Summary

As Billanna Baggins would stare at her children, her precious daughters as different from the sun and moon, with eyes from their father, she thought of Thorin. He was with her every breath and she could still feel his touch no matter where she was.
But how could she forgive what she could not forget?
Maybe she should have known...that one has yet realized the wealth of sympathy, the kindness and generosity hidden in the soul of a child. For those treasures we keep can hold a splendor to behold.

Notes

First few chapters have been revised!
Gandalf sat outside staring out into the darkness, at the smials hidden in the hills of the Shire, smoking his pipe. While he stared out into the hills, however, he did not seem to see anything. Because his worries lay behind his back inside the smial of BagEnd, directed to a she-Hobbit that lay just beyond the green door with the rune carved into it. One that, even though the dwarves still claimed to have cared about in Erebor lay alone now bearing the secret that only he and she fully knew.

"Please don't go and tell him."

He hadn't expected anything different to be honest. He had seen how heartbroken she had been, even in her fevered mind. But now he wondered if he should have gone ahead and told. Maybe then, she wouldn't be facing the hardest trial a woman of any race could face.

Motherhood.

Billanna Baggins could say that she was not having the greatest of days. Her contractions had started early in the morning, and now the sky was dark with dusk. And while she had given birth to her eldest a few hours or so, she could hardly have concentrated on that as her youngest child had begun to follow their sister. But now it seemed the child had changed their mind and was determined to stay where they were. Now she panted exhaustedly over the next five coming up to six hours pushing, trying to get this little one to appear, but they seemed stubbornly set on staying put.

So stubborn. So much like…

She shook her head. No she wouldn’t think about him right now. She wouldn’t think of the once exiled dwarf king that she had helped reclaim his throne. She wouldn’t think of how madness had drove them from one another and how it wouldn’t matter…it couldn’t matter because he was in Erebor and she was in BagEnd again.

But try as she might, she couldn’t.

She wanted Thorin to be here, or just outside pacing the hall worriedly as she brought their children into this world, the Company likely betting on whether they were both girls, boys, or one of each. She wanted the infants to see the kingdom that their father had nearly died trying to reclaim as the first thing they saw other than their makeshift family.

Tears that were of a different pain slid down her cheeks as she let loose another scream and bore down on the contraction, pushing hard. Sweat and tears covered her face as she breathed erratically before the pain ripped through her again. She was so tired, exhausted. She pushed once more and, seconds later, she felt herself her back hitting the pillows again. She clenched her teeth. Emotions flood deep inside her like they were forming a whirlpool. Part of her wanted to beat Thorin into a
bloody pulp for getting her pregnant, tearing his beard out in retaliation for making her go through this, while the other wanted to kiss him and declare her love for him, and it confused the hell out of her.

"She's exhausted," she heard the midwife say. Her voice seemed incredibly distant right now – like he was in the opposite side of a very large room. The voices seemed to blur and soften down to a murmur as the sudden instinct to push overfilled her senses. Instinctively she bore down and tried to breathe. She could hear now the sudden calling out from the assistant that sounded reminiscent of 'that's good. You're doing real well!' Pain came again, and the urge came once more and she started to push again. Her knuckles turned white as she gripped the blanket that she was lying on. She'd had no idealistic fantasies about the process of childbirth, but like so many women before her, she had hoped that it wouldn't be as bad as she heard.

And like all the women before her, she was wrong.

Another scream erupted as she bore down again. She could feel pain, excruciating pain. She didn't know if she was crying or that was sweat sliding down her face. She didn't really care right then. She had read dozens of books about pregnancy in Rivendell and when she had finally returned fully in Hobbiton, and a few on the actual delivery of a child. Even so, the pain was unimaginable. Whoever had written those books HAD to have been a bloke…because no sane person would describe the way labor actually felt if they had gone through it. The pain was indescribable. Words were indescribable. Another push and she heard the assistant state the baby's head was out. She pushed again as hard as she could, praying that she could deliver the baby quickly. After another push, the baby's shoulders were out, and, despite her exhaustion, she put all of her strength into one final push. She screamed again, but the sound didn't register in her pain and worry filled mind.

What if this baby was hurt, because of something she had done or she had taken too long to be born?

What if both children hated her?

No. She wouldn't let that happen. She couldn’t lose them like she lost him. She couldn't-

Slowly the sound of her own scream died out, and she flopped backwards onto the pillows breathing heavily. The ringing in her ears slowly died out, and the ringing was replaced by another sound…a sound that erased any signs of her exhaustion from the forefront of her mind, nearly passing out in relief when she heard the outraged squall from the newest newborn.

The world became less blurred and she blinked until she could see the small squirming infant next to her head as the assistant showed the outraged infant.

“Another healthy girl Mistress Baggins.” The young she-hobbit said with a smile and Billa’s heart melted, and suddenly, the months of odd food cravings, the hours of backaches, the emotional outbursts, the labor, the heartache of being alone…all of that seemed meaningless as she watched the girl go to where the other infant was, who had been asleep but was now fussing again as her younger sister was cleaned. The hobbits paused briefly, looking at the eldest before picking them up and bringing them over to Billa, who reached out instinctively for her daughters as they were placed into her arms. They were both wrinkled and red, the youngest’s eyes clamped shut as she screamed at the top of her lungs, loudly protesting at entering this cold world in exchange for leaving the warm safe one she had grown in. Her dark hair was matter firmly on top of her scalp, but she could see they were already curling. She felt tears—not of pain—slide down her cheeks as she smiled at her.

“My daughters…oh hello…” She whispered as she kissed their temples softly. Her soft hushing softened the youngest’s cries, and she slowly blinked, opening her eyes just a crack, and staring at
her with the most familiar expression she had ever seen and it made her heart jump to her throat as they finished cleaning her.

“...it appears your eldest is blind, Mistress Baggins.” The older she-hobbit said, startling Billa out of her thoughts and turned her head to look at the other one. She watched as the girl opened her eyes, but she could see that there was no recognition, no sense of her even realizing who she was. “If you want we can always-”

“You even suggest it, I don’t care if I just got out of labor, I’ll find a way to make you eat those words.” She growled, clutching her daughters tightly to her. “They are my children, and I will be keeping them both.”

The midwife’s seemed stunned by this as Billa went to look at her daughters again barely hearing them say that they needed to move her or when Gandalf came in.

Delicately she kissed their foreheads.

Billa thought about their names quietly, her fingertips brushing against their soft cheeks as she was picked up and moved to a plush armchair and the midwife’s set to change the bedding, and the youngest squirmed again. Billa smiled gently and then remembered a small amount of history she had managed to pull out of Balin about the Seven Dwarf Fathers and their wives. Two wives in particular.

“Freya. Your name will be Freya.” She pressed a quick kiss to the youngest child’s nose in her left arm. “And you shall be Frigga.” She continued pressing a swift kiss to the other to her eldest nestled in the crook of her right arm. Gandalf smiled.

Even in separation and heartbroken, she still was willing to allow some of the lasses paternal heritage forth. Though it could have also been a homage to that small caravan of dwarrowmen and dams that had stumbled upon her when they had been heading to Erebor. He had never been so glad to see such a strange sight of nomadic dwarfs that he didn’t even bother to ask for their names as he left with the wounded hobbit woman with Beorn to return to the skin-changer’s home.

“Billanna?”

She looked up and smiled at Gandalf. She probably looked unseemly and unkempt, but she cared little for anything else other than two precious bundles in her arms. Gandalf smiled, his eyes shining as the one bundle squirmed around.

“They are beautiful.”

Billa beamed proudly before looking back at the now small cooing parcels in both of her arms, looking at the soft mops of black curls against healthy pink skin, the opposite of her mousey brown hair, she placed a kiss on each of their foreheads. Freya, whose hair stuck in all manner of ways squirmed to the touch, but remained asleep, suckling on her fingers gently, while Frigga, her dark curls wild, but not to that degree of her sister, simply cooed again, remaining virtually still. The hobbit woman smiled and looked at the grey wizard.

“Thank you for staying here until they were born.” She remarked and the wizard smiled, though she saw a flash of anger, before she looked down at her daughters. "I don't think I would have even made it to Rivendell without you."

“It was the least I could do.” He finally remarked looking at her. “Thankfully, they are healthy lasses…in a matter of speaking.” He remarked as Frigga opened her eyes.
"They are healthy, and if anyone disagrees they will go through me first." She remarked coldly, causing him to chuckle. She paused.

“They look like him…” She whispered softly.

“But they are your daughters.”

“They are his too…he just doesn’t know it.” She responded and he remained tactfully silent. Soon after she stifled a yawn and Gandalf offered his arms.

“I believe it is time for you to rest, Billanna. You have had a long day. I shall watch over the pair.”

“Thank you…” She murmured softly, glad that the mid-wife had forced her to move so she could change the sheets after the labor, as she was far too exhausted to do it herself. The lights were dimmed farther, she slid back into the bed, and the last she saw before sleep took hold of her was Gandalf holding her precious daughters in both arms, her jeweled flowers.

And a smile crossed over her face and she fell asleep.

It was late at night when Billa awoke again and slid out of bed walking in the shadows to the nursery. She was limping and had to lean on the walls, but she managed to get there and looked over the cribs. She stared at her daughters with a soft smile on her face as she pushed back their black curls from the forehead.

She had something she needed to say to them…something she didn’t know how or when to say earlier, but she was alone now, save the sleeping infants.

“My precious treasures. Mama loves you more than anything.” She whispered softly. “And Mama will always protect you.” She added.

“Oda’u Abanaz Melhekinh Zesulul Abadaz.” She said pressing a kiss to Freya’s temple and then went over to Frigga.

“MakhajmulKans Abanaz Melhekinh Zesulul Abadaz.” She whispered to Frigga, doing the same as she had done with Freya and smiled at her little treasures.

It was a few hectic first months, Billa realized, as she watched Frigga sucked on the head of a doll in her sleep as Freya kicked around. It was hard being a single, first-time mother of two, harder still with trying to deal with something you never had seen before for one of them. But Frigga’s blindness was overshadowed by the other beautiful quirks she had. Any sound, touch, or smell gave a brilliant smile to her daughter’s face, a look of wonder crossing her expression as those sapphire eyes that stared at nothing in general lit up in excitement. How her ears, pointed at the end but larger than most fauntling’s ears, would almost wiggled whenever a bird sang its song into the air, enjoying the sound. And Freya, maker’s above, was one that she was sure would cause trouble once she could walk always had to try something, or roll in something. And like her sister, any sound or touch brought peals of laughter from her, and any sight that was new made her face light up. And despite the headaches she would gain, whenever she spotted them napping on their blanket as she helped Hamfest tend the garden, a sense of pride washed over her. They were perfect.

If only everyone else in the Shire thought as much.
While she could handle the whispers said about her, about her apparent horrid behavior, she was far too used to such gossip and was almost amused by the nickname 'Mad Baggins', the whispers that had been directed at her children wanted her to rip off out the tongue of those who dared to talk about Frigga and Freya.

How Frigga must have been cursed with blindness for being born out of wedlock, that maybe she had multiple fathers, for how were they to know what could and couldn't happen with dwarves, how she was a lost cause, not worthy to understand the ways of the Shire. How Freya would grow up a wild child with no morals, as she was already turning into one. That no one would want a bastard child who was too loud and vibrant as his wife.

Billa stood in the doorway of the room that had two basinet, watching her girls. She was internally grateful for Hamfast and his wife Bell for lending her the cribs, offering her a shoulder to lean on during her pregnancy, which had lasted longer than most hobbit pregnancies. So few had been willing to accept her and her daughters. She dimmed the lamp which softly lit the room for Freya if she awoke, casting away the shadows that would startle a tiny babe such as herself. She went to the cabinet and pulled out an old music box that her mother had gotten on one of her adventures. Her mother had always joked it had been made by dwarfs, but Billa could never be sure.

Whatever the case, Billa had always loved the tune and both her daughter’s loved it as well. Slowly she twisted the knob, listening to the soft creaking of the wheels inside. Then slowly the music filled the room and she stood there looking at the intricate designs on the outer box, listening to the tune, before she left the nursery and slid into her own bed. She stared at the ceiling, wishing that the darkness that surrounded her would vanish, before she closed her eyes and allowed her memories take her back.

“Stay here.”

“Hm? What do you mean?” Billa murmured tiredly, curling up to Thorin. The dwarf absently drew designs on her bare arm causing goose bumps to rise up and she shifted looking up towards him. He was staring at her.

“After we reclaim Erebor, stay here. With me.”

To many it would be an order, but she could hear the question in it. She was silent and then sat up leaning on her upper arms and then delicately kissed him. Granted Thorin, being Thorin, deepened it, cupping the back of her head and pressing her close. She laughed against his mouth, pulling away slightly.

“You’re not going to give me much choice, are you?”

“No.”

“You foolish dwarf.” She teased. “But I suppose I can.” She added and he offered a soft smile. She then grinned teasingly, twirling a braid with her finger. “Though I MIGHT need a bit more persuasion.”

“That’s quite enough teasing for one night, Mistress Baggins.” He said with a chuckle and she stuck her tongue out, before opening her mouth to argue.

Much to her delight he kissed her again, shutting her up.

Granted there were quite a few other sounds that followed after.
If only they had known what laid ahead of them.

If only.

Chapter End Notes

So after reading several fanfictions I was inspired to try my own (mainly The most Precious of Treasures by SapphireShelle91 go check it out!) Fem!Bilbo writing.

I hope you guys like it!

The music box song I imagined in my head was this one
Pan's Labyrinth - Lullaby (Music Box) -https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=47mLY8vX3L0
The dark haired dwarf turned over and opened his eyes slightly as the morning chill curled around him. Granted he didn’t particularly notice that as he opened his eyes fully to see a pair of emerald eyes staring into his.

“Y’know I’m getting too used to this…” He murmured with a grin. “When that doesn’t even give me a heart attack, Amrâlimê.” Kíli continued gently with a grin as he pushed a strand of Tauriel’s hair behind her ear. The she-elf laughed merrily, kissing Kíli gently.

“You enjoy it, Rwalaer.” She hummed softly against his mouth and he grinned.

“Anyone who knows Khuzdul would be blushing up a storm, Tauriel.” He chastised and she merely chuckled, kissing him again.

“Well, if last night was any example, I think you deserve that nickname.” She murmured softly and he laughed loudly, cupping her cheek.

He still barely believed that she was not a dream. That she was staying here, with him.

Granted Thranduil had banished her from her homeland, even after the alliance — as shaky as that was—had been created, something he despised the high elf for, as he had reclaimed his homeland and knew the feeling of wanting to be there. But if she had had any negative feelings towards the decision, she had not told him. He watched as she sat up, her bare back to him as she began to comb through her hair.

She shivered at the sudden touch as his thumb, rough and calloused from years of archery, ran down her back.

“Like stars…”

“Hm?”

“Your freckles. They’re like stars.”

She turned to look at him, an astonished look on her face, and his face felt as though fire had erupted on it, and he looked away quite sure she’d laugh at him. Instead she crawled over to him and kissed him. He deepened it, weaving his hand into her hair and she finally moved away to breath. She offered a soft smile.

“Lle tessa guren meleth.”

It was elvish and he didn’t understand a lick of that, at least not yet, but the smile on her face brought a sense of calm to his beating heart. Before he could voice his question though, she kissed him again, and he promptly shut up.
Except for a few sounds after the fact.

“Your highness, I must implore you to NOT hang from the rafters. I can always get a different ribbon!”

“Oh come on, where’s your sense of adventure?” Fili asked, looking down at the brunette dwarf with a grin. The said dwarrowdam frowned at him.

“My sense of adventure remembers what your mother said last time she caught me having to heal you.” She called out with a smirk as the blonde flinched at the mention of his mother. Whatever the case, he continued swinging listening to the girl’s protests.

“Kara, give me some credit. Did you forget that before you got here I helped reclaim Erebor and fought in the Battle of the Five Armies?”

“Yyyesss, I remember.” Kara humphed out as he managed to grab the ribbon, earning a squeak as he let go and landed nimbly next to her. “But as a healer, I also remember coming to Erebor and literally being dragged to some injured Prince’s tent, which I don’t want a repeat of, Milord.”

Fili sighed. Kara was a dwarrowdam from a small clan that, unlike many dwarves who lived in the other free kingdoms, had been a caravan that traveled around Middle Earth since the fall of Erebor. Apparently, after seeing the ravens fly back to the kingdom, they had headed back to the mountain, only missing the battle by a week, which was probably a good thing as the small clan had very few men that were of fighting age. Kara and her grandmother, however, proved to be a blessing as both were healers. The way she had said it was once it was made clear that they could help, she had been literally dragged to his tent by Kili and Tauriel, while her grandmother Mordrid had been brought to Thorin’s side to aid Oín.

It certainly had been a surprise when he had awoken nearly a week after the battle and looked directly into blue eyes, a darker shade than his and felt hands pressing to his chest. He had tackled her, thinking she was an attacker, only to be kneed by Kara in a moment of panic. Though thinking about it, it had probably been a stranger sight for Kili, who had run in upon hearing the commotion, only to see his brother curled up in the fetal position, holding his groin while Kara had been frantically apologizing around him.

Nonetheless, it had started a strange friendship between the pair.

“Just call me Fili.”

“You know the Lower Council does not particularly like that. And the King has enough grief for allowing Kili to court Tauriel. I’d rather not add to his troubles.”

“Well around them, yes, by all means call me that. But around me, just call me Fili.”

“You do realize you should get used to be called that.” She warned lightly with a smile. He sighed, patting her head.

“I know. It’s still strange though. Being here. Listening to my uncles tales prepared us, but not to this extent.”

“Strange for me too. I’ve never actually lived in one place for more than a week.” She reminded him as she continued fixing her hair. He chuckled. “Guess that makes me stranger than you though.” She added and he grinned.
“Dare I ask what tale the Prince will tell the children tonight?” She asked coyly. “I think they enjoy your stories more than mine.” She added with a pout.

“Mine involve orc battles, barrels, dragons, bandits, trolls, burglars, and elves, of course they’re more entertaining.” He responded easily with a teasing grin. She huffed, but still smiled. It had been in passing really, he admitted. While recuperating under her care it became clear that in her family she told stories to the younger ones, made evident of the small clan of children that showed up at his tent opening every night. It grew so frequent he had begun telling stories of the quest. Now as more children came back to Erebor, more would come to this night of stories. And it was at the point that Fíli’s (and more often than not Kili) tales earned the larger audiences.

“I will admit, your stories are more entertaining, Fil…” She trailed off and he looked over his shoulder and saw why. True to form, several Lower Council members were walking up the stairs and offered a slight bow to him, and a look to her. She shifted uneasily and he frowned as they continued forth.

“They do not like me.” She muttered softly.

“Pay no heed to them. You are a valuable person in the kingdom. And I know Oín appreciates not being the only healer.” He added quickly as he saw her blush, pushing a stray strand of hair. He blinked and gulped, his own face burning for a brief moment before he cleared his throat. She shook her head.

“Right. Now then, don’t be late. The children will start a mob if they don’t get a story. I would know as it happened to me once.”

He laughed and watched as she curtsied then hurried away, likely back to the healing hall. Fíli stood there than sighed.

“You need to work on your hiding.” He called out and there was a chuckle.

“Oh brother, you’re making it sound like you thought I didn’t want you to find me.” Kíli teased, throwing his arm around his elder brother’s shoulder. Fíli rolled his eyes.

“I’m surprised you aren’t with Tauriel. You know she’s still getting used to this place.”

“Yes, after you assured her a dozen times you hadn’t gotten Tauriel pregnant, you mean?”

“At least she didn’t go after me and Tauriel with the hammer.” Kfíli added and Fili chuckled. “So older brother, getting all comfortable with your healer? I dare say you’re finally gaining some of the Durin charm.” He teased with a wide grin, patting the blonde’s back and Fíli sighed.

“We’re just friends.”

“Uh-huh, rrriigghhhhtttt…and I’m secretly in love with an orc.”

“Kee, just drop it.”

“You know, I know you have this image of being stoic and everything, no thanks to our uncle, but at least try and have some fun.” Kfíli remarked and Fili sighed.

“Changing topics…you working on it?” He asked quietly so no other dwarf could hear. Kfíli nodded, blushing brightly as he fished a small pouch out of his pocket. He then opened it in his palm,
revealing a small-engraved clasp. It was silver with small green gemstones pressed into the glimmering metal.

“I’m going for a more earthy look.”

“I think she’ll love it.”

“You think?” Kíli asked nervously.

“Of course.” Fíli replied and Kíli smiled, playing with the clasp in his hand.

“Thanks. I mean, I never thought this would happen, but I’m so glad. I shouldn’t have been worried, Bil-” Kílii suddenly stopped, freezing. Fili frowned.

“Kee…”

“I know, I know.” He muttered. “But it still hurts. She should be here, alive. Not somewhere undiscovered and dead.” He forced out and Fíli silently agreed, but chose to not mention it.

“She’s happy for you. You know that much.” He remarked as Kíli slid the clasp back into the pouch and both brother’s walked down the hall, silent.

“Oh this? I picked it up in Beorn’s garden.” A soft laugh echoed through the hall as she pushed a strand from her messily made braid back. “I figured that if I can manage to convince you, I’d make a garden somewhere and plant it there. And every time I look at it, I’ll remember all this.”

“Enough…ENOUGH!” An angry voice bellowed from the room, the owner of the voice’s eyes snapping open, sapphire blue cloaked in pain. The aged woman, looked at the king who sat up and got off the table.

“I see that that did little to soothe your pain.” The aged woman said calmly, almost with a hint of sarcasm weaved in it, as he paced in front of her.

“No! If anything, it became worse!!” He snapped angrily, dragging a hand through his hair.

“My king, I cannot fix something I cannot see. You are healed, as best as any dwarf who went through the trials you just went through could be. I can't heal the scars. I would know; I helped heal those wounds.”

“And I thank you for that, and pay no mind to the scars...but her voice...her voice haunts me. Her smile. Her touch.”

“I see. Your One I presume. The one you called out for during those nights of fevers.”

It was more a statement than a question and Mordrid looked at him as he paused, his back turned to her.

“She may have been...but after I made that mistake…I doubt she saw me as such.” His voice softly remarked, pressing a hand on the stone marble.

“The heart does not always comply with the mind, My King.”

“The heart has little to do with my guilt.”

“I have the need to disagree, but I do not feel that would sway your opinion.” Mordrid commented.
Thorin was quiet, staring away from her.

“What must I do, to relinquish myself from this...this...”

“Grief?” Mordrid offered and then chuckled using her long wooden walking stick to help her rise, her old bones cracking. “My King, I cannot simply heal away that. Nor can Oín, my granddaughter, or any healer for that matter. That is something that only you can heal. When I was young, we were taught that the world is full of magic. They have the power to make changes in our world. Small things become big. Winter turns to spring. To breathe life into a body, while some takes. There is magic that can hurt, but there is also magic that can heal. But that magic, my King can only be conjured if one is willing.” She added, before giving a slight bow and departing. “If you require any more assistance my King, you know where the Healer’s Hall resides. One of us will be happy to assist you.” She added calmly. He was silent, covering his mouth with his hand, staring at the wall.

He had succeeded in his mission, reclaiming his lost home, and was now working to restore it.

But at what cost?

At what cost was reclaiming cold stone and gold when life and love was sacrificed? He felt too much, far too much for someone a certain female hobbit had compared to stone. And it was frustrating him to no end, slowly consuming him and killing him with their intensity. He sighed his heart heavy.

He remembered awakening, Oín and Mordrid above him, healing him, and treating his wounds, arguing slightly on different healing techniques and what would and wouldn’t work. He had remembered asking about Billanna, only for Oín to hesitate before shaking his head, motioning to the entrance of the tent. Despite the screaming protest of his muscles, he forced himself to sit up and spotted the tattered remains of what had once been Billa’s jacket she had gotten from Laketown.

He did not remember what was said after, only that the sound of a wounded animal seemed to fill the tent and then darkness became his companion again. He had wanted it to be a dream. But it hadn’t. She haunted him. He could still remember her smile, and laugh. But he could also remember the look of hurt as he banished her, called her a thief and traitor, a miserable half-sized hobbit. It left a bitter taste in his mouth. She had saved his life, more than once and he hadn’t been able to repay her. Instead, he had thrown her out, cursing her very existence.

He gritted his teeth angrily, gripping the cool marble tightly as though that would have helped.

“Amrālimê…” He whispered softly as though the stones would absorb it, his exterior cracking for the briefest of moments. He shook his head vigorously storming away down the halls. Aulê, she was probably laughing at his foolish behavior right now. He slowed, blinking rapidly as his eyes seemed to have suddenly dried causing them to burn at the thought of her laugh. He shook his head and looked up at the sky.

“Amrālimê... Gajut men...Kahomilizu...gajut men.”

The only thing that answered him was a rustle from the wind, which sounded almost like a laugh he longed to hear once more.

“Billanna…”

The hobbit turned to the door, expecting someone there, however to her surprise no one was there.

“I must be hearing things...” She murmured softly, before her thoughts were again shifted to the
Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep, and caverns old
We must away ere break of day
To seek the pale enchanted gold.

The dwarves of yore made mighty spells,
While hammers fell like ringing bells
In places deep, where dark things sleep,
In hollow halls beneath the fells.

For ancient king and elvish lord,
There many a gleaming golden hoard
They shaped and wrought, and light they caught
To hide in gems on hilt of sword.

Freya focused in on her mother’s soft singing, the tears slowly vanishing as Billa continued, staring out to the full moon in the sky that night.

On silver necklaces they strung
The flowering stars, on crowns they hung
The dragon-fire, in twisted wire
They meshed the light of moon and sun.

Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day,
To claim our long-forgotten gold.

Goblets they carved there for themselves
And harps of gold; where no man delves
There lay they long, and many a song
Was sung unheard by men or elves.

Billa inhaled, her throat seeming to suddenly swell up in pain, but she pushed through the knot, amazed she remembered this song so well. Maybe it shouldn’t have though, for how could one forget the night you met the one who would take your heart?

The pines were roaring on the height,
The winds were moaning in the night.
The fire was red, it flaming spread;
The trees like torches blazed with light.

The bells were ringing in the dale
And men looked up with faces pale;
Then dragon’s ire more fierce than fire
Laid low their towers and houses frail.

The mountain smoked beneath the moon;
The dwarves, they heard the tramp of doom.
They fled their hall to dying fall
Beneath his feet, beneath the moon.

Far over the misty mountains grim
To dungeons deep and caverns dim
We must away, ere break of day,
To win our harps and gold from him!

She looked down and saw Freya had fallen asleep, her fist in her mouth as dreams filled the infants mind. Slowly and gently, Billa placed her youngest daughter in her crib, tucking her in. After checking and making sure Frigga was also asleep she left the nursery, but made it only a few steps before she slid to her knees, her shoulders wracked with silent sobs as tears slid down her face.

She clutched her chest, letting out a sob as the tears slid down her face.

“Thorin…Thorin…”

But who would answer her? Find her in this stillness, this darkness…this loneliness?

Far over the misty mountains cold,
To dungeons deep and caverns old.

To dungeons deep and caverns…old…

Chapter End Notes

And here is how Thorin, Kíli, and Fíli are doing. This is also an intro to my character Kara. And a little more on Billa. That song is going to wind up being Freya's favorite XD

So here is the (hopefully accurate) Khuzdul and one elvish phrase!!! In order of when they are introduced!

Amrálimê-My Love

Rwalaer-Lusty one

Lle tessa guren meleth - You hold my heart, Love

also I used a quote from Brother bear in this

Gajut men – Forgive me

Kahomhilizu-Please
“Oh those two are just so precious!!” Primula exclaimed happily, looking at the two two year olds as she sat next to Billa. The girls had just turned two, and a party was occurring, the presents for each hobbit already given to. Other children were around them and the Freya grasped Frigga’s hand tightly as the two toddled unsteadily after the older children, much to Primula’s delight. Billa laughed.

“You are going to have so many children at this rate with how you’re drooling over my daughter’s, Prim.” Billa teased and Primula huffed with a smile.

“Well I can’t help it. Those two look so adorable.”

“They don’t look anything like us.” A nasty voice muttered and Billa’s lips thinned, as she looked the other way to see Lobelia standing there, her normal sneer on her face.

“But what can you expect, given their circumstances?” She added haughtily and Billa’s glare darkened.

“Circumstances?”

“You know being bastards and all.”

“Enough, Lobelia.” Primula hissed patting Billa’s knee. “They are perfectly fine, Billa.”

“The only reason why you’re here, Primula is because Drogo invited you.” Lobelia snapped. “If this was my function, it would have been Baggin's and Sacksville's only.”

“Well seeing as it isn’t, you don’t have much to complain about, do you?” Billa replied smoothly, a fake sound of innocence in her voice. “If it bothers you so much, why haven’t you left yet, with that husband and boy who keep trying to steal my spoons?” She added, earning a deep glare with a darkening blush from Lobelia.

“You have your own son to worry about. I’ll raise my daughter’s the way I want, and you raise your child the way you want.” She snapped and Primula had to fight back the laugh at Lobelia’s expression.

“You’ve gotten thicker skin, Billa.” Primula commented as she watched Lobelia stalk away, mumbling under her breath. “Awhile back, you would have just sat there and taken it.”

“Yes, well…she’s insulting my daughters. She can make fun of me all she wants, it’s crossing a line to include innocent babies.”

“I agree. Speaking of babies…where did yours toddle off to?”
Primula had only meant it in a teasing matter, as who would snatch fauntlings in the Shire, but Billa looked up, that spear of panic shooting into her, freezing the blood in her veins and closing her throat up tight when the two dark haired girls were no longer to be seen. They could still barely walk, and though they had toddled off earlier, she had been able to keep track of them. But now, they had vanished into the throng of hobbits.

“Frigga? Freya?” She called out, standing up, looking around frantically. Primula looked at her strangely, as though her children weren’t right there, it had only been a few moments. But Billa couldn’t be swayed in her panic. She couldn’t lose them, not when she had lost everyone else she loved. She couldn’t lose them like she had lost him. In one instant…no, no she couldn’t!

“Frigga!! FREYA!!”

“Mama?” She heard and turned to see Freya leading Frigga to her, confusion evident on her face. Relief was in an instant.

Until Freya got closer and Billa saw that the little girl’s hair seemed to have been cut.

“What happened to your hair, sweetie?” She asked crouching down. Freya beamed, apparently happy with her mother’s attention to it. She played with the shortened strands, rather proudly, before looking at Primula.

“Abbo! Abbo!” She chirped and Primula groaned.

“I’m going to kill my brother.” She muttered angrily looking at the younger boy who came up, trying to look innocent. “Did you cut her hair?”

“She wanted me to!” Primula’s little brother stated, his cheeks aflame, and his eyes hidden by the mop of chestnut hair. Primula groaned loudly.

“Billa, I am so sorry.” She apologized over and over again. Billa shook her head offering a weak smile as her heart began to slow back down. She picked Freya up, holding Frigga’s hand.

“It’s alright, its just hair. It will grow back.” She stated. Primula frowned though and then looked at her brother.

“Apologize. Now.” She chastised and Abbo sighed before walking up to the trio of girls.

“I am sorry Mistress Baggins, for cutting Freya’s hair.” He stated and Billa offered a smile.

“Apology accepted, though now I need to smooth out the strands of her hair now.” She remarked, brushing her youngest daughter’s hair back, earning a giggle from her. Frigga looked at her mother, nibbling on a piece of bread that she had had for awhile now, listening to Primula who scolded her sibling, stating he was going to get an earful from their parents later on. It was later that night that Billa finally decided to ask her daughter why she had allowed Abbo to cut her hair.

“Fun!”

Billa sighed as she snipped another strand in the back to even it with the others.

“Sweetie, you have to ask Mama first before letting them do that, alright?”

“Fun!” She adamantly replied again and Billa’s lips twitched upwards.

“Well the back is done.” She murmured, turning Freya to where she was facing her. She bit her lip.
The only strands that were longer were ones that framed her face. She could have easily cut them to where all the hair was even, but something sparked in her memory of those braids that Thorin wore on each side of his face. Biting her lip, she carefully braided each side and then patted her daughter’s shoulders.

“Stay right here.” She ordered with a smile and the little girl did so dutifully as Billa went to her room and searched through her jewelry box, finding two clasps, one of the few items she had left of Erebor. She hurried back and smiled at Freya who looked at her mother confused as she used tiny clasps to tie the braids close.

And it was like looking at a ghost.

Obviously she was only a baby, obviously Freya was a girl, but that hair and expression; her brows furrowed in confusion as she played with the braids, it was no argument. Any dwarf that had even met Thorin for the briefest of moments would be able to see how much Freya looked like him. Frigga too, had mannerisms and expressions that were nothing but Thorin’s, but Freya was a carbon copy of her father.

She glanced at the night sky from the window, staring at the crescent moon, wondering if Thorin even thought about her for a moment, but found that it was a silly notion.

For she was nothing but a burglar in his eyes.

“Freya, Freya, no. Take that away from your mouth.”

The little girl looked at her mother rather annoyed as yet another gardening tool had been taken from her, and she pouted angrily.

“Mama!” She whined and Billa sighed. Even for a two year old, she was spiritually portraying Thorin. Wonderful.

“No. You could get sick, Freya.”

“No!!” The girl squeaked again, rather indignantly, but she shook her head and the little girl pouted once more. Frigga was nearby, her eyes staring at the array of flowers with very little interest until Hamfast helped her near one and she inhaled. She then giggled happily at the smell, and the two year old wiggled around.

“Mama! Mama!” The tiny girl squealed, toddling unsteadily on her feet, her hands extended. Billa smiled and gently grasped the extended hand, leading the girl to her. Hamfast smiled.

“Seems they both enjoy the outdoors.” Hamfast stated and Billa chuckled.

“Yes, they do.” She replied brushing her hand over Frigga’s hair and then sighed as she looked at Freya who had found that, without her mother’s watchful eyes on her, a pile of soft dirt was the perfect thing to sit down and began to roll around in. “One more than the other.”

“She’s got the Took blood running deep in her, definitely would have given your mother a run for her money.” Hamfast stated with a chuckle, which Billa copied, though her laugh seemed strained, as though she didn’t really believe it. He watched her gaze travel beyond his shoulder, down the hills past the Shire. He sighed.

Ever since she had come back to Bag End, she never seemed to see things just here at the Shire. Even becoming a mother had not diminished the look. The adventure had changed her, in more ways than one.
No thanks to the dwarves.

He sighed as Freya giggled running to Billa, covered in dirt and breaking the she-Hobbit out of her stupor. The mother gave a smile, masking the pain in her eyes.

“Oh, look at you.” She stated with an angry sigh, but a hint of a smile on her face. “All covered in dirt. Someone’s gonna need a bath.”

“No!!” Freya yelped, taking off as fast as her wobbly legs could take her. Frigga giggled at her younger sister’s yells of protests as Hamfast held her hand and Billa raced after her. She heard Freya squeal as Billa apparently caught her and Hamfast chuckled.

“Your sister is something else, Frigga.” Hamfast commented and the oldest of the twins nodded.

“Probably because of the sire.” She then heard Hamfast comment, though considering how low it was, was probably said under his breath, she perhaps wasn’t supposed to hear it. It still confused her though. This hadn’t been the first time she had heard something like that.

She didn’t get it. What did sire mean?

She was quiet about it for awhile that night after she and Freya had been given a bath and while she sat and waited for her Mama to brush her hair, listening to the slight yelps of pain that Freya emitted, her mother mumbling something about how could Freya’s hair become a rat’s nest every night even with her hair shortened. Finally she was done with Freya, who was muttering under her breath as she walked by and went to sit in the large armchair that Frigga was currently sitting in.

“Come here, Frigga.” Her mother called softly and the little girl slid off and toddled towards her mother’s voice. Gentle hands lifted her up under her armpits and settled her on her mother’s lap and gently her mother’s comb was pulled through her hair.

“Mama?”

“Yes, darling?”

“Whewe Da?”

The comb froze in her hair and Frigga looked back at her mother. It was probably good that she couldn’t see. She wouldn’t witness the pain in her mother’s eyes as liquid pooled in the corners.

“Oh…oh sweetie…Da…Da isn’t here.” Billa stated and both girls shot her a look that they were well aware of that fact. She bit her lip. What could she say? They were only two; fauntlings in hobbit’s eyes, and still practically only newborns in a dwarf’s eye, how could she tell them that their father had no way of knowing about them, and likely wouldn’t?

It was selfish really, she inwardly thought. To protect them from the outside world, the world that their father lived in, the world that she had lost him in. It was selfish to keep them away from him and vice versa. But what was she going to do? She was banished, and the moment she would return to Erebor…what would happen? She couldn’t bare the thought of her daughters’ being taken from her and either being exiled again or killed for her crime. It would be due justice though, wouldn’t it? Wouldn’t it?

But in the same breath…they were Thorin’s daughters. His kin just as much as hers. She picked Freya, who had toddled over to her, up; settling her on her other knee.

“Your Da…isn’t here because of me.” She said softly, petting their heads. “Mama made a mistake
and she thought she was helping, but she wasn’t. And because of that Mama couldn’t stay with him. But he left me two treasures, and that was you two, and Mama could never thank him enough for that.” She continued softly. The girls listened to her intently as tears gathered and fell down her cheeks. Freya frowned and struggled to stand before patting her cheek.

“No sad.” Freya commanded, and kissed her cheek. Billa smiled and kissed her youngest daughter’s cheek before kissing Frigga’s cheek.

“I’m not sad, Darling. I promise.” She said, kissing both their cheeks as they giggled, and finally all three of them were a laughing pile of limbs in the living room. It was only later when she watched the two sleeping peacefully that she came up with her decision.

Once they were old enough…she would go to Erebor. If she was to be banished again, so be it. And if that were the case, she would go to Rivendell or back here in the Shire. But she wanted Thorin to know about them, and them to at least meet him. She sighed and kissed her darling little angels before exiting the room and shutting the door, leaving it open only a crack. She had no way of knowing that past the Misty Mountains in the Kingdom Under The Mountain, an event was occurring that was about to change everything.

“…and that is how the trolls became stone.”

The children giggled as Fíli finished the tale some clapping echoing from the group. Kara smiled gently, before clearing her throat.

“Now, what do we say?”

“Thank you, Prince Fíli.” All children thanked simultaneously and Fíli smiled as he stood up from his tree stump as the children began to disperse to their parents.

“So your burglar stalled for time by saying all you dwarrowmen had parasites? Brilliant.” Kara teased. “ Probably would have worked a bit better if you had caught on a bit earlier though.”

“In our defense, our burglar had stated right before that, that the best way we tasted was to skin us. We apologized after the whole thing when we realized that that had been another attempt to stall.” Kíli remarked as he walked up to his brother and the healer. However the conversation was cut off when two of Kara’s cousins walked by.

"Still, it is one of my favorite-

"-er stories are better.”

“Nu-uh. Prince Fíli’s are better.”

“Nu-uh!”

“Uh-huh!”

“Nu-uh!”

“Uh-huh!”

“Nu-”

“Odak, Norgal.” Kara remarked. “You will wind up giving your mother another headache if you argue all the way to her. What are you two arguing about anyways?”
“Which story was better, cousin.”

“Between Fíli and Kara? Fíli wins.” Kíli teased earning a slight glare from the healer. However the two boys shook their heads.

“No, we didn’t argue about that. Prince Fíli wins.”

“Gee thanks…love the support I’m getting from my own flesh and blood.” Kara grumbled while the brother’s looked at her humorously. However their expressions froze at the boys’ next statement.

“We’re talking about Missus Billa’s stories!” The younger boy exclaimed and Kara chuckled, oblivious to the two Prince’s faces slowly draining of color.

“Oh right. Her stories.”

“Kara…”

“I think Prince Fíli’s stories are more interesting.” Odak began to argue again. Norgal looked insulted.

“Nu-uh! Missus Billa’s stories were fun and jus’ as adventurous!” He remarked at his older brother. Kara opened her mouth to calm the two dwarflings, but only managed an undignified squawking sound as both of the crowned brother’s grabbed her by the forearms and dragged her from the two, leaving the boys utterly confused.

“Um, boys? Can I ask-”

“I’m gonna kill him!!”

“Kíli, he might not have known!”

“How could he have not known?!”

“Boys…um can we wait a second? I’m really confuse-”

“He banished her!! He had to have known!!”

“Kí-”

“YOUR HIGHERNESSES!!” Kara had to all but shout as she firmly planted her feet on the ground, stopping all of them. “Can you please inform me, WHY you two just dragged me away from my cousins, and are currently dragging me towards the council room?? I’m not allowed in there unless there’s an explicit reason to-”

“Who were your cousins talking about?”

“Who? Billa??” Kara asked, pushing her hair behind her ear, her brows furrowing as both boys nodded their heads frantically. She cocked her head to the side.

“She was a patient of mine.”

“When?!”

“Um…” She thought about it. “Maybe a week and a few days or so before we arrived to Erebor. I found her in a river when I was getting water. It was strange since we had never seen a hobbit this far before, but then again I had never been around this area so…” she trailed off, looking at the
brothers in confusion. “Why do you care for a patient of mine? If I remember correctly, after my last medical tale, you all asked me not to tell those stories.” She asked.

“Did she give you her last name? Anything at all??”

“Your Highnesses, what is the big worry? She was just a patient of mine.” She explained gently, as both brothers seemed beside themselves.

“If she was alive, why didn’t she come back?”

“You know exactly why she wouldn’t come back!!” Kíli snapped.

“FÍLI! KÍLI!!” Kara snapped again, startling the two again. “Tell me what is going on!!”

“I don’t really remember how to pronounce it correctly. “Ballins?…No Boggins?…Bi-”

“Baggins?” Kíli barely uttered the word at an audible sound, but Kara suddenly nodded.

“Yes…yes! That’s right. I remember now. Uncle Harrim thought it was funny on how her name bounced slightly, and…wait…how did you know that? You never met her.” Kara remarked suspiciously, but by then both brother’s faces had turned a sickly pale color. “What?”

“Our…our burglar was a she-hobbit…” Fíli finally managed to state through his aching throat. “We thought her dead after the Battle of the Five Armies. Are you sure…absolutely sure she called herself Billa Baggins?”

“Well yes. In fact she gave me a present. I told her it wasn’t necessary as it was just my duty as a healer to help those injured, but…” She searched around in her pocket before pulling out a small satchel. “I commented that this was a really pretty sewing set, especially the leather and she stated that I could have it.” Kara remarked, showing the small, worn leather case. On it was a sewn in background of the Shire. Both brothers felt that if they weren’t in the presence of a lady, and it would be rather un-dwarven like to collapse in front of her, their legs would have given out, for they both remembered that satchel. Remembered it very fondly.

“Honestly, who does your sewing? It looks like an army of drunk ants went across the seams.”

“I’ll have you know I worked on that spot for nearly an hour!” Kíli huffed as Billa pulled out the stitching around the left sleeve of his tunic, pulling out her own needle from the small satchel in her pocket and withdrawing some thread. Billa chuckled, rolling her eyes.

“Dwarves. Known for their craftsmanship in gold and weaponry…but apparently not so much in mending clothes.” She teased.

“When do you expect us to mend our clothes Mistress Baggins?” Glóin asked, looking at the she-hobbit in amusement. “When we’re battling?”

“If all thirteen of you want to enter the mountain in nothing but a loincloth, be my guest. Until then, I’m redoing these horrid stitching’s!”

The dwarves laughed, even Thorin’s mouth twitched upwards into amused smile as they sat there, listening to her jokingly scold all of them into the night.

“Wait…so my Billa Baggins, is your Burglar?” Kara clarified. When both boys nodded she swallowed. “O…oh…that would explain the reaction then…” She commented.
“Why didn’t she return to Erebor with you?” Kíli asked and Kara shrugged.

“Tharkûn came along and asked if we had seen a she-hobbit.” She explained. “When we showed her to him, I think he was beside himself with relief. He then said he was going to take her home. I argued with him but he was rather insistent.” Kara explained with a shrug. “And my grandmother told me it probably was not the greatest idea to argue with a wizard.”

“Is there anything else…anything you remember about her?”

“Well the stories she told the children were similar to yours. Oh, she also called her blade Sting. Does that help?” She asked and the look on both of their faces confirmed it. They grabbed her wrists again.

