandalf’s fireworks for the first time.

Balin chuckled and shook his head.

“Ghosts? From whom did you hear that?”

“The others.” My cheeks felt hot as I looked away from him.

“I’m guessing you heard that from Fili and Kili. We used to tell them those stories as young dwarfs to get them to bed.” Balin explained.

In that single statement, I was convinced that dwarfs – or at least the dwarfs in this company – were out their minds. Telling dwarfs stories that can straighten the hair on my feet, is not really the best way to make a child sleep, no matter what race that child may be. Or at least in my opinion, it wasn’t.

“To bed all of you.” Thorin bellowed.

Soon everyone, including myself, began setting up their bedrolls, looking for dry and warm patches to sleep on. I unfurled my bed on a spot near the now fireless bonfire. Balin laid his bed beside mine.

“Erebor.” Balin began. “Is like it’s king.”

“Oh, laddie, you’re only looking at him like a rock.” Balin turned to look at Thorin. “Erebor is majestic, the source of pride of dwarfs, the legacy of our people – such is our king.”

I turned and looked at Thorin as well. He was standing on a boulder, chin up, barking orders to members of the company – reminding them of their duties for that night and the next day.

“But Erebor is also our home. And for many of us, so is he.”

The moment Thorin nodded his head in satisfaction, he stepped down from the boulder. Shedding his coat, he approached his nephews - who were in charge of the night watch duties for a few hours – and draped his coat over both of them. He touched his forehead with each of theirs and whispered to them. And for a while, I saw a sight I did not expect from the king who negotiated with me. I saw him smile. Smile as warm as newly baked cookies, as warm as the fur coat he gave to his nephews and as warm as May-sunshine in the The Shire.
Then I saw him move toward Ori, teaching him how to unfurl his bedroll – Dori was too busy with Nori. When Ori bowed to thank him, Thorin simply told him not to and patted him on the shoulder.

In the end, Thorin positioned himself near his nephews and Dwalin. Dwaling offered his coat which Thorin refused saying that he couldn’t have his best warriors and his best friend getting ill. Despite all that though, thanks to Dwalin’s stubbornness, Thorin still got part of the coat when Dwaling draped it discreetly over both of them.

“I told you.” Balin said before laying his head on his pack-slash-pillow. “You’re just looking at him like he’s a rock when in fact he’s treasure worth more than what we’ll ever find in Erebor.”

~

“You’re welcome to stay here if you choose.” Lord Elrond had said from behind me.

I was admiring the beauty of Rivendell, the peace and the homelike quality it had. I can admit that it’s not my hobbit hole but it’s damn better than times of less supper and lesser breakfast, uncomfortable sleeping patches and travelling in general.

Lord Elrond was close in persuading me to stay. But then I saw Thorin. He was seated under a tree, sharpening his sword, looking in the distance with longing.

_But Erebor is also our home. And for many of us, so is he._

It must be such a burden to carry – to be the only hope for a home and to be one in the meantime.

“Thank you for your offer. Although I would like that very much, I still have a promise to keep. I might take it after the journey, if you don’t mind.”

Lord Elrond smiled, the wrinkles around his eyes showing his age despite the fact that he was immortal.

“The offer is always there for you to take at your convenience.” He bowed and turned to leave.

“And Mister Baggins?”

“Yes?”

“They say that dwarves are the most loyal race among all in Middle Earth. You, who are not of the same race, exhibit selfsame unwavering loyalty. Hobbits, truly are, such remarkable creatures.”

~

“Thorin!”

The sound of tree branches breaking, the strangled voices of the company and the fire devouring everything in it’s path, reverberated in my ears. Members of the company screamed and climbed in desperation to save their king – their only hope for a home.

_That’s why I came back . . . ‘cause you don’t have one, a home. It was taken from you. But I will help take it back if I can._

“Bilbo! What’re you doing?”

_You, who are not of the same race, exhibit selfsame unwavering loyalty._

I may not be a dwarf. I may not know how to fight – with a weapon or none. But I promised the
company a home. And by my parents’ graves, if I can’t help them reclaim their homeland, I will make sure that they have the closest thing to home.

Even if it means dying for it.

~

*Out of the frying pan and into the fire... You have no place amongst us? I’ve never been so wrong in all my life... I cannot guarantee his safety.*

“Is there something wrong, Master Baggins?” Thorin spoke in a deep and quiet voice, as not to wake up the rest of the company.

I was sitting down on my bedroll curled up in a ball, unable to sleep. Not even the lullabies, which I hummed to myself, helped numb the pain and fear of what just happened.