“We need to talk with our uncle.”

“I’m not allowed in there!” She exclaimed nervously.

“The Council will not harm you. I will not let them.” Fíli promised. She swallowed, glancing at him and felt a sense of calm wash over her. Slowly she nodded and the trio advanced.

“Wait…”

“What??”

“Can I ask you two something…albeit personal?”

“What?”

“…Alright, this is going to sound strange, and if it makes you uncomfortable, feel free to ignore it…but…was she ah…intimate…with anyone of your Company?” She asked, almost timidly. Fíli and Kíli looked at one another, as though debating on telling her.

“…My Uncle had been courting her, before everything went wrong.” Kíli remarked, expecting her maybe to be relieved, as he was under the assumption she was thinking that maybe Billa and Fíli had been together. To their surprise she seemed to pale a bit. But before they could ask, she just shook her head.

“I’ll tell you in a moment.” She muttered softly. Both nodded and Kíli was the one to open the door and Fíli, still holding Kara’s hand entered, followed swiftly by his younger brother. The council, Balin, Dwalin, and Thorin all looked up in surprise at the interruption.

“What is this? We’re in a meeting!” One of the council members, Bazo exclaimed angrily.

“We need to talk to our Uncle.” Kíli remarked angrily.

“Can this not wait? Besides the fact, why did you bring a healer along with you? She is not one of the head Healers.”

“No this can’t wait, and she is a part of this story.” Fíli remarked just as angrily and Kara blushed, pushing a strand of her hair back.

“Well, what is it?” One of the other council members asked. Kíli glared at his uncle, the man he had regarded to be almost like a father figure.

“Did you know?”
“Know what?” Thorin asked, genuinely confused.

“Kee…” Fíli hissed. Kíli looked at his older brother, before looking away.

“Fíli? What is it?” Thorin asked. His eldest nephew was silent for a moment as though preparing himself.

“…Billa Baggins…is alive.” He finally uttered and a deathly silence filled the room. Thorin, Dwalin, and Balin stared at the two brothers as though they were ghosts, but Kara could see extreme pain slide across the King’s face before being masked again.

“The Burglar?” One of the other council members, Dwdak, asked. Fíli nodded.

“And wha’ proof do ye two ‘ave?” Another council member, Harrack asked in a deep cockney, just as the door flew open and the enraged Mordrid rushed in bringing a sliver of fear to the two princes.

“You boys have no shame, taking a young woman like that!” She snapped. “Why did my grandson’s coming running to me all upset over-”

“Grandmother, it’s alright!” Kara exclaimed, walking in front of the brothers to protect them.

“They…well they know Billa.”

“The Hobbit girl?”

“Yes, grandmother. She was their Burglar.” Kara hissed in exasperation.

“Lass, that’s not possible…Mistress Baggin’s died in battle.”

“No, she didn’t.” Kara exclaimed, trying to be polite as possible. All the Council glared at her and would have chastised her, had it not been for a look from their king.

“Dwalin…get the rest of the Company.”

Dwalin only offered a nod and walked out.

“This meeting is adjourned. Leave now.” Thorin instructed towards the council.

“I think we ought to be here.” Bazo remarked, eyeing Kara angrily.

“That was not a suggestion.” Thorin continued and the Council looked at him upset, but another glare from Thorin, they did as they were ordered. It took only a few minutes before Dwalin returned, and several more for the 10 other dwarves entered, followed swiftly by Thorin’s sister and Fíli and Kíli’s mother, Dis and Tauriel. Bofur hurried in first.

“Is it true?” He asked Thorin. Thorin’s gaze flicked back to Kara who blushed and looked down at her feet. Mordrid glanced at her granddaughter.

“I do not mind telling the story, Child.”

“No…she was my patient even if it was two years ago. It’s my story to tell.” Kara replied.

“So…she is alive?” Bofur asked again, clearly hoping that what Dwalin had said wasn’t a cruel joke. Kara hesitated, before pulling out the sewing kit that Billa had given to her and placed it on the table in front of her. She didn’t look at the others, and was blessed with not seeing the look of pain that echoed on all them. She sighed.
“Before my kin arrived here, we had stopped a little ways from the mountain near one of the rivers to restock and rest. As was the normal, I was tasked with getting water. I brought a few of my older cousin’s with me so they could help me with the jugs and a few of the younger ones to just keep an eye on them. While we were there, a few of the younger ones that were collecting some chunks of ice…came across Billa.” She explained. “From the looks of it, we just assumed that she had been ambushed by bandits and thrown into the river and drowned. But when we got closer, we must have startled her because she swung her blade up, and missed Ano, one my younger cousins, by mere inches. “ She remarked, remembering how petrified they had all been at Billa’s expression. Clearly a fever had already started to spread through her body.

“It took us a little while, but after Bolrim offered her his coat, she began to trust us, I guess she didn’t have any energy left and well she just passed out. I carried her back while my cousins carried the jugs up. It took Grandmother and me a few hours to heal all the wounds, a lot of them had infections, but we managed to get the infections and fever down.” Kara remarked and she could see many of the dwarves shoulders droop in relief.

“May I ask why you are telling us this now?” Balin managed to voice.

“Uh well…”

“That’s my fault, to be honest.” Fíli jumped in and Kara blinked in surprise. “Whenever I told the stories of Billa, I always referred to her as The Burglar. I only found out today because two of Kara’s cousins were arguing whose stories were better; hers or mine.” He explained.

“Now comes the question, why didn’t she come back here.”

“Well…after a week or so—”

“You stayed in location for a week?”

“We didn’t know if she had a family there and had just wandered off. We’ve never been down that path before, so we didn’t know. My Uncle went exploring to see if there were any other Hobbits in a nearby area without any luck. We were about to take her to Erebor when Tharkûn came along and asked if we had seen a she-hobbit.” She explained. “When we showed her to him, he seemed visibly relieved. I guess he thought what you all thought; that she had been dead. He then said he was going to take her home. I argued with him but he was rather insistent.” Kara explained with a shrug.

“So, she’s back in the Shire?” Thorin asked, and a sound of relief echoed in his voice and Kara nodded, biting her lip. However, before she could speak again, Kíli jumped in.

“You knew, didn’t you?!” Kíli snapped. "You sent her back there!!"

“Of course I didn’t know, Kíli!!” Thorin snapped angrily. “Don’t you dare imply that I knew that she was still alive!!”

“Um…” Kara tried to say, but was quickly drowned out by a cacophony of other voices, some siding with Kíli, while others sided with Thorin.

"You banished her before the battle!! How could you not have known?!!"

“Kíli!!” Thorin snapped, standing up. Suddenly a loud crashing sound startled all thirteen men and they turned to see Mordrid had knocked over a dining set.

“Men! See my Child? This is why I tell your Uncle when I die, his wife will be the head of our clan. All men do is bicker and bicker, when it should be fairly obvious that Kara’s story is not yet
finished!” She snapped angrily and Kara blushed as ever pair of eyes snapped to where she stood. Dís and Tauriel nearly laughed at Mordrid’s scolding, but the solemn look on Kara and Mordrid’s face quieted the room. She cleared her throat.

“T…there was a particular reason that Gandalf was insistent on getting her back home as soon as possible.”

“Aye? And what was that?” Glóin asked. Kara opened her mouth and closed it, wringing her hands. She took a deep breath and then looked directly at Thorin.

“When Billa Baggins was found by my cousin’s and I…she was pregnant.”

Chapter End Notes

CLIFFHANGER!!

Anyhoo, I told you guys you wouldn't have to wait too long for when Thorin would find out >D I also know for a fact daughters can be nearly exact copies of their father, simply because my sister is nearly identical in personality, and expressions.

Also about Billa. I think she'd definitely have some PTSD moments when it comes to her daughters as what happened in Erebor nearly cost her their lives, and she feels responsible for losing the man (dwarf) she loved, so she is highly protective over them.

Also, for those of you who don't know, dwarves gave Gandalf the name Tharkûn, which is why Kara calls him that. Also, the reason why the Lower Council doesn't like Kara as she was not born in Erebor and was instead raised with a very gypsy like manner and they do not approve of how she acts around Fíli and Kíli, and the reason why they do not want her in the council chambers is simply because she is not a head healer, and therefore seen as someone who is meant to take orders, not give advice (which as you can see, clearly doesn't work with that family) Hope you like it!
“The poor lass.” Mordrid commented as another blanket was placed over the small bruised form that was lying in Kara’s wagon. “She must have been attacked by orcs. I heard some of the men in the village we passed through a little while ago the attacks had been occurring more often. It was pure chance that we found her.”

“I agree.” Kara remarked looking at the flushed face of the small hobbit, a cool compress placed on her forehead. Gently she placed some ointment on the scar on her forehead, running down to her cheek. It was red and inflamed, but was healthy now, and the expression on her face thankfully lessened in pain. She dabbed the sweat away.

“I will get some herbs for the poor thing to lessen the fever.” Mordrid added, which Kara only offered a slight sound recognition. She pulled out a crystal, clear as glass and held it over the hobbit. She closed her eyes and the crystal began to light up, the reflected light gliding down the feverish girl’s form. But as Kara crossed the midsection, she paused. Her brows furrowed and she looked at the crystal again, then at the midsection.

“Oh…Mahal. Grandmother, stop looking at the herbs for a second!” She called out and her grandmother hobbled back, pressing a hand where the crystal still hung above. She was silent and then her face lit up.

“My! What a strong babe this will be!!” Mordrid exclaimed and stood up going to the entrance of the wagon and opening the door. She spotted her youngest son walking by with wood in his arms.

“Harrim, I need you to go to my medical cabinets.”

“Of course, Amad. For the Halfling?”

“Yes, my son. Now, I need you to get certain ones…”

“Coltsfoot? Borage? Scott Broom?”

“Goodness, no!!” His mother replied and he blinked. “What I need is red raspberry and nettle leaves, oh, and can you get me some ginger, and some chamomile?”

“… Aren’t those ones you use whenever there is a pregnancy?”

“Yes, Harrim.”

“Then why…” He trailed off and then looked at the open door and at the small figure hidden under layers of blankets. “By the gods…I’ll be right back!” He exclaimed, dropping the wood and hurrying to where his mother’s wagon was. Mordrid chuckled and looked at Kara.

“That Uncle of yours…he never was one to be calm during a declaration of pregnancy.”

She may as well have stated she had spotted Azog alive and well. Because the dropped jaws that the entire company were giving her was pretty startling. She had never even seen the ashen color that Thorin’s face was portraying.
“W…what?” Kíli finally managed, the first out of the group. Kara cleared her throat, clearly uncomfortable with the stares she was getting.

“She was with child.” She offered again changing the wording, but it seemed to do little in relieving…any…of them.

“Oh the poor lass! Was she…Did they…?” Dori tried to ask and all the men seemed to tense and for a moment, Kara stared at him in confusion before she realized what he was implying and frantically shook her head.

“No!! Nononononono. There was no evidence to suggest that she was hurt like that. The worst of the injuries was a concussion, that’s it.” She added hurriedly and there was some release of panic, but then Kíli turned to Thorin, who was just staring at Kara, as though she grown a second head.

“How could you?!” Kíli snapped angrily, causing Kara to jump. The others did not, but they looked surprised.

“You banished her! But before that you did that to her?!” He snapped angrily and Kara looked a bit panicked.

“I don’t think she was aware of being pregnant before she got to us…” She offered weakly and Mordrid snorted.

“I doubt she knew at all.” Mordrid commented, looking at the King. “Considering how much we panicked her when we informed her.”

“Well of course she panicked!!” Kíli snapped before shrinking a bit under Mordrid’s gaze.

“The girl calmed down after we assured her that the baby’s heartbeat was strong and very much alive.”

“Gandalf didn’t…” Kara remarked dryly and Mordrid smiled.

“Aye. Tharkûn said some rather strong words towards the father that I like to not repeat.” Mordrid commented, looking at Thorin.

"Really?” Gloin rumbled. “I’m surprised he didn’t drag her back.”

“I don’t think he thought she should.” Kara remarked weakly. “She would have stayed with my kin if that had been the case.”

“And I wonder why he didn’t??” Kíli bit out and Thorin turned to glare at his youngest nephew, but didn’t seem to argue. Dís noticed this and then looked at Dwalin.

“I need to speak to my Brother. Privately.”

“Amad.”

“Now, Kíli.” His mother commanded and the youngest of her two boys hesitated then nodded. The group filed out as Dís looked at Thorin.

“The babe…Thorin…Maker’s above, your courted a Halfling?”

“Hobbit.” He quickly corrected, internally flinching at how protective his voice sounded. Dís, however only smiled.
“That would explain your extra moodiness.”

“I’m always moody. Just ask Kíli.”

“I don’t need to ask him to know that.” Dís replied with a smile. “But I can also see, Nadad…that this woman snatched your heart on this journey. And now you find out that the same woman was found, alive and pregnant, only a week after the battle, and you don’t want to go to her?”

“She probably doesn’t want anything to do with me.” He replied softly. “That’s why she didn’t…”

“The last time you saw her…truly saw her…you were sick in the mind. She probably has no way of knowing her banishment was lifted.”

“Gandalf wouldn’t tell her?” Thorin snapped, rubbing his forehead roughly.

“He’s trying to protect her and her child. Besides he hasn’t physically visited us here since you last saw him.” Dís remarked.

“The Wizard is smart in these things.”

“But he doesn’t know everything. If he did, he likely wouldn’t have taken you because of what was going to happen, and he wouldn’t have chosen this…Billa…if he knew what was going to happen between you and her.”

Thorin groaned, slouching in his chair. Dís smiled softly and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"You need to find her…and the babe. Go to them." Dís remarked softly. “I already can tell that the rest of the company is going to go, with or without you.”

“The Council will not be happy.”

“Then we will not tell them that that is where you are going. At least not at first.” Dís replied with a teasing grin that reminded Thorin of his younger brother Frerin. He rubbed his temple wearily.

“And you would suggest…”

“Tell them that there is a pressing matter in Ered Luin that needs you there.” She replied with a shrug. “Dáin and I will handle things here.”

“We’re telling him?”

“Out of all the Lords who reside here, I trust him the most. Besides, you know how much he despises half of the council. He would do this just to irk them and enjoy it, and you know that.”

Despite the situation, Thorin smiled.

“True.”

“Also, you better bring those two back with you. I don’t want to not know my nephew or niece and not get to meet the woman who managed to squeeze her way into that heart of yours.

"It's....it's likely a nephew. You know that."

Thorin fought to keep his face neutral. For multiple reasons. One was the thought that somewhere in the Shire a child, his child, was residing there blissfully unaware of its’ paternal lineage. Two, the idea that Billa would likely be appalled by that notion of coming back here. Had she even told the
child about him? She had every reason not to.

"What if he…she…" he said softly, annoyed at how close his voice was to shaking and Dís looked at him gently.

“The child is only two. There cannot be that much hate.”

“The child, no. The mother…”

“You will have to see for yourself.” She stated. “Now, let’s find Dáin, and then inform the Council of your plans. I guarantee that Kíli, Fíli, and the others are already packing.”

“You don’t have to come, Kara.”

“I don’t, but I want to. It was my fault for not enforcing to Gandalf that she come along with us to Erebor.” Kara remarked hotly at Fíli packed his bag. “Tauriel is going to, you know.”

“Yes, but she can fight.”

“You are going to go find a woman who had a child, and likely, Aulë willing, bring her and the babe back, what are you expecting, the two year old can throw daggers?” She asked vehemently. Fíli glanced at her.

“Look, I’m not going along for sight seeing.” She remarked. “I can help Oín if I must, but I am able to fight.”

“And your weapon of choice?”

“A pernach. My father had one made for whenever he was to have a son.”

“Since when did you have a brother?”

“I never did. My mother died shortly after my birth. My father a few years after.” She responded, crossing her arms. Fíli blinked and looked at her. “Look, the fact remains I want to be able to help you and the others.”

“…Ask my uncle.” He finally replied and she beamed happily, causing his heart to stutter. She hurried away and Fíli heard chuckling.

“What is it Kee?”

“Just friends, eh?”

“Keep quiet.” Fíli grumbled.

“You like her…I had a harder time than that getting you to let me convince Uncle to let me join on the quest.”

“That was different.”

“No it wasn’t. You like her. A lot.” Kíli remarked noting his brother’s red face. “Better not let her go. She’s a cute dwarf, and once she gets comfortable here, she’ll likely have others trying to court her.”

Fíli was quiet. “Kee?”
“Hm?”

“Try not to be too hard on Uncle. He didn’t know just like the rest of us.”

“If he hadn’t banished her in the first place, she wouldn’t have felt the need to go back to the Shire.” Kíli replied coldly.

“You know he wasn’t himself when that happened.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Kee…”

“I’m going to go finish packing.” Kíli interrupted. “I just came here to grab this.” He remarked, snagging a knapsack. “I’ll see you later.”

Fíli sighed watching his younger brother leave.

“Protective isn’t he?”

He spun around in surprise, and Kara stood there.

“How are you so quiet?”

“I spent my entire life on creaky wagons. The only way to escape with some privacy was to be quiet in them.” She replied with a smile, before motioning to the other side of the hall.

“Did Thorin already answer?”

“Mhm. I ran into them when I left the halls, I guess your mother and him were going to the council when I asked. I’ll have to pull my own weight, but he said I could go. I think he’s more relieved and anxious about Billa to worry about me…”

“Probably.”

“Kíli…he’s protective of her, isn’t he? Billa.”

“We all were. I mean in hobbit age, being 50 isn’t all that young…”

“But for us, it is. She’s not even an adult by our standards.” Kara remarked softly and then laughed. “Your uncle is quite the cradle-robber.”

“I suppose he is.” Fíli chuckled, before sobering up. “But for Kíli it was a bit more than just the age. He didn’t like her like that, but for all of his life, he’s been the baby in my family, and was slightly coddled because of that, much to his displeasure. And even with Ori in the company, he still felt like the baby. Then when Billa came along, he was the older one. And he protected her like she was actually our baby sister. Once it became clear my uncle was interested in her, Kíli was…cautiously optimistic.”

“But for us, it is. She’s not even an adult by our standards.” Kara remarked softly and then laughed. “Your uncle is quite the cradle-robber.”

“I suppose he is.” Fíli chuckled, before sobering up. “But for Kíli it was a bit more than just the age. He didn’t like her like that, but for all of his life, he’s been the baby in my family, and was slightly coddled because of that, much to his displeasure. And even with Ori in the company, he still felt like the baby. Then when Billa came along, he was the older one. And he protected her like she was actually our baby sister. Once it became clear my uncle was interested in her, Kíli was…cautiously optimistic.”

“Big brother’s usually are when they trust the man who would steal their little sister’s heart. My grandmother’s words, not mine.” Kara remarked.

“But then the whole thing at the wall with the dragon sickness happened and when we found out that Billa was supposedly dead, it hurt him a lot…and it’s probably a good thing Amad didn’t come to Erebor until a month later, because she would have skinned Kíli alive for the words he said to Thorin.” Fíli continued with a shrug.
“That’s why you never used Billa’s names in your stories, or why none of you talked about her outside those stories.” Kara figured. “Because it would just hurt Kíli more and the pain was still a sore spot for all of you.”

“Mhm. Still feel like a rotten brother though, I’ve been so busy, I’ve let Tauriel work with him on the grief.” Fíli remarked. Kara blinked then smiled.

“Prince Fíli, you’ll have to heed my words... No matter what people say, or what you think, you are an excellent big brother.” She stated with a smile, and then curtsied before hurrying away.

Fíli watched in astonishment, failing to notice the shadowed figure around the other corner that disappeared down the hall, a frown on its face.

It seemed that something would need to be done to that blasted Hobbit.

“I hope you do not forget.”

“I’ve gotten everything. I’ll be fine.” Kara said, looking at her pack. Mordrid placed a necklace, the family heirloom, onto the top. "Grandmother, I'm trying to pack light."

“A necklace will not hurt. And you never know when you'll need it. And that is not what I meant, and you know it.” Mordrid replied. “I think there is a reason that Billa was delivered to us, a reason that it was you who explained what happened to her, and why the King allowed you to join this outing.”

“Grandmother…it’s all just a coincidence.” Kara remarked softly.

“I believe otherwise. You are meant for great healing. Even if you do not believe it.”

“…Whatever you say.” Kara remarked softly, but barely believed it. She shook her head and gave her grandmother a brief smile.

“I guess I have to get completely ready though…no telling when we are going to go.”

“If King Thorin forces it… I doubt it will be long.” Mordrid remarked and Kara laughed, having to agree with her.

For who would deny the king?

It had been an interesting trip to the Shire. After listening to the screams of the century from the Council, they had headed off. Thankfully it was not as dangerous as the apparent trip to Erebor had been (as many of them had pointed out) and not as long (for the same reasons that the original trip to had been more dangerous), though now the issue was, it appeared, the King as well as the other dwarves couldn’t find this Bag End that Billa apparently lived in.

“You know we could ask for directions.” Kara offered and the men all grumbled their objections.

“We’ve been there before.”

“It was only one time, I fail to see how…”

“Are you sure, you’re alright?” She asked again. “You’ve been under the weather for a few weeks.”

“I’m fine. It’s likely just a cold.”

“…elves get colds?” Kara asked and Tauriel laughed.

“Yes, we get colds. Just normally better at hiding them.” Tauriel replied with a smile as Kara blushed.

“Ya’ll lost?”

Nearly everyone jumped and Kara and Tauriel looked down to see a man standing there, glancing at the party rather curiously. When Kara saw his attire, it was no doubt that he was a hobbit.

A hobbit man with messy blond curls streaked with silver, was leaning against a walking stick and was looking at them closely with narrowed green eyes. It appeared that he had exited the woods nearby, and if she was looking inside the basket and guessed correctly, had collected mushrooms.

“Are you all looking for something?”

“Um yes.” Kara responded ignoring the glare she got from Fíli. "More preferably someone."

“Oh? A friend?"

“I...yes...” Kara remarked. Hopefully that was still true. "Her last name is Baggins.”

“Lass, there are no Baggin’s close to here. They’re in Hobbiton.”

 “…Isn’t this Hobbiton?” Kara asked innocently.

“No, this is Tuckborough, Hobbiton is that away.”

“Of course it is…” Kara grumbled, glaring at the dwarrowmen. "Well thank you. We'll be on our way."

“Which Baggins are you looking to meet with, if you don’t mind my asking? If it's Rosa Baggin's she's in Greenhill Country.” The man remarked.

“Billa Baggins.”

“Oh that lass. Billanna Baggins? Belladonna Took’s lass?”

“Yes.” Thorin responded shortly, the first thing he said in this conversation, though it clearly looked like he wanted to just turn around and head in the direction that was given to them.

“I remember now, she went and got herself involved in some so-called dwarrow folk adventure a year or so, right?”

“Er...yes…” Kara responded, glancing at the group and noting that they had visibly tensed and it was clear that the unintended insult had offended them. “She’s still living at Hobbiton, isn’t she?”

“I believe so. Can’t say much though, having never met her and all. She doesn’t go out very far nowadays since she returned to Bag End and stumbled upon an auction taking place at her hole. Guess she thinks they’ll try it again when she’s not looking.”

“An...auction? Why was that?” Bofur asked.
“Ah, since she was gone for an awfully long time, to wherever it was you lot took her to, we all presumed she was dead. The Sackville-Baggins were the biggest pushers for that and claimed that they had ownership over Bag End and were selling her items off when she came back.”

That made the dwarrowmen frown. They remembered her stories she would tell them of her home and how she expressed that it had was her father’s wedding present to her mother. The idea that her own family had just begun selling off everything in her home didn’t sit well with them.

“Didn’t sit well with her apparently and she was waving a sword around and yelling at them. Her companion smoothed things out…Gandalf, I think, or something strange like that.”

“But she is back there right?”

“Yes. Why do you want to see her?”

“Um…just a visit.”

“Should have known. They don't call her Mad Baggins for nothing. The lass is a strange one.”

Oh boy.

Kara glanced at the group and it seemed the aura had thickened and was palpable. Some of the men seemed to want to draw their weapons, which probably wasn’t a good idea.

"Er...nice to meet you then?” Kara remarked

“Pleasure.” The man regarded. Kara turned her pony around, as did Tauriel. The dwarrowmen did so as well, though they were all glaring at the hobbit as they passed him. It was a little ways away before any of them spoke.

“‘So-called dwarrow folk adventure’. 'Mad Baggin's...’” Kíli quoted angrily. “Oh we were just reclaiming our homeland and kingdom from a fire-breathing dragon, and involved in a battle against orcs, nothing important or anything. And it's not like she wasn't involved in it or anything.” He grumbled.

“To them it probably wasn’t as big of a thing. I doubt they’ve even hear things past the Misty Mountain.”

“Still, it just irks me. Billa came back after essentially helping us reclaim our homeland, nearly dying to try, and she comes home to people selling off her property.” Kíli continued. “It isn’t right.”

“Aye. If we had been there, I doubt the Hobbits would have been laughing.” Glóin remarked. All of them nodded.

“At least we’re going the right way now.” Kara commented. “And back to a different topic. Are you lot still betting on whether the child is a boy or a girl?” She asked, trying to change the topic to a lighter mood. It did the trick, though Thorin was still quiet.

“Of course, Lass. Though we all know the babe is a boy.”

“And why, pray tell, is that?” Tauriel asked her husband as he sped his pony up to her. Dwalin laughed.

“The babe has Durin blood in ‘im. The first born is always a lad.”

Kara rolled her eyes, though it was in all likelihood that was true. Males were the higher percentage
of births in their race. Considering that she was only one of two daughters born in her family, it wasn’t all too unlikely that Thorin had a son. Still…

“Well I bet the babe is a lass. And if the babe is a female, and I hear any complaints, I will make you all bear witness to what happened to last man I had to stitch up when I was still traveling. I can detach just as well as I can attach.” She called out and to her pleasure, Kíli paled and seemed to try and hide behind Tauriel.

“Why? What happened?”

“Oh, you see we were passing by this village and the man apparently wasn’t paying attention to where he was cutting, missed the log with his ax and wedged it in his-”

“Please don’t explain it again.” Kíli whined. “I don’t think my stomach can handle it.”

Kara laughed, before they all hurried to keep up with Thorin, who had sped his pony up to a trot.

They were almost there.

Billa smiled as she glanced at her daughters helping her make some scones. Frigga was happily placing blueberries into small piles, while Freya, the one who no matter what she did caused a mess, was pounding on the dough Billa had made earlier, getting flour all over her skirt. Billa sighed, shaking her head in wonder. How was it a little girl could get so messy, she would never know. She looked up when she heard a knock on her door. Her brows furrowed. Now who would that be at this time?

She sighed. It was probably Lobelia trying again to get her to marry one of her cousins or brother’s or whatever horrible Hobbit-men that Lobelia knew. It had been going on since the birthday party, but now it seemed every day she was trying to push another he-hobbit into her life.

One would think after Frigga and Freya had dripped honey onto one man’s feet and then moments later Billa had (accidentally, of course) set loose some very angry bees after him, that they would realize she wasn’t going to marry any of them.

Sighing, she wondered if she should ignore it, but that would be bad manners and what would that teach the girls?

“One minute!” She called out and closed the oven door. She looked at both girls.

“Stay.” She ordered and both girls nodded before going back to what they had been doing previously. She hurried to the door, growing more and more annoyed with each step.

“Lobelia, for the last time, I am not marrying anyone! Especially someone you choose! I don’t care if he is the nicest hobbit you know, and there can’t be that many, I will not mar-” She began to rant as she opened the door.

And her eyes latched onto sapphire blue. The same sapphire blue that her daughter’s shared with him. Her throat constricted as she stared at the man she hadn’t seen in two years; nearly three, taking a step back. It was then she noticed that behind Thorin every single member of the company stood in her doorway, their eyes lighting up at the sight of her. Oh dear, oh no…oh no, oh no.

“Billanna…” Thorin greeted softly. Billa swallowed and lifted up her finger as though it was a Eureka moment, and opened her mouth.
“Nope.”

And with that her body tilted backwards and she fell to the ground with a loud thump in a dead faint.

The group stared at her, until Nori sighed.

“How is it we always manage to get her to faint? This is the second time.”

“Maybe all us crowding the door wasn’t the brightest idea.” Fíli commented as they all made their way into the parlor, surrounding her. Kara was the first to bend down and check on her.

“Seems like she just fainted. I was a bit worried with how hard she fell, but she’ll be fine in a-”

“Mama?”

Every head turned towards the sound. And everyone stared, everyone's jaws dropping at the sight. Stared at the two tiny forms that were staring right back at them, one covered in flour, the other with blueberry stains.

Stared at the two little girls who had their mother's nose, and had delicate feminine features, but looked every bit like their father.

Chapter End Notes

For any of you curious, here is what Kara looks like (I draw as well XD)
http://archiveofourown.org/works/3240566

Anyhoo, it's getting there folks and it seems there is going to be some drama. Now I know you all are wanting you Billa/Thorin and Thorin and the girls moments. Relax that is coming up in the next chapter. I just thought this was a perfect way to end this chapter!! The Company is going to owe Kara some money!! I did like the idea of Lobelia trying to marry off someone from her family (Sackville) and I read it in a few different fictions so I decided why not.

Thinking about it, Freya and Frigga wouldn't need chastity belts...they have 13 dwarves that if a boy so much even looks at them the wrong way, would likely kill the sorry kid. And also, Kara and Mordrid didn't know there were twins. They just sensed life and an exceptionally strong heartbeat, they had no realizing that they were hearing two heartbeats.
The girls had been doing exactly what their mother ordered them to, Frigga still counting blueberries and Freya still kneading the dough. But then there was a thump, a very loud thump. Like the sound a sack of potatoes being dropped onto the floor. Both girls looked up.

“Sissy…” Frigga stated nervously. Even being the oldest, being blind had made her quite shy when it came to matters such as these, and Freya had gained all the courage. Freya frowned and after a few moments of trying to get out of her chair, managed to and then helped Frigga out of hers. Even though their mother had said to stay, curiosity had peaked the youngest interests. They could hear voices, which sounded strange. It wasn’t Hamfast’s voice or even Gandalf, and it didn’t sound like anyone from Hobbiton.

“Mama?” Freya called out as they rounded the corner to the parlor, and both girls stopped, though it was more because of what Freya saw and not what Frigga sensed.

Men stood in the parlor. Taller than their mother, hairier too, except for one, who, if her mother’s descriptions in her stories were true, was an elf. Freya stared at them in mute shock, which they mirrored…until she saw her mother’s crumpled form on the ground near their feet, her head resting on the lap of one.

Then Freya screamed.

It was almost humorous. The dwarves were close to having a heart attack as they stared at the little girls. Girls. Plural. Makers above, Thorin had two little daughters. Both were looking at the group, though one didn’t seem to really even notice them, as she slightly tugged on the other’s hand, her brow furrowed in confusion.

Then the one with the shorter hair, her skirt covered in a fine coating of flour, opened her mouth and let out a scream, causing them all to jump, before dashing back down the hall, leaving the other confused, looking in the direction of where the other girl had raced down.

“Sissy?”

The scream, which had begun to fade, returned as the little girl kept on screaming while she ran back, grabbed the other’s hand, and dragged the confused girl back down the hall.

Bifur attempted voiced something, but faltered, and none of them seemed to notice.

“…You never said twins.” Dwalin managed.

“I didn’t know there were two!!” Kara snapped at Dwalin. “Ms. Baggins hadn’t been pregnant that long for my grandmother and I to spot that there were two when she was in our care. Though, thinking about it now, that would explain the strong heart beat.” Kara remarked.

“The one lass…she didn’t even seem to notice us.” Ori finally managed.

“I noticed it too.” Tauriel remarked. “I’ve only seen eyes like that once, and that was an elf who was blinded by an attack. She couldn’t see, so she would just stare until someone spoke to her and gave
her a location to lock on to."

At first it didn’t appear to make sense to the dwarves, but Kara noticed Thorin pale several moments after in the realization that one of his daughter’s was likely blind.

“We have to find them. They’re only two…no telling how much trouble they could get into or how hurt they could get.” Bofur stated quickly and the fact collided with all of them, and they all stood.

“I’ll take Billa to her room.” Dori offered. “We can’t just leave her right here.”

The others nodded, but were already separating into small groups; before Dori had even picked her up the others had hurried down the halls.

If there had been any doubt of those children possibly being his in his mind, there wasn’t now. Those two were of the Durin blood, his blood. For a few brief moments, rage sparked in him as he and Dwalin roamed around the bedrooms. Why didn't she tell him? Send him a letter? Anything? Did she really think that he wouldn't care for his own flesh and blood?

"You nearly threw her over the wall..." A voice sneered in the back of his head. "Why would she think you would care?"

Thorin paused in his search, staring at the wall. Tiny painted hand prints had been pressed into the wall, rising up slightly. It took him a few minutes to realize this had probably been Billa, documenting the two little girl's growth. His heart twisted. It had been two years, what had he missed because of it? Their first words, their first steps...

And that one girl...the one with long hair. Was she blind? Was it because of him?

He barely remembered everything he had done during the Dragon Sickness, what he had done to Billa. She had been pregnant then, had he harmed her during that time that caused one of his daughters to lose their sight? The thought sickened him, twisted his stomachs into knots. He would never be able to apologize for that. He shook his head.

He needed to find them, before any more harm could be given to them because of something he had done.

“Sissy…”

“Sssshhh!!” Freya hissed out from the closet, holding her mother’s umbrella tightly, or as tightly as she could. It was heavy. There were dense footsteps that entered the room they were in, and the pair stiffened as shuffling was heard and then the closet door opened. Freya let out a shriek and swung the umbrella. Whatever she hit hurt, because the intruder yelped and began hopping on one foot. Taking the chance, Freya snatched Frigga’s hand again dragged her older sister out of the closet and the pair raced around the figure and back into the hall. Freya let out another yelp when she saw the others coming out of respective rooms and she darted towards the kitchen. The footsteps were drawing nearer and Freya shoved Frigga into a smaller corner area of boxes and shelves, squeezing in just in time before they got her.

She backed up as far as she could, glaring at the feet that were in front of their hiding spot.

“Go ‘way!”

“Don’t let her hit you with that umbrella, it damn well hurts!!”
“Language, Nori!”

“It’s true!”

“They’re terrified, and allowed to be.” A voice shot out. Then a pair of boots stood in front of the spot again, only this time the person bent down, revealing it to be a woman with very long sideburns. Freya backed farther into the spot.

“Hello.”

“Mama.”

“I know, I know.” The woman said softly, soothingly. “Your mother is fine.” The voice said gently, but Freya didn’t move. “We just surprised her.” She added, chuckling. “And we didn’t mean to frighten you.”

“No scawed.”

“I see.” She replied with a grin, that didn’t show any malice. There was silence for several minutes as the woman watched them, before Freya and Frigga’s stomachs betrayed them and groaned.

“Hungry?”

“No…” Freya protested weakly, which her stomach adamantly denied, growling louder. The woman stood and disappeared for a few moments, and Freya could hear that she was talking to the others with low voices. Then she heard the lid of the cookie jar being removed. Curious, she chanced poking her head out slightly, but squeaked and shrank back into the hole when she spotted a rather scary looking man, this one having tattoos on the top of his head, a long scraggly beard, his arms crossed in a look of annoyance. However a few moments later, a hand holding two cookies entered their hiding spot. Freya hesitated, before snatching both and handing one to her sister. The air seemed to calm a bit with the peace offering as both girls nibbled on their treats. Freya looked at the woman curiously.

“Who aw you?” Freya asked quietly.

“We’re friends of your mother’s.”

“Nu-uh.”

“Mhm…did your mother ever tell you about her adventures?”

“Stowies.” Freya suggested and the woman nodded.

“That’s how she knows us.”

“Mama onwy giwl in stowies.”

That apparently got a chuckle out of everyone in the room and Freya heard someone comment on the cheek she apparently had, which didn’t make sense as she had two cheeks, like everyone else.

“I met your Amad after most of her stories happened, to tell you the truth.”

“A…mad?”

The woman smiled. “That means mother in our language. See we’re all dwarves.”
“…weally?” The tiny girl asked and the other woman nodded then smiled.

“In fact, see all of the other dwarves?” She stated and Freya peered just a bit more and her eyes flicked to every single one of the others. She nodded looking at the woman. “They are all of the dwarves in your Amad’s stories.”

“…weally?” Freya asked again lightly, cocking her head to the side.

“Mhm. Can you tell me their names?” The girl asked playfully.

“Kara, what are you…” A blonde one began to ask.

“Fíli.” Freya answered rather quickly pointing to him, startling him.

“Very good!!” This dwarf Kara remarked. “Know anyone else?”

Freya scanned the others, trying to remember her mother’s stories and the descriptions of the dwarves, plopping down to get more comfortable. She landed on one of the younger looking ones, next to the elf. Hadn’t mama said that one of them had fallen in love with an elf? Which one, which one? She furrowed her brow.

“Kíli?” She suggested and he grinned, which gave her a clue that she had guessed right.

“Nicely done.” Kara said softly. And so it continued for a little while, Freya guessing the names to match the faces. She did remarkably well all things considered, though she did have a few issues with Ori, Nori, and Dori as well as Bifur and Bofur, but considering the close proximity to one another’s names, they didn’t dwell on it.

Then another figure appeared next to Kara, who scooted over. This one had been in an area she couldn’t see. But this figure, for some inexplicable reason, didn’t frighten her. In fact she recognized him rather quickly, and surprised everyone when she pointed and said.

“Thorin Oakenshield!”

“Wow, good guess! And you’d be right.” Kara finally remarked and then smiled. “Now you know all our names. But I don’t think we’ve yet heard you and your sister’s names. Why don’t you come on out and introduce yourselves?” She suggested. Freya looked behind at Frigga who nodded, but still gripped her hand tightly. Slowly, albeit hesitantly, they came out with Kara and Thorin backing up a bit to give them space. Freya patted at her skirt to remove the crumbs off of it then helped Frigga stand up, patting her head from where she bumped it. The pair then looked up.

“Freya…”

“And Frigga…”

“…Baggins, at yor service.” They answered simultaneously, choosing your words carefully. All of them smiled at that, the dwarrowmen feeling a slight twinge of regret, wondering how Billa had managed on her own, carrying these two, raising them for two years on her own. How their burglar had had the most difficult journey…

And she had done it on her own.

Thorin cleared his throat and both girls looked in his direction, and it was obvious to all of them that Frigga was, in fact, blind.
“What were you two doing before this?”

“Scones.” Frigga stated shyly.

“We’s making scones!” Freya chirped, nodding to her sister. “Fwigga gettin berries! I doing dough!”

All of them chuckled. The innocence of a child.

"Do you want us to help?” Kili offered and the two girls smiled, nodding. As they started to help the little girls make their scones, no one noticed Thorin quietly exit the kitchen and stalk down the hall till he came across Billa's room. He remembered it because the last time she had fainted, even though it had been two years ago, he had done it himself, more out of pity for Bofur as it had been his descriptions of what could happen to her against Smaug that had caused the faint. He opened the door and saw that she was resting on the bed. Motherhood had done wonders to her, it seemed. Since he had last seen her, her hair had gotten longer, though it was now in a braid. And as he glanced at her, he could see her body had changed slightly to be able to accommodate the twins, and he couldn't help but think she was still as beautiful as she was two years ago. He looked at a table near her bed, pressed just below the window and saw a small beaded chain lay there, glittering in the waning sun. It was rather childishly made, and the rope that held the beads together was uneven at times, but, he gathered, it had been from Frigga and Freya and that was precious to Billa.

“T…horin?”

He turned to look at the bed, and froze at the brown eyes staring back at him.

"Billanna..."

She was dreaming, that she was sure of. Because why would Thorin Oakenshield, son of Thror, son of Thrain, King of Erebor be in her Hobbit-hole again? Why would the company be at her Hobbit-hole when they were all safe in the mountain, carrying on with their lives, happy to be free of the wretched hobbit? No, no...she had to be dreaming. Just had to.

Blearily she opened her eyes, and found she was lying in her bed. Her vision was hazy, but in the waning sunlight she spotted a familiar figure. He was looking a small band of beads that dangled downwards and at the bottom had been a dried flower. The girls had worked hard on that as their present to her for their birthday, she remembered.

“T...horin?” She muttered in this hazy dream. He turned and looked at her. There was no look of disgust, or hatred, or anger. Not even betrayal. Instead it was a look of sadness, and longing.

“Billanna.” She made a slight sound, which to her embarrassment, was reminiscent of a sob.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Thorin murmured softly sitting on the edge of the bed. She made another sound as she shifted.

“I’m banished...how could I?” She whispered, her eyes seeming to burn and the world grew hazier. But she was vaguely aware of Thorin’s hand gently cupping the side of her head, pushing back her curly hair. She was aware that he kissed her temple.

“I am sorry...so sorry...Amrâlimê.”

She wondered what that word meant, but suddenly was too tired to keep her eyes open. It had been
a good dream, though, she decided as she fell back into the folds of darkness.

A good dream indeed.

Thorin sighed, gently wiping away the tears away from Billa’s cheeks. She had never looked like that. That broken. Even at the worst in Erebor, she had never looked that hurt.

He had hurt her so much.

The regret returned full swing. Regret that he had banished her, regret that she had gone through this all on her own, for her own people to treat her as though she was trash. Regret for leaving her to raise two children on her own...He wanted nothing more than to make it up to her somehow.

“Mista Thorin?” He heard and looked up to see Freya standing at the door, her eyes large an innocent, in ways that he hadn’t seen in so long. “Scones!”

“I’m coming, I’m coming.” He remarked and she beamed, her tiny face lighting up and his heart skipped a beat. She toddled over and grabbed his hand, so tiny in comparison to his, and began to pull. Dumbfounded, he followed her, glancing back at Billa before being pulled away from the room. But all was quiet in there, as though the mother unconsciously knew her precious daughter’s were safe.

Safe with their father.

Chapter End Notes

So they get to meet Thorin. Now he isn't going to tell them right away as he doesn't know if Billa wants them to know. Don't worry, they will soon :D And she hit her head a little too hard, not enough for a concussion, but enough to confuse the hell out of her.

Next up Billa is reunited with the Company!
Protection is always Relative

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Billa groaned softly as she curled into her bed. She was confused, and had had the strangest dream. She and the girls were making scones, the door was knocked on and then when she opened it, it was the dwarves and she had fainted. She looked up, at the window and saw that it was morning. Hadn’t it been nearly the evening…

She blinked and noticed there was an object on her nightstand and she slowly got out of bed. She looked down and realized she had slept in her clothes. Why…?

She then saw the object was a necklace of dwarven work, resting right next to the beaded chain that Freya and Frigga had made for her.

Her stomach turned cold and she ran out of her room.

That hadn’t been a dream! They had been there!!

The panic came back, because she realized her daughter’s had been alone with them, without her. She prayed that the small nagging doubt in her head, that the dwarves would have snatched the girls and left, was unfounded and not true. They were her friends, or at least had been, they wouldn’t have done something so heinous.

And if they did, she would be leaving the Shire again to wring their godforsaken-

“Dose don’t go der, Mista Ori!”

Billa slid to a stop as she spotted Freya scolding the redhead dwarf, holding her wooden spoon.

“Eggsie shells go der. Mama uses dem for ferdi- ferte-”

“Fertilizer?” Ori suggested and the little girl nodded, her tiny braids bouncing with enthusiasm. Billa noted that Freya was in a different outfit now, this one completely clean and no stains (though it wasn’t going to stay like that for long, that she knew well enough). She also had a few shorter braids in her hair, and didn’t seem harmed in any way. She glanced around, still unseen, trying to find Frigga, and finally she did, sitting at the table, helping Bofur set the table. Like Freya, she was in different clothes, and her hair had been braided back. Neither girl was shying away from the dwarrowmen, which meant they weren’t scared in the slightest. She let out a breath she didn’t realize she had been holding and it was audible enough for the two dwarfs’ with her daughters turned.

“Billa! You’re awake!!”

And then she heard other footsteps, and she barely managed to turn before Kili tackled her. She stumbled backwards to regain her hold, but soon after was dangling in his arms, his grip tight on her, and was being surrounded by the other dwarves, in the largest dwarf group hug she had ever seen, plus one elf, though Dwalin stayed out of it. He wasn’t much of a hugger, she knew that though. She also noted, that many of their shoulders were shaking.