It was two nights after we had been attacked by Azog- the night after I saved Thorin’s life. Thorin, as a sign of gratitude, offered to take watch, even if he needed the rest more than we did.

I desperately hoped that my mother’s lullabies would help scare my nightmares away, just like when I was a child. I didn’t mean to disturb anyone; moreover, worry them with my troubles in falling asleep.

“Master Baggins?”

I saw Thorin’s silhouette in the moonlight, stand up and approach me. His boots were barely making a sound. He held his gaze upon me – like a predator stalking for prey but not planning to harm it. I noticed that even if it seemed that all his attention was on me, it wasn’t. Because before he took a seat on the rock near me, he held his breath, a hand on the hilt of his sword, prepared to attack to what turned out to be the rustling of leaves caused by the wind.

“I apologize.” He took a seat, his hand still resting on the hilt of his sword.

Thorin’s eyelids were drooping and his eyes were already red in color. He was obviously struggling to stay awake.

“For what? I should be the one apologizing. I’m sorry for the disturbance.”

“No, Master Baggins. After what happened, I should be the one-“

I cut him off.

“There is no need. I understand.”

“You do?” He gasped.

“If I didn’t, I wouldn’t be here right now.”

“And without you, neither would I.” He looked at me gratefully, giving me an imperturbable bow.

It could have been considered as an intimate moment between the two of us until we both heard Bombur’s snore.

“I wonder how the company sleeps through all of that. I’d have to stuff my ears with a loaf of bread or two just to get a peaceful slumber.” I wondered out loud.
“Well Master Baggins, once we reach Erebor and reclaimed it, remind me to keep our pantry fully stocked with loaves of bread. With the multiple halls that could echo his snore and other snores of the Company, I can safely assume that you’d need more than what you’ve just stated.”

“You—you want me to stay in Erebor?”

“I do want you to stay. You are, after all, part of the Company. But only if you wish. I don’t want to force anyone to do what they do not wish.”

“Thank you Thorin. I just might.” I beamed at him.

“Now, if I remember correctly, you wanted to know more about Erebor?”

“Well, my job is to keep the Company safe.” He then whispered. “I think that includes keeping them from nightmares, don’t you think?”

I sat up and nodded, inching closer to Thorin to hear his story.

“Erebor.” Thorin breathed. “Erebor was home. Our home. You who live simple lives have simple needs. But we dwarves live lavish lives and therefore require great things. And Erebor never fails to provide us with gold and gems for our needs and our wants.”

He lowers his voice.

“Our greed.”

“Thorin . . .”

He then cleared his throat.

“I apologize. I can only describe Erebor as far as my memories will allow me.”

“It’s alright. You have told me what I have requested. And I really appreciate what you have told me.”

A moment of silence and a sharp intake of breath.

“Tell me . . . More about the Shire.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Your home, The Shire. Tell me more about it.” He leaned forward ready to listen to the story of my home.

A story I wish to keep at the moment.

“I-There’s nothing more to know except for what you have seen.”

“I thought . . . Yes. Of course. I understand.”

I felt my heart tug with guilt when his face dropped. I could sense that he was trying to hide his disappointment because we did not speak anymore.

A moment of silence.
“I shall leave you to rest now. You must be exhausted. Good night.”

“Yes. You—you too.”

I watched him walk away, back to the rock he was sitting on. He brought out his sword and lifted it to his face. He was looking at his reflection. I didn’t know why but I left him to his business.

Like he left me with mine.

~

“Balin, what do you know about the Shire?”

“Nothing more than what you know my king.”

“What in the world are they talking about?” I steered my horse toward the front of the Company where Balin and Thorin were.

“I think it’s best that you leave Uncle for now. Him and his questions.” Kili appeared beside me.

“He’s been asking about something. Let’s let him get the answer to his questions first before we disturb him.” Fili appeared not far behind. “Unless, it’s something important?”

“No, it’s not of much importance Fili.” I directed my attention back to them but did not dare approach them again.

“No, please. No labels today. No, your majesty, your highness, my king . . . I’m asking you as a friend. Wait-“

“Yes, Thorin. I heard you last night.” Balin’s beard moved upwards, placing itself above his stomach when he smiled.

Thorin blushed crimson red.

“Why the concern?”

“W-well, nothing. Curiosity, that is all.”

“Is it?”

“And he’s been talking about wanting to go home and being homesick. I don’t understand what he could miss about the Shire.”

I was about to approach him and tell him off until Balin placed a hand on Thorin’s shoulder.

“I’m sure he’s thinking the same thing about Erebor.”

Thorin opened and closed his mouth then went on his way.

~

That night, I found something in my bedroll. I probably looked crazy and looked like I had a fit because all of the Company’s eyes were on me.

“Very funny, Fili, Kili. Will you please stop making a big fuss over it?”

“What are you talking about Bilbo?” Kili asked, an eyebrow raised and there wasn’t a smile playing
on his lips.

“This!” I held up a small bouquet of flowers I haven’t seen in The Shire.

“Bilbo, we honestly didn’t do that.” Fili spoke in a flat tone.

“Then who did this?”

I scanned the members of the Company. Almost everyone shrugged, except for one.

“Never mind. I’m sorry to disturb you. Go on with your business.”

I sat on my bedroll, fixing the flowers, removing the petals which were already wilted. Choosing the most beautiful flowers, I placed some of them between the pages of my journal.

I was long after the flower episode when I spoke to anyone in the Company. Quite incidentally, it was during Thorin’s night watch.

“Can’t sleep?” I spoke loud enough for only him to hear.

“Master Baggins, I’m not supposed to.” He sauntered towards me, looking for rock or a log to sit down on.

“Well, I hate to be the bearer of bad news,” I sat up, realizing that my face was only a few inches from Thorin’s. “But you looked like you were about to.”

Thorin coughed, bowing his head.

“Oh, no need to be embarrassed about it. If you want, I could stay up with you until whoever in charge takes their turn.”

“I-Well . . .”

“U-unless you don’t want to.” I instinctively rubbed the back of my neck.

“No, no. It’s not that. This is quite unusual.”

“What? Being alone with someone?”

Thorin looked straight into my eyes, surprised but utterly grateful.

“Being offered to have company.”

“Why – I – To be honest, you’re not that bad. Just thought you might be sick of having your sword and your reflection as your only company.” I joked.

“Besides, it’s the least I could do after what you gave me today. Tell me, where in the world did you find the flowers?” I licked my lips.

“Nothing you can’t find with twelve other dwarfs at your service.”

“What are they though?” I brought some of the flowers I preserved in my journal and placed them in Thorin’s hands.

Thorin gingerly held it in his hands like it was glass and one wrong move could make it shatter to pieces.
“My mother called them ‘fire flowers’. See how the orange only appears on the tips of the petals, blending with the red as it reaches the center, resembling flames.”

“Fire.” I shuddered.

Thorin must’ve noticed my change in disposition because he sat right beside me on the ground in attempt to comfort me.

“Ah, still afraid of the fire. Thought that maybe this would help you look at fire in a different way, as something beautiful rather than something destructive. Looks like giving you this didn’t do much.”

“No, no. It’s just. It’s not the fire I’m afraid of. It’s losing the Company to it.”

Thorin froze and stared at me with wide eyes.

“What? Did I say something wrong?”

“No, you didn’t.” He draped his coat over the both of us. “You won’t have to worry about losing any one of us.”

“How am I assured of that?”

“I will protect the Company, even if it means losing the legacy of my people. You have my word.”

“And you have mine when I said that I will try to help you take back your homeland.”

“Thank you Master Baggins. I’m honored to be in your company.”

“And I’m honored to be in yours.”

~

After than night, Thorin and I spoke more of our birthplaces – Erebor and the Shire. But not in totality, rather in snippets in the small everyday moments and objects that remind us of home. It was not long after when both of us – or at least I – started to look forward to Thorin’s night watch duties - both of us trying to give the other a rock, flower, leaf or feather from the road. Sometimes, talking about talking about what happened during the day is enough to provoke the other to tell stories of home.

~

“Master Baggins, we obtained ponies for a reason. One of them is so that we wouldn’t walk.” Thorin stopped when he spoke aloud.

As a result, the rest of the Company stopped as well.

“Oh, I could use the exercise. And, ah, I found it!”

I ran to the plant I was looking for. It was already tricky enough to find it when I’m on foot, moreover when I’m sitting on a pony.

“Master Baggins, we’re on a –“

“Schedule. Yes, yes. See, I’m getting on the pony.” I exasperated, tucking the plant into my coat pocket. “Don’t get your beard in a knot.”
The rest of the Company giggled, while Thorin tried to keep a straight face.

“May we go on now?”

“Yes. We may.”

That night, the Company slept earlier than usual, giving us more time to talk. It was perfect because the plant which I found on the path we took, was enough for me to share something personal. He’d been sharing most of his.

“My mother was a Took. She loved the outdoors. If she could live in a tent and sleep under the stars all her life, she would. My father was a Baggins. He loved his hole more than anything, loved the fire in a fireplace rather than a bonfire.” I began as Thorin positioned himself near me.