“We thought you were DEAD!” Kili whispered into her shoulder. “We found your coat, and there was blood around there, and we thought you were…we thought you were killed in the battle!”
“I wasn’t.” She only managed. “Sorry ‘bout that.” Kili looked like he was about to say something. “How did you find out I was even alive?” She asked curiously.

“Um…that was me.” A voice, a new one stated and she turned to see a dwarrowdam standing at the entrance of the kitchen, looking rather sheepish. At first she didn’t recognize her, and then the eyes came full front into her memory.

“You were the one who found me in the river.”

“Mhm. Kara Torral, at your service.” Kara greeted with a slight bow. “Let’s just say my cousins enjoyed your stories and were having a serious debate on who was a better storyteller even two years after.” She explained and Billa managed a small smile.

They could see that she was torn. Torn between her confusion of how they finally knew she was there, anger for what had happen, and pure relief and joy that she was seeing them there.

But before she could voice out anything, footsteps sounded and they all turned to see Thorin standing there, a little bit outside the group. But his gaze rested solely on Billa, who swallowed. The atmosphere seemed to change and it became obvious to Kara that those two would need to sort things out without them involved for there to be any sense of peace between the hobbit and the dwarves.

“Frigga, Freya, why don’t you two show all of us your backyard garden while your mother talks to Thorin?” She asked. Kili looked about to disagree but Tauriel shook her head. Slowly, the group did so. Dwalin was last as he glanced at his king before Billa and Thorin were the last two there.

Uncomfortable silence filled the room.

“What are you all doing here?” Billa finally asked. “I hope Erebor doesn’t have more dragon problems.”

“No, this is more because we found out that you were alive.”

“And it has nothing to do that you have two daughters?” She snapped. If the remark had hurt him, he didn’t show it in his expression, but his eyes darkened.

“It has everything to do with that as well. Why didn’t you tell me? Or contact us that you were alive. We thought you were dead, Billanna!”

“Why should I have told you?” Billa cried back, her eyes just as dark and narrowed, her heart aching bitterly. “You kicked me out!” She snapped. "I didn’t think you lot wanted to know I was alive!"

"You think that any of us would be happy with your death?!!"

"You said so yourself that I should go and meet whatever fate awaits me!!" She yelled back. "Don’t you dare make this all my fault! You said you wanted nothing more to do with a descendant of rats! How was I supposed to know you would even be damn happy if I came back?!!"

Thorin went silent, staring at her as her chest heaved. She supposed it looked humorous, a woman her size screaming at someone of his stature, but she was too angry and too heartbroken to care.

“Well?! Spit it out!! It’s not like you should care for the feelings of a banished, worthless hob-”

Whatever she was going to say was stopped as he grabbed her extended wrist and pulled her into a crushing hug. She squirmed, trying to free herself.
“You are not worthless.”

She froze, staring at the fabric of his shirt.

“I regret saying those words, I regret causing you so much pain.” He whispered and he could feel her shaking in his grip. Was she that scared of him, had her leaving...

“**Forced to leave...by you. You ensured that she would be this scared of you.**” He thought bitterly, squeezing his heart. Her bottom lip trembled and the tears that were gathering in her eyes slid down her cheeks, twisting his heart even further.

“I regret letting you leave my sight, for letting you give birth to our...our daughters by yourself. I regret so much of what I did during my Gold Madness. But I regret what I did to you the most and I’m so sorry.” He said softly. She just stared at him, searching his face. Thorin Oakenshield, King of Erebor was apologizing? She didn’t think that was possible. Yet there it was.

“...Never thought I’d hear the day you’d apologize again.” She finally managed. His mouth twitched upwards, before he sobered up.

“Frigga...”

“I swear, if you say anything about her blindness...”

“Was it my fault?”

“...Huh?”

“Her blindness...I...did I hurt you enough to...”

“No, no Thorin.” She said softly. She could see the pain in his expression, masked as well as it was, the pain of thinking that he had harmed her enough to affect their daughters.

“How could you know?”

“If you had done something that badly, there wouldn’t be Frigga, or Freya. They were so young when everything happened, they wouldn’t have made it if you had hurt me that badly. Besides, all you did was shake me.”

“And attempt to throw you over a wall.” He muttered.

“You weren’t yourself. Besides...Frigga’s blindness may be a blessing.”

“How? She can’t see anything.”

“Her other senses have greatly made up for her lack of eyesight. And I think time will tell us what she can or cannot do.” Billa remarked with a smile, before sobering. “Thorin, whatever you think, please...don’t see it as your fault. Because it’s not and I will do as I have told everyone in the Shire if you see her blindness as a weakness. I will pull out Sting and beat your head in.”

He sighed and then let out a chuckle.

“Protective, aren’t you?”

“Of course.” She remarked with a smile. “I’m their mother. No one gets away with talking badly about them.” She poked his chest. “Not even their father. Now come on. I don’t want to really know what is happening to my garden outside, but I feel like I need to go out.”
“Billa…”

“Hm?”

“Your banishment…it’s…I revoked it.”

Billa turned fully and looked at him, confusion and surprise across her face. He swallowed.

“When I awoke after the battle, and realized…realized what you had done, and why you had done it…I couldn’t. I couldn’t live with myself having banishing you for something that you thought would help. Which it did.”

“I’m…I’m surprised everyone agreed to it.” She stammered out.

“Dáin was the only lord there at the time. No one else had come at that point, and he understood why you did it. Your banishment was revoked before anyone could say otherwise.”

“A…ah…” She managed, her eyes glancing at him, and he could have sworn she was tearing up again. He cleared his throat.

“Let’s go and check and see if the girls haven’t driven the Company mad.”

“Frigga’s not that bad…Freya…Freya is Freya.” Billa finally managed and he smiled, and turned to exit.

“Thorin?”

“Hm?”

“Thank you.”

He didn’t turn back around. If he did, he’d probably kiss her and never want to let her go again. Instead he waited for her to pass by and then followed her.

Billa and Thorin exited to the back yard of Bag End, the dwarves glanced at Billa and Thorin, and seeing that neither were bruised or bloodied, or not even talking to one another, or glaring, realized that Thorin and her were at least on the same level to some degree. Billa smiled at the sight of Fíli and Kíli following Freya as the little girl raced around, laughing loudly. Dwalin was watching the trio rolling his eyes, but he didn’t have his general look of displeasure on his face, more amusement that the little girl was getting two rather fit dwarrowmen a run for their money. She had high amounts of energy, and her older cousins were likely going to find out rather quickly that she would just go on, and on, and on. To her surprise, when she searched for Frigga, she was sitting with Bifur, chatting up storm to him. The older dwarf was just sitting there, looking at the little lass fondly as she felt the wind-up bird toy in her hands that Billa knew that Bifur always held onto.

That was what had surprised her.

She remembered quite vividly that Bifur had always been protective of the toy, rarely letting other people look or even touch it. Yet there it was, her eldest daughter holding the toy in her tiny hands.

“How does he understand a word she’s saying?” Billa found herself asking Bofur and Bombur. Bofur chuckled and shook his head.

“No. Not a lick of it.”
“Then…” She trailed off, confused. Bofur glanced at Bombur before sighing and sat up. Thorin frowned, already knowing the reason.

“She probably reminds him of Baryur.”

“Baryur?” She remarked, her brows creasing in confusion.

“His daughter.”

“Bifur has a daughter? My! I didn’t know that.” Billa remarked and then noticed the two brother’s glance down.

“She’s dead.”

“Oh…when…”

“A while back. Before we even thought about going back to reclaim Erebor. We all lived in Ered Luin, and Bifur was coming back with Baryur and a small group from trading in the nearby town. Normally he didn’t bring Baryur with him, but he had just lost his wife that winter to fever, so he didn’t want her to stray too far. Well…they were attacked by orcs. That’s how he got the axe handle in his forehead.”

“Oh.” Billa only managed, knowing that this was never going to end well.

“From what another survivor said, the last thing he saw was before they smashed the axe into his skull was Baryur running from an orc, trying to hide.”

Billa didn’t need to know what had happened to realize what had likely happened to the little girl. She looked at Bifur who, even though he didn’t understand a word Frigga was telling him was just smiling and listening to her patiently, almost as though it didn’t matter to him that the conversation was one-sided.

“Baryur was maybe a few years older in dwarf years than Frigga and Freya, and Frigga’s personality is pretty similar to hers…so…”

“No, it’s fine. I know she’ll be in good hands.” Billa remarked with a smile. Bofur and Bombur smiled as well. Frigga suddenly looked up towards the main entrance as Freya walked around the corner.

Freya looked up from the bird she was chasing and frowned at the sight of Lobelia Sackville-Baggins. Her frown deepened as she looked at the woman's atrocious outfit.

"Wha choo wan?"

"Oh look, it's the little imp." Lobelia sneered and Freya frowned angrily.

"I not an imp."

Why she decided to keep the blind bastard child and you smelly little imp, dragging her name further into filth, I'll never know."

“Hey!!” Freya snapped. “I not that smelly!!”
Lobelia’s nose wrinkled as though she would object to that, but tried to remain pleasant.

"Where’s that mother of yours."

"Busy." She replied and Lobelia huffed angrily.

"Fetch her for me."

"Why?"

"Because I need to speak with her."

"Why?"

Because I'm an adult."

"Why?"

"Listen you bastardized imp, get your mother now.""

"Why?" Freya asked sweetly and Lobelia's eyes narrowed.

"You are such a rude brat!!! It's like you have the manners of a pony! No, not even a pony!!! They at least listen to you!"

“So wha’ aw you? You gots no manners.” Freya asked rather loudly and Lobelia's face turned red.

"Get your mother now, or so help me-"

“MAMA HIDE THE SPOONS!!” Freya yelled and Lobelia's eyes darkened.

"Don't you dare-"

“THE SPOON BUGULR’ ‘S COMIN!"

Lobelia could swear she heard someone else other than Billanna chuckle as the door opened up, but that didn't stop her as she raised her hand up.

“Oh, the Durin blood runs strongly in-"

SLAP

The men froze.

“She didn’t...” Bofur mumbled but then Freya let out a sharp cry and then Billa was out of the doorway and running down towards the entrance of Bag End.

And that was enough.

All the dwarves turned and nearly ran to the front door, slamming it open. And the sight twisted their stomachs and pulled out their hearts as Freya was now being held by Billa, her arms wrapped around her mother’s neck tightly as she wailed and wailed and Billa’s hand rubbed circles into the girl’s back trying to calm her, her face dark with rage.
“HOW COULD YOU!!”

“SHE SHOULD LEARN TO KNOW HER PLACE!!”

“SHE’S ONLY TWO, LOBELIA!! WHAT, ARE YOU EXPECTING HER TO DO?! WAIT ON YOU HAND AND FOOT!!”

Whatever Lobelia said was lost on Thorin as a dull roar filled his ears when he watched his youngest daughter lift her tiny head up to try and stop crying, with little avail, and the one side of her face was colored red in the shape of a hand. Thorin didn’t even realize he had moved before he was standing right in front of Lobelia’s grabbing her arm.

“Do not touch my daughter again. Or you will regret it.” He snarled angrily, his expression dark. Lobelia took a step back in surprise before her glare darkened.

“So this is the sire!!”

“Thorin!!” Billa hissed as the other dwarves walked forward. “Don’t!!”

“Don’t? Don’t?!! Billa, if she was in any dwarf clan, even raising a hand to someone not of her kin, her arms would be the least of her worries!!”

Lobelia seemed to pale at this.

“I’m well aware, and let me tell you, she is not worth it!” She hissed, before trying to calm Freya down again. “It’s alright sweetheart, it’s alright. Please, Thorin please let it be!” She asked again as Thorin turned back at Lobelia.

“Let is be?!?” Thorin snapped. “She smacked my kin! And you expect me to let it be?!”

“Thorin, I know. And trust me I’ll make sure she pays for it, but please don’t. Not in front of Freya.”

Everyone looked at the still crying girl and Thorin’s grip on Lobelia’s wrist tightened momentarily before shoving her away.

“You darken this doorstep again while I am here, I will not hold back.” He growled and Lobelia took off down the road.

“You shouldn’t have let her off so lightly.” Dwalin growled angrily.

“And what do you suggest I have done?”

"Something! Anything!" Nori snapped with glower down the road. “She shouldn’t be allowed to say things like that.”

“She’s been saying things like that since I came back. I’ve grown used to it.”

“Has this…?” Dori motioned to the sniffling girl, as Freya was slowly calming down. “Has this happened before?” The dwarf asked and the atmosphere darkened again.

“If it did, I wouldn’t have stopped you.” Billa remarked coldly. “No it hasn’t and no one else has done such a thing.”

“You shouldn’t have to put up with this disrespect.” Bombur growled. “This is your homeland.”

‘Hobbits may not be fighters, but we use words and mind games to fight.” Billa explained. “Trust
me, I've had my fair share of words being thrown at me. I deflect most of them.

“I kick ‘im doh…” Freya whimpered into her mother’s neck.

“That you do. You make their mind games seem like child's play.” Billa replied gently and the men smiled, but glanced at one another, the idea that Billa had had multiple rumors about her not sitting well with them.

“Mama…can I have a cookie?” Freya whimpered.

“Of course sweetheart…” She said softly and the group went inside.

Chapter End Notes

Lobelia is probably not going to visit for awhile, hm? And Thorin finally gets to be overprotective Daddy. And here is some Billa x Thorin. No kissing just yet...
The Tale of Gollum

Chapter Notes

Keep in mind there are two different voices for Gollum, so he has different fonts

Sméagol

and

Gollum

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“You sure you don’t want one of us to go with you?”

“I’ll be fine. Just watch the girls.” Billa remarked. “I need to get a little more food, since I don’t really have the food for 14 dwarves, 1 elf, two little girls who have a hobbit and dwarf stomach, and me.”

“We don’t eat that much…” Thorin grumbled and Billa let out a laugh.

“I’ll tell myself that when I don’t remember when I first met your entire lot. I’ll be back in a little bit…please try to not tear the house down.”

“We didn’t last time.”

“Last time you didn’t have Freya. There are many reasons why I have joked about tying her to my waist with a rope.” Billa joked. “I’ll be back soon.”

Thorin watched as Billa walked down the lane before he heard excited squealing and turned to see Freya running through the room. Billa sighed softly as she continued walking towards the market.

Why hadn’t she let Thorin teach Lobelia a lesson? She had said it wasn’t worth it, but her daughter had been hurt. Not badly, but a slap was a slap. Even if Lobelia hadn’t meant it, it shouldn’t have mattered; the woman should have earned something worse than a warning that 13 dwarves would likely destroy her home if she so much as walked towards Bag End.

Maybe it was because of how startled she was by the whole event, or it had stunned her how quickly the dwarves had come to her and Freya’s defense. Or she hadn’t want Freya to witness her father in his rage just yet…She didn’t know.

She sighed, rubbing her forehead as she moved through the market, purchasing more food than was likely necessary, but with Bombur there and her memory of the last dinner she had in Bag End with
dwarves, she couldn’t be too careful. Maybe she should just move. She had already named Drogo, whoever he married and his generations to come, as the one to gain Bag End in her will in the off chance she did leave. Drogo had been the only one to not look down at her right off the bat. As such (and likely to just piss off Lobelia) he would get Bag End. Granted she didn’t know where exactly. Maybe back to Erebor. At least there, there was a less likely chance that Freya and Frigga having to deal with rumors. She probably wouldn’t be as fortunate, but that didn’t matter much.

“-and then they attacked me!!”

“Oh you poor thing!!”

Billa froze as the conversationghosted to her and she casted a glance towards the fish vendor and saw Lobelia gossiping with the vendor’s wife, Lobelia’s only real friend, if she remembered correctly. Rage that had been tempered the last time only because she had been holding Freya and more concerned with calming her, flared again, and her feet seemed to move to the fish vendor. Grinding her teeth, trying to remain calm as she bought some fish and she felt Lobelia’s eyes latch onto where she was standing.

“I’m surprised you don’t have those brutes with you.”

“They are watching the girls Lobelia, Freya was still quite upset.” She remarked coldly, glancing at Lobelia. The only sense that Lobelia may have regretted what she had done to Freya was a flinch.

“You sure you trust them with those two? After what they did…”

“What they did was look after one of their kin. Considering what you did, you should be thankful I didn’t just let them get justice the dwarrow way.”

“Seems your more dwarf than you are a hobbit now.” Lobelia let out and Billa paused before placing the wrapped fish into her basket, the vendor looking slightly nervous.

“I suppose I am then.” Billa remarked coldly walking away and back towards Bag End. This would last her for at least tonight, and she would be rid of Lobelia. But it seemed Lobelia was not through with her, still apparently sore about earlier on when she had been forced away from Bag End following her towards Bag End again. There were no other hobbits around, and that would let Lobelia continue her tirade that she had started earlier.

“Wonder if that means your daughter’s will learn to not be at all lady-like.” Lobelia stated and Billa froze. “With what you did, I’m quite sure that they wouldn’t know to keep those legs of theirs cl-”

That had done it. The barely held tether that she had built since earlier that day to rein her anger, the tether that had been fraying ever since she had so stupidly gone to get fish, likely hoping Lobelia would have the sense to stop talking about the incident, snapped.

The basket dropped as Billa turned and smashed her closed fist onto the woman’s face. Lobelia shrieked, clutching her cheek.

“Talk about my daughters’ in such a way again Lobelia, and it will not be Thorin at your doorstep!” Billa snapped, fuming.

“You punched me!!”

“And you slapped my daughter! You’re getting what you deserve!” She snapped angrily. “I tried to be merciful, I protected you in so many ways from Thorin and the others, but it seems you don’t have the mind to leave it!! Leave my family alone, or so help me you will regret it!!”
She picked up the basket again, angrily putting the few objects that had fallen out and stormed up the road, her rage driving her forward.

“Mama, can you tell da Gollum stowie?”

“Gollum story?” Bofur asked and Billa laughed nervously. It was later that night, and Freya was currently having her hair brushed through. The little girl had gotten over the incident earlier with relative ease. After Kara and Óin had checked her, and determined the worst that would happen was be a bruise and she had small marks on her cheek where nails had dragged across (which had almost caused the dwarves to go after Lobelia again) the group had managed to settle. And when Billa had arrived back to Bag End, visibly fuming, the men had decided not to ask what she was muttering under her breath as she stored the food away. The group was settling in the living room, which was now rather cramped, almost humorously. Frigga was squished between Bifur and Bofur, looked up rather surprised at the question Bofur asked. “‘Fraid I haven’t heard that one.”

“Oh well…that would figure…seeing as I didn’t exactly tell you that one. Granted when it happened you all were in the Goblin Town, and then we had the whole little Azog issue after that…” Billa trailed off, before looking at her youngest. “You sure you want me to tell you THAT one?”

“Mhm! Favorite!”

“Of course it would be. Mama in peril seems to be your favorite tales.”

“So is this how you got past the goblins?” Fili asked. “You never did tell us how you managed that.”

Billa made a sound of acknowledgement, though she didn’t really want to tell the story. She already knew 13 dwarves were going to be mighty unhappy with her.

“Peril? How did you manage to get into peril?” Dwalin asked. “You weren’t up with us meeting the Goblins.”

“Tell them Mama!!” Freya chirped happily.

Freya was going to get Billa into heaping’s of trouble, she knew that much. This had been before nearly all the men, after the Azog fight that had nearly killed Thorin the first time, had informed her that they would be training her to know how to fight with a sword. At the point where Gollum had come about, she hadn’t known much about sword fight and she highly doubted they were going to be happy when finding out she had played a game of riddles with a crazed creature and had bet her life on it. Literally.

“…I suppose.” Billa grumbled, rather begrudgingly and Freya’s expression lit up.

“Yay!!”

“Glad I made sure to make a will.” Billa grumbled under her breath as she let Freya off of her lap. Freya toddled over and sat directly next to Thorin. He glanced at her, then at first hesitant, picked her up and settled her on her lap. Freya looked up and beamed at him. If Billa was at all annoyed by it, she didn’t show it.

“Right…so where should I begin?”

“Well if this is corresponding with goblin town, why not right after we got separated.

Of course…when she had fallen all the way to the bottom. Her luck just seemed to get better and
She wasn’t exactly sure why they hadn’t seen her, while they had clearly seen the dwarves. Whatever the case she waited a few moments, making sure the goblins were nearly gone before standing, pulling out her sword and hesitantly began to follow, hoping she was far enough away to not be seen but be able to keep up. Granted she had absolutely ZERO ideas on what to do, but she’d have to figure some way to-

Her thoughts were jarred apart when a goblin jumped down right in front of her. Bollocks.

It charged, swinging its blade, which, by some unspoken miracle, she managed to block again and again as it swung. She managed to knock it off its feet, but she stumbled in the process, and it took the chance, jumping on her back. She let out a yelp and after a brief struggle, she managed to throw him off of her, but didn’t realize until it was too late that she was too close to the edge as well, and with a scream she followed the goblin she had just tossed, plummeting down further into the mountain’s shadows.

Billa glanced at the group and saw that some dwarves were slack jawed. “Um…if it makes it any better, I lost consciousness halfway down. So I don’t necessarily remember the rest of the trip down.”

“You fell…down the mountain.” Kíli slowly repeated.

“Um…yes?” Billa remarked, a bit unsure on how to answer.

“Why didn’t you-”

“Shh! Stowie!” Freya snapped, glaring at Kíli, who could spot his uncle in that expression.

“They haven’t heard the story sweetie…” Billa replied. “I never got to tell them.”

“Stowie.”

“Just continue on with the story then, I’m interested to see how you managed to get out of this.”

It wasn’t going to get any better; she realized glumly, but did as she was told.

Slowly she returned to the living world. At first she was confused, wondering how she hadn’t died, before she realized she had landed on a large pile of mushrooms. Dimly she pushed her hair back out of her face, most of it having fallen out of her messy braid at this point, and spotted the goblin that had attacked her a few feet away. It hadn’t been as fortunate and had landed on solid stone and though it was moving, it was doing so feebly. Her eyes flicked around and she became aware of shallow breathing that wasn’t the goblin. Her gaze landed on an opening in the rocks that had been masked by shadows. Two glowing eyes appeared from the shadows and slowly a twisted, malnourished form came out, slinking towards the goblin. It wasn’t anything she had ever seen before; a small, skeletal, thin and gaunt creature with large, beady eyes and small strands of brown hair.

“Yes. Yes. Yes! Yes! Gollum. Gollum.” Gollum (Billa had now named this creature that…she didn’t know his actual name, how could she?) hissed circling the goblin, before going to pull the
goblin away by its feet. However the goblin suddenly awoke and began to struggle but Gollum grabbed a rock and began to beat the goblin on the head with it. Billa barely held back a scream and then watched as a golden ring fall out of Gollum’s loincloth and onto the floor. He didn’t seem to notice as it pulled the goblin away.

“Nasty goblinses. Better than old bones, Precious; better than nothing.”

After Gollum was out of sight, Billa forced herself up and slowly stood, trying to be as quiet as possible and found her blade, still glowing brightly blue. She walked forward and paused before she picked up the ring, looking at it in her hand. It was a simple golden ring, nothing special about it, though she couldn’t understand why that…thing had it. Gollum was still talking in the distance, though she noted that there were two voices. One seemed almost childlike in nature, while the other had its voice deepened, more menacing.

“Too many boneses, Precious! Nothing of flesh!”

“Shut up! Get its skin off. Start with its head.”

She looked up when she heard nasally singing from Gollum and placed the ring into her pocket and moved forward, still trying to hide in the rocks.

“The cold hard lands, they bites our hands, they gnaws our feet. The rocks and stones, they’re like old bones, all bare of meat. Cold as death, they have no breath, it’s good to eat!”

She swallowed realizing he was keeping the beat by beating the goblin more. She glanced at him and saw him on a small island of rock surrounded by an indoor lake. She watched him in a mixture of horror and sickening fascination, when suddenly he looked up, glancing in her direction. He must have seen her blade. She spun back around the rock she was hiding in, looking at the sword accusingly but then it began to flicker and then the blue glow died out. Two things went through her. One it meant that the goblin that attacked her was dead. But on the other hand, that meant that whatever Gollum was…he wasn’t a goblin or an extremely emaciated orc. So then what was he…?

She chanced a glance to look at where Gollum had been, but saw he wasn’t there. She then became aware of breathing above her and she let out a short yelp as Gollum dropped down in front of her.

“What in Durin’s name did you get yourself into?? Dwalin snapped angrily. Billa shrugged.

“A heap load of trouble.” She grumbled and she could see Thorin was biting his inner cheek. She glanced at Freya and saw she was curled into Thorin’s stomach, sucking her thumb, entirely relaxed, enjoying the story, as she knew the ending. Frigga seemed to not be listening as much, which wasn’t surprising as this wasn’t her favorite story. Billa figured Frigga hadn’t objected because of what had happened earlier with Lobelia.

“Did you ever figure out what this…Gollum…thing was?” Glóin asked, running a hand through his beard.

“Nope. We didn’t really…talk about him…as much.” Billa remarked. No, they hadn’t talked about him at all. She had been busy trying to not become Gollum’s next meal.

“Keep goin…” Freya remarked tiredly and Billa sighed and did as she was asked, but knew she wasn’t going to get past a certain part without being interrupted.
“Bless us and splash us, Precious! That’s a meaty mouthful.” Gollum stated crawling up towards her. In a panic she lifted her sword up, the point resting on his throat. Gollum hissed angrily, crying out his name again and again.

“Gollum! Gollum!”

“Back. Stay back. I’m warning you, don’t come any closer.” Billa hissed out, her voice wavering a bit. She swallowed and pushed back the dark spots that hard started to grow in the corner of her eyes.

“It’s got an elfish blade, but it’s not an Elf. Not an Elf, no. What is it, Precious? What is it?” Gollum asked with a look of utter confusion.

“My name…is Billa Baggins.” She replied

“Bagginses? What is a Bagginses, Precious?” Gollum asked. Billa inhaled shakily, trying to keep calm as Gollum moved around a larger rock, climbing it slightly.

“I-I’m a Hobbit from the Shire.” She replied and Gollum laughed.

“Oh! We like Goblinses, batses, and fishes, but we hasn’t tried Hobbitses before. Is it soft? Is it juicy?” Gollum asked slinking towards her again. She waved her blade wildly about.

“Now, now, K-keep your distance! I’ll use this if I have to!” Billa managed to say strongly enough. Gollum snarled at her and her courage dropped for a moment and she took a step back. “Look! I don’t want any trouble, do you understand? Just show me the way to get out of here, and I’ll be on my way.” She finally snapped in exasperation.

“Why? Is it lost?”

“Yes, yes, and I want to get unlost as soon as possible.” Billa snapped, keeping her sword up. Suddenly Gollum’s voice changed and it was one of the two that she had heard earlier.

“Ooh! We knows! We knows safe paths for Hobbitses. Safe paths in the dark.”

Slowly she realized that both voices came from the same body, and inwardly whined, though she wasn’t sure it was relief because it was only one person, or despair because it was just Gollum and she was all alone.

“Shut up!”

“I didn’t say anything.” She replied.

“Wasn’t talking to you.”

“But yes, we was, Precious, we was.”

“Look…uh,” Billa stated, glancing around trying to see if there was an exit. “I don’t know what your game is, but I—”

“Games?!” Gollum exclaimed. “We love games, doesn’t we, Precious? Does it like games? Does it? Does it? Does it like to play?”

Billa was at a loss for words for a moment, shaking her head in upmost confusion.
“...Maybe?” Her voice squeaked out.

“What has roots as nobody sees, is taller than trees. Up, up, up it goes, and yet, never grows.” Gollum asked.

“The mountain...” Billa remarked and Gollum laughed.

Yess, yess, oh, let’s have another one, eh? Yes, come on, do it again, do it—do it again. Ask us.”

“No!”

And she was back to the other persona.

“No more riddles!” Gollum hissed walking to the edge of the pool. “Finish her off. Finish her now. Gollum! Gollum!” Gollum hissed out rushing towards Billa, who lifted her hand up to stop him.

“No! No, no, no. I wa—I want to play. I do. I want to play.” She stated quickly, trying to keep her voice calm and soothing. “I can see you are very good at this. S—so why don’t we have a game of riddles? Yes, just, just you and me.” She said and saw the expression on Gollum’s face had changed back to an innocent one.

“Yes! Yes, just, just—just us.” Gollum whispered looking around. Billa swallowed.

“Yes. Yes. And—and if I win, you show me the way out.” She suggested. Hopefully she could either stall until by some miracle-help found her, or she would actually win it.

“Yes. Yes—”

Gollum suddenly snarled and turned away from Billa.

“And if it loses? What then?”

Gollum’s lighter voice returned as he laughed and Billa had a bad feeling about where this was going.

“Well, if it loses, Precious, we will eats it!” He said in a rather excited tone and Billa looked at Gollum as he turned back to look at her. “If Baggins loses, we eats it whole.”

Billa was silent for a brief moment, digesting the new information; the life and death struggle now taking a physical and real term. She opened her mouth and closed it and inhaled.

“Fair enough.”

She stood and sheathed her blade.

“You did WHAT?!”

Billa jumped and looked at them all rather sheepishly. Some had stood at the realization that a crazed creature literally could have eaten her. Frigga shifted a bit, but apparently had fallen asleep, curled up to Bifur’s side sucking her thumb. Billa hushed them, motioning to both girls and though they quieted slightly it wasn’t by a lot. Freya was still awake, though her eyes were growing heavy, looking up at Thorin.

“You bet your life on a game of riddles?!” Thorin hissed out, anger in his voice. Billa glared at him.
“What was I supposed to do?! I was lost, and had no clue how to use my sword!” She snapped.

“So you decided the possibility of cannibalization was the better option?” Fíli asked. Kara seemed contemplative.

“Well it makes sense.” She remarked and they all looked at her. “Not like it was the best of ideas, but at that point her mind was her greatest weapon. She didn’t know how to fight with a sword, and for Hobbit’s they use words as their weapons.”

Thorin was silent. Even if it did make sense, he slowly realized that at this point he and the rest of the company were still in Goblin’s Town, and under the impression she had escaped and was heading back home in the Shire. If she hadn’t apparently won, and Gollum had killed her, the group would have been none the wiser and thought she was at home and a coward. That thought chilled his stomach.

It was a tiny yawn that brought him back out of his thoughts and he looked down to see that Freya was now trying her best to stay awake, her cheek resting on his arm. Billa smiled and stood.

“I think it’s past a pair of little girl’s bedtime.”

“Bu Mama…”

“No buts, you know this story already darling.” She said picking Freya up, who whined a bit but went quiet a little bit after, settling in Billa’s arms. She began to walk away.

“Thorin? Could you get Frigga?”

Thorin blinked several times and then glanced at his eldest. The other dwarves were all smiling at this point and Thorin chose to ignore them as he got up and went over to pick her up, nearly dropping her with how limp she was. Most dwarflings were stiff, like stones when being picked up, so it was a contrast, but once she rested her head on his shoulder, her tiny form molded to his. Thorin walked after Billa and as he entered the room, she was placing Freya down in the bed, the little girl shifting only slightly as her mother tucked her in. Thorin stared briefly at her before going to do the same with Frigga, however as he began to bend down, Frigga’s small hand grabbed one of his braids, holding it tightly in her fist. He straightened abruptly, a stunned look on his face. Billa turned and smiled apologetically.

“I’m sorry…Frigga’s always tended to be the braid and hair yanking of the two.” She whispered softly moving forward to untangle Frigga’s hand. But Thorin looked at her.

“I don’t…it doesn’t bother me.” Thorin admitted softly. “For dwarflings it’s a natural thing to do…hold onto the braids their family members.”

“I see.” Billa remarked simply, looking at him a gentle smile on her face. It surprised her immensely at the sight of Thorin, the dwarf she had seen slaughter wargs, orcs, had gone against a dragon, and probably been in and seen so much more violence than she was aware of, was so gentle to a child, his child, as she lay in his arms.

“…Why didn’t you tell us about this Gollum?” He finally asked softly, and she sighed.

“To be honest, I just wanted to forget about it.” Billa murmured, pushing Frigga’s hair back. The little girl shifted in her sleep. “Azog had attacked us, we went on the eagles…I didn’t want you all hearing about me nearly getting killed by some sort of creature.”

“…You lost a riddle game?” He asked, almost stunned.
“Of course I didn’t.” She huffed angrily, earning a chuckle from him. “But that doesn’t mean he kept his side of the bargain.”

“He double-crossed you.” Thorin growled.

“Yes…but I’m quite sure the others will want to hear this part of the tale as well.”

“One more question…that ring…”

“I still have it. I’ll go and fetch it.”

“Alright.”

Billa moved away, but paused and turned to watch as Thorin gradually removed Frigga’s hand from his hair and gently kissed his eldest daughter’s brow before he settled her on her bed, tucking her in. She smiled, watching as he walked over and kissed Freya’s brow, but before he turned and spotted her watching him, she walked down the hall to her room and went to the jewelry box and pulled out her gold ring, rolling it in her fingers. She then placed it into her breast pocket and went back to the living room, to finish her tale.

Chapter End Notes

I told you Lobelia would get it :)

Now going off of the movies (because I haven't read the Hobbit in a loonnggggg time) I always found it interesting that Bilbo never seemed to mention his ring to the Company. So I was thinking that he probably didn't tell them about Gollum, and thought, you know...how would the company react to finding out that while they were up in Goblin Town, their Burglar was having a battle of life and death for the minds .
“Right so… where was I again?” Billa asked as she and Thorin had settled back in their respective spots.

“Just agreed to be cannibalized by this Gollum fellow if you lose in a game of riddles, Lass.” Óin remarked and the entire company glared at her lightly, still rather angry she had chosen that route.

“You do realize I had no other option.”

“Could ‘ave killed him.” Nori remarked and the others agreed. Billa frowned, remembering she had almost done that. She shook her head.

“Right… so I sheathed my sword.”

“Well, Baggin’s first.” Gollum stated and as Billa thought about a riddle, he rested his hands and chin on the edge of the rock. Finally she seemed to come up with one.

“Thirty white horses on a red hill. First the champ, then they stamp, then they stand still.”

Gollum muttered to himself as Billa watched him. Finally he looked at her questionably.

“Teeth?”

Billa inwardly groaned, looking unhappy and Gollum became ecstatic and laughed.

“Teeth!! Yes, my precious. But we—we—”

“We only have nine.” Gollum’s voice deepened and hissed out, opening his mouth and displaying his nine crooked, brown and sharpened teeth. “Our turn.”

Gollum began to try and get closer and closer to Billa, the female hobbit keeping a large rock between them as he recited his riddle.

“Voiceless it cries, wingless flutters, toothless bites, mouthless mutters.”

Billa paused. “Just a minute.” She remarked walking off to think about it. Gollum’s expression became excited.

“Oh, oh! We knows. We knows!”

“Shut up!”

Billa for once ignored Gollum, observing the water and noticed the tiny waves forming as a breeze ruffled the surface. She smiled.

“Wind. It’s wind. Of course it is.”

Gollum snarled in frustration and slinked around approaching Billa.
“Very clever, Hobbitses, very clever!!”

He became to close for comfort, and Billa pulled out her sword, pointing it at Gollum again, beginning to say her own riddle.

“Oh, ah, ah, ah. A—a box with out hinges, key, o—or lid; yet golden treasure inside is hid.” She stammered out. Gollum began to think hard, talking to himself again and making many hand motions to try and visually think of what Billa had said.

“A box…and a lid…and then a key…”

“Well?”

“It’s nasty. Uh, box, uh…”

“Give up?” Billa questioned and Gollum looked angrily.

“Give us a chance, Precious, give us a chance!!” Gollum cried pounding the floor and snarling around. He puckered his face up deeply then suddenly his eyes opened wide.

“Egges! Egges!!” he laughed. “What crunchy little eggeses, yes! Grandmother taught us to suck them, yes.”

“Well he’s not brainless.” Dwalin muttered. “And I think this is the only time I’ve heard you challenge, taunt, and threaten someone.

“Well that was the first time on that adventure.” Billa admitted, not really thinking about it.

“Not like you taunted Smaug or Azog.” Kíli remarked as a joke, but Billa’s face caused his smile to slide off.

“Billa, you didn’t…”

“Er…it was rather badly done threats I might add, but still, threaten them I did.”

“BILLA!!”

“Sssh!!” She hissed out, motioning to the hallway where Frigga and Freya’s room was. “Besides the fact, they’re dead and as you can see, my threats didn’t do much, as I’m still very much alive.” She hissed out.

"I don't know if you are incredibly brave or an utter fool." Thorin remarked, his expression dark.

"There is a reason why my mother's family catchphrase is 'Fool of a Took'." Billa replied, her mouth twitching. "Be glad it wasn’t my mother you had on the quest. She would have threatened them and more.” Thorin simply leant back in his chair with a grunt, rubbing his face with his hand.

“Back to the story?” She suggested, hoping that they would be angry with her for that, and forget about the fact she had threatened two monsters that the dwarves had known were dangerous.

They nodded and Billa shifted in her seat.

A bat flew by startling Billa who glanced in the direction of the flying mammal. When she turned her
attention back to Gollum, to her horror he had disappeared without so much as a sound. She looked around, trying to find him.

“Ahh. We have one for you: All things it devours, birds, beasts, trees, flowers. Gnaws iron, bites steel, grinds hard stones to meal.” Gollum’s voice called out from some unknown spot.

Billa paused repeating the riddle in her head.

“Answer us.”

“Give me a moment, please, I gave you a good long while.” She snapped out, looking around to try and find Gollum.

“I don’t know this one.” She admitted and Gollum began to taunt her, trying to keep her concentration diverted.


Suddenly Gollum appeared behind her and tried to grab her by her throat, but he had accidentally stepped on some strands of hair, giving her a chance to jump away before his hands tightened, and she pointed her sword at him.

“Let me think. Let me think.” She pleaded and Gollum sneered.

“It’s stuck. Bagginses is stuck.” He jeered as she paced back and forth next to the water. Gollum smiled eerily and shrugged.

“Time’s up.”

“Time…Ti—the answer is time.” She eagerly answered turning to see that Gollum had been preparing to leap onto her, and now only snarled in frustration. “Actually it wasn’t that hard.” She haughtily said with a false bravado. Gollum stared at her angrily.

“Last question. Last chance.”

“Ah, uh…”

“Ask us…”

Billa was thinking, but her mind was drawing a blank on a riddle.

“ASK US!!”

“Yes, yes, alright.” She stated angrily under her breath, strolling to the lake to think. Absentmindedly she rubbed her pocket and felt the ring inside. “What…have I got in my pocket?”

“That’s not fair.”

Billa turned to see Gollum looking disgusted and angry.

“It’s not fair! It’s against the rules!” Gollum snapped, throwing a rock down to the ground he had been clutching behind his back. Billa made a startled noise, realizing that the rock was probably meant to bash her head in. “Ask us another one.”

“No, no, no, no. You said ‘Ask me a question.’ Well that is my question.” She snapped, trying to
sound angry. “What have I got in my pocket?”

Gollum jumped off the rock, approaching Billa, who moved to keep the rock between her and Gollum. However, Gollum held up two fingers.

“**Three guesses, Precious. It must give us three.**”

“Three guesses. Very well, guess away.”

“**Hands!**”

“Wrong, guess again.” Billa replied, her hand having left her pocket in the nick of time. Gollum crouched on the floor, trying to think of an answer, muttering potential ones and getting increasingly angry at failing to come up with the right answer.

“Fish-bones, goblin’s teeth, wet shells, bat’s wings…Knife!”

“**Oh, shut up!**”

“Wrong again. Last guess.” Billa warned.

“String!”

“**Or nothing.**”

“Two guesses at once.” Billa teased. “Wrong both times.”

Upon hearing this, Gollum fell to the ground, sobbing. Billa swallowed.

“So, come then, I won the game, you promised to show me the way out.”

“**Did we say so, Precious? Did we say so?**” Gollum hissed out, glaring hatefully at Billa, whose grip tightened on the sword handle.

“The bastard is goin’ against his word!” Dwalin snarled, standing up as though Gollum had suddenly appeared and the dwarf was going to strangle him. Billa shrugged.

“I think somewhere in the back of my head, I knew he wasn’t going to keep his word.” Billa admitted, meekly shuddering. “Honestly I was hoping by that point someone would have gotten down there by now and found me. But…” Billa shrugged. “Still, I got out.” She added quickly, seeing that the dwarves, at least some of them, looked hurt at the realization that she was probably hoping for one of them to rescue her.

“Yeah, but by the skin of your teeth.” Kíli grumbled and Tauriel looked at him, holding his hand gently.

“I can stop if you want.” Billa suggested, but the group shook their heads.

“Just finish it.” Thorin stated, his throat closing up slightly. He had realized it had been close for her…but not this close. Billa swallowed and continued.

“**What HAS it got in its pocketses?**”
“That’s no concern of yours.” Billa reminded him, though she had just asked him what had been in it. “You lost.”

“Lost? Lost? Lost?”

Billa swallowed, panic crawling up her throat as Gollum slowly approached, and reached for something on his side. Then...his face expression changed. There was confusion and shock, and he began to grope all over himself trying to find whatever he had lost.

“Where is it? Where is it?!” He began to shriek, as Billa watched him began to writhe around, and throwing items on the floor around trying to find whatever he had apparently lost. “No! Ahh!! Where is it? No! No!!” He rushed to the lakes edge, splashing in the shallows of the water. “Lost!! Curses and splashes, my precious is lost!!”

Billa suddenly realized that what Gollum had lost, was the ring currently in her pocket. With his back turned, she yanked the ring out of her pocket and hid it behind her back with one hand.

“What have you lost?”

“Mustn’t ask us! Not its business! No! Gollum, Gollum.” Gollum cried, leaning over the edge of the water. Billa watched in horror as the pained expression suddenly changed, shifting to rage, and she clutched the ring rightly now.

“What...has it got...in its nasty...little...pocketses?” Gollum slowly snarled turning to her. She pointed her sword at Gollum, her arm shaking. He looked shocked and angry with her.

“She stole it. She STOLE it!!” Gollum hissed, his voice rising, grabbing a stone and threw it at her, she barely able to deflect it. “SHE STOLE IT!!”

And she took off running, him fast behind her. She slid around a corner and managed to rush into a side cave.

“Give it to us!!” She heard Gollum screech. She turned to see Gollum running past the entrance of the cave she was in.

She looked around and spotted a crack in the wall. Seeing it as better than nothing, she went over and tried to slide through it. However she found herself stuck partway through and she let out a groan of displeasure, and instantly regretted it as Gollum had apparently heard that and backtracked, spotting her. He snarled, approaching her like an animal hunting prey.

“It’s ours. IT’S OURS!!” Gollum snarled. Billa exhaled and pushed as hard as she could, managing to slip through the crack with a high pitched yelp and tumbled to the ground. As she hit the ground, the ring flew up into the air. Billa went to snatch it, but instead of landing in her hand, the ring somehow slid onto her finger. In an instant, the colors around her became muted, and the edges of everything became blurred and wavy. Billa looked around in confusion (had she gotten a concussion?) but let out a scream as Gollum ran in, scrambling back a bit, but instead of jumping onto her, he seemed to not notice her, looking frantically around.

“Thief! Baggins!!” He howled as he ran down the cavern. Billa stood in confusion. Could he not see her? She took off after him, the world remaining this blurred, colorless void.

“Wait, my Precious!!! WAIT! Gollum, Gollum.”

Billa saw that he was in a tunnel, and at the end of that tunnel was the exit to the mountain, daylight
streaming into it. She began to move forward, her sword still drawn. Suddenly Gollum seemed to hear a noise and scrambled behind a rock. And to her surprise, there was Gandalf and the dwarves running down the same tunnel. Yet, like Gollum they seemed to have failed to see her. Finally the dwarves and Gandalf exited the tunnel and Gollum peered out.

Billa, still invisible, put her sword to Gollum’s neck, then pulled back to swing the sword and cut off Gollum’s head. Before she could swing, however, Gollum turned around, looking down the passageway behind him. He couldn’t see Billa, but she watched him. Again, Billa placed the tip of her sword at Gollum’s throat, but she hesitated. For a second, Gollum looked almost human in his grief. Billa lowered her sword, pitying Gollum and remembering what Gandalf told her about swords and courage. Billa then took a deep breath, stepping back a few feet and hoisting her skirt partially up. Hearing Billa’s feet, Gollum frowned and began to growl looking around, his face returning to being animalistic. Billa inhaled sharply and ran forward, leaping over Gollum, and stepping on Gollum’s head, knocking him over in the process. Still invisible, Billa took off down the exit into sunlight, all the while still hearing Gollum cursing her.

“And that’s how I escaped the mountain.” Billa finished lamely. They were all staring at her, several of them with dropped jaws. “Um…should I…go?”

“You were right there?!” Kíli managed after several moments.

“You all couldn’t see me…my feelings weren’t hurt by that.” Billa remarked, pushing her hair back.

“This ring…lass, that isn’t possible.” Balin finally explained. “No ring has the power to turn someone invisible.”

 “…promise you won’t scream. I don’t need Frigga and Freya waking up.” She suddenly remarked and they all looked confused.

“Billa?”

“Just promise me.” She repeated tiredly, her fingers flitting over the smooth gold band in her hand. Finally they nodded, and she inhaled for a moment and then slid the ring onto her finger.

Several of them yelped in surprise as she vanished, seemingly into thin air and she rolled her eyes as they stood up. Slowly she got up and slinked quietly to where she was standing next to Fíli and pulled the ring off. He nearly jumped onto Kíli as she suddenly reappeared.

“I can promise you, the ring is very, very possible.” She replied, holding it up to show them.

“Maker’s above.” Dori whispered, looking like he was about to faint.

“It’s how I managed to get the keys from Thranduil’s guards, and how I snuck around Smaug…” She explained but trailed off when Thorin walked over to her, looking at the ring.

“May I?” He asked softly. She bit her lip and after an internal struggle, handed it to him. He rolled it around in his hand, running his thumb over the smooth edges. He then looked at her, handing it back to her.

“…I do not think it is wise to use this ring again, Billa.”

“Thorin, if it was dangerous, I doubt Gandalf would have let me keep it.” She remarked and saw him stiffen.
“So he knew about this?”

“I think he only suspected at first, but as the quest progressed, yes. He knew.”

“Billanna, there is something unnatural about this ring.” Thorin said softly. She stared at him. “Promise me, you will not use it again.”

She opened her mouth to object, but sighed.

“Alright. Alright… I won’t put it on unless I have no other choice.”

“Billa…”

“Thorin. I hope that there won’t be a time where I have no other choice.” She stated and he sighed. “Besides, I’ve kept it hidden away right now because I don’t need Freya finding it.”

“She’s a troublemaker already.” Nori admitted, but Thorin didn’t seem to hear him.

“No other option.” He finally agreed and she exhaled softly.

“Got to say… one of us should keep you tied to our waists, Lass.” Óin remarked. “You seem to always get into trouble when you’re not around us.”

Billa blushed.

“That ring is worrying you.” Dwalin remarked later that night, after Billa had gone to bed, looking at Thorin. Thorin sighed, running a hand over his beard.

“It’s not natural.” Thorin replied. “And just the fact with how this Gollum thing reacted to the idea of her stealing it, it’s almost as if… if the ring made him that twisted…”

“Why isn’t she…”

“Why isn’t she what?” Thorin asked, turning to Bombur.

“Why isn’t she like that? If it is the ring that twisted Gollum… why didn’t it twist her?”

Thorin froze.

“Because of her choices.” Balin responded.

“Her… choices?”

“If you were in her shoes, and you had just gone against Gollum. What would you have done?”

Killed him, Thorin realized. If it had been him, Gollum wouldn’t be breathing. Balin seemed to know the answer.

“Whatever twisted him, whether it was the ring or not, there had to be a start. If Billa had gone and killed him, she probably would have been twisted by Gollum’s murder, justified or not. Instead she took pity on him.”

“And that saved her life.” Thorin finished, the relief nearly draining him. The simple act of kindness had probably saved her life. Billa by just being the Billa he had first met in the Shire had saved her own life and her purity. “Maker’s above.”
Kíli was quiet throughout this conversation, and Tauriel noticed. Later that night, she shifted and looked at her husband, resting her chin on his chest.

“What is it, Kíli?” She asked softly.

“I wish you had met Billa when I had.” He whispered softly. “She was so innocent to the world around her. I mean she fainted by us just describing Smaug.”

“…The Gollum story is bothering you.” She remarked and he sighed.

“She was alone, Tauriel. Don’t get me wrong, we weren’t doing that great up in Goblin Town, but we were all together and knew we could rely on one another. She didn’t have anyone or anything but her wits with her. And right after, we thought she had abandoned the quest, managed to escape and was heading back here. And now, come to find out, she was betting her life on a game of riddles, trying to buy time to either figure out how to get out, or one of us to find her.” He whispered.

“You’re upset with not being more adamant on trying to find her.” Tauriel remarked gently, fiddling with the strands of his hair. He sighed.

“She…when I met her, I didn’t feel anything romantically for her, but she was something else. My kind were used to people thinking that we were nothing but thieves and troublemakers, and with what we did, she had every right to kick us out. But she didn’t, and I was always grateful for that. As annoyed as she was with us, she didn’t think we were up to no good. She was annoyed with Gandalf, but not us.” He murmured. “And I wanted to protect her, so she wouldn’t see the evils of the world.”

“Kíli, you mustn’t blame yourself.” She replied softly. “You did wonderfully in protecting her.”

“How?” He asked softly.

“I was not there, so I cannot have single examples, but I see you haven’t observed her here, Mela en’ coiamin.” Tauriel said with a smile. “She watches you play with her children, and she smiles. She knows she can trust you to protect them. She sees you as her brother, and I think that is a gift.” Kíli swallowed roughly and Tauriel kissed his cheek.

“There are reasons why I married you, A’maelamin. One of the main reasons is your incredibly loving heart.”

“And here I thought it was my good looks.”

“That may have been a factor as well.” She replied with a smile, kissing his cheek. “Whatever the case, why not tomorrow you talk to her? By yourself.” She whispered. He swallowed and then nodded. It needed to be done.

“You are a wonderful treasure.” He muttered softly in appreciation and she hummed her response, curling to him, entangling her legs with his. He grinned, running a finger down her nightshirt.

“As much as I usually enjoy where this is going A’maelamin, I do not think your brother who is in the bed across the room from us would enjoy that entirely.” She teased.

“Nah. Might give him ideas for a certain dwarrowdam he’s probably dreaming o-” A curse in Khuzdûl and a thrown pillow cut off his taunt and Tauriel laughed.

Kíli awoke early that next morning, to the smell of bacon. Tauriel was still asleep, nestled under the
covers. He kissed her temple, and she shifted slightly but remained asleep. Slowly he slid out of bed and pulled on some clothes, going to go investigate. When he finally got to the kitchen he spotted Billa making breakfast, humming a rather familiar tune.

“Far Over the Misty Mountains Cold?” He asked, startling her. She turned and then let out a breathy laugh.

“Goodness, don’t scare me like that.” She said, still laughing. “Anyway, yes. It is.”

“You still remember it?”

“Of course. In fact, you will be happy to know, it’s Freya and Frigga’s favorite song.”

“…you sing it to them?” He managed. She nodded, a smile on her face as she turned around.

“I’m not going to disregard half of their heritage,” She remarked gently. “They are not just hobbits.”

“You had every right to.” He muttered. “After everything that happened.”

“What happened was no more your fault than it was mine.”

“You were scared.” He stated. “And if Kara hadn’t found you…three lives would have ended.”

“Kíli…”

“I’m sorry…” He croaked out and she turned in confusion. “Sorry for all the danger we put you through. Sorry for everything.”

“Oh Kíli…” she said softly, moving the pan that contained the bacon off the burner and turning fully to him. “None of it’s your fault.”

“But I didn’t protect you well enough!”

“You protected me just fine. The Gollum incident I don’t think I could have avoided. And you all were busy not trying to die yourselves.”

“Not just that, though I really wish we had tried to make sure you were alright, but every other time!” He exclaimed hoarsely. “And…and then at the end…we just believed you were dead. If we had looked harder, we might have found you before Gandalf took you back here…”

“You were all injured, some more than others.” She stated softly.

“But, we shouldn’t have let you out of our sight and-”

He was cut off as she walked over and pulled his form into a hug.

“Kíli, you did nothing wrong. You could never do any wrong to me. You’re like my big brother.” She stated softly. “You and Fíli.”

He choked, trying to keep the tears from sliding down his face. She offered a kind smile.

“I am so grateful to have gone with you all on the Quest. If I hadn’t I would be here alone with no family. So I am thankful. So thankful.” She continued with a bright smile. He slowly returned the hug, his shoulders shaking.

“Namadith.” He whispered. She wondered at first what that meant, but she remembered Thorin
telling her that Nadad and Nadadith had meant ‘brother’ and ‘little brother’ when she asked what Fíli and Kíli had been calling each other occasionally. It did not take her long to figure out what Namadith meant in Khuzdûl.

“I am sorry for hurting you so much by making you believed I died.” She apologized, smoothing out his hair. “Can you forgive me?”

“You were already forgiven.” Another voice stated and she looked up to see Fíli standing at the entrance. Kíli made a move to wipe his eyes, but Fíli shook his head and gave a smile.

“I won’t tell.” He affirmed gently and then looked at Billa who gave a smile.

“The moment we saw you, you were forgiven.” Fíli continued, hugging her as well. “We’re glad to have our Mistress Boggins back.”

Billa laughed and the two dwarrowmen laughed with her as well in the morning light.

Chapter End Notes

Some more translations~

Mela en' coiamin- Love of my life
A'maelamin- My beloved
Namadith- Little Sister

Hope you like it!
“You know I’m surprised with how early you two are.” Billa remarked when she finally went back to making breakfast. “I remember getting you two to wake up normally took ages.”

“We’ve gotten better. Besides, sort of a contest now to see which of the company wakes up first.” Kíli remarked. “Seems you won.”

“Not at all. Kara was already up and moving around by the time I roused and got ready.” Billa remarked and they looked at her in surprise. Billa chuckled.

“She said she’s managed to skip a few days, but feels like her grandmother would have a stroke if she didn’t do some sort of training by now.” She explained. “Asked if she could borrow some water and then headed out to the back.”

“How long has that been?”

“An hour or two, at most.” Billa remarked and Fíli glanced at the door.

“I’m going to go check on her.” He stated and Billa watched amused as he left the room.

“Does he…?”

“Oh he does.” Kíli remarked with a grin. “He’s just being stubborn.”

“Seems a common trait in the Durin line.”

“Can’t argue with that.”

Fíli glanced around the backyard and noted that Kara wasn’t there. Strange, he doubted Billa had made that up, but…

He heard sounds in the trees nearby and climbed up the hill.

“Close you Eyes and you will see clearly…”

He paused and looked around, locking onto the voice and followed it.

“Be Silent and your heart will sing…Seek no Contacts and you will find union.”

There was a grunt.

“Be Still and you will move forward on the tide of spirit. Be Gentle and you will achieve no strength. Be Patient and you will achieve all things. Be Humble and you will remain entire.”

He finally spotted her, standing in the middle of an opening in the forest. It seemed she had been training the entire time. He noticed that her jacket and outer shirt had been discarded, leaving her only in her white undershirt and trousers, though her sash was still tightly wrapped around her waist. He also noted that, other than her beads in her hair, the rest of her hair accessories had been taken out, leaving her hair completely down, and her weapon lay next to them. She sighed, dropping her
arms and then stretching them.

“Sun’s already rising.” She muttered to herself going over to the bucket. “Might as well head back.”

Then she lifted the bucket and, still bent over partly, dumped the contents over her head. She shook her head violently, muttering to herself that it was cold, the water sliding down her neck and hair wetting her undershirt partially. Fíli stared momentarily, watching as she shook her head to get some water out of her face and then realizing that he was essentially peeping, turned around quickly, hiding behind the tree. In his haste to hide, he stepped on a twig. Kara turned.

“Hello?”

He cringed, but remained absolutely still. Maybe she would walk past him without even noticing. That would probably be-

“Fíli?”

“Fasâk!!” He exclaimed, jumping a bit. He spun around to see Kara standing behind him, one eyebrow raised and an amused smirk stretching her lips.

“Now that isn’t really appropriate language for the next—in—line is it, my Prince?” She teased softly and he glared.

“Why must you sneak up on me all the time?” He grumbled and she laughed as she walked around him and back to where her outer shirt was and pulled it on.

“Correct me if I’m wrong, but is it not you, who snuck up on me?” She asked coyly, turning around as she undid her sash momentarily and pulled her jacket, clipping the belts of her sash back after she had her jacket situated. He felt the back of his neck heat up as she began to braid the longer strands of her hair into two separate braids intertwining ribbon into them and tying the ribbon to the metal hoops that were at the bottom of those strands.

“I was just wondering where you were…” He muttered and she chuckled.

“Prince Fíli, I merely jest.” She replied giving a slight curtsy. “It is very chivalrous to come and check on me though. I didn’t realize I was gone for so long.”

“What were you doing?”

“Training.” She replied with a small grin.

“What were you quoting?”

“My grandmother’s scripture on healing.” She admitted bashfully.

“You do that while training with your weapon?” He asked almost amused.

“It’s how she trained me. My grandmother is always particular on my conducting spiritual, mental, as well as physical training at once.”

“At once? Sounds like a lot.”

“Yes…imagine me as a dwarfling and having to do that. It’s a miracle I didn’t just break down.” Kara remarked.

Fíli frowned.
“It seems to be a bit much.”

“It was expected of me.”

“Because you’re the head healer’s granddaughter?” Fíli questioned.

“That…but also that damn legacy.”

“Legacy?”

She paused as though contemplating on actually telling him and then sighed and yanked her shirt down, where he could see just under her collarbone. And there was a rune. He looked at it.

“It’s called the mark of Eīr. It’s said the only other dwarf to have this rune, and she was a daughter of one of the seven dwarf lords, her name being Eīr. She was known for being a healer, excelled at it actually. My grandmother said she was so good she could pull out poisonous metals from an unlucky dwarf that may have accidentally received it while mining. So that means I was likely born to be a healer. Truthfully I do not see it as anything else but a story, but my grandmother and family were convinced the moment they saw it, that I was Eīr reborn.” She grumbled.

“Is that such a bad thing?”

“I was supposedly born to be a healer, and I manage to kill my mother in childbirth and my father dies a few years later in a fight, which my kin very well think he knew he wasn’t going to live through, but decided to die a heroic death to return to his beloved.” Kara remarked softly. “What type of healer causes the death of both her parents?”

He was quiet, looking at her. She sighed and shook her head.

“Forget I mentioned it…”

“I think you are a brilliant healer.”

She paused looking at him.

“You may not see yourself as such, but I see it like this. You saved me when Óin had seen very little chance of me surviving, you saved other dwarves, elves, and humans alike that had been injured in the battle that otherwise would have died from their wounds before help could have gotten to them.”

He gestured back to Bag End. “Most importantly, you saved the life that meant very much to this Company, and in doing so saved two other smaller, but no less precious, lives. I think that there proves that you are a wonderful healer.” He explained softly, and her face turned a bright shade of red.

“My kin could never thank you enough.”

“Oh no! Don’t say that!!” She managed to voice. “It’s my duty as a healer and-” She stopped at his smile. She covered her face, feeling as though she had swallowed fire.

“You wanted me to say that…”

“It was not intended, but it is not untruthful…” He stated gently as they finally made it to Bag End.

“I never knew the Prince would be so silver-tongued.”

“Anything to give a reason for the fair lady to smile.” He teased and entered the hobbit hole, leaving the dwarrowdam standing there stunned, her face turning into a red hue.
“Tauriel, what is with your sudden obsession with vrejirlan?” Kíli asked his wife as snagged another of the multicolored pear shaped fruit. She glared at him.

“I beg your pardon?” She asked cheekily.

“Amrâlimê, this is the third one just this morning.” He stated as Thorin helped Freya up onto the stool. The little girl yawned loudly, her hair sticking up in several different places. Frigga was a little more composed, though her hair did have several flyaways. The girls looked at perplexed.

“What’s dat?”

“Obsession?” Kíli asked and the girls nodded. “It means when someone really likes something.”

“What’s she really like?” Frigga asked.

“Vrejirlan.” Kíli remarked and both girls cocked their heads to the side as he took a drink of water.

“She’s gots a baby?” Freya asked innocently.

Kíli choked, as did Tauriel and the company looked at the two confused girls. As Kíli cleared his throat he looked at his young cousins in horrified bewilderment.

“W…wha?”

“Well she wan’ da vrejirlan fruit…” Freya stated confused as Billa walked in. Her eyebrow rose slightly.

“What? I haven’t even brought all the food out.”

“Um…Billa, what have you been telling those two about the Vrejirlan fruit?” Fíli remarked, as his brother looked like he was about to pass out. Billa let out a slight laugh.

“Oh sorry…here the Vrejirlan fruit is normally something hobbit girls start eating on excess if they’re going to be having a child. The girls probably picked up on it.” Billa remarked. “I did, a lot of my female cousins did and…er….” She trailed off. “Why?”

They all looked to Tauriel and Kíli who were understandably pale, Tauriel clutching the said fruit.

“…Oh.” Billa remarked. Kara glanced at the group and sighed then stood.

“Alright Tauriel, to the living room.”

“I…wha…” Tauriel croaked out.

“Obviously none of us are going to eat if we don’t get the oliphant out of the room. March. I’ll be right back.” She ordered and went down to where her bag was. Tauriel glanced at Kíli who gave a weak shrug and Tauriel managed to put strength into her legs and dragged herself to the sofa just as Kara returned holding a crystal pendant.

“Lie down.” Kara explained gently. “Now, it’s going to feel like something is pushing through your body when the light from the crystal passes over you. It’s okay and everything, it will just feel strange.”

“Alright.” Tauriel murmured, biting her bottom lip as the crystal began to glow softly and the reflection bounced off of her slowly and the light moved. The only sign that Tauriel could feel this.
was a slight twitch. Slowly the light stopped on her stomach, the light dancing around it. Kara was staring at it and gently pressed there. After a few minutes she sighed and looked at them.

“Looks like it doesn’t just pertain to hobbits.” She muttered and Tauriel sat up, her eyes large and wide. Kili’s expression was humorous to say the least. Kara was quite sure if he hadn’t already been leaning on the wall, he’d likely have fallen backward. “Er…might I suggest we leave these two alone, King Thorin??” She stated looking to her king for some sort of order or back up. Thankfully he seemed to recover the quickest out of all of them and looked to Billa, who nodded.

“Girls why don’t we help you get changed.”

“Bu…” Freya began, still confused, but yelped when Frigga sharply tugged on her hair. The younger sister grumbled and then slid off the stool and stormed away followed by Frigga. The other dwarves all rather quickly hurried out, leaving the dark haired prince alone with his elvish wife.

“Tauriel…”

“…that must have been why I was feeling ill halfway through the trip. I…I just thought I had caught something.” Tauriel began to ramble nervousy.

“Tauriel…”

“What is everyone going to say? Your mother asked you when she met me if that was the reason you were courting me, but how would she react now? And what about-”

He kissed her, stopping her panicked rant. Finally he moved away.

“Breathe, Amrâlimê. Breathe.” He stated softly and she did so, her breath quavering a bit.

“What are we going to do?” She asked in a voice that sounded so different than the strong voice she normally carried.

“Truthfully, I haven’t a clue.” He answered, cupping her face. “But you know what? We can figure this out. We haven’t had the easiest of courtships or marriages…and I know its quick all things considered, but we figure things out. Together. Alright?”

She looked at him, her eyes wide before slowly she nodded. She gripped his hands and he smiled at her.

She gave a nervous smile.

“And if any dwarf is dumb enough to disagree, Amad will make sure they change their minds…I can assure you of that.” He added and finally she let out a watery laugh.

A young hobbit hurried out of the forest clutching a basket full of mushrooms. His mother was going to be so pleased!

“Excuse me, Halfling!”

The boy paused and saw three figures on ponies. Cautiously he strode forward.

“Can you tell us where Bag End is?”

Bag End? The boy furrowed his brow before remembering.
“In Hobbiton! The Shire!” He exclaimed, pointing. “’bout two days that-a-way!” He chirped. The figures smiled and nodded to him, watching as he scampered away.

“Should’ve killed him.”

“It’d attract too much attention. The lass probably is wary of everything now.” One responded.

“Let’s go. We have a job we need to do.”

“Aye, that’s what we’re being paid right?”

“Get rid of the hobbit and its spawn.”

Chapter End Notes

Some more words that are translated:

Fasâk- it means well...fuck XD

Amrâlimê-My Love

The fruit I just made up as well as the background. Now keep in mind it isn't unusual for people to eat this fruit, it's more if they eat a lot of it is when hobbit's can sort of know. Anyway we get a little bit of background of Kara, flirting and comforting of Fíli and Kara, as well as a surprise!

But it looks like trouble is on the way!
be warned not extreme but there is violence in this one

“Ow!!”

“How is it her hair becomes a rats nest this easily?” Nori asked amused as Dori was trying to get Freya’s hair clear of the knots.

“I haven’t a clue. Billa and Thorin’s hair was never this-”

“Ow!!” The little girl snapped again, glaring pointedly at the eldest of the Ri brothers. Balin chuckled.

“Oh no, she doesn’t remind us of anyone we know.” Dwalin muttered just loud enough for Thorin to hear who glared at his brother-in-arms.

“Daddy help?”

The voice startled everyone and the looked at Frigga who was fiddling buttons on her blouse, having missed a few of the holes.

“Daddy…” She drawled a bit more, snapping Thorin out of his stupor and he bent down. The others all looked at her. They hadn’t exactly told either of the girls yet who their father was, as they hadn’t asked Billa yet. Freya seemed to realize what they were thinking and huffed.

“We guess.” She grumbled, wincing as another knot was snagged. “Not dat hard. ‘sides, he called me dauder when Lobelia hid me.”

Right. There was that.

And no doubt the youngest told the eldest child soon after she had calmed down.

“Unless we gots more dan one…”

“Who in blazes told something like that to you?” Dori pronounced, scandalized. The girls glanced at him in ire.

“Quite a few, I’m guessing.” Bofur remarked dryly, frowning.

“Dey think we don’ get id because we littler.” Freya commented sardonically. “Bu we smarder dan oders.”

“That is incredibly true.” Balin stated gently earning twin blushes from the girls.

“Girls! Come here for a minute.”

“Coming Mama!!” They both called, Freya all too happy to be free from the confines of the brush.
She hopped down and after Thorin moved away, grabbed Frigga’s hand they scampered out of the room. The dwarves stood there.

“I don’t like this.” Bofur grumbled out. “From what it sounds like, Billa had to deal with a lot of rumors for being simply pregnant with them. And with what Lobelia was screeching about…”

“I know. I don’t like the idea of the lass having to have dealt with this on her own. And leaving her here…” Glóin trailed off angrily.

“It’s not an option.” Thorin remarked. He’d sooner go to Mordor than leave his daughters in a place where they had to listen to rumor after rumor about their mother and her fidelity.

“Well Billa has to think about it. This is her home, as toxic as it is now.” Balin replied and Thorin sighed.

“I can take care of the two of them by myself you know.” Kara remarked with a grin several days later. “Two dwobbits is nothing compared to nine dwarflings.”

“All the same, I’ll be staying here. Uncle’s orders.” Fíli remarked with a grin and Kara sighed. The group had gone with Billa to the market, though Billa had at first been adamantly against it. But it seemed that the dwarves didn’t want her to have to go through whatever had happened the last time.

“Now I can handle dwobbits, but a grown dwarf plus those two may be a bit harder.” She teased. He grinned, trying to keep the heat off of his cheeks.

“I’m not that bad, you know. Now if my brother was helping you babysit…that’d be a different story.”
Kara laughed.

“Oh, and dwobbits? Where’d you come up with that?”

“Said brother made up the word. Along with dwelf for his own child.” She remarked rolling her eyes. “He’s excited.”

“After initial panic? Definitely.” Fíli agreed.

“You’re going to be an uncle.” She added and Fíli smiled.

“It appears so.”

“I think you will be a wonderful uncle.” Kara admitted looking at him with a shy smile.

“Really?”

“Have you seen yourself with children?” She asked laughing. “Fíli, my cousins get so excited when they find out you’re going to be telling a story, and I’ve basically helped raise them. Your younger cousins already feel at ease with you. I can guarantee that your own niece or nephew will love you just as much.” She stated with a smile and he blushed.

“I’m going to go uh…get something to eat…” He stammered out and she smiled humorously as he hurried away.

“Ms. Kara…” She heard someone say timidly and looked down to see Frigga. She bent slightly.

“Yes Frigga?”
She seemed to hesitate, looking at her feet. “Do you have a question?”

“About daddy…”

Kara seemed to look at her confused as the little girl fiddled with the hem of her shirt.

“Did Daddy stay away ‘cause of me? ‘Cause I can’ see?” The little girl asked and Kara’s jaw dropped. “I mean peo’ble always say dat’s why and…”

“Sweetheart, whoever told you that are wrong.” Kara remarked gently cupping her face. “Your father would never stay away just because you couldn’t see.”

“So why…”

“It’s complicated sweetie…” Kara admitted. “And it’s probably something you need to ask your parents, because I can’t be the one to answer. But I want you to know this, your father loves you and your sister. Nothing can change that. He loves you, blindness and all.”

“…why was I bown blin’?” She muttered softly and Kara gave a soft smile.

“Only the Maker’s know that sweetie, but you know what, it doesn’t mean you’re handicapped. The only one who can keep yourself back is you. Blind you may be, helpless you most certainly are not.”

The little girl blinked and then blushed. Kara smiled and petted the little girls head. Freya came running in and giggled, grabbing her sister’s hand.

“Come on sissy!! Le’s go! Pway!” She demanded and the older sister followed. Kara sighed and followed the pair to make sure they didn’t cause too much havoc.

Fíli rubbed the back of his head sighing as he paced the backyard, apparently having skipped the kitchen all together, so lost in his thoughts. He could almost hear his brother laughing at him for how he acted around Kara.

But that was just it. He didn’t. He didn’t know how to act around her.

How in the hell did his uncle and brother court women seemingly so easily? True, his uncle had managed to nearly lose the woman he had been courting, but still the fact remained that he had courted Billa. He could remember his mother teasing, stating that the Durin men weren’t the smoothest when it came to courting, and right then he couldn’t agree more.

“How did my father manage to court mother?” He groaned to himself, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

Suddenly his worry about this ‘courtship’ with Kara disappeared on quiet, quick feet. The atmosphere had changed and it felt like someone had entered, though unheard, and wasn’t someone who had been allowed into the Hobbit-hole and its property. He slowly went to his swords as though he was in front of a beast and didn’t want to startle it.

There was a twig snapping.

He spun around pulling out his blades only to manage to see the butt of an axe smashing into his face.

Kara looked up from where she had been standing. Something had suddenly changed in the
atmosphere, the hole feeling colder, darker.
Dangerous.

“Girls…” She began to say but the door to the back creaked open.

“Mus’ be Mista Fíli!!” Freya exclaimed, rushing past Kara before she could stop her.

“Freya! Wait!!” Kara began but the little girl was already around the corner.

Seconds later a scream split through the air.

“FREYA!!” Kara yelled. She looked at Frigga. “Run!!” She hissed out before rushing after Freya. Frigga still at the door of the spare room, her blank eyes pitifully wide before she ran towards the direction of the front door. Kara grabbed her pernach as she passed by it, rushing forward through the halls until she slid to a stop in the west hall, her eyes wide. Freya was squirming around trying to free herself from being held by a dwarf. But not any of the dwarves that she knew.

This dwarf was stocky, not as stocky as Dwalin or Glóin, but stockier than Fíli or Kíli, with gray hair and nearly black eyes. Two others stood behind him, one with wild red hair barely contained in several braids with hard green eyes and the other with the same shade of red, more tame the former but with no less cold green eyes. And the one was holding the limp form of Fíli whose body they had dragged in through the backdoor, his wrists bound tightly behind his back. His head hung forward and she could see blood dripping onto the floor.

“Obviously not a hobbit. Where’s Baggins and we won’t-”

Whatever he was going to threaten her with was cut off as the tip of her pernach smashed into his face, fury making her features dark.

“Fasâk mênu!!” She shrieked angrily as Freya was dropped, him clutching his face. The one man holding Fíli dropped him and rushed towards, holding up a spear. She blocked it and swung at him.

“FREYA! RUN!!” She yelled, blocking again, stepping over Fíli to protect him at least.

But a strangled yelp had her turning and her freeze. The man she had smashed in the face hadn’t been knocked out unfortunately and had snagged Freya, who had frozen in fear, was now being held up by the arm, a dagger to her throat.

“Fre-”

A sickening crack echoed through her skull and suddenly her limbs felt like marionette hands cut from their strings as they fell limply to her side, the pernach falling out and missing Fíli’s head by mere inches. She collapsed, the last thing she saw was Freya’s frightened face.

Frigga panted as she raced down the road, trying to be careful and mind the holes that were likely in the road. She needed to find her parents, and her uncles (she didn’t know what else to call them). But panic was consuming her mind at the possibilities of what has happening to Kara, Fíli, and Freya. She was the big sister! She was supposed to protect her!! But no! She had froze, and couldn’t help Kara because she was stupid, tiny, blind-

She let out a yelp as her foot hit a hole and she face planted on the ground. She began to cry, her ankle aching horribly now and her face hurt. She just sat on the ground and cried. She wanted her Mommy, she wanted her Daddy, she wanted her little sister to be okay. But she didn’t know what to do. She was blind…
“The only one who can keep yourself back is you. Blind you may be, helpless you most certainly are not.”

Frigga blinked and then her brows furrowed in frustration. What was she doing sitting on the ground, crying? She needed to get help!!!

“You par’ dwarf.” She hissed to herself and struggled to stand. “Ac’ like it!”

Her injured ankle protested and nearly sent her into tears but she started to limp forward. No hobbits would be out right then, it was nearly elevensies. And though her mother didn’t really do that now (as she hadn’t quite gotten back into the Hobbit schedule after the quest just yet) all the other hobbits did and it was probably practically empty now on the streets. Likewise it wasn’t like the hobbits could help her with her dilemma.

She just hoped she’d find help before it was too late.

Kara slowly awoke, her head ringing like a gong. She forced her eyes open and looked to her left. Fili was there; still unconscious, slumped forward slightly and she could see that the blood was a mixture of a bloody nose (likely broken) and a gash to his forehead.

She felt that her wrists were tied tightly behind her back with what felt like a leather animal snare and tied to one of the beams that supported Bag End’s hobbit hole.

The room seemed to be moving a bit but she could make out three forms, one holding a now limp Freya. They were three male dwarves, fierce and armed.

“Oh look, she’s awake,” one said. “Think she knows?”

“Well we should ask right? It’s the polite thing to do.” One spoke out and strolled towards her.

“Hello, lass.” He stated with a voice that sounded like sour honey as he withdrew a dagger from his pocket. “Happen to know any hobbits?”

Silence answered him as she just glared at him.

“You listening lass?” he hissed, grabbing a fistful of her hair so tightly it hurt, pushing his face into hers.

She spat into it.

He withdrew as though she had bitten him, but then pulled his hand back and smacked her across the face and a copper taste filled her mouth.

“Wish I had hit you harder in the godforsaken face.” She spat angrily through her pain, but this time was unable to hold back the yelp as he suddenly dug the dagger into her shoulder angrily.

“Harain!”

“She started it, Darkral!” Harain snapped angrily yanking the blade out of her shoulder and she shook in pain as she tried to concentrate on something else.

“Where is the Hobbit?” Darkral asked, rolling his eyes.

“Go rot in hell!” She replied and she was struck again and she let out a chocked curse, her head dropping in pain, only to be yanked back up by her hair by the third one.
“The pain will stop if you tell us.” He stated simply.

“Atta boy, Jaro.”

“Fitting name…” She wheezed. “Orc Tomb. Remembrance of your father?.” She snarled remembering at least the translation of that name.

The smash to the temple brought stars to her eyes and she slumped forward, the leather biting into her skin as she breathed hard, coughing. Blood dripped from her mouth and nose while her eyes watered up. But it didn’t matter. As long as they stayed away from Freya and Fíli. It didn’t matter.

“Such a tongue. Makes me think we should tear it out.” Jaro remarked.

“Nah, I have other plans for her.”

She didn’t like what that insinuated and she bit her bottom lip hard as they yanked her head back up. She glared at them.

“We’re going to ask you again. Where is the Hobbit?”

“Why do you care for a hobbit?” She snapped.

“We don’t. But a job’s a job and we’re getting paid big to get rid of the hobbit and her little spawn.” They remarked gesturing to Freya, who, thank the Maker, she could still see her chest rising and falling. So they didn’t know about Frigga, she realized dimly.

“She’s not going to answer us, Darkral.” Harain replied. He twirled the already blood covered knife in his hand, whistling. “But I think we can think of some things that would make her squeal like a piglet.” He remarked.

“I suggest you answer soon before he starts, lass.” Jaro remarked almost with a chuckle. “It will be easier if you don’t struggle.”

But they wanted her to struggle. She could see it in their eyes, oh how they wanted her to struggle.

And who was she to deny that?

“Ishkaqwi ai durugnul!” She spat out.

And the real beatings began.

Chapter End Notes

so…tada...
don’t worry the dwarves are going to be showing up in the next chapter. And they AREN’T going to be happy.

Translations:
Fasâk mênu- Fuck You

Ishkaqwi ai durugnul- I spit upon your grave!
“You didn’t have to threaten them you know.” Billa remarked dryly, looking at Thorin. He shrugged.

“That wasn’t a threat. It was a casual reminder that we do not like to listen to folks whispering about us. Besides we didn’t say anything.” He replied easily and Billa sighed.

“There’s a reason dust is called so called for a reason, Fíli and Kara and Freya!”

Time seemed to stand still and the ice settled in the dwarves, hobbit, and elf’s veins. She wouldn’t be this distraught if something wasn’t the matter.

“What’s wrong with them sweetie?” Billa managed, panic crawling onto her face her head jerking up towards where Bag End was.

“I dun’ know!!” Frigga wailed, trying to stop crying but failing miserably. It was probably a good thing she couldn’t see. The color that had drained out of all the adults’ faces would have sent her in hysterics.

“We need to go. Now!” Thorin snapped hoisting Frigga up and the group took off.

“This isn’t working.”

“No, but it’s fun isn’t it?"

Fíli slowly awoke to a sighing sound that sounded aggravated. He didn’t shift, though his body seemed to beg for any type of movement. Neither of those voices were ones he recognized. He could
feel that his wrists were tied, but they weren’t tethered to anything. He opened his eyes partially, his
eyes gliding around the scene. He could see Freya was resting against his leg, her body limp. Panicflooded momentarily through him, but her chest rose and fell and the lessening the panic, if only just.
She was still alive. But his gaze shifted to his right and his heart once again stuttered a bit.
Kara sat there on her knees, her form curled up in the fetal position, her hair cut in several areas,
sticking out awkwardly, her shoulders shaking with exertion, blood dripping down from her face and
one shoulder.

Kara barely managed a cry as one gripped her by her hair again, yanking her head up. She peered up
at the dwarf holding her head; blood was dripping from her forehead, sliding down her face and
dripping onto her knee. Her cheeks were black and blue; her nose bleeding and her lips busted and
scabbed. There was a bloodied bump on her head, surrounded by more blood-matted hair. Her wrists
were bound by what looked like it had been once used as an animal snare, and blood covered the
bands.

“You see, you wouldn’t be in this much pain if you had just told us what we wanted.”

“…would’ve killed me…no matter what.” Kara managed and winced as he yanked a bit harder on
her hair.

“You’re such a pretty dwarrowdam. Tis a shame really.”

Fíli gritted his teeth in anger as the offending dwarf shoved Kara’s head harshly down, smashing it
into the floor. She only flinched but didn’t much utter a word, and stayed there.

“Let’s take the brat. No doubt the mother will follow-”

As he reached to snatch Freya, Fíli swung and landed a decisive kick to the dwarf’s face. The man
stumbled back but Fíli was already standing, ignoring the kinks in his joints and the fact his arms
were bound behind his back. One hop up and he had jackknifed the bound wrists under his legs and
his hands were now in front of him. Dwalin would have given him grief for being so careless and
getting taken down so quickly by some other dwarves.

“Fíli…” Kara managed.

“It’s okay.” He replied.

“What’s goin to do?” One of them asked sneering. “Three against one?”

“I’ve trained against more!” Fíli snapped. And he more than had enough reason to fight back as he
stood in front of his unconscious cousin and injured friend.

The man laughed and one ran towards him, clearly not expecting much of a fight from someone they
had knocked out with a hit of an axe handle.

Fíli grinned.

He may not have been prepared then, but he was prepared now.

He dropped to the ground, throwing the first attacker off. He swung his still bound hands up and
collided with the jaw, the impact reverberating through his body. The dwarf stumbled as Fíli kicked,
smashing his foot into the dwarf’s sternum. His allies only managed to force him back to standing.

“You bastard!!”
Fíli opened his mouth to retort but the front door slammed open with such force it sounded like an explosion. The three dwarrowmen jumped.

“They aren’t supposed to be back yet!” Fíli heard one of them hiss out as 12 angry dwarfs stormed in. They seemed to freeze for a brief moment at the sight of these three, but one look at the dried blood on his face, at the injuries on Kara, and the small limp form of Freya crumpled on the ground, and the expressions on their faces almost made Fíli pity his attackers.

Almost.

With animalistic yells the dwarves were upon the three unfortunate assailants.

Thorin was in the lead.

He tackled the first one quite easily, and was smashing his fist into him before they knew what hit them. And Dwalin met the other two with a shovel that Fíli, almost bemused, recognized as one of the gardening ones that had been left outside. He noticed how dark it was now, and the dwarrowmen were dragging the three assailants outside

Balin and Kíli quickly left the group to assist Fíli and Kara.

“Are you alright?” Kíli asked his brother as the pulled out his dagger and began to work on the bindings.

“I’m fine. I just-”

“Freya!!”

Billa rushed past the brothers and went to her youngest daughter, cradling her limp head in her lap.

“Oh, what happened to you…”

“Not…hurt…” Kara managed weakly, still bound and Tauriel rushed over, clutching Frigga whose eyes were wide and nervous at the sounds she could hear. Kíli made quick work of her bindings as well and she nearly face planted if Fíli had not caught her when she was finally set free.

“Then what…” Billa asked weakly, trying to rouse her daughter. Kara, it seemed was struggling to answer, and shook her head to ward off the darkness. Balin frowned.

“Óin!” The aged dwarf called out. “We need you here!”

“Hellebore.” She finally muttered. Fíli was becoming concerned, wondering how many headshots she had taken. “They gave her Hellebore.”


“Óin, now might not be a good time…” Fíli muttered, but Kara shook her head, trying to focus, she made a circle in her shaking hand. Øin nodded, understanding. Kara offered a faint smile.

Before finally collapsing in Fíli’s arms.

The Durin clan was known for many things, some good, some bad…but their temper was definitely one of them that every dwarf knew not to trifle with. And as Thorin dragged the now bloodied dwarf into the forest that surrounded Bag End, the rage tore through his body. Right then he wasn’t King Under the Mountain. He was Thorin, a father of two little girls and he could have lost both of them,
nearly lost one, and an uncle who had nearly lost his eldest nephew. He pulled the dwarf up and flung him into a tree, hearing a sickening crack and the man yelped, but it was strangled as Thorin hoisted him up, leaving him dangling.

“You…attacked…my kin!!” Thorin barely managed to say through gritted teeth. The dwarf choked and Thorin tossed him. “And you had the idea that you would get away with it?!”

The king’s roar had the three dwarf’s shaking, but there was no pity from the other dwarrowsmen who had surrounded them.

Thorin hauled a fist back, slamming it hard into one of the red head’s faces. He shook his fist, not feeling a bit better, his hand throbbing.

“Who sent you?!”

“We don’t know!” One of them squeaked and yelped as Dwalin yanked him up.

“Best not lie to us!!” The head guard snapped angrily, smashing his head into the other one’s head, who let out a gurgled whine.

“We aren’t!” The one red head yelped, any bravado that had been in him long since gone. “We were just given the job! Get the Hobbit and her brat! Honest!”

Thorin growled and smashed his hand into the dwarf’s face again, cringing slightly at the pain, but he kept punching in a blind fury.

How dare these men go after Billa and the girls! How dare they go after his Hobbit!!

“Thorin…you should go back.” Nori muttered, pulling out his knives. Even if Thorin deserved this for the danger his youngest child had been in, it wasn’t something the Company wanted their King to do.

“Your daughters and Billa need you, Thorin.” Dwalin stated coldly and it cut through Thorin’s rage.

He pulled his next punch, his arm trembling with effort and pushed to his feet, leaving the one dwarf barely conscious. He stormed away, though on the inside he wanted desperately to return with his allies and finish the job. But logic had finally entered his mind. As he returned to the doorway of Bag End, he saw Billa her eyes haunted as tears slid down her face. Fear froze his heart.

“Freya?”

“She’s…she’s alright. Just asleep. Sleeping off whatever they forced her to eat. Óin said so.” She managed and then as though the words reminded her of what she had nearly lost, she just broke.

Thorin barely moved a step forward before Billa had run to him, tackling him. Had he been a hobbit, an elf, even a human, he probably would have fallen, but he wasn’t and managed to stay upright as the woman, the strong hobbit woman he had journeyed with nearly three years ago, the burglar who had gone against Smaug, the woman he loved, sobbed her eyes out as the panic and fear that had swallowed her person as the group had raced up to Bag End, thinking they were about to enter and find the worst, drained out of her. He hesitated momentarily, before wrapping his arms around her tiny form, and then his grip tightened and he was resting his head on her shoulder as his own shoulders shook.

She didn’t know how long she had been out before her eyes finally cracked open. She did know
however that she was in pain and someone was standing over her. She tried to move but her body reminded her it wasn’t the best of ideas and she cringed.

“Kara, Kara. It’s me.” A soft voice punctured the haze and she looked up again, blinking.

“Fíli…” She murmured.

“Yes. How are you feeling?”

“…remember when I told you the story about…falling off that cliff when I was younger…and how much it hurt? This takes its’ spot.” She muttered and he winced.

“I can imagine.” He muttered glancing at her form. The girls and Óin had had to take off her outwear, and after bandaging her put on some cleaner clothes. However bad the injuries had been, Óin didn’t say, but his expression was quite vocal about how badly she had been treated. And her hair…the mere fact that they had hacked off her hair…and it set a fire in his system that made him rage. They weren’t alive anymore, he knew that much. His uncle and the Company had assured that and right then Bifur, Nori, and Dwalin were taking care of the bodies. He had wanted to join, but she had apparently muttered his name in her sleep, and he felt as though he couldn’t abandon her again.

“Stop worrying…” She muttered, dragging him out of his thoughts.

“Pardon?” He asked and she gave a soft laugh.

“Your brow is creasing, Prince Fíli. If you keep it up, you’ll look like the King in no time…” She mumbled.

“I’m upset.” He replied. Why wouldn’t he be? Even if he didn’t have developing feelings for her, she was a dwarrowdam, a rarity in their race. And to be treated like that…it made his blood boil.

“Allowed to be…but try to keep the crease in your forehead away until you actually become King, hm?” She suggested tiredly. There was a slight pause. “Is Freya alright?”

“Yeah. Sleeping off the drugs they put in her system, but she’ll be alright after a good nights rest.”

“…good…” She replied softly. “Fíli…they weren’t expecting us.”

“Obviously.” Fíli snorted. “If they had, they were not the brightest of dwarves. Especially with Uncle-”

“No, Fíli.” She implored, her voice gravely from its' now forced use. “They weren’t expecting any of us to be there…just Billa and the girls. Even…even then they weren’t thinking of twins. They were panicking because they knew there were more dwarves than us here, and needed to get the job done.”

“Kara?”

“Someone paid them to come here.” She managed. “…and kill them.”


“You really think they were going to let me live?” She muttered with a raised brow and he swallowed, trying to push the lump in his throat down. “I don’t think they thought I would live so they didn’t need to worry...They were planning on killing them, so King Thorin wouldn’t…well…find them.”
Fíli gritted his teeth in anger.