“Their families were on two different sides of a coin. Most of them chose to stay on their side – not even bothering to check the other. Some didn’t even want to acknowledge that there’s another side. Well, you can tell who attempted to look at the other side.” I twirled the plant in my hand.

“When I was young, I was more of a Took; I never wanted to stay cramped in the hobbit hole. Father hated it. I’d invite him on adventures and he’d ignore me. Except for that one time when he couldn’t take it anymore. He grabbed me by the collar and told me to get out – to never go back inside until I behaved like a Baggins.”

“That explains a lot.” Thorin commented, receiving a glare from me. “But, um, please continue.”

“So, I left him. My mother found me asleep under a tree near the creek – the borderline of The Shire – with nothing more than a fleece blanket to keep me warm. Mind you, it was almost winter season that time around. She ushered me to go back, but I refused, told her that I didn’t want to be a Baggins. She laughed and sat beside me. Then she showed me this plant. It’s known as the ‘shy plant’ or the ‘touch-me-not plant’. But she named it after my father – Bungo Baggins.”

“It was hard to find among so many plants in The Shire, even for a hobbit. This plant naturally wilts when touched to protect itself from predators. Only a few people can appreciate it’s beauty. Except for the fact that it was hard to find, it would take a gentle hand and patience until the plant stops wilting when you touch it. Because it understands that you’re no threat.” Thorin took the plant from my hand.

“And she told me that the way I held the plant should be the way I handle people – gently. Because it’s only then will I be able to appreciate people for their beauty.”

“No wonder you’re so soft to my nephews.” Thorin said.

I simply chuckled at his statement.

“Well, I can’t let them grow up thinking that this world is harsh to the core. They may be taught to be as hard as diamonds in Erebor, but they should also learn to have hearts as soft as freshly baked loaves of bread.”

“What is with you hobbits and food?”

“We do love our food. Like some dwarfs I know.”

“You are right with that. But remember Master Baggins, despite our similarities, we are not hobbits. Rocks that go under much pressure become the most valuable of gems. You mustn’t treat my nephews like hobbits. I forbid it. I am their uncle. I know what’s best for them.”
Thorin stood, leaving me speechless and alone.

~

“Thorin, you’re not thinking straight. You’re not you.”

His eyes reflected the gold we were surrounded in, and gems we found within them. We went on a journey to reclaim a homeland, but it didn’t look that way anymore.

“We came here to reclaim you homeland Thorin. To give you Company back their home. Won’t we give some to those who seek refuge, like the people from Laketown. Bard —“

“The traitor.” He snarled. “Tell me, Master Baggins, why must I offer my home to traitors? Who’s to say that they won’t steal my gold?”

“They won’t. You have my word.”

“Your word! Your word is worth nothing.” Baring his teeth, he advanced toward me.

“My word has brought you here and helped reclaim your homeland. I kept my word. Have you kept yours?”

“My word does not matter.” His face was flushed. “How do you know that they will not betray my trust? I don’t even trust my own race, my own kin, to give me what I have asked of them.”

“Maybe it’s not really there.”

“Oh, no, I know it is.”

“You have to have some trust in people, Thorin. You trusted me. What makes other people different?” I reasoned out. “Where’s the Thorin who learned how to value things that are not gold or gems? Where’s that Thorin. Where’s the Thorin I fell in love with?”

“He is long gone.”

“No.” I shook my head. “No, he’s not. He’s still in there. I know he is.”

“Stop it Bilbo! Stop forcing me to become someone like you – to become a hobbit. I am a dwarf. I don’t care about flowers, leaves and rocks. Pathetic things.” He kneeled to grab a handful of gold. “This. This is the only thing that matters.”

“But what about-“

I went back to the flowers I preserved in my journal, the rocks I kept in my bag in exchange of other more useful items, the leaves I refused to throw away even if they crumbled into dust and the stories that scared my nightmares away. Did they not matter?

“You think those were real, genuine? As it turns out Master Baggins, you too learned a thing about trusting people.”

“Yes I did.”

~

“I’ll go.” I informed Gandalf.
“They will see you.”

“No, no they won’t.”

“I forbid it. I forbid you to go.”

“Gandalf.” I sighed. “I’m not asking.”

“Why, dear fellow? He doesn’t want your help anymore. You fulfilled the terms in the contract. Why? This is madness.”

“Maybe I’m just mad.” I stated before running off and slipping on the ring.

*Where’s the Thorin I fell in love with? He is long gone. No, he’s not. He’s in there.*

“Thorin!”