“They never told me who…I don’t think even they knew. They were just paid by a middle man and completing their orders. They wanted it to look like an accident. That was their plan anyway.”

“They told you all this?”

“I doubt they thought I could really understand them with the amount of head shots they took. Horrible luck for them.” She managed and he gripped her hand tightly. She looked at him.

“Hey…it’s okay…” She murmured softly, with a smile. He shook his head.

“I’m sorry…I didn’t…”

“You could not have expected an attack in of all places, here, in the Shire.” She interrupted softly. “Besides, in the end you were incredibly heroic. Dashing I might say.” She added and he let out a snort. He then sighed.

“What else, pray tell, did they say to you?”

She looked at him.

“You have no idea…”

Fili walked out of the room, his stomach doing flips. Kara had told him he could go and talk with the others, it was okay, and she would be fine.

She would be.

His mind probably wouldn’t.

The images that came into his head from what she had said, what she had described.

And Maker’s above he would have to tell the others…

He shook his head and walked down the halls, finally entering the dining room. To his surprise everyone was there. Some looked a bit bloodied, but they all had haunted looks on their faces. They looked up at him.

“Are the girls?”

“They’re asleep…or trying to.” Billa remarked softly. “Frigga refused to leave Freya’s side.”

He nodded.

“Bastards didn’t tell us much.”

“I doubt they knew much. Idiots they were.” Dwalin muttered angrily. Dori came in with a glare and gave Billa some tea.

“Thank you.” She murmured.

“They told Kara…quite a bit.” Fíli finally said and the group looked at him. “She woke up momentarily, told me what she could remember. Quite vivid.”

“Aye? And what did they say to her?” Glóin asked.
Fíli hesitated before explaining what Kara had informed him. That the target had been Billa and the girls, though they had only thought there was one child. The plan had been to drug them, or at least knock them unconscious, but they hadn’t been expecting the dwarves. When they had seen him step out, they had known there was little time, but they still wanted to go with their plan, thinking that it had only been him and then him and Kara. There he paused, glancing at Billa.

“…what else did they tell her?” Balin asked sensing that there was something else.

“They…” He paused again, glancing at Billa. “They told her how we and Billa were going to die. Probably to scare her into telling them where Billa was so she could be set free, but…”

“How?” Thorin asked, his voice low, dangerous.

“Uncle-”

“How, Fíli?” Thorin asked again. Fíli swallowed.

“How”

“They were intending to drug Billa, and after we showed up, us, with…whatever they gave Freya. She’s still out, so it would have taken a long while for it to wear off…but they were going to make it look like Billa had been cooking or baking and fell asleep while doing so, starting a fire and…” He trailed off. He didn’t need to finish. The picture was clear in everyone’s heads. Billa and the girls would have been burned alive. Billa’s color had drained out of her face, as had many of the other faces. Kíli looked the angriest, now wishing he had joined the others to dispose of the men. Billa looked towards the bedrooms where Freya and Frigga were sleeping in her room, as it had her smell and familiar feeling, and made Frigga feel safer. She got up and hurried away, likely trying to calm herself and get the image of her daughters dying in the home they had lived in.

“She can’t stay here.” Bofur stated. “None of them can.”

“Agreed. Those bastards will be just the first to come here. Whoever paid them, will just keep sending them to try and get it done. And we can’t stay here forever.” Dwalin growled. Thorin hadn’t said a word before he stood and followed Billa.

“Where is he…”

“He needs to talk to her.” Balin remarked. “Alone.”

It didn’t take long for Thorin to find Billa; she was sitting on the edge of her bed, watching her little girls’ sleep.

“Frigga hasn’t let go of Freya’s hand.” She whispered softly. “It’s something she always does when she’s nervous…I…”

“Billanna.”

“Why? Why now?” She asked.

“I do not know.” Thorin stated gently. “But I swear to you, I will never allow it to happen.” He promised. She was silent, looking at her lap, her shoulder trembling. Her hair curtained her face, but she heard footsteps. At first she thought he had left, but then gentle scraping reached her ears and she
looked up to see had pulled a chair in front of her, and sat down, the chair creaking under his weight, unused to the large difference.

She swallowed, trying to force down the jagged rock that seemed trapped in her throat. He cupped her cheeks, and gently pressed his forehead to hers.

Tears glided down her face.

“I will see whoever placed this contract out on you will have death before they lay so much as a finger on any of you, that, I can promise you that.” He whispered softly, brushing his thumbs across her tear stained cheeks. “Billanna, I promise you. You and our daughters will not have harm come to you all.”

She bit her trembling bottom lip and curled up to him, resting her forehead on his shoulder. He wrapped his arms around her shoulders as she gripped his sleeve, her shoulders shaking violently.

“Billa, come back with me to Erebor…” He asked. She went still. “Please…I can’t protect you or the girls with you here.”

He wasn’t a man that begged, in fact, if he could recall, he never begged. It had been something his grandfather and father had instilled in him. But his father’s teaching be damned, he would get on his knees and beg her if that was what it took.

“I need to tell Drogo.”

“…who?”

“My cousin…” She muttered softly. “When I came back and found them auctioning my items, I had a will drawn up as soon as I could. He’s next in the line for Bag End. Him and his eventual family.” She muttered. His heart skipped a beat in realization.

“You’re coming back with us?”

“Even if I wasn’t in bodily danger, I didn’t think I was going to subject Frigga or Freya to being separated from their other half. From you. Truth be told I was going to tell you eventually…I just didn’t know when.”

He pressed his forehead to hers again.

He only moved away when she yawned. He chuckled and picked her up, listening to her squeak in shock. He settled her on the bed next to their daughters.

“You need to sleep.”

He went to leave, but with the speed that he had admired during the quest, she gripped his sleeve.

“Stay…” She whispered.

He blinked. She tugged on his sleeve again and finally he conceded. It took a little bit of shifting the girls, before he had enough room on the bed. Freya was resting against him, her form still as ever, but he thanked every precious second, she was warm and he could hear her soft breathes as she inhaled and exhaled.
*sings* I can't write fight scenes to save my llliiiiifffeeeeee!!

Seriously folks, that is what took me longer than anything else. I blanked out on what to write for fight scenes. So I hope you guys have an imagination, because that was the best I could come up with at that moment. ^__^;

Also I've noticed a few comments about being unrealistic for Freya and Frigga. You all with have to bear with me on this. the youngest child I've ever babysat was around 3, and I never spent more than 30 seconds near a 1 year old. I haven't exactly had a lot of practice. And online has many differing things.

Anyhoo!
Some Bagginshields!
“Disgusting, absolutely disgusting.” Billa hissed out as she dipped her skirt into the river. It was covered in troll boogers. She grumbled to herself as she wrung the skirt, placing it on the rock nearby to let it dry slightly. Thankfully her other clothes were still in her pack and she would have a cleaner skirt on in a few minutes but she hadn’t wanted it to get wet. So she was now in her small clothes wishing right then for some privacy, but at least the dwarves were letting her alone for one-

She looked up when footsteps echoed and she blinked when she spotted Thorin on the other side of some boulders. She glowered angrily at first thinking he had come to peep.

But then he knelt down and cupped his hands into the stream and brought the trapped water to his face, drinking the water. Then he scooped up some more and splashed it on his face. She stared as water dripped down his face and neck and her heart began to sound like it was fighting its way out of her chest.

As he stood, she quickly pressed herself to the rocks, praying he wouldn’t notice her. He seemed not to as he returned to the camp nearby. She stood there, pressed against the rocks as she listened to his footsteps.

She wasn’t sure if the heat that seemed to be emanating from her was coming from her, or coming from the heat that the rock had absorbed from the sun.

Billa slowly awoke from that dream, her face burning, but feeling stiff for some reason. It took her a few moments to realize why. She was pressed against the wall of her room and hadn’t moved the entire night. Frigga was curled up, mirroring her position. To her surprise, Thorin was still there, asleep, one arm draped over both of the girls. She had expected him to have left after she had fallen asleep, but it seemed he wasn’t as keen on leaving his daughters or her alone, a testament of what Fíli had relayed to them had in fact scared Thorin more than he let on. She blinked, looking at his hand, noting that the knuckle was swollen and seemed to have small bruises forming on it. Sitting up carefully, she realized the company had been just as reluctant, as apparently during the night many of them had crowded around in her room, probably to ensure their youngest members of the company remained uninjured and safe. The only ones she noted were absent were Fíli and Kara.

Silently she slid out of bed and managed to get through the maze of bodies without awakening anyone. But as she exited, she was surprised to see Fíli and Kara resting against the wall, the latter resting her head on the former’s shoulder. It seemed even injured could not stop the dwarves from wishing to protect her and the girls. She tiptoed around them and headed to the kitchen. Her mind seemed to be still asleep though, as it drifted back to memories.

She saw him fall as Azog’s white warg tackled him. Despite this Thorin tried to stand again, but it did very little. The warg attacked and used the deposed king as its’ chew toy, throwing him from side to side before tossing him as though he was a rag. Dwalin was screaming but she barely understood it. Thanking the gods that she was lighter than most, she dragged herself up onto the tree, holding her sword. She saw an orc walk towards the barely conscious Thorin, an ugly blade in hand.

His head.
They were going to take his head.

She took off towards them, adrenaline pumping. Before she even knew what she was doing, she tackled the orc, somehow throwing him off his feet. She didn’t know what she was doing, but somehow she killed the orc in her panic and fury. Then she stumbled up and stood in front of Thorin’s body.

“You will not harm him!!” She yelled, her voice strong for once.

Azog the Defiler merely laughed, but she would not be moved.

She would not.

Billa sighed, pressing her hand to her cheek. That had been when everything changed between the two of them. At first she had merely believed it was one-sided, that she would remain quiet about this trivial crush.

But it had seemed that it hadn’t, and she had just been daft and didn’t realize that Thorin had similar feelings.

“Granted, the way he decided to show them could have been a little bit more romantic.” She muttered to herself though she chuckled at the memory of him suddenly kissing her when she had found his cell in Mirkwood. Her cheeks warmed at that memory, remembering his warmth, and then later, his touch…

“No, no!” She suddenly shook her head harshly. “There are guests in the house and you have two little girls! We will not be going down that path of memory lane!”

It did little help. Her body warmed at the memories of Laketown that came to her, almost teasingly, replaying the images of the few nights events that had occurred before entering Erebor and facing off with Smaug.

She was thankfully (if one could call it that) interrupted by a knock on the door. She wiped her hands and moved the pan off of the stove before hurrying to the door, hoping it hadn’t awoken the dwarves. They seemed to have needed the rest with all that had happened the night prior.

“Lobelia, I swear to Yavanna if it is you I-” She stated opening the door before gasping.

There were several things Freya realized as she returned to the world of awakeness. One; she wasn’t in her bed or her room as it was much too sunny, meaning it was her mother’s. Two; she and Frigga were sleeping in the same bed, and upon looking to her left (which was also a clue that something strange had happened. She was still under the covers, and normally she awoke chilled as she had kicked them off) spotted her father asleep on the edge. There were several other ones as well.

But the most prominent one? She noticed she had to pee.

Badly.

Unable to climb over Thorin, lest she shoved him off and had him hit the side table, she squirmed like a worm under the blankets, crawling under Thorin’s extended arm and heading to the end of the bed, putting her tiny feet over the edge, and hopping down.

Landing on something soft and slightly squishy, that made the strangest grunting sound she had ever
heard. It sounded like the air was leaving someone lungs and a pained grunting sound. She hopped again as all the other dwarves awoke and looked to what she had jumped on and saw it had been Kíli, who was now curled up in a ball, his hands cradling the junction between his legs. Tauriel had awoken quickly and was rubbing his back. Freya supposed she was going to have to apologize, but right then nature was calling and she scrambled out the room.

“PPPPPEEEEEEEEEEEE!!” She screamed, making several of the dwarrowmen move out of the way of the path to her destination. Fíli peered in and chuckled at his brother’s obvious distress.

“Good thing Tauriel is having your baby now.” He teased and Kíli cursed at him in weak Khuzdûl.

“How can a two year old, half-hobbit be that heavy?” Kíli wheezed.

“Could be the gallon of pee she probably has.” Dwalin gruffly reminded them.

Kíli grumbled as he sat up. Thorin glanced at all of them rather.

“Dare I ask?” Thorin asked roughly, quieting when Frigga burrowed further into the blankets, apparently not one to rise early. “I didn’t leave last night since I didn’t want Billa awakening, but you all didn’t…”

“Wanted to make sure that there wasn’t going to be a second chance.” Dwalin replied, cracking his back.

“Yeah. No one goes after our kin and expects that there will be a second chance.” Kíli remarked. The group nodded.

“So? What’s the answer?” Fíli finally asked.

“…She’s coming with us.” Thorin remarked, dragging a hand through his hair and the atmosphere seemed to lighten a bit and relax.

That is until they heard Freya squeal.

The atmosphere turned panicked and Frigga awoke to a sound of footsteps avalanching out of the room. She felt around and realized she was alone.

“…Hullo?”

“Billa? What is-” Thorin growled out as the group slid around the corner.

“Gandy! Gandy!!” Freya was squealing tugging on a man’s robe excitedly. It didn’t take long to realize who he was, and it did little to quiet the tempers of the dwarves.

Because even though they had forgiven Billa for not telling them of her wellbeing and of the girls, their feelings toward Gandalf the Grey were an entirely different story.

“I see you have quite the company, Billa.” Gandalf remarked as he picked Freya up, the little girl beaming happily. Billa blushed and glanced at the dwarves who were all glaring at the wizard.

“Thorin.”

“Gandalf.” The dwarf king grumbled angrily.

“If I was not holding young Freya, I half expect that we have gone back in time and we are asking
Billa Baggins on the Quest to reclaim Erebor.”

If he was not holding young Freya, Thorin likely would have been tempted to run his blade through the wizard. Still he was doing just that, whether he was aware that she had become essentially his shield or not, Thorin just stood there, glaring.

“Why such a look?”

“It has been some time, Gandalf.”

“I do believe it has only been nearly three.”

“Two years and nine months.” Thorin growled and Billa was watching him nervously. None of the company had spoken of the wizard since they arrived, and it was becoming incredibly clear to her as to why. “Two years and nine months that I was left unaware of my own kin. And you deem it simply as nearly three?”

Gandalf still had a smile on his face, though the warmth or amusement had long since left.

“Yet, you know now.”

Thorin nearly exploded into rage, but Frigga came up, patting his leg to make sure he was actually there, before tugging on it.

“Daddy, who der?” She asked, cocking her head to the side. He swallowed and forced his temper down.

“Tharkûn.” He replied coldly, lifting up his eldest. The little girl’s brow furrowed.

“Tha…r…k…û…n?” She stated slowly, the letters garbled and unused and her brows furrowed. “Who dat?”

“Gandy! It’s Gandy!!” Freya remarked happily, yanking at Gandalf’s hat, the wizard chuckling.

“Hullo!” Frigga chirped happily and the dwarves all glared. Gandalf merely smiled and Billa let out a whining sigh.

“I suppose I’ll go make some tea.”

It was rather quiet as they all sat in the dining room, waiting for Billa. The opposite of what it had been a while ago when all 13 dwarves had last been in the same room with the same Wizard. Kara glanced at Tauriel who shrugged. Kíli had never divulged the workings of the first night.

“You knew.” Thorin finally spat out. Gandalf merely gave a glance. “You knew that she was pregnant, yet you did not return her to me.”

“She was not a prize that belonged to you. And you had made your stake on her life clear.”

“I never saw her as a prize to be won!!!” Thorin spat. “And a clarity that was born from a madness is what you witnessed!! You had no right! She was carrying MY kin!!”

“You had banished her. It was unlikely to be deemed safe for her return, even in the care of a caravan that had not sworn allegiance yet to the throne of Erebor.” Gandalf replied easily, glancing at Kara who squeaked and tried to shrink back behind Fíli, but that did little good as the entire company were now standing, anger blatant on their faces.
“You think we would have hurt her-”

“How dare you insinuate-”

“Never in all my years-”

Kara glanced at Tauriel with a sigh as the voices grew louder.

“Maybe we should go help Billa with the tea and food.”

“Agreed.” Tauriel muttered and the pair left, leaving the men yelling.

“Men.” They agreed as they left the dining room, but the said men didn’t seem to notice.

“You would presume that I would hurt her, that they,” Thorin gestured to the entire company, “would have let me raise a hand on her? Especially if it had been discovered that she was with child. King or not, they likely would have assassinated me.” Thorin stated angrily, the sarcasm lost to the others. Gandalf did not seem the least bit worried that he was in the company with 13 angry dwarves, something that rather annoyed the lot.

“You assume that they would?”

“She is our friend as well!! The closest thing Fíli and I have to a little sister! We wouldn’t have let him harm her!”

“You did once.” Gandalf replied. “Had he succeeded, three lives would have likely ended.”

Silence reigned, and it was hurt silence as all 13 looked away. Thorin, was shaking, his hands curled into fists. But Gandalf did not waver in his gaze. Maybe he could see the pain in Thorin’s eyes, or maybe he pitied the king. Still he had one question that he knew Billa as well as he had wondered.

“Tell me Thorin Oakenshield, what would have happened...” Gandalf began and the yells once again, grew into an uproar at the audacity of questioning from the Wizard again, but were silenced by a look from the wizard in grey.

“Tell me, King of Erebor, what would you have done with your eldest had she been born there and unable to see your kingdom under the mountain?”

“I swear, how is it men rule this world? I’ve had tamer arguments with my aunts and grandmother, and they can be quite a cantankerous group!” Kara remarked under her breath and Tauriel snorted.

“If the world was ruled by women, I think it’d be a much easier place...or scarier...depends on who is ruling, ah! Mistress Baggins, we’d like to help, if that is alright.” Tauriel stated as they entered the kitchen and saw Billa nervously walking around, muttering to herself. Freya and Frigga were currently eating (making a mess of things of course) breakfast, ignoring their mother for the most part.

“Mistress Baggins, I do not think you should worry about them.” Kara stated, easing a hand on Billa’s shoulder, stopping her pacing. “They won’t kill him. Likely I doubt they could get a chance.”

“That...is not my concern.”

“Then what is?”

“Why? Why were they so angry??” She whispered.
“Well, I think while they understand your reasons for not telling them, they don’t understand Tharkûn’s. He was your friend, but as much as he annoyed them, he was theirs as well.”

“I told him not to…” She whispered. Kara and Tauriel were quiet. “I… I was so scared when I found out I was with a baby. At first I told Gandalf not to say a thing, or take me to Erebor because… what if they hadn’t made it. I was pregnant with them when I went against Smaug, when I fought in the Battle, when I thrown into the river and the entire way until I was found by you. And I know, you said you could hear their heartbeats, but Maker’s above what if anything had happened after, how could I have face him with that… and for the love of me, I couldn’t think that they had even wanted me back after what had happened.” She replied. “And then with Frigga’s…” She trailed off and then shook her head.

“That wouldn’t have mattered.” Kara remarked kindly. “Sure, it would have scared all of them to death, because how do you raise a dwarfling; half or not, who was blind? But you know what, I think that would have made them so protective of her… even more so.”

“I agree.” Tauriel stated gently.

“That doesn’t answer my other worry…”

“They missed you.” Kara answered.

“I know that now… but…”

“No, I mean they couldn’t even say your name, it hurt that much.” Kara replied and Billa looked at her in confusion. The dwarrowdam laughed gently.

“That’s why it took so long for any of us to make a connection between you as my patient and you as their burglar. They never said your name because it brought so much grief to them, and it was only my two cousins debating on who was a better story teller.”

“O-oh…” She whimpered and sat down.

“Mama, sad?” Freya muttered her face covered in bits of crumbs. The said woman shook her head, though her shoulders quivered.

“Just overwhelmed my darling.”

“Billa, I think whatever your worry is, you are letting your worry cloud your mind a bit too much. Just follow what your heart tells you.”

There was silence for a little bit as the teapot began to sing and Tauriel moved it away.

“…What does Amrâlimê mean?” Billa asked suddenly and both girls turned to gawk at her. “What?”

“Where in Middle-Earth did you hear that?” Kara asked.

“Well… I thought I had been dreaming after I had fainted, and I woke up to see Thorin in my room. I think he was looking at a beaded chain the girls had made for me as their present for their birthday.” Billa explained. “He apologized and called me Amrâlimê.”

“It’s ah… well it’s definitely Khuzdûl.” Kara managed, feeling her ears burn as she looked at Tauriel, whose face mirrored hers.

“Well what does it mean?” Billa asked. “If Thorin called me some dirty word-”
“It means my love. Amrâlimê means my love.” Kara mumbled, clearing her throat. Billa blinked and then stared. The three were quiet.

“Well…this embarrassing.” Kara remarked. “My king has a way with words…when he so desires it seems.”

“I’m going to kill him!!” Billa suddenly snapped and the girls jumped, Tauriel bumping her head on the ceiling, as the she-hobbit strode and began to storm towards the dining room.

“Wait, why?”

“He can’t say it to my face? Sure in my delirium of a head injury he is more than able to, but he can’t say it to my face!! Oh the nerve I will-”

“Tell me Thorin Oakenshield, what would have happened…” Gandalf began and the yells once again, grew into an uproar at the audacity of questioning from the Wizard again, but were suddenly silenced. The three women froze.

“Tell me, King of Erebor, what would you have done with your eldest had she been born there and unable to see your kingdom under the mountain?”

And there was nothing. Silence reigned and the girls remained frozen, two of them looking at the shortest of the trio, whose shoulders had suddenly tightened.

“You think I would have tossed her out? Because she can’t see?” They heard Thorin whisper in disbelief.

“It is not unheard of. There are many races that would throw out a child who could not see, or hear, or can’t speak or walk. I do know that was one of Billanna’s concerns when she first discovered Frigga unable to see. The Shire was up in arms about it.”

“We are not of the Shire!!”

“You are not. She is.”

“Her daughter’s are of my kin as well! I would never be able to hold my head high in the Halls of My Father’s if I disregarded one because she was without sight!” Thorin snapped and they heard the other dwarrows agree angrily.

“Sightless she may be, but she is my nâtha! One of my Mizims! And I could not be any prouder or happier that she is healthy!! And nothing, not even the Arkenstone, is as important as those two girls to me!!!”

Kara opened her mouth to explain what nâtha and mizim meant, however stopped when Billa’s shoulders slumped forward and began shaking. They watched as she covered her mouth, to stifle the sobs.

“Billa?” Tauriel barely breathed as the she-hobbit shook her head and then hurried away and out the back door. Both women looked at the door and then one another almost helplessly.

What an interesting morning this was certainly turning out to be.

Chapter End Notes
And Gandalf arrives!! You all didn't seriously think he wouldn't come along and push things along, did you? Needless to say the dwarves are not that pleased with him. So Billa FINALLY gets to hear from Thorin himself that Frigga being blind wouldn't have made him love her any less, overwhelmed her a bit I must say.

Wanted to add some scenes where Billa was remembering the actual quest and her feelings for Thorin growing~

Translations:

Mizim: Jewel

Nâtha: Daughter

Amrálimê: My Love
Billa sat in her garden staring at the small sapling on top of her roof; the seedling from Beorn’s own garden. She smiled remembering how much Hamfast had panicked when he had spotted her, 6 months pregnant at the time, stooped over at the top, burying the newest seed into the soft earth. It had been a rather interesting conversation as Hamfast had worried and fretted over her once she came back down.

“Sightless she may be, but she is my nâtha! One of my Mizims! And I could not be any prouder or happier that she is healthy!! And nothing, not even the Arkenstone, is as important as those two girls to me!!!”

She swallowed. She didn’t know what her heart was doing. One the one hand, joy flooded her. What she had feared would have never come to light. It didn’t matter that Frigga wouldn’t have been able to see; Thorin would have loved her no matter what. But it brought about bitterness to her actions, what she had done to the company, by allowing them to think she was dead, and what it had robbed them of.

“Bollocks.” She whispered, pressing the palm of her hands to her eyes, trying to push away the tears. She was only pulled out of her thoughts by footsteps and looked up to see Thorin. She bit her bottom lip, willing herself to stop crying, but it seemed to do little.

And he seemed to panic.

“I can leave if you so…”

“No, no…just overwhelmed, sorry about that.”

“Kara informed us you heard. Gandalf did not seem surprised.”

“Are you shocked he wasn’t?” She managed and he let out a snort.

“No, that Wizard always seems to have a trick up his robe.”

“You should see him at parties.” Billa forced out, trying to calm her voice. “He’s rather popular here for fireworks.”

“This…does surprise me.” Thorin managed, glancing back inside and Billa finally let out a soft laugh.

“Yes, here he is not seen that much as a wizard.” Billa explained and Thorin snorted, almost in agreement.

“Do not think too poorly of him, he was doing what I asked.”

“You were scared. He was not bound to you.” Thorin replied evenly, though it was obvious he was still rather angry.

“Would you like to take a walk?” She finally asked. He hesitated, glancing back at the hole and she smiled fondly.
“The girls have twelve dwarrowmen, one dwarrowdam, one wizard, and one elf. They are well protected.”

He nodded after a moment and she stood up, smoothing out her skirt and the pair walked away. Dwalin made a move to follow, but Kara stood in front of him as did Tauriel.

“Leave them be.”

“You remember our customs, do you not?” Dwalin remarked dryly.

“I remember them quite well, Master Dwalin. However I think that since they already have two children, our customs are a bit…redundant.” She responded with a smirk. He still looked determined to cross and go after them. “You follow them, and I’ll tell the girls that you would like to have a tea party with them.” She warned and he blanched.

“You wouldn’t.”

“If I remember correctly, they held Kíli nearly hostage in one when we first got here and after we made those…scones…which I have to say looked like rocks. We’re dwarves I know, but we should be able to make scones look a little bit more edible. Nonetheless, even you Master Dwalin, will have quite an opponent if you try to cross Freya and escape.”

The group grumbled at her.

It was quiet as they walked, unsure of what to say. She bit her lip and glanced at Thorin, noting how weary he looked. Was that because of her? She bit her lip worriedly.

“I’m sorry.” She finally managed her strangled throat to voice. He paused in his step and looked at her.

“For what?”

“For what?” She repeated incredulously. “I-I allowed you all to think I was dead, I kept you from your own children!”

“You and I both know that you were injured and frightened when this chapter of your life began.” He replied easily.

“It still doesn’t make it right.”

“No, but it does make it easier to handle.”

“So you are angry…”

“I was at the start. I did not understand why you would have chosen to come here, and after receiving such treatment by your own people…why you remained.” He explained and she glanced at him. “But, as much as it grieves me to agree, Gandalf had a point. What happened in Erebor would likely have made you hesitant to return. And if you didn’t know about how I would react because of Frigga…” He trailed off and then looked at her. She froze in her step.

“I meant every word I said to him. Never would I have cast her out because she cannot see. She is my daughter, my kin…sightless it wouldn’t matter.”

Billa swallowed and gave a jerky nod.
More silence.

Then…

“Freya was a lot like you when she was born.”

Thorin glanced at her.

“Frigga was a quiet baby. She cried of course, but she was pretty quick to settle down. There wasn’t as much stimuli to upset her, I suppose. But Freya…” Billa started and chuckled. “She had your temper from the start. Came out shrieking as though demanding to know why she had been taken to here, and then gave me the strangest look.”

“Hm?”

“It reminded me of the look you gave me when we first met and you realized who Gandalf had named as your Burglar. It was almost as if she was saying that I looked more like a grocer than her mother.”

He snorted and Billa smiled gently.

“It surprised me to be honest…how much they looked like you. I know a lot of people from the Shire were hoping that one of them would look like me, that way if anyone asked they could play it off as a sibling or…”

The growl under Thorin’s breath was enough to know that that once again bothered him.

“Thorin, barring the Tooks and somewhat of the Brandybuck families, the Shire is very conservative.”

“So they wish to lie about a child because it would make the place look bad? Does that make it right?”

“No, I suppose not…” She conceded.

“Can I ask you something? About the girls?”

“Of course.”

“The girls…is it normal of a hobbit to be so aware?”

“What do you mean?”

“They’re very intuitive for their age.” Thorin explained and Billa looked at him strangely.

“Are dwarflings not like that?”

“Billa, at this point dwarflings are still just considered babes, they wouldn’t even be walking fully, if at all.” Thorin remarked and Billa blinked in surprise. The walking and even the slight talking was probably the hobbit part in them, she concluded. She remembered her mother had stated that she had only been several months old when she had tried to walk and had been nearly a year when she could walk without falling most of the time.

But the awareness…that was something she hadn’t expected.

She had always thought it was due to the dwarf blood in them, which had most certainly attributed to
Freya’s will and Frigga’s ingenuity with stones and rocks, but she had thought their advanced intuition for two year olds had been a result of that as well.

“Gandalf always said that they would be special…I didn’t realize that was what he meant…” She muttered softly.

“What do you mean?”

She sighed. “Gandalf remarked during the journey back, during one of my beautiful ‘I’m going to kill him for getting me pregnant because I’m now puking my stomach up’ moments.” She remarked glancing at Thorin with a teasing eye and the dwarf coughed as though embarrassed, “He commented that the girls were going to end up being special, I wonder if he knew the reason.”

“Any ideas?”

She shook her head, biting her lip. Silently she wondered what could have caused her children to develop so quickly in the mind, her thoughts for some reason traveling back the stone that shone of its own inner light, and appeared a little globe of pallid light in darkness.

“Did he tell you?”

“No.”

“Of course he wouldn’t.” Thorin grumbled. With Gandalf back in the mind, Billa remembered the reason she had overheard Thorin talking about Frigga. She looked at the dwarf, now unsure on how to proceed.

“…I have a question for you now.” She finally stated, swallowing. “Did you mean it?”

“Mean what?”

She paused.

“Let’s say for the sake of this story, when I fainted…I woke up briefly afterwards.” She started and Thorin seemed to have frozen midstep. “And when I woke up momentarily, I saw the Dwarven King of the Lonely Mountain in my room. I don’t remember everything he said to me…but he said a certain word, that until earlier today, I didn’t know what it meant.”

“Billanna…”

“Amrâlimê…it was only Tauriel and Kara who told me what it meant. You didn’t think to tell me yourself?” Billa asked looking at him angrily.

“I didn’t think you heard me.”

“I was obviously conscious enough!” She snapped.

“Obviously.”

“And?!?”

Thorin was silent and it just fueled her rage.

“I swear you are the most insufferable man I’ve ever met!!” She snapped. “You call me ‘your love’ in your language, but the moment I’m fully conscious and aware of these things, you don’t say a word!!” She snapped angrily, pacing back and forth as Thorin watched her.
“Billanna-”

“I can understand maybe for the first day or so! You were getting used to the girls and they were getting used to you! But what about after that?!”

“Billa-”

“And still no explanation! Did you just want me to believe that was some strange dream and that you would be rid of me soon. Argh!” She ran her fingers through her hair. "Why do you care so much? I’m a hobbit!! I’m not a dwarrowdam! I’m not supposed to be worth anything to you! I-”

She was suddenly cut off by Thorin, who grabbed her and pulled her to him, catching her face in his hands and kissing her fiercely on the mouth. His soft beard, which had grown a bit since the last time she had been this close it, scratched gently against her chin as he pressed. It shouldn’t have been that easy. She should have pushed back out, and her arms had risen to do such a thing, before they dropped, her hands catching the crook of his elbow. Her knees began to wobble and she felt her back press against a tree. Finally he pulled away, but only a fraction, resting his forehead on hers.

“Banish that thought out of your mind.” His voice roughly stated, gripping her shoulders tightly. Her eyes, half-lidded looked up at his, and were surprised to see such emotion in his.

“You are worth more than any dwarrowdam, Billanna Baggins. You are worth so much to me. For several months after your supposed death, I could barely sleep, remembering what I had done to you…I could not forget or forgive.”

“I did…” She managed. “Forgive…that is…”

“That has always been your nature.” He muttered. “In any case, I couldn’t forgive myself.”

He turned to move away but she managed to grab his coat in her fingers to keep herself upright as she leant against his chest. He blinked and looked at her.

“Ghivashel.” She stated softly, looking at him directly in the eyes. She had heard Kíli call Tauriel that several times during the stay. She had asked what it had meant, and the response had caused her to blush. But now…she couldn’t see it any other way. He blinked several times. He cupped her face again.

“Again.”

“Ghivashel. Ghivas-”

Her soft words were cut off as he kissed her again, this time with less ferocity as the previous kiss. It was gentle, almost timid, which given the dwarf giving the kiss, didn’t make sense to her at all. The dwarf she had come to know wasn’t timid, had never been timid. Even during those few nights at Laketown, she had been the timid one at first.

“Amrâlimê.” She heard him mutter against her mouth and she could only make a soft sound in reply.

It was strange, she would later think as they stood there under the tree of the small patch of forest just beyond Bag End. It was strange on how her heart felt, the ache that had been there for nearly two years was slowly vanishing surrounded his arms.

Strange indeed.
So I ended the chapter here for a reason. What would you guys want to happen in the next chapter? hm? >3

Anyhoo hope you like it!!

The discussion on how Frigga and Freya are so intuitive will be explained further in later chapters but the beginning parts and inspiration comes from MyScarletLetter who helped me out on that part.

In other news, I had probably the strangest shipping pair come into my head a day or so ago for Freya. Nori.
I don't get why I came up with that (might have been something to do with me reading a Nori fic). XD I'm a strange person.

Ghivashel: Treasure of Treasures

Amrālimē: My Love
“Ewebo?”

“Mhm. Also called the Lonely Mountain.” Balin remarked as Frigga looked at him, sucking on her fingers, sticky with juice from an orange.

“Oooohhhhh…” Frigga commented, blinking innocently as the other dwarves watched over her and her sister.

“She’s pretty calm.”

“Wonder who she gets it from.” Nori whispered back to Dori who glanced at his younger brother in exasperation. “I’m being serious here. Which of the two are calm?”

“…True.” Dori conceded.

“Granted Freya is the complete opposite.”

“Yes, Freya is much more adventurous.” Gandalf remarked watching the oldest of the two girls listen to what Balin was saying as he taught her a few more words of Khuzdûl, knowing more than likely the older was going to tell the younger soon after. “Almost reminds me of Billa’s mother Belladonna.”

“By the way, you stay away from her in teaching her anything.” Dwalin grumbled and Nori looked playfully insulted.

“Come now, what could I teach her?”

“Depends. She seems to already have gotten the thieving part down.”

“What do you mean?” Ori asked and Kara flicked her eyes to the kitchen and the group turned to see the little girl busily trying to reach an apple. In frustration the little girl toddled over to the broom and after a few moments of shifting the broom around, glancing at where the apple bowl was located and so forth, let the broom tilt and fall, by some luck, hitting the bowl the apple had been in. By some unseen logic the apple went flying and rolled on the floor and the girl hurried to where it was, brushing off unseen dust. She glanced at them and gave an impish grin, before taking a bite out of the apple.

“I don’t know whether to scold her for doing it, or be impressed for managing to take an apple in such a way.” Kara remarked dryly. “Got to love the imaginations of a two year old and what does work in reality.”

“Oh Mahal…”

“I like her!” Nori exclaimed earning a dozen glares at him.

“Did you teach her this?!” Dwalin snapped and Nori just grinned.

“Not at all. But think of what I could-”
A sharp slap upside the head stopped his exclamation and he rubbed the back of his head, looking at his elder brother who seemed unimpressed.

“Either me or Billa. Your choice.”

“…good point.”

“Does Fíli have a crush on Kara?”

“Hm?” Thorin asked as he kissed her neck lazily. She glanced at him with an amused look. After the kissing, they hadn’t done anything further, as Thorin had stated he was going to do this properly, though she wasn’t sure how dwarven customs explained what to do if a dwarf was courting a woman and had already had children with the said woman.

“Kara, the dwarrowdam currently babysitting your daughters. Does Fíli have a crush on her? I’ve noticed he’s been so protective over her.”

“I’ve noticed as well.”

“Well?”

“I can’t say I am sure. To find your One is a rare thing in Dwarfs…Glóin is one of the few I know of. Then there’s Kíli…”

He trailed off and she looked at him. His gaze had flicked towards her and the silence spoke volumes and her face turned red.

“Oh.” She squeaked. Surely he didn’t mean that she was…

He cleared his throat, but decided to continue.

“But those two have been rather close.”

“How did they meet?” She asked and he chuckled.

“She’s the one who saved his life after the Battle.” Thorin explained and Billa cocked her head to the side. “Do you remember much?”

“No…Kara and her grandmother said I had a very bad concussion.” Billa remarked, brushing her hand against the scar on the side of her face. “A lot of my memories are jumbled or there are just large blank spots.”

A part of Thorin was concerned, the other was massively relieved that she had barely any memories of the bloody battle. No one innocent, especially her, deserved such memories. Still…

“Gandalf never elaborated?”

“I think he was worried about telling me when I was pregnant. He didn’t want the added stress affecting the girls.”

Thorin was quiet.

“Azog injured him badly, stabbed him in the chest, and missed his heart, just barely.” He finally replied.

“Oh my…” She whispered.
“From what Óin said, Fíli was barely clinging to life for a week. He prepared Kíli for the worst.” Thorin explained grimly. “I too was barely clinging to life, and Óin was overworked. And then, Mordrid’s kin came to Erebor.”

“And Kara was assigned to tend to Fíli?”

He nodded. “She was stubborn, at least that’s what Kíli said. Refused to leave, barely slept, ate, or drank.”

“I see.” Billa said with a smile. She remembered that when she had been ill and under Kara’s care, she had done the same thing.

“Slowly Fíli got better, but he still had a fever and was a bit delirious. When he finally woke up, it apparently was memorable.”

“How so?”

“He woke up and thought she was an enemy and attacked her. And she kneed him.”

Billa stared at Thorin for a long time. Then she snorted, covering her mouth to try and stop the laughs in vain. He smiled.

“Oh that has to make Kíli laugh.”

“Yes. Trust me, other than teasing his older brother about his apparent crush, he has no problem reminding him that the Prince of Erebor was taken down by a dwarrowdam in about 3 seconds.” Billa chuckled, curling up to Thorin. They were quiet for several minutes.

“You realize we can leave whenever right?” Billa remarked gently, looking at him. “I mean, I’ve already sent word to Drogo.”

“Don’t you have to prepare to move?”

“I gave Drogo full legality to my home and belongings. I can take what I need for the girls and me, but he comes in and basically decides what he will or won’t need. What he doesn’t need he can either sell or send to me.” She replied with a smirk. “That way even Lobelia won’t get a single item in there.”

“Smart. She doesn’t deserve anything from Bag End.”

“They all don’t. Drogo was the only one that didn’t try and take something during that blasted auction. Him and Hamfast.” She grumbled. He frowned, curling a tendril of her hair. She glanced at him.

“Hey, don’t get all broody on me.” She stated softly. “You swing a sword around, all while having pregnancy hormones rampant through your system, and you get back most of your stuff. Spoons and all.” She teased and he chuckled. He pressed his forehead to hers before standing and helping her up.

“We better return before they send the entire company out to find us.” Thorin stated gently, brushing his thumb over her knuckle, earning a blush and she nodded.

Kíli slumped on the couch as he heard Freya squealing loudly in delight as she ran around, likely gripping Frigga’s hand as they tried to evade (at the moment rather successfully) the other company members. He heard a familiar chuckle and then nimble fingers slid into his hair, massaging his scalp.
He let out a soft sound, turning almost into a limp noodle.

“I always thought your mother was joking about this.” Tauriel’s voice gently spoke and he smirked, opening his eyes. “Freya tire you out already?”

“She has no limits of energy.”

“Then we must pray that your own child does not have such a willpower of liveliness.” She teased and he snorted looking at her. One of his hands slipped from his lap, and then rested onto her stomach.

It was almost as though that now that the baby was known it didn’t mind being visible, as now he could feel the soft bump under her tunic. He rubbed his thumb gently against the flesh, before looking at her face.

“You’re glowing.”

“Yes.”

“You’re glowing on you.”

“It’s only been a few months, Kíli.” She teased but he seemed to not change his mind as he shifted and kissed her gently. She blushed and returned the kiss, before shifting, her face the same shade of her hair. It was the only time he could get her to blush like that was kissing her in public. He kissed her temple, pressing his hand on her stomach again.

“My Amad is going to be ecstatic.”

“Is she?”

“I can assure you she will be.” Kíli replied and then grinned. “Here that?” He teased towards her stomach. “Your sigin’amad is going to be so happy to get to meet her first grandchild.”

Tauriel smiled, placing her own hand over his.

“We will too.” She added gently. “I can already assure you, my little meril, your Ada and Nana love you so much.”

Kíli smiled in agreement, pressing a hand against her stomach a bit firmer.

“It will be interesting.” He stated gently. “To wonder what terms the baby will use for us. Sindarin or Khuzdûl.” He added and she chuckled as well, holding his hand gently.

“I care not.” She replied gently. “Amad or Nana doesn’t matter to me, as long as the baby is healthy and happy.” She answered and Kíli hummed in agreement.

“I feel the same. Adad or Ada, I’ll protect the babe with my life.” He promised and she smiled, kissing his brow.

And he would. Till the end of his time, he would protect his child, his daughter or son. And if any dwarf dared to question about the baby’s lineage and the mother, they would personally have to deal with him. He glanced up at his wife’s face and grinned.

“So, the baby is going to also be excellent with a bow, right?”

Tauriel laughed and didn’t mind leaning over and kissing him.
The night had come swiftly after and after earning some rather dubious looks from the company after they returned, Thorin and Billa had been rather quiet around one another, almost shy, though for Thorin he seemed to be more brooding than actually being shy. He was currently avoiding her by looking around in her study. She certainly had obtained a large amount of books. He had never had had the time to look at them, but it seemed that her mother and father had been rather interested in books. Some of them definitely weren’t from the Shire.

He paused as he spotted a short journal, the leather richer in color than the faded books that surrounded it. It was a newer journal, likely only a year or so old, maybe even less.

He pulled the stiff journal, and to his annoyance noted it had Elvish designs on the cover.

Rivendell.

He grumbled and contemplated putting it back before opening it to a random page.

‘I am going to murder Thorin Oakenshield.’

Well this was starting out gloriously, he mused dryly. What in the world had he done at this point in time?

‘He just HAD to give me a baby with legs. Legs that enjoy using my bladder as it’s own personal ball. I swear, if I wasn’t nearly 7 months pregnant and just settling back into the Shire, I’d be hunting that bastard down and ringing that kingly neck of his!!’

…maybe it was a blessing that they had been separated during this time. As horrible as that sounded, she likely would have murdered him at some point. He sighed and flipped a few pages, pausing when he got to one where the first line was addressing Frigga.

‘I nearly slapped Lobelia for suggesting I give Frigga up. I swear to Yavanna, if I wasn’t related to her through marriage, and if I didn’t want to cause more of a stir, I’d slap that woman. I don’t see why Frigga being blind entitles everyone to belittle her right in front of her. She may be blind, but she is far from being deaf!’

Thorin growled under his breath shutting the journal shut, his desire to hunt down Lobelia growing once again. He had not forgotten the slap, and this just fueled his hatred for the horrible woman. If he even called her that. She was more of a harpy than any-

Loud thumping coupled by tiny grunts and he turned to the door to see probably the most humorous sight broke his thoughts.

Apparently his youngest had found his boots.

Freya seemed determined in walking in his shoes but as his boots were heavier than she had likely anticipated as she was dragging each leg forward, and each time she lifted her leg to move onward, the boot would fall back to the ground due to gravity nearly resulting in her falling forward, and the boots themselves were likely longer than she had been expecting, as both of the topline of the boots rested on her upper thighs, bunching up her nightgown.

“What are you doing, Freya?” He asked with a chuckle, striding up to her. She gave him a satisfied grin.

“Walkin.”
“I can see that.” He replied with a smile. Freya had definitely gained Billa’s quick wit, that was for sure. “Why?” He asked picking her up, easily pulling her out of his boots. She instantly curled into his arms, one tiny hand gripping his shoulder, the other to his collar.

“Mama say you gots to leawn peoble…”

“By walking in there shoes?”

“Mhm.” She replied. The corner of his mouth twitched.

“Is that so?”

“Mhm.” She chirped again with a decisive nod but then looked rather solemn. “Dey heaby.”

He laughed.

“I suppose they are.” He conceded, picking up the boots with his free hand. “But they’re made for my feet, so they’re bound to be heavy.

“Oh…don’ dey ged tired?”

“Occasionally.” He replied smiling as she yawned. “But for now, I think it’s someone’s bed time.” He remarked and she shook her head defiantly, but he could see her eyes drooping.

“Not tiwed.” She grumped.

“Of course not.” He replied smiling when he heard another soft yawn. “Still, probably a little more comfortable in your own bed rather than dragging by shoes around the smial.”

She made a sound of agreement, her hand leaving the grip of the collar of his shirt to begin sucking her thumb, something he picked up on as her being close to falling asleep. He smiled gently and walked towards the little girl’s room and as he entered spotted Billa tucking in Frigga. She looked up and grinned.

“I was wondering where she had run off to.”

“Apparently wanted to walk a mile in my shoes. Literally.” He replied, holding up his free hand that was clutching his boots. Billa laughed softly.

“She was always one to take everything literally.” Billa remarked. “Why don’t you put her to bed, since she’s already in your arms. Gives me a chance to stretch mine out.”

“Fine.” He replied and Billa kissed Freya’s cheek before exiting the room. He shifted Freya in his hold slightly and the little girl gave a sound of complaint, but yawned as he lifted her away from him and settled her into bed.

“Sleep.” He commanded softly and the girl gave a long yawn, burrowing into the covers after he tucked her in. He kissed her brow and after repeating the same thing with Frigga moved to exit the room.

“Love you, Adad…” He heard both girls murmur at the same time, and his legs nearly buckled under him. He gripped the doorframe tightly, leaning against it and then forced the knot in his throat that had suddenly appeared down.

“I love you both as well.” He managed to say and exited the room and into the quiet.
SO want your opinions. I'm developing two new Hobbit stories. One is where Billa is raised by the dwarves after the hobbits were attacked by orcs (Fell Winter). OR A swan princess AU staring Billa and Thorin

And Nori has found his protege, much to the ire of everyone else XD

Sigin’amad- Grandmother
Meril- Flower
Ada-Daddy
Nana-Mommy
Amad-Mother
Adad-Father
**The Night**

Chapter Notes

So after some mild debate, the girls are now two. Everything in the previous chapters have been edited (honesty it wasn't that hard XD).

Just thought I'd tell you before everyone got confused.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Billa hummed softly to herself as she looked through her library. She wasn’t going to bring all her books, but at least one or two to pass the time. She paused over a manuscript and chuckled remembering that. She fingered the pages and pulled it out, looking at it.

“What is that?”

She squeaked and spun around, and saw Thorin looking at her amused, one eyebrow rising, his arms crossed. She clutched the papers to her chest, her face turning red, as him seeing or even reading the manuscript clearly was not going to be a good idea. Not a good idea at all for him to see it.

“Nothing!” She squeaked out her face burning. He chuckled.

“Liar.” He remarked softly, plucking at the papers. She made a squawking sound, clutching them tighter.

“I doubt you’d find it interesting.”

“There and Back Again?” He commented, reading the title on the page, before looking at her curiously. Her face turned violent red.

“It…it’s my story.”

“Story?”

“Well…I suppose technically speaking, *our* story.” She muttered and his brows rose.

“Ours?”

“It’s an account of the Quest. Through my eyes. I haven’t gotten much farther than the eagles. That was around when Freya learned how to walk.” She remarked, sighing, pushing a stray strand of hair behind her ear. “The first few chapters…aren’t exactly flattering to you and the others. But keep in mind, I had only just met you all and these are my impressions, so…they’re basically…”

“I’m curious now.” He teased, fingering the paper and she squeaked, clutching the papers even closer as though wishing that they would melt into her body.

“You’ll hate it! I’m not that good of a writer, and-”

Her rant was cut off as he pressed his mouth to hers and she returned the kiss, only to feel the manuscript pulled out from her arms. She squeaked, lurching at him, only stopped by a hand pressed
against her face, pushing her gently back and keeping her an arm distance apart.

“That’s cheating!”

He chuckled.

“As king, one has to have to have many strategies.” He grinned, cupping her cheek. “In any case, why so shy about this?”

“It was just something silly I was writing for fun!” She huffed.

“Silly or not, can I not at least look at it? Gives me some insight on what you thought of me originally, Amrālimê.” He teased and she blushed.

“They weren’t very flattering. I already told you that.”

“I have little doubt that they are.” He replied softly, his eyes casting over her. “And likely they were well deserved. Such a surprise it must have been for a she-hobbit to be suddenly bombarded by 13 dwarrows.”

She huffed and folded her arms, and he moved back to where he was close to her. He cupped the back of her neck, playing with the strands of hair gently. She shifted in his hold, almost leaning back into his hand, looking at him. He smiled and pulled her to him, kissing her forehead.

“…The girls called me Adad.” He murmured and she looked at him.

“That means father right? In Khuzdûl?”

He nodded. “Balin must have taught them that.” He whispered softly and she smiled.

“Just because they were taught, doesn’t mean they would call you that unless they knew and accepted it, Thorin.” She replied softly, brushing her fingers over his beard. He pressed his forehead to hers. “They love you Thorin, anyone with eyes can see that.”

He made a sound in the back of his throat, and she patted his chest.

“So other than this, what are you doing in here?”

“I’m allowed to bring a few books, and I was looking around for smaller books to bring to Erebor.”

“I see. A hobbit and her books.”

“Unless you have enough stories to keep your youngest occupied, you’ll need some books. She has the attention span of a leaf in the wind, and it’s only when I keep her concentrated on a story or a chapter from a book that she’ll settle down long enough to actually sleep.”

Thorin chuckled before noting something else, something he had missed when he had been in there earlier, glinting in the dim lighting of the candle on the bookshelf. She watched him and smiled as he pulled out the mithril-coat. He blinked several times, looking at it dumbly.

“You kept it?”

“Of course I did. Why wouldn’t I?” She asked with a smile. “I was actually incredibly happy that it didn’t become lost when the caravan found me, though considering how much Kara didn’t want any gifts for service, it doesn’t surprise me. It meant a lot to me.”
“It does?”

“Of course, Silly.” She stated. “You gave it to me and it probably protected me and the girls in the battle.”

Thorin had felt his heart stop at the mention of the battle, the mere mention that all three of the females that he would sooner take a sword to the heart than have them injured, had been in that battle. If one thing had gone differently, if one event had changed…three lives could have been lost.

“…rin…Thorin?” He snapped out of his thoughts and looked up as small hands pressed to his cheeks and dark green eyes stared into his.

“Hm? Yes?”

“You were thinking about something.” She muttered. “Have I said something wrong?”

“No. Nothing.” He muttered. “Just…I wish I hadn’t lost sight of you then.”

She frowned and going onto her toes kissed him gently.

“It does not do one good to look into the past.”

“I’m surprised that you hold no resentment. I can tell you several of the company did when all this happened.”

“I can’t say I wasn’t resentful in the beginning, especially on the trip back. It hurt going back and seeing all the places the entire company went through, and being alone.” She answered honestly and he flinched. “But…that all changed.”

“How?”

“When Frigga or Freya first kicked.” She replied with a smile, remembering that. She had been in Rivendell and she had only been sitting in the garden, running her fingers over the detail of mithril coat, tears sliding down her face when one of the twins had kicked, reminding her that she wasn’t alone. “They became my treasures, and I have you to thank you for those two. And if I hadn’t gone, I’d still be here, alone. How could I resent it then?”

He stared at her for several long moments, and seconds later she was pressed into his chest, her hands squished between her and his body, the mithril pressing against her. She blinked several times at the sudden show of emotion, but then again Thorin was not one to show emotion unless something truly profound had startled him. She smiled and rested her cheek against his shoulder, enjoying the warmth and silence.

Kili glanced at his wife as she continued to make some finishing touches to a tunic. It would likely be what she would be wearing on the trip back as the baby continued to grow. A baby, Mahal, he was going to be a father.

It had never occurred to him that such a thing would be possible to him. Especially for him.

To the few dwarrowdams in Ered Luin, he had not been seen as attractive. His beard was too short, his features almost elven. And those that seemed interested were ones that were only interested in his status as a once exiled prince.

But here was a woman, not a dwarrodam, but to him that didn’t matter, who loved him for just being
him.

And soon, he would be a father.

He grinned at the reminder, watching as Tauriel stretched and held up the tunic.

“What do you think?”

“I think you probably shouldn’t ask me.” He teased and she sent him an amused look. “Just ask Billa, I sew like I’m a bunch of drunk ants. But if you want to know, I think the tunic looks lovely.”

“Well I shall ask for Mistress Baggins’s opinion tomorrow.” She remarked then yawned. “But I think I’ll retire now. The baby seems to insist on long hours of sleep.” She teased and he grinned, and followed her. Several hours passed and Kíli only awoke to seeing his brother leave the room, and would have mentioned it, but seeing his brother’s expression rolled his eyes and sat up slightly, looking at Tauriel, before gliding his hand over her stomach.

It was several minutes later when, Tauriel shifted in her sleep, that she became aware of soft talking. She blinked and glanced down and saw that Kíli was far from falling asleep, in fact he was leaning on his forearms, his gaze shifted to the small swell in her stomach, tracing designs into the skin with the barest touch.

“And don’t worry about boys if you’re a lass, Adad isn’t going to let them near you.” He was muttering gently having a conversation with their child. She smirked and lifted her leg, wrapping it slightly around his waist, causing him to look up and grin sheepishly.

“I wonder how many times you have done this since we have discovered about the baby.

His grin grew wider.

“I feel quite a lot.”

“I want the baby to know my voice.”

“The baby will. He or she will know your voice, its kin’s voice.” She assured gently. He smiled, resting his cheek in his hand, watching her in silence for a few minutes, but closed his eyes as she began to hum something in elvish. He listened to her sing softly, her hands gently pressing to the bump. He had only learned phrases and words in Sindarin that would be helpful in a negotiation with elves, and hadn’t yet learned the entire language. Likely he was never going to, but whatever the case Tauriel’s soft voice relaxed him as he linked his hand with hers.

“You’re going to be a wonderful mother.” He declared gently, earning a blush from Tauriel.

“You jest.”

“I don’t.”

“I don’t know the first thing of motherhood, I never learned or had those lessons from my own. My mother died too early, and Thranduil’s wife died around the same time.”

“It’s a learning experience I hear.” He replied kissing her cheek. “We learn what works and what doesn’t. Together.”

She seemed less then comforted by that and he sighed, sitting up and slowly began to braid her hair. She watched as he wove different braid patterns into her hair, humming something in Khuzdûl.
Finally he was finished and looked at his wife with a gentle look.

“You aren’t alone anymore Tauriel.” He stated softly, kissing each braid as he finished with them. “Until my dying breath, you will not be alone.” He promised kissing her brow and then both cheeks before finally kissing her lips. She deepened the kiss, tangling her hands in his hair.

Their lips moved, then their bodies melded. Tauriel shifted, dragging Kíli to where he was wedged between her legs. He leaned up, mindful of her belly. He looked down at her, offering her a soft smile. She smiled back and his heart skipped a beat. She was soft, slender almost to the point of where some would see her as fragile, and yet he’d never known a less delicate woman in his entire life. She was dauntless—even fearless and the pure fact that she loved him out of everyone in Middle Earth enthralled him. He kissed the freckles on the lone shoulder whose sleeve had slid down in her shifting, connecting them in a random design. She bit her lip to stifle the sound.

Her body felt raw. She craved his touch, and yet it was close to painful. Every time his hand touched her skin, her body vibrated like a guitar string that had been strung too tight. She wanted more. She wanted him. She closed her eyes as he tangled his fingers in her hair, tugging on it till she submitted to him. She reached for him feeling the strength of the muscles along his shoulders as his head dipped toward her. She felt the warmth of his lips along her skin, on her lips, nipping the curve of her neck.

“Ghivashel.” She whined softly and he grinned.

“Sangimlilukhuduh. Sanûlukhlukhuduh.” He whispered gently and she gripped his shoulders tightly with those slender fingers and he let himself be wrapped up by the warmth of his Ghivashel.

Kara felt a soft smile cross her face as she peered into the library, having just walked by on accident. Finally, her one time patient was giving an actual smile. Slowly she backed away before she was spotted and wandered around the smial. She was still sore and it hurt if she brushed a bruise against anything, but it had gotten progressively better. Sighing she pushed her hand through her now shortened hair. Yet one of the casualties from the attack, something dwarves had done to humiliate her for being a “traitor” in their eyes to protect a Halfling and her child. Honestly, they were more the traitors than she. In any case her hair now only reached just below her shoulders, and only the strands that were longer had been the hair slid over her shoulders, and even that had been shortened to ensure it didn’t look strange. It had been a rather odd experience. Billa hadn’t understood why she had been so uncomfortable with the cutting of her hair, and Kara had given Tauriel a look to not say anything. They didn’t need Billa feeling guilty.

Sighing, she opened the back door quietly, to not disturb the others and saw Fíli sitting just outside, a pipe in his mouth, but it was clear he wasn’t actually smoking it, and his eyes just stared into the distance.

“Prince Fíli?” She questioned softly and he glanced behind his shoulder setting the pipe down.

“Kara. How are you feeling?”

“I’m fine.” She insisted. Everyone had been asking that, and though the bruise to her face and the swollen eye could give people a debate, she certainly was just that; perfectly fine. “Honest.”

He was silent before he nodded and looked back into the trees. She looked at him.

“May I sit here?” She asked motioning to the empty spot next to him. He nodded still silent and she
sat down, fiddling with the hem of her tunic.

Silence filled the area.

“May I ask you something?” Fíli asked suddenly.

“Of course.” She replied easily, cocking her head to the side. “You can ask anything you want.”

“…why did you become friends with me?”

“Was I not supposed to?”

“No, you are free to do so, but why?” He insisted and she paused thinking her answer. He swallowed. He needed to know. To know if she was merely trying to get to know him better because of his status. A part of him despised that he even considered her like that, but he wanted to know. So if that was the case-

“I suppose because you were probably the first person around my age that actually talked to me.” She replied honestly and he looked at her, clearly not expecting that of all the answers.

“Pardon?”

“Well I’ve never really been around dwarrows for long periods of time that were my age, and many men my age didn’t want to talk to me because I was deemed ‘too old’ for them.” She replied. “When I met you and Kíli, neither of you shied away from talking to me, though you were more of a captive audience.” She replied with a sheepish grin. “But even then, you didn’t mind chatting when you were actually coherent. And it wasn’t for short periods of time, so I found it rather nice to have someone that wasn’t around the age of 40 or younger and kin related to talk to.”

“It had nothing to do with my blood?”

“The fact you’re a prince?” She clarified and he nodded. She responded with a shake of her head.

“When Óin dragged me into your tent, he just referred to you by your name, as did your brother. And though I knew that your uncle was the king, at the time, I hadn’t known he had brought his nephews with him on the quest, so I didn’t make the connection. Something that you should know by now that I’m horrible at doing anyway. Besides, no offense, but you look physically nothing like your uncle.” She replied with a sheepish blush on her face. “I only found out that you were next in line until Bazo came along with a few of the other council members and asked why I wasn’t addressing you as Your Highness.”

“I see.” He replied, looking back out into the Shire and her brows furrowed, her head cocking to the side.

“I am…sorry?”

“Sorry? Sorry for what?” He asked in confusion, finally turning to look at her. She frowned.

“I appear to…Have I upset you somehow?”

“What? No! Far from it!”

“Then may I ask why you are so morose? Did I hurt your feelings with my answer? I’m sorry if I did.”

“No…” He replied softly.
“Then what…” She trailed off as he glanced at the bruise on the side of her face and she sighed. “I have already told you that what happened earlier is not your fault.” She replied and he huffed.

“It is.”

“How?” She asked calmly, her gaze flicking to his face, looking at the still fading bruise around the base of his nose.

“I should have been paying better attention, if I had this wouldn’t have happened to you.”

“This was because I refused to tell them anything. If I had, you and I, and possibly Freya would have been dead before Frigga even managed to get help.”

In frustration he lifted her hand up, allowing the sleeve to slide down. His grip was soft and gentle, but his thumb slid across the raised skin around her wrist, the likely scar of where her bindings had cut into her skin.

“This wouldn’t have happened to you if I wasn’t unconscious.”

“They wanted answers, Fíli…I doubt they would have cared which one of us were conscious to answer.”

“I rather it had been me.”

“Why?” She asked and his face flushed.

“I…I can’t think of you in pain and me not being there to protect you. Even worse, I was there and I couldn’t protect you.”

Her face, was likely on fire, she realized dimly. It had to be because the cool night air had suddenly bitten into her cheeks.

“Fíli, why? I’m not-”

“Do not say you aren’t important. Just don’t.” He snapped and her mouth snapped shut, her face flushing darker. He swallowed roughly. “Kara, you are important. To me.”

“Why?” She finally murmured and he swallowed, his one leg bouncing slightly as he thought of the answer. Two years had passed since she had met him, and yes, the truth was, she had felt a little bit more than just friendship for him, but he was a prince, next in line to the throne. It wouldn’t have made since that royalty would have had feelings for a daughter of gypsy-like dwarves. So she had just conceded that friendship was better than nothing.

But now…

“Because I care for you, Kara. More than just a dwarf friend.” He finally muttered, and even in the darkness she could see his face was a deep shade of red as he avoided her eyes. “I want to protect you and care for you with everything in me.” He continued, though now he was unable to look at her face, his cheeks a flame as he kept blabbering away like a blithering idiot unable to keep his mouth shut, and just waiting for her to burst out laughing.

His mouth clicked shut, when she kissed his cheek.

He turned to look at her, and saw she was now looking away, her face a brilliant shade of red, and she pushed back her hair.
“Sorry, I suppose that was too sudden and-”

He cut her off with a soft gentle kiss. She received and returned the kiss easily. Finally, he backed away, blinking at her. She had probably the most serene look on her face and gave him a blissful smile. He fumbled with a braid of his and after unraveling a bead from one of his braids held it up.

“May I begin courting you…officially?”

“I believe you already know my answer Prince Fili.” She teased and he chuckled.

“When are you going to get rid of the Prince completely?”

“When I so desire. Or forget.” She replied with a shrug, going for her one of her own beads, tangled delicately in her shortened hair. “But if you wish for the official answer, yes you may begin courting me.” She added and he laughed, pressing his forehead to hers. Neither noticed the grey wizard nearby, smiling and then turning away.

Ah, the joys of love.

Chapter End Notes

Fluff, endless fluff

Amrálimê: My Love

Ghivashel: Treasure of all Treasures; Beloved

Sangimlilukhuduh: My Perfect Starlight

Sanůlukhlukhuduh: My Perfect Moonlight
The Morning

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Billa hadn’t been sure what surprised her more the next morning. The fact that when Fíli and Kara came into the kitchen the next morning and had a bead from one another braided into their hair, the fact that Kíli had stated finally Fíli had gotten the balls to ask Kara to be courted by him, or the pure fact that after that was revealed the dwarves began to hand each other money.

“You bet on them?” Billa asked, scandalized. Kara snorted, not all that surprised.

“Miss Billa, it’s something dwarrows are known to do.” She teased. Billa rolled her eyes and then glared at them.

“Have you made any bets about me?” She grumbled and they all looked at one another.

“Um…no?”

Billa glared at them, which they all seemed to shrink at, before tiny feet was heard plodding around the corner and the two little girls trudged around the corner, Freya’s hair sticking out in multiple directions. Billa’s expression turned into bemusement, and the dwarves had the feeling they had just dodged death.

“Monin.” Freya yawned, rubbing her eye as Frigga pushed her hair back.

“You know I’ve been wondering. Did you cut Freya’s hair?” Kíli asked as Freya climbed into the chair next to him and he handed her a cinnamon muffin.

“Oh I didn’t. One of the other hobbits did-”

“WHAT!?”

Billa jumped slightly at the exclamation from the dwarves, confused.

“What?” She asked in bewilderment.

“Those bastards! Have they no shame?!?”

“Which one did it? I’ll cut off the hair on their feet-”

“Um…before you contemplate murdering a hobbit, can I know why you all are up at arms?” Billa asked in confusion.

“Billa, it’s considering a way to shame a dwarf by cutting their hair!”

“Ah…”

“Fun!” Freya suddenly snapped, looking at her father and ‘uncles’ who all looked at her.

“Yes darling, I know you said that it was for fun.” Billa sighed, rubbing the bridge of her nose. “And Abbo didn’t know any better either. He’s barely of age.”

“How?”
“Let’s just say that they got out of my line of sight during their birthday. Abbo had gotten some shears for his present since his old ones broke, and he decided to test them. Freya volunteered.” Billa remarked and the said girl bit into her muffin innocently, her feet kicking. “Keep in mind, cutting a hobbit’s hair isn’t considered as shameful, and had I known that that wasn’t the same for dwarves, I would have told the Shire. Sorry bout that.”

“Now, now. I think young Freya’s hair works perfectly well right now. And it will grow back. Even more that she’s wearing the sign of Durin on her clasps.” Gandalf stated, quite possibly saving Billa from further embarrassment.

“Pweedy!” Freya chirped in agreement and Thorin walked over. She lifted up her messy braids to show him, beaming quite proudly. Thorin looked at them and then glanced at Billa who flushed. He didn’t need to know how she had gotten them.

He had given them to her.

It had been one of the few moments of clarity in his mind. He had given them to her, watched her place them in her shirt pocket.

And now they had been gifted to his youngest child.

He felt his heart melt as Freya beamed at him. He offered a smile as well, ruffling her hair. Billa looked at him, mouthing an apology but he shook his head, offering a smile.

It was a smile she had only seen a few brief moments in Laketown. And she felt warmth blossom from her heart as she returned the smile.

“Now Freya, I do not suggest eating another muffin. Your sugar rushes would make a walk through Mordor a walk through a park.” Gandalf stated with a chuckle as the little girl went to grab another muffin. She grumped at that statement, pouting angrily.

“It cannot be that bad.” Dwalin remarked with a chuckle at how much Freya looked like Thorin at that moment. Frigga however shook her head in frightened defiance and Billa chuckled.

“Dwalin, I hope you never find out.”

Primula was a she-hobbit on a mission.

She had heard through the flower vine that dwarves had come back to Bag End. And not just any dwarves, Billa’s dwarves.

Now she had been compliant in just leaving Billa alone with just her telling the few and infrequent stories, but since they were here… And well, the only hobbit that they had met was Lobelia. It wasn’t a good example at all!

No, she wanted to meet the dwarves, and quite possibly the dwarf that had sired Freya and Frigga. Oh she wondered if those girls were having fun with these dwarves and-

She cleared her throat and continued moving forward, pushing those thoughts away. First she was to greet them properly. She paused at the door, hearing a cacophony of voices. She hesitated and then knocked on the door. It was startling how quickly the voices ceased and within a few moments the door opened, and there stood a dwarf, taller than her. He was incredibly muscular, likewise several inches taller, wore several axes and was bald as a jaybird except for his beard.
“What you want?”

“Oh ah… I was here to see Billa, just to talk. Heard that the company her stories were about were here.”

“And?”

“They don’t do you justice.” She replied weakly before hearing panting and a small figure peered out from behind this dwarf’s legs.

“Missus Prim!” Freya squealed and Frigga who had been walking up toddled to her little sister and they both beamed brightly.

“Primula?” She heard Billa comment in question.

“You should have been more descriptive on your portrayal of the dwarves Billa!” Primula laughed out. “Even now I don’t think you did their ability to strike fear into the hearts of soft-hearted Baggins’s very well.”

Billa came around the corner and huffed.

“Dwalin, she’s a friend. One of the few I have.”

“Hello Master Dwarf, Primula Brandybuck at your service.” The she-hobbit stated with a slight curtsy before she was dragged into the room by the two little girls, Freya already chatting a mile a minute.

“Cinnamon muffins?” Primula asked after a few moments, with a smirk and Billa sighed with a nod. “Two?”

“Mhm. Kíli thought it would be oh so hilarious to give her another one!” She snapped looking at the kitchen.

“I’m sorry!!” A voice whined, its’ owner coming out. Primula cocked her head to the side. This one certainly looked a bit like the girls, though his eyes didn’t match up. Then again blue was a rare eye color among hobbits and dwarves, or at least that was what she had heard, and still-

“Well you will be the one to deal with her and her sugar rush, Kíli.” Another voice, this one with authority stated and another figure came out.

And there was little doubt in her mind on who the father was.

She looked at Billa with confirmation, who nodded with slightly. Primula then smirked.

“Well, well Billa, I guess I can see why-”

“Nope! Nope! You are not saying a single word!!”

“But Biiiillllaaa!” The she hobbit whined as she grabbed by the arm and dragged away by a furiously blushing Billa down the hall. Thorin’s eyebrows furrowed as his nephew began to try and hold back laughter.

“I think you were just complimented Uncle.” He teased and the other dwarves chortled at the king’s expense as Frigga clutched his leg, listening to her sister bounce around.
“So this Thorin is the girls’ Da?”

“Yes Prim, didn’t you listen to Lobelia?” Billa asked dryly. “I’m quite sure she’s told the entire Shire.”

“I routinely don’t listen to the venom she spouts out.” Primula remarked with a smirk. “But Yavanna above, I can see why you would find him attractive.”

“Primula!”

“Relax, I have no desire to be with a dwarf. Remember Drogo’s courting me.” Primula teased and Billa groaned. “Speaking of him, I did hear from Drogo…you’re leaving?”

“Mhm.”

“Why?”

“Reasons…” Billa murmured. “But the main one is that I can’t think of separating the girls from Thorin.”

Which was true. And she doubted the girls would ever forgive her if she had separated them.

“And you weren’t going to tell anyone else?”

“The entire Shire knows, Prim. They’re just likely happy that Mad Baggins and her wild children are going.” Billa remarked with a rueful smile that Primula couldn’t help but not deny that that was likely what they were all saying.

“Well, you didn’t think I was going to let you leave without saying goodbye? Besides, the only other hobbit the dwarves have met is Lobelia. Need to make some good impression that not all hobbits are like that.”

Billa snorted, handing Primula a cookie. There was silent moment between the pair.

“So…got to know. Is a dwarf lover better in bed than a ho-”

“PRIMULA!!”

Primula Brandybuck was…different…to say the least.

The young she-hobbit didn’t shy away from them, in fact seemed to be incredibly curious for a hobbit. The girls seemed to have nothing but good stories, though Billa explained that Primula was the unofficial babysitter of the pair, so that made sense. Though the stories that Primula told about Freya made Thorin begin to consider chaining his youngest daughter to a rock.

“Frigga stays close to you, but Freya, the amount of times I’ve had to drag her from a bees, snakes, anything really is too much to count.” She stated watching as Freya ran around the yard, the dwarf called Kfli close behind her. “By the way, when she crashes from the high, she’ll be heavy as a rock.”

“You know a lot about them.”

“Of course I do. I babysat them a lot when they were really young. Billa never really had that much practice with having babies right there every day, with her being an only child and the what not. Now me, I may be youngest daughter, but I have 6 older siblings, 2 younger siblings, 13 nieces and
nephews, plus all my cousins in Buckland, Tookland, and the Shire who I had to babysit, I have much in expertise.” She stated, looking rather proud at the stunned look on the dwarf’s faces. Granted she didn’t know that such large families were unheard of in their culture.

“Impressive.”

“Why thank you.” She replied with a beaming smile.

“…Thank you, for watching over them.”

“It’s the least I could do. Besides, when Bill came back she needed some help. And when I saw those two, I couldn’t resist helping. They were so cute, even with Freya putting the Took to shame on energy.”

Thorin smiled, remaining silent in agreement. Freya ran around the corner, laughing breathlessly. She spotted Ori and picked up her speed. She raced behind him and hid herself as Kíli raced around the corner wheezing.

“Mahal…she shouldn’t be able to run this fast!” He whined. Frigga giggled, covering her mouth as she sat on the ground, resting near Thorin. Freya waited until Kíli had ran around the other corner before practically skipping to Frigga.

“Dat mean, Sissy.” Frigga replied with a smile and a giggle as Freya nudged her forehead onto Frigga’s and the pair giggled before Freya toddled away, holding Frigga’s hand.

“What is goin on here?”

They looked at the entrance to see another hobbit, looking at the dwarves in disbelief.

“Hi Mista Hamfast!!” Freya chirped happily, not noticing his paling face.

“Ham-” Primula began.

“Nope.” The gardener stated and the group watched as he pitched backward and fell in a dead faint.

“Makers above, are we THAT startling?!” Dwalin grumbled and the dwarrows all sighed.

“How did they fail?!”

“I don’t know, maybe it’s the fact that the three dwarrows were morons?” A voiced whispered. They had received a message from the lone survivor of the failed attack, who was now fleeing for his life. He hadn’t mentioned how he had survived, but they didn’t much care.

“Quiet! What if the Shadow Shields are nearby?!” The other voice hissed. “Whatever the case, the King knows!”

“We should have gotten rid of that damn wench the moment we figured out who her previous patient had been.” The one hidden in shadows stated, lighting a pipe. He looked out at Dale, blowing a stream of smoke out of his nose. “She was nothing but trouble.”

“The Torral woman managed to seduce the Prince, she had to have a way to weave a spell on him while she was ‘healing’ him.”

“We can’t get rid of her. Lady Dís is just as enamored by the wench as the Prince. And when she meets that Hobbit…”
There was a simultaneous shudder by both dwarfs, wearing rather elaborate robes and multitude of rings on their fingers.

“We will have to dispose of the hobbit and her brood…somehow.”

“Well the first attempt failed miserably, and the dwarrows are likely to not let them out of their line of sight now.” The other remarked miserably.

“We’ll think of something.”

“Soon. We cannot have the king placed under the spell of the hobbit again. She would lead him to ruin.”

“Agreed. “And once she’s gone, the King’s mind shall be ours.”

“Just like it should be.”

Chapter End Notes

Welp this one is just a filler, because I wanted more fluff...also I have hit a slight block, which I want to know some of your ideas/opinions on two questions.

1. I have no clue how to start the journey home. I know what to do in the journey back, and when they get to Erebor, but I have no clue on how to start them leaving. Should I just jump in where they have already left, or something else? Help?

2. Now with Freya...a lot of stories involving a child of Thorin has he been born with the mark of Durin. Now....should Freya be born with the mark of Durin or should an eventual son (which SPOILER they will have) be born with the mark of Durin? I think it'd be humorous if Freya was born with the mark of Durin the Deathless because she's a girl and a dwobbit (imagine the lower council's reactionXD)
“Why don’t you just tell dem, Sissy?” Freya asked looking at Frigga who had been quiet ever since her younger sister had started talking about it as they wandered around. “Maybe id’s no dat stwange wit dem.”

“No.”

“Sissy…”

“No. No telling.” Her older sister snapped, looking at Freya’s general direction with a dark glare. “Pwromise.”

“Alri…Alri…fine.”

“Pinky pwromise.”

“Otay! Otay!” Freya snapped, holding her pinky out and hooking it with her sister’s, before they yanked them apart. “Pinky pwromise.”

“Good.” Frigga commented, before squeaking when a pony snorted in front of her and then nudged her gently with the nose, causing her to fall backwards. Freya laughed before Bofur picked her up, and Bifur picked up Frigga, who was now pouting, angry that her sister had laughed.

“Pony!”

“Yes lass.” Bofur stated with a smile. “Ever seen one this close?”

“One. He picked me up when I hung onto ‘is head!” Freya chirped and Bofur barely held back his laughter. Her personality reminded him so much of the stories about Lady Dís in her early years. He glanced at his cousin, who was gently showing Frigga that the pony hadn’t meant any harm, allowing the young girl to pet the pony’s nose.

It was clear that Bifur wasn’t about to let Frigga get into any danger. He knew that Frigga reminded Bifur so much of Baryur. Sure Bombur had two little girls in his immense brood of children, but both of them had their father’s red hair and their mother’s amber eyes, and were just as fiery in personality as their hair color. Baryur hadn’t been like that, quieter, gentler than many dwarrodams and dwarflings he had met.

The young dwarrowdam’s tragic and violent death had affected their entire family, and Bifur had essentially lost his will to live at that point. The only thing that had managed to save him was the birth of Bombur’s first child, who the dwarf had doted on, helping the new parents the best he could. It had been Bifur’s saving grace.

And now a small girl had completely trusted him, someone who many hobbits had made a wide berth around, and other dwarrows would whisper in pity.

No one was going to hurt Frigga or Freya if Bifur had a say in it.

If any of them had a say in it.
Billa glanced at where the four were standing and smiled gently at how at ease the two little girls’ were with the dwarves. Freya hadn’t been much of a surprise. Disregarding Lobelia, Lobelia’s family and anyone who had been vocally mean around her, Freya liked them. Frigga however had always been timid. She knew why of course, as it was the same reason that Freya disliked many of the hobbits.

For they seemed to think that just because she could not see, she was therefore deaf.

Billa sighed, shaking her head, hoping that things would change for the better for her girls. She didn’t care about herself, she’d manage, but she just wanted to protect her daughters.

She glanced at Thorin and saw him staring at the group as well, but saw a flicker of jealousy in his eyes. Her brow rose.

“Are you jealous?”

“Not at all.”

“Uh-huh.” Billa remarked dryly. “Thorin, they love you.”

“…Frigga is more comfortable with Bifur.”

And there it was.

“Oh Thorin…” Billa sighed. “He’s the one that sits next to her the most, she’s gotten used to him. That doesn’t mean she doesn’t love you any less.” She explained but Thorin was silent.

“She’s not glass you know.”

“What do you mean?”

“Just because she’s blind doesn’t mean she’s glass, Thorin. You don’t have to handle her like she’ll shatter into a thousand pieces. She’s much tougher than a lot of people give her credit for. Sure Freya may have the energy and seem to bounce off walls, but that doesn’t mean Frigga is any less capable.”

Thorin glanced at his daughter’s again, watching Frigga.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Hm?”

“You named Frigga and Freya…you gave them dwarrow names.”

“Of course.” She murmured gently with a blush.

“Why?”

“I wasn’t going to deny their other heritage, Thorin. They are just as much dwarf as they are hobbit. Besides…neither one I felt would match hobbit names. Would you want me to name them Lur and Dal?”

His nose wrinkled at the mere thought of his daughter’s receiving those names and Billa laughed gently.

“So THAT’S where Frigga gets that. I always wondered.” She teased and he glared at her. Gently
she patted his hand, looking at him with a motherly smile.

“Frigga loves you Thorin. Nothing will ever change that.” She emphasized before going over to where the girls were. Thorin watched as Frigga and Freya wiggled out of the two other dwarf’s arms going to their mother, smiling brightly. He smiled gently as his three precious gems all laughed at something Bofur remarked. Frigga then wiggled out of her mother’s grip and toddled over to his general direction, waving her arms around until she latched onto his trouser leg. He smiled and picked her up.

“Hello, my Mizim.” He greeted, softly head-butting her. She giggled, nuzzling his forehead.

“Adad!! Mista Bofur said Missus Lobelia looks like da pony!” She giggled and he chuckled.

“Is that so…well, I think that insults the pony.”

She giggled and he walked towards Billa and the others.

“I think it’s cute that she wanted to have both their heritages.” Kara remarked later that night, watching as Billa was telling the girls a nighttime story. “Does she know the history of those two? Frigga and Freya?”

“Probably only a little.” Dwalin replied with a grin that his older brother shared, though Balin gave a slight exasperated sigh. Thorin only smiled.

“We didn’t tell her much of the dwarf history, lass. We did tell her that the stories of Frigga and Freya and how they seemed to have a connection with one another. I assume that is why she named them those names.” Balin supplied and Kara chuckled.

“Kind of ironic on how their personalities are so similar to the legends of Frigga and Freya.” Glóin added grinning.

“Frigga, the dwarrodam of love, marriage, and destiny, gentle and motherly married to the second oldest dwarf father, Odin…and Freya, a warrior dwarrowdam, energetic and ready to fight, married to Od, the third dwarf father.”

“Which just means the lass is going to be one hell of a fighter.” Dwalin remarked and Thorin seemed proud at that prospect.

“…um…isn’t she also going to wind up as one hell of a lover too, if we go with that aspect?” Kara remarked slowly and nearly ever head whipped to look at her.

“I beg your pardon?” Dori asked, almost scandalized.

“Well…isn’t she also going to wind up as one hell of a lover too, if we go with that aspect?” Kara remarked slowly and nearly ever head whipped to look at her.

“Um…you all remember that Lady Freya was not only a warrior dwarrowdam, and happily married to Od…she also had several lovers, and a lot of dwarrowdams consider her the protector of sensual love, right? If I remember correctly quite a few dams I’ve met would well…pray…to her if their husbands aren’t appeasing them.” Kara muttered, her face turning a slight shade of red, though her brows rose at the sight of all the dwarrowmen looking at her, their faces paling a bit, though Thorin looked the palest and they all looked at the unaware Freya.

“Apparently not.” Tauriel answered dryly, trying to hold back the slight laugh at her husband’s panic crawling on his face.

Well…the poor girl wasn’t going to have a boy near her at all.
Frigga was trying to sleep later that night, but her eyes would not close. She couldn’t see anything, but imagined what the room looked like. Still she was nervous. About multitude of things, but mainly two. 

What if this mountain place, the people there didn’t like her too? Very few people liked her here… Freya she was sure would do fine, but her? She wasn’t so sure…

And what if they found out about that? Even her mother didn’t know that. Only her and Freya. They were strange enough in the Shire without everyone knowing about that, so she didn’t want people to know and for that to add worry to her mother…

Would dwarves be the same?

She bit on her fingernails, sitting up, unable to sleep, and slid out of bed, wandering around the smial. Soon Uncle Drogo would be living here, and they were leaving soon. It was quiet, though she could hear the now familiar snores of her uncles. She continued walking until she ran into a figure. She fell onto her bottom, blinking in confusion.

“Frigga, Mizim, what are you still doing up?”

“I couldn’ sleep, Adad.” She murmured, rubbing her eye as he picked her up, settling her in his arms. She rested her head onto his shoulder, her hand weaving its way around one of his braids.

“Why not?”

“I scawed.”

“Why?”

She paused, her lips pursing as she contemplated, before she finally sighed.

“Wha’ if dey don’ like me?”

“Who doesn’t?”

“The other ‘warves in Ewebor.”

“Now why wouldn’t they like you?” Thorin asked honestly. She shifted silent for several moments.

“Cause I can’ see…” She finally muttered. Thorin looked at her and then moved her slightly in his arms, lifting her chin up gently. She was looking at the ground, likely far too used to people disregarding her for what she was due to her blindness.

“Mizim, they will not.” He promised. “You are not the only blind one to live among dwarves, and some were born with it, while some lost their sight gradually…but they were never seen as someone to be hated.”

And Mahal help any fool dumb enough to make fun of her for her blindness with him around.

She looked at him, her eyes seeming to burn through his as though trying to gauge whether or not he was lying. Finally she seemed to believe him and curled up to him, sucking her thumb gently. He began to hum softly, just a random tune as it had no lyrics, but he felt his daughter relax gradually. He walked to where Freya was sleeping and tucked his eldest back in, before he walked out allowing his daughters to sleep.
For the new adventure started tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

So I have a question for you guys (yes another question). I'm likely not going to have Frigga as Durin the Deathless reborn but she will have an ability. I just can't decide between something physical (think Toph from Avatar the Last Airbender being an earth bender) or something more mental (like telepathic). So do you guys have any suggestions?

And I'm not kidding, the Norse Goddesses Frigga and Freya are known for that:

Frigga: was the goddess of love, marriage, and destiny
Freya: was a warrior goddess, a Valkyrie, and also the goddess of sensual love.

I literally laughed when I found that out and had to add that. XD

Translations:

Mizim: Jewel

Adad: Daddy
“No.”

“Oh come now Thorin, it’s a book.”

“You’re not teaching our daughters Elvish!”

Tauriel glanced at her husband almost amused as they sat on the couch. “He does realize that even if she doesn’t bring the book, I can teach them Sindarian, right?”

“Probably not, but this is their flirting. Granted we’re supposed to leave soon.” Kíli grumbled with a sigh. “How are you feeling?”

“I’ll be fine, A’maelamin.”

He crawled over to her side, pressing his forehead to her stomach.

“You sure? Both of you?”

“Mhm. The baby is perfectly fine as well Kíli.” She cooed softly running a hand over the bump. “We should make it back to Erebor before the baby is due, so you don’t have to worry.”

“The problem with being two races…there’s no way to tell how long.” He muttered.

“Well how long are pregnancies for a dwarf?” Tauriel asked gently,

“15 months…what about elves?”

“12 months…so it will either be a long Elvish pregnancy, or a short Dwarven pregnancy…”

“Or somewhere in between…” He murmured, running his hand over her stomach worriedly. So many things could happen during that time, or the baby could hurt Tauriel…or the baby…

They could lose the baby.

He swallowed roughly at that thought.

Tauriel seemed to sense his wanderings as she gently glided her fingers through his hair.

“Do not fret.”

“But…”

“Whatever happens, happens, Ghivashel.” She said softly. “But I can feel this infant’s life…and the baby is strong. Like it’s father.”

“Like its Mother.” Kíli amended and Tauriel smiled.

“There are young impressionable eyes and ears in this smial, Kee.” Fíli grumbled as he walked by. Kíli glared at his elder brother.
“Then keep that in mind so Freya doesn’t see you kissing Kara behind the oak tree. Who knows, with all those secret meet up’s, maybe the next baby coming along will be yours.” He called out and the teasing, though somewhat untrue as he had only caught them kissing once, had the desired effect as he watched his brother’s face and the tips of his ears turn scarlet and Fíli nearly dropped pack he was carrying and he turned to glare at his brother who merely smiled back innocently. Then there was a knock at the door and they heard plodding.

“I gots it!” Freya yelled out and they heard the door creak open and seconds later slam shut.

“Freya? Everything alright?” Billa asked poking her head out from the library, Thorin standing in the doorway, holding the offending book just out of reach from Billa.

“She’s BACK!”

“Who??” Frigga asked looking at her sister rather annoyed.

“Lobelia!!”

“…That woman doesn’t give up does she?” Dwalin growled as Billa sighed, but this time in aggravation.

“Probably saw Gandalf talking to Drogo and thought we had already left.” She grumbled.

“…can I use my axes on her?” Dwalin asked almost hopefully, as the knocking grow more insistent.

“No, no…rather not have to deal with a murder trial.” Billa grumbled, pressing her fingers to the bridge of her nose. Then her head snapped up and a wicked look crossed her face.

“…Billa?” Kíli asked.

“Frigga. Freya. Do you remember what happened with Suitor #5?” Billa asked. Both girls blinked and then Freya’s expression split into a mischievous grin while Frigga smiled coyly.

“Stall!” Freya chirped, grabbing Frigga’s hand they were off.

“Suitor #5? How many suitors did she throw at you?”

“Ask Gandalf, he kept count during my pregnancy.” Billa remarked dryly. “Don’t say a word, and let me handle this.”

None of the dwarrowmen could voice their questions Billa opened the door an innocent smile on her face.

“Lobelia!” She stated with a fake innocent voice. “I wasn’t expecting you.”

“Oh I was in the neighborhood and I saw Gandalf.” She replied with a sniff. The dwarves all glared at her. “So the rumors are true, you are leaving?”

“Yes. You must be devastated to hear that?” Billa replied with the same fake tone that Lobelia was using.

“Quite. Now are you-”

Billa slammed her hand rather hard against the doorframe, giving Lobelia a rather forced smile.

“You don’t really expect me or any of the dwarves to let you in Bag End, Lobelia? Besides, the
cutlery has been sent off, and Drogo will be arriving in a few hours or so.”

“Huh?”

“Well Drogo has his own nice set of cutlery at his own smial, so I felt bad he would have to leave that there to come use my silverware. So to remedy this, I gave them to Hamfast and his family. I think they will very much like them and use them to their fullest.”

It was rather amusing, seeing how quickly Lobelia could turn pale and then red at the nonchalant explanation from Billa. Thorin however glanced up, because he could have sworn he heard footsteps plodding on the roof. He wasn’t the only one and the confusion was evident on the other dwarrow’s expressions. Billa seemed to hear it as well as her conversation changed.

“Interesting color for your dress Lobelia.” Billa remarked dryly. “Though I think it could use a bit of a different color.”