Thorin, Dwalin, Fili and Kili turned around at the sound of my voice. Thorin was the first to approach me, dropping his sword and gripping my shoulders.

“I-I-“

“It’s alright. I understand.” I gently pried his hands off my shoulders then picked up his sword and placed it in his hand.

“You don’t deserve this. You don’t have to understand me every time.”

“But I want to.”

“Even after everything?”

“Even after everything. You’re worth it.”

“But-but what if I go mad again.” He fidgeted with the hilt of his sword.

“First and foremost, you are already mad enough to fall in love with a hobbit.” I smiled at him. “It’s good to know that we’re perfect for each other, even if we don’t fit the hobbit loves hobbit or dwarf loves dwarf mold. I mean, what kind of hobbit would who on a journey, on a whim, knowing that there’s a great chance that he’d die? Only me, Bilbo Baggins, the mad hobbit who fell in love with a mad dwarf.”

“Uncle. . .”

“I-“

“Fight now, apology and everything else later.”

He smirked, touched our foreheads and left without another word.

~

“Thorin? Where are you?”

My breath hitched in my throat when I saw him. There he was; his head laid on top of a rock. All those nights when we talked and told stories came flooding back. I hoped that he was merely resting, like the nights after his watch. When I kneeled beside him, he was holding what looked like a gash
on his chest. His eyes were closed.

“Thorin?”

His eyes fluttered open.

“Master Baggins . . .”

“No, no. Don’t speak. Don’t . . .” My hands were shaking. “You have to rest. Look, the eagles are coming.”

“Bilbo. Look. At. Me.”

I looked into his all familiar eyes – dark as the night sky but bright enough to resemble hope for another day.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t-“ Tears were threatening to fall. “You have to rest. The eagles are coming.”

“Listen to me, my brave hobbit. I was wrong. Everything I said, I was wrong.” He groaned, his hands were trying to find mine. “It was an honor to be your company all those days and nights.”

“No, it was my honor to be yours.”

“Go back to your books and your armchair. Don’t be hard on a harsh world. You taught me that. In fact, you taught me a lot of things. I should’ve – I should’ve let you teach my nephews.”

“Thorin . . .”

“Take care of them for me. Goodbye Bilbo.” He touched my cheek. “You were always worth more than all the treasure in Erebor. I just wish I saw it sooner.”

~

“Master Bilbo.” Balin spoke as we stood on top of mounds of gold.” As stated in the contract. You may choose what you want.”

Under my feet, I felt them – the gold coins, goblets, crowns and gems as colorful as rainbows. The same pieces of gold and gems that made Thorin mad with dragon sickness.

I am a dwarf. I don’t care about flowers, leaves and rocks. Pathetic things. This! This is the only thing that matters.

“Bilbo? Is everything alright?” Balin’s hand was on my shoulder. “Is one fourteenth of the total profit not enough? You do, after all, deserve more.”

“I can hear him, Balin. I can hear the ghost of his dragon sickness. I can hear his anger and his greed. I don’t, I don’t want to anymore.”

He turned me to face him.

“This is not the Thorin you knew. The Thorin you fell in love with is more than all of this. If it helps, think of Thorin simply as a rock, a dwarf who found value beyond lustrous objects. And thanks to you, he will forever stay that way – to you and to us. You have saved him from becoming the person you have witnessed and the person we’d never hoped he’d become. We all owe you for that.” Balin
ushered me to the gates.

“Nori.” Balin called. “If you don’t mind – you don’t have much of a choice anyway – we’re going to give Bilbo here the treasure you found in the troll cave.

I looked at Nori, my mouth ready to disagree with Balin, but Nori beat me to it.

“He can have it.” Nori then faced me. “It’ll smell of troll though.”

“I don’t mind.” I turned to Balin. “Thank you for everything.”

“No, Master Baggins. Thank you for giving back our home. And if you shall ever need our help, we’re always . . .”

The remaining dwarfs stood in a line and dropped their weapons.

“At your service.”

~

A few decades later . . .

“Uncle, what’s this?”

Frodo held up a book, it’s spine was tattered and it’s pages were falling apart. Despite all of that though, I still knew what it was.

I gingerly opened my journal, between the pages are the flowers Thorin found which I preserved. And each of the flowers had a story written on it, except for one – forget me nots.

*One day you’ll understand why I won’t have a story to tell you with these flowers. And when that day comes, it won’t be me telling those stories. It will be you, my ghivashel.*

“My treasure of all treasures.”

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End Notes

Thank you all for reading! Hope you enjoyed. Feedback is much appreciated :)

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