“Listen here you little brat, you may have lost your manners because of them and had those little imps of yours, but I—”

Whatever her tirade was going to be about was cut off as globs of honey fell onto her head and she shrieked, jumping backwards. Billa held her laughter back, the dwarrows, however, were not as quiet and Kíli burst out laughing completely as tufts of flour were thrown down for added measure, sticking to the honey like glue.

“Hi Miss Lobelia!” Freya called out and Frigga laughed

“You little snot-nosed brats!!”

“Freya, Frigga, that was a mean thing to do!” Billa scolded, looking up but the smile on her face and her tone of voice clearly stated she was far from upset. “Now you and your sister come down here this instant. I am so sorry, Lobelia, do you want to use my bathroom, I don’t—”

“Don’t bother you harpy!! I for one am glad you and your brats are leaving!” Lobelia snapped in a shrill tone that certainly would have shattered glass before pivoting and storming down the steps and slamming the gate closed. Billa huffed.

“I did warn her that she would regret visiting again.” She sighed smoothly as panting was heard and Frigga and Freya came back, Frigga’s hands and skirt covered with white powder and several areas of Freya’s hair were defying gravity with the sticky concoction.

“The flour was new.” Billa remarked, looking at her daughters with a raised brow.

“Frigga got the idea.” Freya replied with a grin, as Frigga seemed undeterred with that knowledge, as she patted the flour off of her skirt. Kíli looked at Billa with glee.

“Oh Erebor isn’t going to know what hit them!!”

Primula and Drogo looked rather confused as they watched Lobelia storm past them, honey dripping off her face and flour sticking to her hair, though Primula had the decency to cover her mouth and hide her slight smile.

“Oh dear…”

“Lobelia is going to be ranting all year about this.” Drogo sighed looking at his intended with an
exasperated look.

“True…but I’m going to miss those two girls. They made the Shire a bit more lively.”

“If by lively, giving the Thain a headache, I agree.”

“Oh come off it. You know Ferumbras gets a laugh from Freya and Frigga is a little angel to the Tooks.”

“Yes, I know.” Drogo said with a smile. “But you know…I think she’ll be happy with her dwarrow.”

“Yes.” Primula stated gently, weaving her fingers in Drogo’s hand. “I think so too.”

And Drogo smiled.

“I pity him, really.”

“He’s an adult, Billa.”

“Still, we might have to put him out of his misery soon.” Fili teased as he and the rest of the company observed Dwalin, the dwarf with the least amount of patience in the group, sitting on his pony, currently having Freya on his shoulders chattering away without a care in the world, asking any question that popped into her head.

Dwalin seemed to be handling it well…all things considered.

“His eye is twitching…is that normal?” Kara whispered.

“Not at all.” Kili replied, snorting.

“Mista Dwalin, why you bald? Awen’ dwaves haiwy?”

There was a pitiful groan coming from Dwalin though it was drowned out by chuckles from the rest of the company. Billa composed herself first.

“Freya, be nice.”

“You said to ask questions when I didn’ know!”

“Well yes, but…” Billa trailed off with a sigh. “Always with having the last word.”

Thorin snorted.

Leaving the Shire had been relatively easily, give or take. Primula had been there bawling, being comforted by Drogo and Hamfast had given Billa some packets of seeds, stating that they would be put to good use wherever she was going. He still gave the dwarf’s uneasy glances, but after Billa had explained that he had been the angriest with what had happened with her and how he had essentially been a shield between the girl’s and the nosy hobbits, so he was bound to be protective of her and the girls.

And Thorin could understand why.

“You sure it’s safe with her on his shoulders while riding a pony?” Billa mumbled nervously pulling Thorin out of his thoughts and Thorin chuckled.
“She’ll be fine. Dwalin will make sure of that.” He replied.

“Better than Óin.”

“One time, and you’ve never let me go on it.” The medic dwarf complained.

“You dropped Gimli on his head!” Glóin snapped and the rest of the dwarves sighed, apparently having heard this argument before. “Gala nearly had your braids and your beard when she found out.”

“Ah birthing memories. Never a dull one.” Kara sighed stretching. “A blizzard, with a human caravan, one of my aunts in labor as well as three women from the human caravan and only me, my grandmother, and the lone healer in the other. We were a bit stressed to say the least.”

“How old were ye, lass?” Glóin asked almost amused. Kara flushed laughing rather weakly.

“I think I was... 27... maybe 28.”

They all gaped.

“What?”

“You were barely battle ready! And your grandmother allowed it?”

“It was delivering a child, hardly as dangerous as facing off an enemy. And if I hadn’t there would have only been two trained healers. Sure I was still in training...” Kara muttered. “But my Adad had never been particularly good at midwifery and the other women in the caravan were too panicked. So I had to help out.” She shrugged, though judging by the look Fíli was giving her, he probably had the idea that it was more likely that it had been expected of her rather than her volunteering. “Not too bad, thankfully. All the babes were born healthy. Thank the Maker. Granted my hand had gone numb after the fifth one.” She added with a snort.

“Understandable.” Billa remarked dryly and Gandalf chuckled.

“Ah yes, Billa was rather amusing to listen to during that night.”

“I’m glad my pain was amusing.” Billa replied coolly and Thorin’s brow furrowed.

“Now Billanna, the threat towards Thorin was rather amusing as I doubt poor Missus Galanbren had any clue what you were going on about.”

“Yes, threatening to rip a beard off isn’t as frightening as it is confusing to a race that has less hair on the face.” Billa amended and the group chuckled as Thorin glanced at her with smile. Frigga looked up at him and gave a smile and Freya laughed from her perch on Dwalin’s shoulders.

Billa watched later that night as Thorin sat, leaning against a tree, unable to move. Both girls had found his thigh as a wonderful pillow and both girls were sleeping now. She smiled gently.

“Told you, they love you.” She murmured softly, looking at him. He offered a slight chuckle, pulling his coat over them a bit more as she stood up going over to the opposite side, sitting next to him, leaning against his shoulder.

“...so my beard was at risk, hm?” He murmured finally and she chuckled.

“I suppose it was.” She teased. “Didn’t know what else would have hurt as much as I felt. If I had
gripped your hand, I doubt that would have hurt.” She reminded him, holding up the hand to show the disparity in size. “I wouldn’t have been able to hold it in a way or have the strength of trying to break your hand.”

“Such violence.”

“And what did your sister do to her husband when she gave birth to Fíli and Kíli?” She asked and he chuckled.

“I wasn’t allowed into the chamber, but with Víli we all could pretty well hear his yelps when those days happened. Granted, I don’t think you would have thrown weapons hard enough to impale stone. Thankfully Víli was great at dodging those.”

Billa laughed gently.

“Thankfully.”

“Was it hard?”

“Labor normally is.”

“I’m aware…but…” He trailed off. He remembered listening to Dís during each pregnancy and that was painful. The idea of going through giving two lives at the same time was something he couldn’t think of.

Billa seemed to sense his question.

“It was painful. Any pregnancy is. Granted, it’s not that uncommon for Hobbits to give birth to multiples. Though I was a bit worried, since pregnancies for a she-hobbit is oh about 7 months and I carried these two for nearly 10.” She admitted and Thorin blanched.

“Billa, dwarf pregnancies are 15 months.”

“Well then, I’ll be glad it wasn’t that long then.” She remarked, pushing a wayward strand of hair out of Frigga’s face. Thorin watched her and sighed.

“They were small, smaller than I had expected when it came with what I thought dwarrows would be in size, but now knowing how long a dwarf pregnancy is, that makes sense. They weren’t full size in many aspects. Now Frigga was rather quick about being born, but Freya made sure her entrance was rather dramatic.” Billa huffed. “Stubborn she was. Like her father.”

“Like their mother.”

Billa looked at him, blinking as he smiled.

“I think they’re both stubborn wouldn’t you?” He asked and she smiled, resting her cheek on his shoulder.

“I think so too.” She murmured finally, her eyes closing and she could have sworn she felt a brief press against the top of her head and curled up a bit more to him.

“You’re fretting.”

Fíli looked up as Kara sat down next to him. His brow rose.
“Is it already a shift change?” He asked glancing at her and she snorted.

“Hardly, I just wasn’t ready to sleep, I suppose.” She explained. “But in any case, you’re fretting. Your forehead crease has reappeared.” She poked his forehead for good measure. “So I can tell something is bothering you.”

“…When did you start training to be a healer?”

“25 or 26.”

“…Too young.” He muttered. “Your grandmother should have waited.”

“You’re angry with her.” She figured and he sighed.

“You had very little childhood…something that one never gets back.” He stated softly. She shrugged.

“It was expected of me.”

“Your caravan would have done well with your grandmother alone.”

“Not by my caravan or my grandmother, though they did play some part. My father expected it of me as well.” Kara amended. “He died when I was 24, but even then already expected a lot out of me. So I suppose, yes…it was expected of me for the caravan, but I felt it was more expected of me from my father, even after death.”

He looked at her as she stared out into the trees.

“I don’t blame him you know.” She said gently, playing with the tips of her fingers. “He was heartsick, and I don’t think he longed for this world…It’s sad, but I think he knew he wasn’t going to be there for much longer…or forever, so he wanted me to be prepared.”

“It doesn’t make up for the fact you didn’t really have a childhood.” He grumbled. She chuckled almost sadly.

“I suppose.” She muttered gently, before blushing as he weaved his hand into hers, running his thumb over her knuckle.

“I am glad…that you and your caravan came to Erebor.” He muttered. “I may not be happy about how quickly you grew up…but I am glad that you went to Erebor.”

“I am too.”

Chapter End Notes

Translations:

A’maelamin: My beloved

Ghivashel: Treasure of Treasures

Alright onto the journey~!!
For the pregnancy lengths, the only one I know is legit is the elf one...I had to make up the dwarf and hobbits. I figured that in a lot of the fictions, hobbits are known to be creatures that have a lot of kids, so their pregnancies are shorter. Dwarfs have fewer offspring therefore their pregnancy lengths are longer. Some people state online that dwarrow pregnancies are years long...so I thought 15 months was alright XD.
He was dreaming, he knew that much. It was the same dream he would have on occasion, and though he knew the ending, inwardly he hoped that it would change.

“Adad, did you and Bofur start working on your new toy?” A soft voice asked and Bifur looked down and smile.

“So impatient, Baryur.” He chuckled, ruffling his daughter’s hair and pushing back the little girl’s braid. “We’re working on it.” He promised and the little girl’s eyes lit up. He smiled as she settled in on the wagon, leaning against him.

She looked so much like him in hair and eye color, but the only difference was her expressions and mannerisms, that was so much like her mother. His Adris.

He cast a look out of the wagon at the other dwarrows in this little company, his heart aching; the memory of Adris passing still a raw nerve to him. But Baryur was there…she was safe.

Baryur was humming gently, playing with the ends of her braid, when suddenly his gaze snapped towards the tree line. Something felt wrong.

“Adad?” Baryur asked as Bifur slowly reached into the back of the wagon, slowly grabbing his boar spear.

Then chaos.

Orcs jumped out from their hiding spots in the trees and Bifur dragged the startled Baryur out of the wagon, dodging a shrieking orc.

“Adad!”

“Baryur stay close!!” Bifur ordered but the little girl seemed to want to do nothing else as she clung to the end of his coat. He smashed the orc that was running towards them and the beast crumpled to the ground. But two more seemed to pop up where this one fell and tackled him, shoving him backwards.

“ADAD!!!”

Bifur looked up and saw that Baryur had gotten separated from him when he was tackled, and had scrambled away, trying to hide, but was now pressed into the side of large rocks an orc striding towards her, his club raised up.

“BARYUR!” He cried out, smashing one of the orcs in the head, trying to get his daughter.

He saw the blur of the axe that was about to be embedded in his head. Then there was that stinging pain and darkness.

Then he was floating in darkness, in his present form. He knew what he was going to see.

It didn’t break his heart any less when he saw Baryur’s limp form laying on the ground, blood seeping from a head wound, her eyes vacant of any life.
"Baryur…" He hoarsely whispered, stumbling towards her, kneeling in front of her, cradling her limp body.

"Baryur…Baryur…" He whispered. “Don't do this to me, don't do this to me, Mizim…” He pleaded, but she remained still, her eyes limp as blood dripped down her chin. “Come on...Mahal...Baryur…" He sobbed, curling her form close to his chest, rocking it back and forth as he sobbed.

“Mista Bifur?”

He looked up and blinked several times, as Frigga appeared out of the darkness, plodding over to him, an ethereal light surrounding her. She gave him a smile, pressing her tiny hands, soft and free of any scars, against his own scar-covered hands.


“Frigga?”

“Mhm!” She chirped, gripping his hand tightly He looked down to see that Baryur’s body had disappeared slowly, instead of haunting him and blaming him for not stopping her death. Frigga tugged slightly, then looking at his face, frowned.

“No cwy, Mista Bifur.” She ordered gently, reaching up and patting his cheek. “Baryur no want you to be sad.”

“Baryur…?” He asked in surprise. How did she know of his daughter? Granted this was his dream, so it would make sense that this Frigga would know who Baryur was. Still, Frigga didn’t feel as though she was a part of his dream...as though she had merely entered.

“Mhm.” Frigga stated, tugging his hand again and slowly he stood and he picked her up. She laughed merrily, wrapping her arms around his neck. “She wove you. No want you to be sad.” She adamantly replied, smiling brightly at him. He returned the smile, smoothing her hair back.

“Thank you, Frigga.”

“Wha for?” She asked but he smiled and shook his head.

“It is nothing.” He murmured gently and she rested her head on his shoulder, shifting slightly.

“Pwomise?”

“Mhm.” He replied, patting her back. She laughed, kicking her feet gently.

“Le’s go den.” She sang and he chuckled, nodding before she squirmed around and made it back to the ground, and holding his hand, the pair left the darkness and into light.

Slowly Bifur woke up, staring at the sky above him, the stars twinkling merrily. He sat up and looked around, pressing a hand to the scar that his ax had once been. His eyes landed on the tiny girl that was curled up to her younger sister, blissfully asleep. Thorin and Billa were likewise asleep, Thorin’s hand resting protectively over both of the girls, and one arm was wrapped loosely around Billa’s waist.

At least those two were getting back on track with the relationship.

A nudge to his side caused him to look and saw Bofur was awake.
“You alright?” Bofur signed in Iglishmêk. The older cousin sighed.

“I am fine. Just had a dream.” Bifur signed back.

“Baryur?”

Bifur paused before nodding and Bofur frowned, knowing how the ending normally was in that dream, almost surprised that he hadn’t woken the entire company with screaming.

“It ended differently.”

“Oh?”

“Strangest thing…Frigga appeared and snapped me out of it.” Bifur signed and Bofur looked at him rather amused.

“At the rate you’re going, Bifur…Thorin is going to die of jealousy.” Bofur joked signing at him and Bifur snorted. Still it was strange, and he wondered how Baryur would have liked Frigga and Freya. He decided, she likely would have adored them.

“Frigga and Freya are special girls.” Bofur signed and Bifur nodded in agreement as the rest slept.

“Kara, I’ve been wondering. What’s with the crystals?”

“Hm?” Kara asked looking at Bofur amused.

“Yer crystals, lass. Óin uses ointments for medicinal purposes.”

“It’s not like I don’t either.” She stated with a chuckle. “It’s just something the Torral’s are known for using. My uncles make trinkets to sell with them. For my grandmother and me, we use them for healing purposes…granted she knows a lot more than I do when it comes to crystal healing.”

“Oh? She didn’t teach you a lot?”

“She did…just after I nearly blew up one of our wagons with her teaching me she deemed it time to slow down.”

“…How do you nearly blow up a wagon? With a crystal?” Kíli called out as Freya, who had now been transferred over to him after Dwalin’s look of panic in the morning of the possibility of having his ears ring throughout another night, tugged lightly on Kíli’s pony’s mane. Fíli looked at Kara who was now flushing a deep, deep shade of red.

“…In more ways than one.” She grumbled and Fíli chuckled, though inwardly he wondered the same thing. Granted Mordrid seemed to use crystals as her main way of healing, so likely she knew techniques that others did not…but to teach something that had caused an explosion…

“-li! Fíli, duck!”

He barely looked up before a tree branch decided to become intimate with his forehead. He yelped covering his face in pain. He heard his younger brother…and several other dwarves chortle and it caused his face to burn, but not from the sting of the branch. Then gentle hands pressed onto the back of his head and he looked up to see Kara had slowed her pony down to where she was side by side to him and had moved closer, concern etched on her face.

Now he knew his face was on fire.
“Are you alright?”

“Fine… I’m fine.” He mumbled and she looked at him as though trying to see if he was lying. She moved his hand from his forehead, and gently pressed on the tender spot on his forehead. She then smiled.

“Good.” She added before her pony decided to continue playing matchmaker where the branch had left off, and swung her hips to one side, causing Kara to crash into Fíli, who caught both of them and stopped from falling off. Kara’s face turned to the color of a tomato, and she could have sworn she heard her horse whinnying like she was laughing. If she had looked up, she would have seen that the color in Fíli’s face had turned as dark as hers, but she could clearly hear his heartbeat pounding into her ear.

“Hey keep it clean you two!” Kíli called out teasingly, startling the pair. Fíli swore under his breath and righted Kara.

“Alright?”

“Fine. Though… what is your uncle arguing about with Tharkûn?” She asked, gesturing to the front. Fíli looked and sighed.

“Judging by his expression… elves.”

“Elves? What does that… ah…” Kara finally understood. Rivendell. “You know, since Billa and him went there while she was pregnant, he’ll probably be curious about the girls.”

“Probably, but that won’t do much to not cause those two to argue about it. Thorin may have accepted Tauriel into the family, but that doesn’t mean elves aren’t still his least favorite species.”

“True… still… I’d like to read up on Elven pregnancies if they have any books.” She muttered. “All I know is that their pregnancies are a year long.”

“You realize my nephew is going to be half dwarf right?” He teased and she returned it with a grin.

“I am quite aware… however I’d like to make sure if there wasn’t any type of differences in a pregnancy that we might see as a danger, whereas they do not.” She explained. “And may I ask why you do not think that your brother may have a daughter? You and the others were positive your uncle was to have a son. Instead he has two girls.”

Fíli shrugged, though the mirth in his eyes didn’t diminish.

“Speaking of which, don’t you all owe me whatever you were betting?” She teased, shaking her finger at him as though she was scolding him. “Because I have to say, seeing as I was the only one who won that, as I said the babe was going to be a la-”

He tugged her back to him, claiming her mouth with his. Her face turned a brilliant red and she was thankful to now be in the back of the party, before he moved away. He grinned, a grin she mused silently, that was so similar to Kíli’s.

“How’s that for my part of the bet?” He asked rather innocently, and she huffed, pushing her hair back behind her ear, a nervous tick he caught on when she was happy but trying, and failing, to not smile.

“I… I think that should suffice. But I hope that the rest of them do not follow suit.”
Fíli laughed.

“What are you pouting about, Winë?” Tauriel asked gently as she looked at Freya, laughing at how much the line of Durin showed in the youngest of the twin’s expressions. In the back of her mind, she wondered happily what her own little one would share with its’ paternal line, and her hand absently ran over the small bump. Freya’s expression broke as her brows furrowed in confusion.

“What that mean?”

“It means little one.”

“I not little!” Freya chirped, rather offended. Kíli chuckled at his cousin.

“Of course you aren’t.” He replied and she smiled. “But something seems to be bothering you, nonetheless.”

“I wan’ Sissy to tell Adad ‘er secwet, bu she won’t.” She grumbled. The two looked at one another in concern, glancing at the little girl who was sitting with Bifur this time.

“Why don’t you tell him, yourself?” Tauriel suggested and the little girl shook her head.

“I can’. I pinky pwomised.”

“Ah. I see.” Kíli nodded in understanding. “Pinky promises are sacred for siblings.” He added and she nodded. Oh how he and Fíli had had their share of pinky promises. Pinky promise to not breath a word on who had placed honey in Dwalin’s boots that one time, pinky promise not to tell who had accidentally broken Thorin’s hammer…many more.

“It isn’t anything that could hurt her, is it?” Tauriel asked, trying to at least make sure that the eldest of the two was in no serious danger. To that the little girl shook her head.

“No…nothin’ like that.”

“Alright...” Tauriel trailed off, though curious. “Well she’ll tell him when she’s ready, I suppose,” She added and the little girl nodded. She glanced at Kíli and saw he was just as concerned. Clearly, it was something that the little girl was nervous about telling anyone other than sister. It probably had everything to do with how the Shire had treated her, but still that did have some concerns.

What could be so different in her that she felt she couldn’t tell anyone in her kin?

Chapter End Notes

So a slight hint to some Frigga's abilities. More will be explained.

Aaannnnndddd time to pul some heart strings!!!

Translations:

Adad: Father

Tharkûn: Gandalf
Winë: Little One
“So lad, how’s it goin’ with the courting?”

Fíli groaned, slouching a bit as Bofur, Ori, and Nori surrounded him. “You all are not going to let up on this are you?”

“Not on your life.”

“Have you thought up your courting gift?”

“Has she given you one?”

“Try not to overdo it lad. Mistress Kara doesn’t seem to be the one that needs something lavish.”

“I think I could figure that out.” Fíli grumbled.

“Now, now don’t be all short. We’re just making sure you remember all the wife lore and the rights and duties of marriage as well as formal courtship offers.”

“Oh and don’t forget, don’t say her Bayurkherumuh until you two are alone.”

“Oh come on, you think I do not know any of this?” He snapped, only earning laughter to his ire.

A Bayurkherumuh was something every dwarf should have had, given to him or her on the eve of their birth by their mother. It was something that belonged to them and them alone, only to be whispered by their One, and was a way for those who met theirs to truly know they were formed together in the same stone, to never part.

“We do, but we rather enjoy watching how flustered you are.”

Fíli grumbled, glancing up at Kara who was talking to his brother and sister-in-law. It was strange though, no matter what he did to try and concentrate, her name eluded him. He had heard stories of names being difficult to find, however it seemed that this particularly hard for him. Granted, he had been slow in actually starting the courtship, so maybe that was the reason.

Still he wondered if he couldn’t sense hers, could she sense his?

“She said that?”

“Yeah.” Kíli remarked as they stopped for a break to let stretch their legs out as well as to let the girls play and run around. “Freya didn’t seem overall concerned with whatever Frigga is hiding, just annoyed with her.” He added as the group watched as Frigga chased after Freya who was spinning around, laughing. “So we don’t think that it’s hurting her or anything like that. Still it’s curious.”

Billa frowned, looking at the two.

“They never said anything to me about it.”

“It’s probably something that is normal for dwarrows, and she just didn’t want to worry you.”
“The lass does seem to always have everyone else’s interests in mind before hers.” Balin remarked. “A fine quality.”

“Aye.” Dwalin remarked in agreement with his brother.

“Thinking about it, wouldn’t one of the girls be in line after Fíli?” Kara questioned watching the duo. Silence greeted her and she glanced over. The dwarrows were all looking at Fíli and Thorin and she cursed under her breath.

Apparently they hadn’t.

“I’m…going to go check on the girls.” She remarked hurriedly and quickly moved away. Apparently the other dwarves wanted to get away from the situation as well as they all followed Kara’s lead. Clearly this was meant to be between nephew and uncle.

Silence reigned for a few brief moments, Freya’s laughter echoing towards them before Fíli spoke.

“Thorin-”

“You are still my heir, Fíli.” Thorin interrupted.

“I know the council would be against a queen, but still, Frigga would have more right…and if you had a son, you realize they will be wanting him as they will see his blood as superior to my own.”

“Son or daughter, I have already told them that my sister-son’s are my heirs and always shall be. The blood of your mother is in no way inferior to that of my own and no one from the Low or High Council shall ever imply otherwise. I stated this when they were discussing Kíli’s courtship and what would happen if they gained a child before you, and the mere thought of a half-elf on the throne enraged them. Just as I said Tauriel was now a cherished member of my household and outranked most of them in the room, I said you are to be my heir, and if they do ask, their beards and tongues would be cut.”

Fíli seemed stunned at this revelation, earning a smirk from Thorin.

“Just because I have those two, and possibly, Mahal willing other children, does not mean that I’ll love the two of you any less. You’re still my heirs and you have always made me incredibly proud.” He added, earning a blush from the eldest brother before they heard laughter.

“Unca Fee, Unca Fee!” Freya chirped. “Save me! Save me!” She laughed hiding behind the blond. He turned to see Kíli panting after her.

“Already winded?” The eldest brother teased as he picked up his cousin. “Mahal Kee, you’re in a world of hurt when you have your own dwarfling.”

“Dwelf, and I’ll have you know Freya here enjoys climbing over any living thing.” He said. “And I’m carrying other weapons.”

“Excuses, excuses. Never a good thing to have a princess outrun you.”

“Pwincess?”

“That’s right Mizim.” Thorin remarked with a smile as the others came, Frigga being carried by Billa. She glanced at Fíli and Thorin and spotted that neither had a look of hurt or anger. Thorin gave her a slight nod and she seemed to relax and returned the nod with a smile. “I’m King of Erebor. By right you and your sister are princesses.”
Freya seemed to consider this.

“Do I have to be a pwincess? I’d wather be a knight.” Freya finally chirped, surprising the group as she was apparently undeterred or bothered by the sudden shift of social standing, kicking her legs out. Frigga seemed slightly bothered by it; seeming shyer by the revelation. “Sissy’s a better pwincess.” She added earning a chuckle from the others. Frigga blushed.

“Nu-uh.”

“Yu-huh~!” Freya drawled. “You don’ fight.”

“Jus cause I don’ fight don’ mean I’m a better pwincess.” Frigga muttered.

“I gabe lots of grief in Hobbiton! Specially to Lobelia!”

“It wasn’t just Lobelia’s ire you earned.” Billa remarked. “Besides the other hobbits, I’m quite sure those poor band members are still cross with you.”

“Dat was one time…sides it was Lobelia’s faul’ and the Tooks and Mista Thain liked it.”

“You destroyed nearly a dozen instruments in your sugar induced run.” Billa remarked and Freya giggled.

“…Alright this story I need to hear.” Kíli remarked.

“Simple enough…Lobelia wanted to try and ruin a Took party. She knew Freya was there and when I had my back turned helping Frigga clean up, fed her not one, not two, but five cinnamon muffins. In a row.”

To that Kíli paled.

“You think two muffins was bad? I’ve never seen a one and a half year old fauntling take off like that. Unfortunately she crashed into where the band’s instruments were. And during that melee, she managed to bend two flutes, use three violin bows as projectiles, and went through a drum, and that’s just to my knowledge.”

“Er…don’t you mean that she ran into?”

“No, I mean she went through a drum. As in in one end, and out the other. I pitied the band members really…had to pay them back. Then she crashed for the entire night. I was worried she had caused the party to go into chaos. But it didn’t work. All it did was cause the Tooks to start laughing and joking about how she would give the most patient of hobbits a headache.”

“I puked on Lobelia too. Yippee!”

To that they all laughed.

“In any case, you two can be whatever you want to be, it was just something that has come up and needed to be told.” Thorin amended, ruffling his daughters’ hair. They both beamed at him as Billa smiled gently.

Truly, Thorin surprised her in more ways than one.

“Please tell me you and your uncle did not argue.” Kara asked as she and Fíli collected wood that night after they had set up camp. He looked at her amused. “I didn’t mean to cause anything if that’s
the case—"

“You did nothing of the sort.” He said with a smile and she blushed. “Actually I’m glad you said something.”

“You…are?” She asked in confusion.

“It’s been something weighing on the back of my mind, but I didn’t want to say anything.”

“Oh.” She remarked, blushing. “Well…always glad to be of service, I suppose.”

He laughed.

“I am curious though, what made you think about that?”

“Well…we were discussing Frigga and her selflessness and I was just thinking if either of them did end up ruling after you and personality wise how that would go over.” Kara remarked with an amused smile. “The girls are as different as the sun and moon after all.”

“I agree.” Fíli remarked with a chuckle. “Though I do not think Freya could handle meetings.”

“If someone was to make her eat a dozen muffins maybe, but I wouldn’t know how those meetings go so I’ll have to take your word for it…granted I cannot see them being the life of the party with the members included.”

He chuckled.

“They aren’t. Surprisingly dull actually.”

“Oh you poor thing.” She teased. “Makes me having to stitch up the bum of a wayward drunken dwarf who thought he was invincible seem exciting.” She laughed, pushing her hair back. His laughter grew.

“Oh yes, I have to agree with that.” He managed. “Though sooner or later you’ll be joining us, so you’ll know Thorin and my pain.”

“Hm?”

“We are courting, eventually you will have to join us.”

“…ah…hadn’t thought about that.” She finally said and he looked at her incredulously. “What?”

“You are the strangest dwarrowdam I have ever met.”

“Um…thank you?” She managed, cocking her head to the side.

“It’s just…most women would be excited for the fact that they are being courted by royalty.”

“You are courting a very simple person.” Kara remarked with a laugh. “I care not for titles that the one who is courting me wears, just if he cares for me for just being me. Which since you met me being well…me…”

“And your incredibly strong legs.”

“You learned your lesson though. And I save you a world of embarrassment.”
“Yes, being nude would have made it through my fever filled mind as embarrassment.” He stated, nudge her. “Taking advantage of me, that’s what you did.”

“It’s called Healer privileges.” She teased before squeaking as he shifted the bundle of sticks he was carrying and wrapped his arm around her waist and pulling her to him.

“Mhm, right.” He teased back. “Privileges and what not.”

“As Prince of Erebor, you must know that certain jobs come with certain privileges.” She countered, trying to fight the blush. He chuckled and leaned closer.

A cough sounded and the pair broke apart, their faces a deep shade of red as they turned and saw Dwalin standing there, his arms crossed.

“Evening.”

“Evening.” Fíli replied, though it sounded like an aggravated growl more than anything. “What are you doing here?”

“Seemed like you were taking your time in getting wood.”

“We got some.” Fíli remarked dryly and the look on Dwalin’s face was a mix of amusement and as though he wanted to chastise Fíli for forgetting some parts of the courting process.

“Wwwwelllllll, I’m just going to…go…” Kara said and hurried away, her face likely on fire. Fíli glared at Dwalin.

“I hate you.” He muttered under his breath, earning a snort from the older dwarf.

“Remember that when your mother begins to do the same, lad. Should have seen her with your brother. Rather amusing.”

Fíli grumbled and followed, his face deepening in color and rising in temperature at the chuckle that sounded as Dwalin followed. Oh he was not going to hear the end of this.

At all.

Chapter End Notes

Would you guys want to read them going to Rivendell? Or just keep on going past??

Translations:

Bayurkherumuh: Secret Name

A little bit of a head canon for the Bayurkherumuh. It's kind of a mixture between two things: one that red string of fate that the Japanese culture has, where a person is connected to another through fate, and two is from a comic called Elf Quest, where a person will find their other and discover each others secret names. Now there is a reason that Fíli is having issues finding Kara’s which will be explained in later chapters.

Another side note is the reasoning for Freya and Frigga's reactions for discovering that
they are princesses. One, Freya is Freya. In any tale she's read or been read to, the
Princess sits around and a male saves them, something which, obviously Freya is not a
damsel and therefore would rather be the knight that rescues the said princess. For
Frigga it's a bit more complicated. Now, while she wasn't necessarily bullied to a large
extent in Hobbiton, if it's one thing that Hobbit's are good at doing is gossiping, and
she's not deaf. So she's heard the gossip about her and her blindness, which has made
her extremely shy and causing her to not really see herself as a princess, because she's
never heard of a blind princess. Now she'll come out of her shell a bit more as time
passes, but right now she's two and still closed up.
He knew what was going to happen. He knew the moment he awoke in his dream it was going to happen.

Those feverish nightmares that had come to him after the Battle of the Five Armies, those jagged memories of what he had done…

He knew what was going to happen. And he didn’t want to see it again.

But he didn’t stop it.

He deserved these nightmares.

“No…” He whispered as Thranduil and Bard stood below the wall, holding up the Arkenstone to show him the jewel. Around him there were yells of the other dwarrows, about them being thieves. Him saying that it was a fake. And then there was Billa as she revealed that she had given it to them as a peace offering, because she did not want to see their deaths by the hands of elves and man. She did not want to see HIS death.

“You would steal from me?”

“Thorin, you’re not well!” She exclaimed. “This madness must stop! You are changed, Thorin! The Dwarf I met in BagEnd would never have gone back on his word! Would never have doubted the loyalty of his kin!”

He screamed at himself, begging for him to stop, but like a puppet he walked towards her, his hands clenching into fists.

“I may be a burglar but I’d like to think I’m an honest one! I’m willing to let it stand against my claim.”

“Against your claim? Your claim. You have NO claim over me, you miserable RAT!

He saw the hurt in her eyes and his own heart began to tear and burn. Then she squared her shoulders, looking at him as though she was steeling herself. He just kept begging the dream to end, to stop, TO CHANGE.

“Is your desire for a STONE that much more desirable than your loyalty, Thorin!?!”

“Do not speak to me of LOYALTY!!”

And with that he grabbed her by her neck and swung her over the wall, her feet barely touching it.

“Stop, PLEASE STOP!!” He begged. Unlike reality, none of the dwarves came to her rescue and stopped him; Gandalf didn’t convince him to give Billa back to the wizard; no one came to her rescue. Billa just stared at him, eyes filled to the brim with tears, her hands gripping around his wrist.

And he dropped her.
Thorin collapsed soon after he heard the sickening sound of body meeting stone, his shoulders wracking with silent sobs. For the briefest of moments there was silence.

Then…

“You killed me.”

He looked up and there stood Billa. But it wasn’t his Billa. Wasn’t his Burglar.

This Billa had blood streaming down her face, her eyes blank and accusatory. He just sat there on his knees as Billa walked up to him, standing over him.

“No Billa…”

“You killed me. You valued my life less than that of your gold.” The nightmare-Billa accused. He held his head, covering his ears as though that would stop her anguished blames, her hand rising to hit him.

“YOU KILLED YOUR DAUGHTERS!!”

“STOP IT!!”

Thorin jumped at the new voice and the sound of the hand coming into contact with flesh that wasn’t his own and looked up to see the tiny form of Frigga standing in front of him and Billa, wedged between the pair her arms stretched out protectively. One cheek was red, a tiny scratch etched across her cheek.

“Frigga?”

“Mama wouldn’ say that!! She wouldn’!” Frigga yelled. “He sad enough! Go ‘way!”

The Nightmare-Billa stared at the little girl, who was glaring at her angrily. Then slowly she began to vanish and the scene of Erebor disappeared. Frigga turned and smiled at him, pressing her hands onto his.

“What are you…how are you here?” He asked gently. She smiled.

“I heawd you.” She replied. “Just like Mista Bifur. Dough it took longer to fin’ you than him.” She admitted.

“You don’t seem surprised that you managed to do this.”

“Oh…well…it nothin.” She replied, and he could not mistake the blush on her face and her uneasy shift in stance.

“Frigga…”

“Why did Mama have booboos?” Frigga suddenly asked and he flinched, pushing her hair back. The darkness around him was lightening, but he took no notice of it.

“That’s right. But I hurt her in different ways.”
Frigga was silent for a few moments, as though contemplating the new information.

“Mama made a mistake…” She replied finally and he cocked his head, his brow furrowing.

“What do you mean?”

“Dat’s what Mama said. She said she mistake and though’ she was helping, but she wasn’. And because of that Mama couldn’ stay wit you.” She explained, patting his hand. He blinked several times at the new information as Frigga sighed. “Bu…maybe no one was righ.” She explained with a shrug. “We all make booboos.”

Suddenly a stone seemed to lodge in his throat, that he was having difficulty pushing down.

“Yes…that we do.”


“Mizim…” He began but she held his hand and looked at him.

“Amad doesn’ want you to be stuck here, Adad.” She stated with authority befitting a queen. “So no being here!” She added and pulled him to his feet. She smiled brightly.

“How are you here?”

“I walked.” She replied simply, trying to skirt the question, though Thorin seemed rather reluctant on leaving it at that.

“How Mizim? You would not have come here. You should have not come here. I have this dream many times…and nothing stopped it before. Not even my own logic.”

“I…jus…can…” She stated, suddenly seeming to be nervous. Suddenly her head perked up and she turned.

“I gots to go, Adad. Can you find your way out?” She asked and he sighed, making a mental note to question her once he and he were awake.

“I am in my own mind.”

“Amad says you gets lost a lot.” She replied innocently and he smiled.

“I won’t.” He promised and she smiled, before she turned and ran towards a pinprick of light.

“You gots lost again?” He heard Freya say.

“I didn’ get lost.” Frigga remarked hotly and the last thing he heard before she vanished was “Adad gets lost.”

And the light was gone.

He awoke staring at the sky above them, the stars twinkling. Billa was curled up next to him, their daughters between her and him still both asleep. half of Freya’s form wiggled out of the blankets, Frigga had curled up as though she had done something she wasn’t supposed to, sucking hard on her thumb. He resituated the blankets over Freya, and looked at Billa gently pushing a strand of curled
hair out of her face and behind her ear. The she-hobbit shifted in her sleep burrowing further under his coat that he had placed over all three of them.

His thoughts shifted back to Frigga as he sat up, staring at the dying fire.

It was clear that she had not been apart of that dream. If anything, he would have expected Billa to arrive in his dreams. Not only that, but the pure fact that she looked as though she hadn’t belonged there, that everyone and everything had been vivid colors, she however was muted in colors, and only when his nightmare had vanished that she had regained any color confused him.

“Something seems to trouble you.”

He looked over and glared at Gandalf.

“It does not concern you.”

“Does it not? Well then, may I trouble your thoughts with the fact that as you seemed to become upset in your dream, young Frigga shifted over closer to you rather adamant even in sleep to hold your hand. A few moments later, your expression lessened in severity. Something must have changed.”

Thorin glanced at him and then at his daughter who had apparently changed position and was curled up to Freya, who now had a bemused expression upon her face. He pushed Frigga’s hair back and then blinked several times as though he was imagining it. But there it was, a reddened cheek and a light scratch across her right cheek.

He stared at the side of her face as though it would vanish in a moment, just the remnants of a dream he was placing on her. But they didn’t vanish and his fingers shook.

“How are you here?”

“I walked.”

What had she meant by that?

“Gandalf…have you ever heard of someone walking into another’s dream?” He asked in a hoarse voice.

“Hm…I have heard of it among elves or humans, but in your race or in Billa’s? No, I can’t say that I have. Then again both races have their secrets and guard them well so prying eyes remain ever clueless. Why?” He asked, his head slanting to the side.

“I’m not sure how…but Frigga was there. In my dream. She drew me out of it.”

“Intriguing. Especially considering I overheard Bofur stating that little Frigga was in Bifur’s dreams several evenings ago, and Billa herself has explained on particularly hard nights when Frigga was younger, she would appear in her dreams and do the very same. Though Billanna likely presumes that she imagined her eldest in her dreams. She may very well be a Dreamwalker.”

“Dreamwalking?”

“Yes, an interesting idea…however I have only heard of it, never studied deep into its background. Lord Elrond, however, I believe has done some research.”

“You are just saying that to go there.”
“You have no enemies there, Thorin Oakenshield, King Under the Lonely Mountain. The only ill will to be found in that valley is that which you bring yourself.” He reminded him, repeating the same phrase as he had done two years prior.

“And do not forget you may have questions that need to be answered. Would it be better to know now how to help her, than for your eldest to be plagued of dreams she cannot answer to in the future and possibly descend into madness that neither you or her mother can rescue her from?”

The possible threat did the trick as Gandalf watched as the stubborn dwarf who he had had to essentially trick on the prior quest to go to Rivendell, look protectively back at his daughter, fear dancing past his eyes. The fear of the madness spreading had to have been a constant reminder to Thorin. The same madness that had nearly destroyed him and nearly killed the woman and the daughters he loved.

The thought of his children gaining madness that he couldn’t prevent had to hurt deeper than any blade.

He was silent as he waited for Thorin to answer.

“…Very well.” Thorin finally remarked, tucking Frigga in tighter as though to protect her from an unseen enemy.

Gandalf smiled.

“Sissy?” Frigga said in a small voice that morning as they went to the bathroom. The dwarves were discussing something with their parents and Gandalf was beyond the tree, guarding them.

“Yeah?”

“I did it again.”

“…who?” Freya asked as she pulled up her shorts. Frigga gulped, sniffling.

“Adad.”

“So…he knows…”

“I tink so…” Frigga sniffed, wiping her face.

“Why sad?”

“What if dey don’t like me now?”

“Dey do like you.” Freya exclaimed as tears began to slide down Frigga’s face. The older sister sniffled, clearly not believing her.

“Sissy…” Freya began trying to figure out how to calm her.

“Why are you crying lass?”

They turned and Freya saw Dwalin walking up.

“Because you won’t like me anymow!”

That threw Dwalin for a loop, and he was still for several seconds as he looked at sobbing Frigga,
before scooping her up. She cried on his shoulder for brief moments as he clumsily patted her back. He hadn’t dealt with younglings since Fíli and Kíli. It was as though this was his first time again.

“Now listen here, Lass.” Dwalin said as Frigga began to calm down, sniffing against his beard. “We like you just fine. Nothing is going to change that.”

“But…”

“Is it something different, lass? Aye, it is. Doesn’t mean we are going to stop liking you because of it. We’re your kin. Nothing is going to make us stop liking you. We’d sooner cut off our beards than have that happen.”

He was far from diplomatic, those skills belonging more to his brother. However the look of utter relief that washed over the little girl’s face made his extreme lack of those skills seem so unimportant.

“Alright? So no more crying from you lass.” He ordered and she sniffled loudly, wiping her eyes. “And we better get back before the entire company goes out looking for us.”

“Where’s Gandy?”

“Dunno lass. Walked by him when I went to go look for you two.”

“Oh.” Freya replied, gripping his hand. “Hey Mista Dwalin?”

“Yes?”

“Why’s the sky blue?”

And Dwalin groaned.

“Dreamwalking?”

“That’s what Thorin said Gandalf told him.” Fíli replied, frowning that morning as he glanced at the grey wizard. “I still can’t believe it.”

“Hm…well it is said that when someone has lost one sense, his or her other senses work harder to replace it.”

“Well I suppose, but still…why wouldn’t Billa know this?”

“Seeing her children in her dreams wouldn’t likely cause that much concern to her. They were a source of comfort, why wouldn’t she have dreams of them to replace nightmares? Granted the amount of trouble you two apparently caused, you might have been a source of your mother having nightmares.”

“Hey!!”

Tauriel laughed loudly as both dwarrows glared at Kara who stuck her tongue out impishly. Fíli’s attention was diverted when Freya pulled on his moustache.

“Owowowowow!!” He whined as Kara bit her lip to stop the laugh that Kíli none to compassionately did not do.

“Is Sissy mad at me? I didn’ tell!” Freya whined as she glanced at Frigga, who was sitting with her mother.
“No, sweetheart. Your father might have figured it out himself.” Kara gently replied. Freya frowned.

“She doesn’t mean to. Honest.” She continued, playing with her braids. “She twies really hard not to go into other peoples dweams cept mine.” She added. “She not going to get into twoble is she?”

“No, Freya.” Balin, who was nearby stated. “Your father just wants to know how to help her if he has to.”

“And dis Mista Elnrond knows?”

“Possibly. However, could you tell us what you know?”

Freya hesitated.

“We know now sweetie.” Kara reminded her gently. “Or at least the basic’s of her secret. You won’t get into trouble for telling.” Freya glanced at where Frigga was and the group watched as Frigga shifted her head to look at the general direction of where her sister was.

“…It’s how she saw da Shire.” Freya finally said, sighing almost in relief. The dwarrows all looked at one another. Apparently the bond between the two sister’s was stronger than it had appeared. Billa in fact did not seem surprised at the apparent wordless exchange. “She can use her feets to see, bu its all fuzzy and it huwts her head.”

“That’s stone sense.” Balin explained. “Which is something a dwarf uses to differentiate with what is good and bad rock. For a lass that young to be using stone sense like that on lands that are mostly made of dirt, it is bound to give her a headache.”

Freya didn’t really seem to understand what a stone sense was, but shrugged. “So…I tol Sissy that I wished she would see wif me. And one nigh’ she was der in my dweam! So…I showed her wha’ da Shire looked like.”

“And that’s what you two would do when you wanted to show her something?”

“Mhm. But she gets lost ebery now and den and goes to oder dreams. But only if dey need help or are hurding!” She quickly added, intent on defending her sister.

“Gee, I wonder where she got that from.” Kíli grumbled and Thorin glared at him.

“Ah and here we are.” Gandalf called out and they all looked at the last homely house, east of the sea.

Rivendell.

Chapter End Notes

First off a question: On the images collection story I have, I have a draft of images of what I have dubbed 'The Daughter's of Durin' which showcases the older images Frigga and Freya. But it also showcases some images of future characters. Do you guys want to see and be spoiled? Or do you guys want me to hold off xD?

Alrighty, so the secret is out and Thorin is convinced by Gandalf to at least visit Rivendell to see if there is anything about Frigga's dreamwalking.
So some explanation time:

The Stone Sense thing, in a lot of fiction is something *all* dwarves have. So I thought, maybe the girls have it too, but for Freya it's underdeveloped since they live in the earth, not around stone, and therefore wouldn't need to see fault lines of the stone or veins of gold and stuff. Frigga attempted to use it to see (like Toph) but came across the same problem. Yeah, it's earth and creates an image, but I like to think being in a smial is much softer than being inside a mountain, and it kind of blurs the place around her (like when someone is wearing glasses and takes them off. It's really fuzzy. Trust me I know, i wear glasses) and left her with headaches. So she willed herself to "see" through her sister's eyes. Hence the dreamwalking. Yay for the stubbornness and sheer will of both dwarves and hobbits.

Thorin's part was pretty easy. Especially his conversation with Gandalf. Another thing I've picked up on in a lot of the fictions is that he worries a lot about the madness passing along. Using that as a possibility for what could happen to Frigga, who would otherwise not be affected by Dragon Sickness, but of a madness they, especially he, wouldn't know how to help? I think that would scare Thorin.

And I thought Dwalin deserved some time to be protective and comforting Uncle Dwalin. Frigga being scared of being outcasted is something that I could see happening.
They didn’t get much farther into the Hidden Valley, as two riders were coming straight for the company, as though they had spotted them from afar, their white horses two growing spots in the surrounding greenery. When they were close enough, Billa was able to make out a few distinctive features about the newcomers that branded them as envoys from Rivendell with their long dark hair tied in a ponytail held by silver pieces of jewelry.

She also recognized them.

“Elladan! Elrohir!” She called out.

“Greetings!” one of the riders spoke up, a silver circlet holding his long hair back as his head dipped into a respectful nod. “Lady Billa. It has been awhile.”

“Two years is not considered awhile.” Billa responded with a huff and the two elves chuckled before looking at the dwarves. One looked at them with a smile, his grey eyes twinkling.

“My name is Elladan, and this is my brother, Elrohir.” He said to the dwarves, gesturing to him and his brother. “We would be honored to lead you to Imladris.”

The dwarves all nodded their heads, introducing themselves, but remaining essentially quiet, but polite, at least as polite as they could be. Freya for her credit kept quiet as well, but did not remain still, as she climbed up Thorin settling on his shoulders (kicking him in the face in the process), her chin resting on the top of his head, her eyes blinking innocently at them. Both elves looked at her and their smiles brightened.

“Lady Billa, you are a mother!!”

“I would think that would be obvious with my pregnancy when I last came here.” Billa remarked dryly before chuckling. “This is Freya.”

“Is this the girl that Gandalf went ahead to inform Lord Elrond about?” Elrohir asked, gesturing to Freya.

“Nope!! Dat's Sissy!!” Freya finally answered for herself, kicking her legs (and once again kicking Thorin in the face), before she pointed towards Bifur. Frigga blinked innocently, waving shyly towards where her sister’s voice had come from, before burrowing closer to Bifur. The dwarf patted her head gently; trying to soothe the likely nerves the little girl was having, glancing at the elves as though to warn them to not try anything.

They seemed to understand and gave a brief nod, sharing a look between one another and smiling slightly.

“Come along.” Elladan said and they followed. Thorin grumbled under his breath, earning a glare from Billa as Freya patted his head, humming to herself as Gandalf moved closer towards the brothers. No one noticed Frigga glance towards the trees seeming to stare at nothing. Had anyone checked, they would have noticed a blond elf staring at the party…

Staring at Tauriel in particular.
The Last Homely House was every bit as beautiful as she remembered it to be, and even more so. Overlooking the river Bruinen, the high walls and round towers of the elven architecture stood proud and steady as waterfalls cascaded behind them and sent a light mist in the afternoon air. Elladan and Elrohir led the small company on a bridge and came to a stop on a very familiar ledge. There was no chance in this age that Billa would forget the day she had shoved into the middle of thirteen protective dwarrows after they had been chased by orcs, nor could she forget returning here pregnant, though thankfully just showing. Granted the second memory of this place was rather blurred as she had been nursing her broken heart and was exhausted by the amount of travel she had done for being pregnant. She had remembered contemplating staying in Rivendell until she had given birth, but decided that she’d rather return home.

Likely that had been a mistake, but hindsight was 50/50.

She spotted him atop a short flight of stairs and it was clear that Lord Elrond was observing them. As flawless and elegant as always in his billowing red robes, the elf was bestowing a curious look upon his dwarven guests, his eyes latching onto Frigga. The girl seeming to sense this looked around her eyes lighting up in question. Elrond’s features turned into a serene expression and the Firstborn walked down the stairs to greet the company.

Elladan and Elrohir each gave a little respectful bow after they had dismounted. “We have successfully accomplished our mission.”

“I see, well done. Now, Elladan, Elrohir. Bring the horses and the ponies to the stables. You will unload them and feed them before dinner is ready. Do not be late this time.”

“Yes sir.” The two elves said bowing and Elrond watched them disappear with a shake of his head.

“Welcome, King Thorin,” he told the dwarf. “I hope my sons were polite when they greeted you.”

“Your…sons?” Thorin asked as Billa chuckled softly

Elrond frowned at that. “Yes, my sons. Did they at least tell you their names?”

“Yes, they did,” Billa said with a smile. “It was better than when they greeted Gandalf and me two years ago.” She explained with a smile and Elrond sighed, rubbing his temple.

“Well, be that as it may, I am glad that you all arrived safely to my House.” He said before glancing at Freya who was looking at him, still sitting on Thorin’s shoulders, while Frigga who clutched Bifur’s tunic.

He smiled gently at them.

“This is Freya, and that is Frigga.” Billa answered the unspoken question.

“Hullo.” Freya chirped and Frigga waved timidly.

“It is a pleasure to meet you two.” Elrond stated, a gentleness on his face that surprised Thorin. He then looked at them.

“Come along then.” He said gently. “We have much to discuss.”

“Dwalin, you watch Freya.” Thorin said as they all followed the elf. No one could mistake the look that Dwalin gave his king, just as no one could miss the look of pure mischievous joy that broke on Freya’s face.
And Balin pitied is younger brother as Freya took off, the older dwarf racing behind her.

“You know you can always talk to her.”

“I haven’t the foggiest what you are talking about.” Legolas stated.

“Do not jest Legolas. You go to see who is at the gates, and return as though you have seen a ghost. And I discover from Elladan and Elrohir that King Thorin and a company of dwarrows have arrived, with 1 hobbit, two…dwobbits…as they called them, and one elf. A she-elf.”

The dark haired teen glanced at the elf, who had stilled in his workings of his arrow.

“She’s the one, isn’t she? Tauriel.”

The barely visible flinch was enough of an answer to him.

“You should talk to her. It won’t do well to dwell in the shadows.”

“She is with her kin, Estel…at least her h…” Legolas gave a sharp intake of breath as though to steady himself. “At least her husband’s kin, and from what I could see, she is with child. His child.”

“Does not mean that she would not want to see you.”

“It is better that I remain hidden.”

“I don’t think that is possible.”

“Why not?” Legolas grumbled. “Do you doubt my skills so much?”

“No, just observing that one of the little dwobbits is currently climbing up here rather adamantly and is using your bow as what she is latching onto this very moment.”

Legolas looked down, just now tuning into frustrated growling and grunting and saw, sure enough, the short-haired dwobbit was hoisting herself up onto the ledge. She plopped down on the floor, looking at him curiously.

“So you da one Sissy told me about!!” She chirped.

“Your sister…is blind, is she not?” Legolas stated hesitantly, confused. The girl glared at him.

“Doesn’t mean she can’ sense you!!” The little girl adamantly said her voice filled with ire. Estel smirked.

“Forgive my insult.” Legolas stated. The little girl seemed to consider him, her head cocking to the side, and then beamed, before standing and curtsying.

“Freya Baggins at yor service.” The little girl chirped beaming happily at the two adults who chuckled.

“Legolas Greenleaf at yours.”

“Estel at yours as well little one.”

“I not little.” Freya retorted.

Both of them chuckled, before Estel gestured towards Rivendell.
“I am surprised, for you to not have your kin following—”

“Lass!”

“Uh oh…” Freya chirped looking down the ledge and they saw the bald dwarf looking around before noticing her.

“Hiya Unca Dwalin!!”

“Lass, you come down this instant!”

“Bu I jus got here!!” Freya whined.

“If your father or mother finds out you climbed up a tree to go into a room under my watch, they’ll have my beard. Now come down.”

“…otay…bye-bye!” She said to Legolas and Estel.

“Wait, lass!! I didn’t mean—” Dwalin stated as she climbed over the fence, clung to the tree trunk and slid down it like a slide, laughing merrily. Dwalin caught her and to the amusement of the elf and man watching him, seemed to be on the verge of a panic attack as he made sure she wasn’t going to die from an injury.

“Lass…you’re going to be the death of me.”

“Nu-uh…I wove you! So no die!” She chirped with a laugh and the dwarf sighed in aggravation, before hoisting her over his shoulder, earing a loud happy squeal.

“Quite an energetic child.” Estel snorted.

“Yes, it appears so.”

“Reminds me of Elladan and Elrohir.” Estel remarked.

“Valar help us if the three get together.” Legolas stated, watching the little girl who had not given him a hint of suspicion.

Such a strange little girl.

He wondered where her sister was as she waved at them as Dwalin walked away grumbling about how he was getting too old for this.

Frigga kicked her tiny legs as she sat in the tall chair, humming softly as Elrond stood in front of her with Gandalf.

“You are sure of this, Gandalf?”

“As sure as I can be, though young Frigga is not one to show her abilities on excess, are you?”

“No sir.” Frigga said politely. “Whewe’s Mama and Papa?” She then asked.

“Knowing Thorin, right outside.” Gandalf stated humorously a twinkle in his eye. Elrond chuckled as Frigga glanced to her right, where Arwen was sitting, leafing through a book, making enough sound to give a place for Frigga to look towards.
“Whatcha readin?” Frigga asked, as Arwen flipped another page. The she-elf looked up and smiled before walking over to where Frigga sat and settled next to the little girl, explaining the contents in the books. Elrond glanced at Gandalf.

“You have watched over her for two years…I am surprised her abilities have not been made known to you prior to this.”

“I always suspected, but hobbits are very resilient in many ways, telling secrets is one of them, much like the dwarves. As such I have never seen or read about either one having such abilities.” Gandalf stated. “And her sister is highly protective of her, so I would not have been able to crack any of the secrets from Freya.”

“I see.” Elrond stated, resting his chin in his hand, staring at the dwobbit. “I would not have believed that she was possible.”

“Her bloodline, or abilities?”

“Either to be truthful, but it is more the abilities that concern me. It cannot be mere coincidence that her and her sister were born at such a time when Sauron made an attempt to return, and she is born with such abilities soon after.” He commented. Quietly Gandalf agreed, glancing at the little girl who was listening to Arwen attentively. His heart gave a shudder at the thought of someone so young and how he may have had a part in what may become of her.

“Why do you think a little girl would be given such an ability?” Gandalf asked his old friend, to which the elf shrugged.

“Dreamwalking isn’t so strange to develop early on, as a child’s mind is more open to the unknown than an adult. But I have never heard of such dreamwalking as a young child going to where she’s being called to.”

“As you have said, it cannot be a mere coincidence of this young ones arrival.” Gandalf reminded him with a smile, though it did not reach his eyes. “What I do know now is that her parents worry that such an ability when surrounded by so many dwarrows who will have nightmares will tax the little girl far more than they would deem fair.”

“A worthy worry.” Elrond agreed, kneeling in front of the girl with a smile. Her eyes, unseeing as it may, bounced from the location that they had been staring blankly at the pages to where he was in front of her.

“Now then, can you tell me how you dreamwalk?” Elrond asked gently. Frigga seemed to consider it.

“I can’ see dweams like Sissy can…so I used to go into hers so I could see da Shiwe.” She admitted. “I’d just find whewe I coul’ feel her and walk in da shadows, and she’d be der.”

“And the first time you went into a dream that wasn’t you or your sisters?”

“I heawd Mama cwying.” Frigga shrugged. “An she was in da other way.”

“So you followed her voice.” Elrond stated and she nodded.

“Mhm. I did id a lot until Papa and the others came. Mama didn’ cwy anymore…but den Mista Bifur was yelling, and den Papa…”

“And you chose to go to them instead of your sister.” Elrond finished contemplating, Arwen smiled,
patting the girl on the head.

“So they do not drag you to them, but you go to them of your own freewill.” Arwen said gently and the girl nodded, seeming confused at the fact that some dreamwalkers had not been given that choice. Elrond smiled just as his daughter.

“Will you promise something for me?”

“…yes?” Frigga said

“As you have the power to choose who you go to, and as you grow older, you must promise me that you will not allow those to force you to go where you do not want to go. They do not have that right. Only you can allow your mind to go where you want it to go.” Elrond said and Frigga nodded, almost solemn. “This being said, also promise me that you do not go to every single person you hear call out. You must work on blocking those out that you do not know.”

“…how?”

“For now, Winë.” Arwen said. “Block out anyone that is not of your kin. The company that came along and maybe your father’s sister you can walk to if they so call for assistance. But block out those voices that you do not recognize.” She said softly, brushing Frigga’s hair. The little girl considered that, and then nodded. Arwen pressed a kiss to the girl’s forehead.

“Tessa er rina neva ar’er elwen innas renia ar’eg fanwos tirith.” Arwen said gently and Frigga’s expression furrowed not knowing what she had said. Gandalf smiled at how the little girl.

“Come along, Frigga…your father is likely worried over you.” He said and Elrond smiled.

“I pity the men who try and steal either of King Thorin Oakenshield’s daughter’s hearts.”

Gandalf laughed.

“Thorin, glaring at the door won’t make him move any faster.”

“He’s in there, with our daughter. Alone. Aren’t you the least bit worried?”

“Lord Elrond has three children of his own. I think he knows how to deal with children, and Gandalf is there with him.” Billa remarked. “Besides if he did do anything, she’d be screaming right now, and you’d already be in there.”

“You and your trust of elves.”

“They helped me when I came here incredibly ill. Besides I knew that they were going to be excited to see the twins.” Billa remarked with a smile. “Probably reminds Elrond of his sons.”

“I see…I was not aware of his children.”

“Oh trust me, after I had slept for nearly a week straight, I was just as surprised as you all were when he introduced me to his daughter and sons, as well as his adopted son.” Billa replied then patted the stone bench next to her.

“Please sit, knowing Frigga she can sense where you are and feel how anxious you are…it won’t help her or them.”

With a sigh he sat down next to her and she gently clasped his hand.
“She’ll be fine, Thorin.”

“…what if the madness has continued in either of them?” He finally muttered and she glanced at him. “The Dragon Sickness affected me and caused all this…”

“If it does happen they’ll have us,” She said softly, “but I do not think either of them will have it. Call it a mother’s intuition.” She added, patting his hand gently. He sighed and she was silent. “May I ask you something?”

“Hm??”

“A few days ago, I heard Nori teasing Fíli about his courting with Kara and they were discussing a…a…Bayurkherumuh?” She asked, trying to pronounce the word and saw him still. “Fíli got all flustered about it, and I was wondering what it was, since we have two daughters and if it’s something that would happen-”

“A Bayurkherumuh is a secret name…something each dwarrow is supposed to have. It’s a way…well…it’s a way for a dwarrow to know they’ve found their One. It’s given to them by their mother’s at birth.” He interrupted, clearly blushing.

Billa blinked.

“Do not worry, I can’t fault you for not finding either of the girl’s names, because you didn’t know and-”

“That would explain the names that popped up in my heads when I held them for the first time.” Billa muttered to herself, startling Thorin.

“W…what?”

“I never figured out why the names I gave them didn’t coincide with the names that appeared in my head when I first saw them, but I tucked those names away in the back of my head.” She explained. “Probably those were the Bayurkherumuh…or however you pronounce it.”

“You haven’t told anyone those have you?” He asked, his voice taking on a hint of panic. To his relief she shook her head.

“It didn’t feel right saying them out loud to anyone. I only whispered it into each of the girl’s ears when we were alone.” She replied with a shrug, glancing at him. “Can I tell them to you?” She asked biting her lip. “I don’t know if I would pronounce them correctly, and if you’re not supposed to, that’s understandable.”

“No…it’s allowed for a father to know.” Thorin said, almost dazed. She didn’t know what type of trust she was giving him as a mother to her children. An extreme amount of trust. That she knew he would protect the very sanctity of her children. For a mother to tell the father such names, and for him to accept, meant so much to any father. Billa smiled gently.

“Well for Freya I ‘found’ Oda’u Abanaz Melhekinh Zesulul Abadaz.” She said with a chuckle. “I wished I knew what that meant.”

“The Precious One of the Mountain, Princess of the Lonely Mountain.” He replied with a smile. “Fitting since I can see her being a precious child of Erebor and getting everyone to love her with her personality.”

Billa chuckled, agreeing with him.
“And Frigga’s?”

“Hers is a bit harder…but here goes. Don’t give me too much grief if I butcher the words.” She apologized and he nodded.

“Makhajmul Kans Abanaz Melhekinh Zesulul Abadaz. I know the last part is Princess of the Lonely Mountain now, but…”

Her words vanished at the roar in his ears as he stared at her. If only she had known the words, how prophetic the name meant. Maybe Frigga’s abilities would not have been as much of a surprise.

“…rin? Thorin?”

“Hm? What?”

“What does the first part of her name mean? It isn’t insulting is it?” She asked worriedly. He shook his head, swallowing.

“It means…it means The Gifted Sense of the Mountain.” He finally whispered and she blinked in surprise. They sat there for a few minutes in silence.

“I’m not sure if I should be surprised or worried at how much that hinted to events now.” She finally replied, her voice wavering. He sighed.

“She’ll be fine…” He repeated what she had said earlier. Seconds later the door opened and Frigga toddled out, smiling and completely at ease, laughing when Thorin stood and picked her up. Billa sighed as she watched him glance at his daughter as though to ensure that the elf had done nothing to her.

“Your daughter is rather resilient, King Thorin, she will be fine.”

“Her…ability?” Billa asked, glancing at Elrond.

“It does appear she is a dreamwalker, though one who has already gained a way to manage it even now. Now it may grow in strength as she gets older, but it might also lessen. Time will tell.”

“Is there any risk of…”

“Madness? At this moment, I could not see any.” Elrond said kindly to Thorin. “I have informed her that if she was to dreamwalk anymore, to keep it among you and the Company that is here, to lessen the possible strain she would have when she does enter Erebor.”

There was a look of relief on Thorin’s face as Frigga hummed absentmindedly in his arms, though it was quickly replaced with a stoic look. He gave a slight bow and briskly walked away. Frigga waved over his shoulder.

“Buh-bye Mista Elwon!!”

Elrond smiled as Billa sighed.

“You’ll have to excuse, Thorin. He’s a bit protective over her.”

“As a father should be.” Elrond said wisely, glancing at his daughter who smiled in return. “Come, we will discuss more over dinner.”

Billa nodded and followed the trio.
The dinner had passed with relative ease, and only Bofur breaking into a song when Elrond had requested it (which surprised him…and the rest of the group). Currently, everyone was settling down and while Thorin and Billa were placing their worn out daughters to bed. Fili however was looking for Kara.

“Try the library.” Ori suggested.

“The…library?”

“Aye. She’s been looking up pregnancies in elves since we got here. Only time she stopped was to eat.”


He walked away and headed towards the library, but paused when he walked past a veranda and spotted her, her face pressed into a book as she read in candlelight. She was chewing lightly on her bottom lip as she read. The lighting gave her a gentle look that was rare to a dwarf.

“Mahal, she’s beautiful.” He thought and she suddenly jumped, looking up and then relaxed when she spotted him.

“Goodness, you startled me.”

“Sorry.” He said with a chuckle, though he wondered how she had even heard him. Maybe he had said that outloud? “How’s the reading going?”

“Good news is, that elfish birth culture isn’t that different than dwarfish birth culture.” Kara remarked. “Other than the fact that they normally have a long timespan between children, and the pregnancy span is different, but I already knew the latter.”

“That’s good.” Fili remarked. “Kee will be happy to know about that.”

“I’m glad.” Kara stated with a smile, before leaning back on her bench. “Is it really late?”

“Not extremely late, but everyone’s starting to settle down. Thought I’d try and drag you away from the books.” He said and Kara chuckled, pushing her hair back, and he noted that she slowed slightly when she ran her finger over the courting braid.

“Ever been to a place like this?” He then asked.

“I more stopped in villages created by mortal men, so I can’t say that I have.” Kara responded as he leaned next to her staring out of the veranda. “So in comparison to where I’ve been on my travels, I’d have to say this has its own beauty.”

“That it does.”

“…still like a mountain better.” She added, staring out as she walked and stood next to him. He smiled.

“Saying that for my benefit.”

She chuckled.

“Not on your life.” She replied, sticking her tongue out at him. “It feels strange being here.”
“I understand that sentiment.” He replied. “When we first came here, it was so different from Ered Luin, even the Shire. I felt…out of place.”

“I can agree. Though I’m glad we came here…if anything to alleviate the King’s worries a bit.”

“Yeah.” He replied, remembering that Thorin looked much more relaxed at dinner with Frigga happily eating next to him. The little girl had only commented to Freya mostly, stating that if her younger sister didn’t eat her veggies, she wasn’t going to get any taller. It seemed that that was an argument that happened a lot, because Billa held back her laugh when Freya finally began to angrily chewed on a piece of lettuce, glaring at her sister the entire time. He glanced at her, staring up at the stars, he leaned slightly towards her, and she glanced at him with a look of mirth on her face.

“Your lips are cracked. It will hurt if we kiss.” Kara remarked gently as she looked back out and up at the sky. Fíli blushed brightly, covering the said mouth.

“It’s not like…”

“If we kiss, it’ll definitely hurt…a lot.” She repeated softly and he looked at her, and then moved forward, resting his hands on her shoulders, bending slightly, before pecking her lips gently with his. She blinked several times, staring at his brilliant red face as he averted his eyes.

“How was it?”

She gave a soft sigh.

“Just as I expected…rough, dry. Like walking on stones and pebbles barefoot.” He flinched, not sure if that was meant as a compliment or insult. “But also…it was really, really warm.” She added, her voice a gentle whisper. He looked at her, his face seeming to gain resolve. She looked up and blushed nervously.

“Fíli…” She began before he kissed her again. This time she returned the kiss gently and he parted momentarily, looking at her. Her eyes opened partially, her face red.

“Fíli…” She murmured again before he kissed her, cupping the side of her face, pressing closer. She relaxed into the kiss, resting her hands over his heart. She then smiled as they parted.

“I feel like you’ve been waiting for that for awhile.”

“Well considering that the Company’s been making it their mission to spy on me…” He grumbled and she laughed.

“Means they care about you…I think…” She replied and he chuckled, resting his forehead on hers. Neither noticed the ethereal blonde she-elf standing in the nearby veranda watching the pair. Her gaze then shifted to where the other dwarves were, watching Thorin as tucked in his eldest daughter. And she smiled softly.

“Ms. Freya! Ms. Freya, come here lass.”

The called girl let out a muffled giggle as she heard footsteps cross from where she was hiding, Elladan and Elrohir currently trying to best the girl at hide-and-seek. And just as currently, she was winning. She stayed in the bushes for a few moments later, before quietly tiptoeing out, giggling evilly.
“What are you doing?”

“Eek!!” She squeaked, looking up and then relaxing when she spotted a curious Legolas looking at her.

“I toughts you were Mista Elladan and Mista Elrohir.” She chirped and he chuckled.

“Is that so?”

“Mhm! We pwaying hide-and-go-seek!” She added cheerfully and Legolas sighed. Of course the two of them would do that. From what Estel had said they enjoyed mischief, if only a little bit. It seemed the half-dwarf was different than her paternal lineage. Freya then looked at him.

“Whewe Estel?”

Legolas chuckled.

“With his Mother I suppose. Or Lord Elrond. He is safe here though.” Legolas added. She huffed.

“Well dats good.”

“You have only met him once.”

“Well boys always get indo twouble. So dats why dey need ladies.”

“Is that right?” Legolas asked, looking at the girl.

“Mhm!!”

“So you are running from Elladan and Elrohir because?”

“I told you. Hide and go-”

“Seek, of course. Forgive my folly.”

“You flogivwen…wha’s folly?” She asked.

“Never mind. Where is your kin? That dwarf you were with yesterday is likely not happy. If I remember him correctly, he can be unseemly.”

“You know Mista Dwalin?” She asked and he snorted.

“In a way. I’m surprised the dwarf hasn’t come barging around looking for you.”

“Why would dat be bad?” Freya asked, looking at him curiously.

“Because dwarves are…” He trailed off as she looked at him curiously, and mentally had to remember that she was part dwarf. Even if he didn’t like the paternal gene, the Hobbit had helped with the battle, and had gained his father’s trust. “Nothing…”

“Amad always says that not an answer.” Freya began huffing “Amad always says-” Suddenly Freya stopped looking down at her feet before squirming. “I gotta go!”

“Go? Go where?” Legolas asked, his brow rising at the sudden change in voice and how Freya began to hop around. She gave Legolas a pained look.

“Go!! Bad!!”
It took about three seconds for him to connect the dots of her unusual dance and declaration to go. When he finally did, he jumped and Legolas snatched the young girl up, holding her an arm’s length from him as she squirmed, her bladder making itself known.

“I gots to go potty!” She whined as he gracefully maneuvered through the halls, remembering that the lass would become lost so easily, and hoping that a dwarf didn’t think he was kidnapping her. Finally he spotted the bathroom and plopped her down in front of it. She scampered inside and he sighed, pushing his hair back.

Valar above, such a tiny girl with such energy…it was rather surprising. And in some aspects rather refreshing. Freya exited the bathroom shortly after, looking now relieved and relaxed.

“Done?”

“Mhm! Tanks!!” She chirped and Legolas smiled.

“Think nothing of it, Winë.”

“I NOT little.” She grumbled out angrily and Legolas’s smile grew.

“I suppose not. Though I think you should find your kin soon, no doubt they are trying to find you this very-”

“Auntie Tauriel!!” Legolas heard her exclaim and froze, slowly looking up and turning as Freya scampered to the she-elf who was staring at him. Freya tugged on Tauriel’s hand beaming, unaware of the tension between the two, pointing at Legolas.

“I made a fwiend!!”

Chapter End Notes

So...tada XD

Sorry I felt like having Legolas, at least in this part, would be interesting. I mean all things considered, I don't think he would have stayed in Mirkwood with Tauriel deciding to stay with Kili (had Kili lived). And going with the inaccurate movie verse with Thranduil telling Legolas to go meet Strider, even though at the point and time in the book Strider was Estel and you know...10...I kind of mix-matched book and movie canon. Frigga's secret name was given to me by GJ7827!! Thanks

One more part of Rivendell, yay!! Also referenced Toradora for Fili and Kara kiss :D it's a cute little anime, so go check it out
Also, forgive if the elf language part is inaccurate....Had a real difficult time in writing that.

Translation:
Tessa er rina neva ar’er elwen innas renia ar’eg fanwos tirith- Hold ones memory near
and one’s heart will not stray and your mind shall heed
Winë: Little one
Makhajmul Kans Abanaz Melhekinh Zesulul Abadaz - The Gifted Sense of the
Mountain, Princess of the Lonely Mountain
Oda’u Abanaz Melhekinh Zesulul Abadaz- The Precious One of the Mountain, Princess of the Lonely Mountain
Dís, Daughter of Thráin, Son of Thror had always had her share of hard times. She barely remembered the fall of Erebor, as she had been a young dwarfling when that had happened, but she remembered the hardships that her people had gone through after. She remembered how her brothers would always eat less to make sure she had more food. She remembered orcs attacking, she remembered finding Glorastr of the Longbeards after she had been attacked by Ironfist dwarrows along with other dwarrowdams, she remembered Thorin struggling and slowly building up Ered Luin while essentially raising her.

Because of those hard times, very little surprised her.

This did not stop her joyous squeal when she received surprising news from a raven that had been sent by Thorin from the Shire, and cause Dain and his son Thorin III (also known as Rin because it was extremely confusing with Thorin II there as well) to barrel into her chambers, ready for what they thought was an attack.

“Dís, what’s wrong!!”

“I’m an aunt!!”

“…yes…I thought this was why Thorin left to head to this supposed meeting at Ered Luin?” Dain remarked slowly, glancing at his son, who shrugged.

“No, no, you don’t understand. I’m an aunt to a little girl!!” She exclaimed breathlessly. Dain blinked as Dís continued waving a letter in her hand. “Thorin sent it out. He’s on the way back with the hobbit and his child. A daughter.”

“And you know this how?”

“He stated in the letter ‘Rejoice sister, for you are no longer the only princess in the line of Durin’.” She replied triumphant.

Dain blinked and then grinned.

“Well I’ll be damned. And here I thought the line of Durin gave sons first.”

“Well Thorin always had to be different.” Dís huffed but a smile remained on her face. But slowly it fell as she finished the other contents.

“What is it?”

“There was an attempt on the hobbit and child’s life. Kara and Fíli managed to distract them long enough for the others to get back and deal with them. But they were dwarves.”

“Maybe Ironfist?” Dain stated, frowning as well. Rin frowned as well.

Dís shook her head.

“No. They were paid to attack them.”
“Aulē…why???”

“He doesn’t say.” Dís frowned.

“Who would attack a mother and her child? Even more so, a child of a King.”

“Someone who didn’t want Thorin to know he was a father.” Dís concluded.

“Yes, but other than you, Rin, myself, and Mordrid…there isn’t a dwarf here that should know. And any other dwarrow that does know is with Thorin.”

“Aye…I know. Which begs the question…”

“Who would know…” Dain started.

“And who would be desperate enough to try it?” Dís finished.

Freya was pouting as she plodded through Rivendell, trying to find someone to play with. When Tauriel had met up with her and saw Legolas, she had told her that she needed to talk to him. Alone.

Which was fine and all, but now SHE didn’t have anyone to play with…well except Elladan and Elrohir…but they were still looking were for her in hide-and-go-seek, and she wasn’t about to LOSE at that.

“Well hello Lass.” Nori remarked as she flopped over his legs with a groan. “Bored?”

“Mhm.”

“I’m sure if you find one of the tree-sh…” He trailed off as Freya looked at him confused. Right. Unless he wanted to be buried six feet under by an enraged hobbit, it was best to not use derogatory words around Freya. “Elves, they’ll play with you.”

“I’m playin hide-and-go-seek with Mista Elladan and Mista Elwohir. I can’ just let them find me.” She huffed and he chuckled.

“Aye, that wouldn’t be good, would it?”

“Ever played it before Unca Nowi?”

“Oh plenty of times.” Nori remarked. Freya cocked her head at him, watching as his expression changed to almost a wistful before his gaze settled back to her a mischievous look. Then he was holding a dagger as though it appeared out of nowhere.

Freya gaped.

“How’d ya do dat?!” She exclaimed scrambling to his hand and lifting it to inspect his wrist.

“I have many hidden away. It’s so I can protect myself.”

“Ooohhhh!!” She breathed, her eyes lighting up. “Is magic!!”

He chuckled.

“Not exactly.” He replied but he couldn’t change her mind. He was magic.

“Can da others do dat?”
“More or less…when you get older I’ll teach it to you, if you like.”

“Weally!?!?”

Well rather if he could and hide it well enough that Dwalin, Thorin, Dori, and Billa didn’t notice he would. But that smile was contagious from Freya and he grinned as she hopped around, happily.

“Have you spotted her yet, brother?”

“No, but I could have sworn I heard her voice.”

Freya looked behind her shoulder in a panic, her joy vanishing at the prospect of losing the game, before rushing over to Nori opening his jacket, climbing in and closing it before the dwarf could blink.

“Ssshhh!!”

He chuckled and only looked up when the twin brothers came in.

“Have you seen young Freya, Master Dwarf?”

“Can’t say that I have.” He lied smoothly, returning to sharpening his daggers as the brothers looked through the room to see if she had hidden somewhere in there. It took several minutes before they left, scratching their heads.

“Alright Lass, they’re gone…Lass? Freya?” He said and opening his jacket and saw that in the short amount of time, she had fallen asleep, sucking on her thumb. He frowned scratching his head.

It’s not like he would wake her up…still-

“Nadad, what are you…” He looked up to see Ori staring and then a smile crossed over his face. Nori felt the back of his neck heating up.

“Don’t you dare tell Dori about this, he won’t ever let it go.” Nori grumbled out and Ori laughed as he sat down, pulling out a book.

“My lips are sealed.”

Nori gave a curt nod, before returning to sharpening his knives, but did so albeit softer than prior.

He didn’t want to wake up the little lass.

It was an awkward silence between Legolas and Tauriel as they sat there. Neither spoke for a good long while trying to prompt one another to be the first to speak.

“…It is nice to see you mellon.” Tauriel final whispered and Legolas's hands began to tremble, but he nodded in agreement.

“It is.” He whispered, looking at her face. She had a soft glow around her form, as though she had eaten a star and it’s glow now surrounded her being. And he had only seen it one other time, when a soon-to-be elf mother came to Thranduil to receive his blessing of the child.

“…so…what I thought when I saw you was true. You are pregnant.” He remarked, and the last part tasted as though he had swallowed orc blood. His heart stung as Tauriel’s face broke into an uncharacteristic congenial smile, her cheeks coloring with warmth.
“Mhm. Lady Kara believes I am to be about 3 or 4 months pregnant.” She said softly, her hand resting on her midsection. He glanced away.

“I see. I suppose I should offer my congratulations.”

“If they are actually true.” Tauriel remarked and his gaze snapped back to her. Her smile had the barest hint of sadness to it. “You do not have to feign happiness on my account. I have lived long enough around you to know that that is not true, A-mael toror.”

He swallowed visibly and his fingers locked together as his arms rested on his knees.

"Nessa seler." The elf prince whispered, conflict rolling in him. Yes, for dwarves touch came easily for them, almost smothering one another with such physical affection. But for elves, it was different. The smallest amount of contact was something reserved only for a family member or spouse would even think to consider, at least that was how it was done in Mirkwood. Yet he wanted to grasp her hand tightly. But Thranduil was not truly her father, and he was not her blood brother.

“I do not know what you wish me to say…but I do not regret my marriage or the child I am now bearing.” She continued gently.

"Seler, I still do not understand your interest in the dwarves.” He spat out the word as though it was venom, and Tauriel looked at him, almost mildly amused. She was far too used to this.

“The same way you showed interest in Freya.” She answered and could not mistake the blush. “Do not lie, I saw you with her. There was not a look of contempt in your eye to be seen.”

“She is but a child. Children are innocent.”

“But she still bears dwarvish blood.” She answered. He shrugged.

“…I suppose I still do not understand your reasons for staying in Erebor. There was nothing stopping you from returning back home. Father had recanted the banishment at the battle, yet you told him you were to stay there.” He explained. He could remember walking into the healing areas, elves, dwarf, and men alike all lying there being the healed as best as the few healers could do. He had been looking for her, aiming to bring her back to Mirkwood to have any of her own wounds checked by other elves. But when he had turned around the corner, he had found her and the dark haired dwarf in an embrace as the dwarrowman sobbed in front of two tents where his uncle and brother lay. She clutched him tightly, muttering words he could hear as she calmly carded her fingers through his hair, untangling it and being gentle around the clumps of mud and blood. The look in her eyes had said enough and he had turned around and briskly told his father he could not go back and being told to come to Rivendell.

“Our friends at the time needed help.”

"Your friends." Legolas corrected her.

"Our allies." Tauriel reminded him with a raised brow and his heart stuttered angrily. “And I would have stayed even if they did not need help.”

He cleared his throat and took a leaned forward.

"I wanted to take you back home with me, seler.” He said.

"That was not a choice you can make." She repeated with a shake of her head.
"Orders could have been changed." He said. "Father could have been persuaded—"

"Mellon." Tauriel said with a roll of her eyes. "I understood your concern for me, but—"

"Did you stay for one dwarf?"

“I left to save one, and I stayed to protect one…” She murmured and a heavy silence filled the room before Tauriel spoke. "But I was not staying for one dwarf." She said slowly. "I loved and still love all of them, what they are, how they think. They live so differently than us…” Tauriel turned her head to lock eyes with Legolas. "But, yes, in some ways I stayed for Kíli, because I wanted to see what such feelings that your father saw as real would bring to me. And they have brought me a husband and soon a child. Does that bother you?"

Legolas' jaw clenched.

"What would you have had me do, Legolas?" She asked in a small voice. "Return with you to Mirkwood, obey King Thranduil until a time when I could regain my captaincy and not have the other elves look at me in disdain that I nearly ended my life for a dwarrow that I had felt something the moment I met him? Fight by your side when more danger threatened the woodland? Is that what you would have me return to? As I would be without color, life…cut off from knowing anything other than doing what I was told to do."

"You make it sound so dismal." Legolas inwardly mourned her words. "Was it always so difficult to endure?"

"Yes," She answered simply. "It was like being cut off from the sun, toror."

"You are cut off from the sun in Erebor, seler."

"But free to come and go as I please." Tauriel countered. "Free to love who I love without such distaste or anger."

“Thorin, King of the Lonely Mountain did not anger at his youngest nephew’s courtship? None of the other dwarrows showed distaste?" He asked.

“I will not deny that there was distaste or denial…but for Thorin I had saved his youngest nephew’s life, I was keeping his eldest nephew alive by the slimmest of strands before Lady Kara came. And from what Master Balin said, Thorin was not blind. He could have been arrogant and rejected his nephew’s claim, but it would have done little to sway Kíli, and King Thorin did not want to lose anymore family. It was hard for me to gain his approval, but I did so eventually. And I saw color as though it was the first time.” She said softly, her hand traveling up and playing with the braid hidden in the depths of her hair. “I knew Kíli was my One in many ways, both his and ours.”

She did not elaborate and he did not ask. "Will you understand this?"

Legolas nodded, swallowing. For her to see color in such a way, different than anything she had ever seen before…truly she had found her One. Even if it still pained him slightly to admit that.

"One day, you may find that dwarves are not the barbarians we made them out to be." Tauriel said with a smile. "I hope it will be soon, but even if it is not, you will see that despite their lack of manners, they are loyal and determined, bold and protective. You will see what I see and you will understand."

Legolas sighed and finally gave in, though the action made him tense and uncomfortable. "I hope that someday it will be as you say, mellon."
“I believe Freya is already doing that though.” She remarked and he groaned.

“I have only met the child twice.”

“But she has a personality to get you to smile in a way I have never seen.”

“I believe it is her personality that draws out something in everyone.” He remarked dryly and she smirked, her hand resting on her stomach again. “She holds no fear of the unknown.”

“That she does not.”

“...tell me how is Mirkwood? Rivendell has not heard much from them.”

To that, Tauriel frowned.

“The forests have begun to heal...slowly, but they are healing. The sickness is slowly disappearing.”

“...But something troubles you.”

“King Thranduil has been acting...strangely for several past months.”

“Father has never been one to agree with dwarves.” Legolas admitted but Tauriel shook her head.

“With dwarves, yes. But with mortal men, with other elves? No.”

“What?”

“He has become...withdrawn. At first I merely believed that it was him mourning the loss of the elves in battle...but he seemed, briefly to be able to compose himself to discuss politics with the dwarves and men, but as of now, gaining anything from him has been difficult if not impossible for the dwarves and men as well as the small colony of elves that live closer towards Dale as a means of protection should an attack happen. I have told Kili, even I do not know what has warranted this behavior.”

Legolas was silent contemplating.

“...I will send word to my father that I wish to hear from him. Hopefully I will give you word of what ails him.”

Tauriel nodded and looked at Legolas with a smile.

“Thank you.”

He returned the smile softly.

Frigga was sitting down...somewhere...in Rivendell.

She had originally been with Dwalin, but had wandered a bit farther than she had intended, and now she couldn’t hear the dwarf anymore.

Which made walking around for her a bit...nerve wracking. She didn’t want to wander off a bridge and fall to her death, so she opted sit down and wait till someone walked by and hopefully noticed her.

She perked up a bit at the soft sound of fabric rustling against the stone floor. It wasn’t boots like the
dwarves wore but maybe this person would help her back to where the others were.

Whoever it was, sat down next to her.

Frigga felt as though this person was otherworldly, the sensation of sitting next to someone different overshadowed by a feel of power.

“Hullo…” She murmured hesitantly, fiddling with her fingers shyly. “My name’s Frigga…wha’s yours?”

There was a soft, almost mystical sigh and Frigga blushed, not exactly sure if she had heard it or imagined it.

“My name is Galadriel, Lady of Lothlorien. I welcome you as well Frigga, daughter of Thorin Oakenshield, King Under the Mountain and Billanna Baggins of the Shire.”

Frigga’s head cocked to the side, as she digested this. She could have **SWORN** she had only said her name, not her father or mothers.

A hand pressed against hers.

“Do not fear the dark Winë.”

“…I always see dark…how can I be afraid of it?” Frigga asked and Galadriel quiet as though contemplating.

“If you look for the dark, it is all you will ever see. But if you look for the light you can often find it. For you, Little One…you will be light to be found in the dark.”

Frigga glanced at the woman blinking several times.

“You soun’ weally pweety.”

Galadriel gave a soft laugh, patting her head, resting her hand there momentarily. Frigga felt a sensation of warmth before it vanished completely. Then the hand pressed against hers.

“I believe the others are looking for you.” Galadriel said gently and Frigga nodded.

“I dun want to fall off doh.”

“I will bring you back to them.” Galadriel responded, and gently gripped her hand. She followed Galadriel before she heard familiar voices

“Mista Bifur!! Mista Bofur!!” She called out, leaving Galadriel’s grip and racing towards the voices.

“There you are!” Bofur remarked and seconds later he had picked her up. “We were starting to get worried.”

“Sowwy.”

“Where were you?”

“I dun know. Miss Galadwiel brough’ me back here.” She chirped, looking over her shoulder. The two dwarves glanced where she was looking at and saw no one. They looked at one another and shrugged. Likely an elf that didn’t want to talk to them.
“Come on, Lass. Let’s get you back to your Amad and Adad. Need to get ready to leave.”

“Otay.” She remarked and the pair walked back towards the others of the Company. Galadriel watched them.

“Mithrandir.”

Gandalf glanced back as the Company left early the next morning.

“An invisible thread is connected to those around. Regardless of time, place, or circumstance, it will not break. Something still moves in the shadows, unseen, trying to remain hidden from our sight. It will not show itself, not yet, especially after what has happened two years ago. But every day it grows in strength. You must be careful.”

“I will, Lady Galadriel…”

“Watch over the Young Ones…they have a fate not yet fulfilled.”

Gandalf glanced at the two little girls, both amicably chatting from where they were seated, Freya on top of Dwalin’s shoulders and Frigga curled up to Billa. He smiled slightly. He did not need an order to do that.

“I will.”

Chapter End Notes

Lalalala...last part of Rivendell, and back to some Bagginshield (which will be in the next chapter or so)
The one line that Dís read out to Dain was inspired by Gl7827, who suggested it in previous chapters.

Just to be clear Ironfist dwarves are not Ironhill dwarves. the Ironfist dwarves are one of the seven dwarf families, the other being the Longbeards, Firebeards, Broadbeams, Stiffbeards, Blacklocks, and Stonefoots. From research the Ironfists are not fans of Longbeards (who are Durin’s offspring), and harbor a grudge, hence why Dain thinks that they could be behind this.

Translations:
Mellon: Friend
Seler: Sister
A-mael toror: Beloved Brother
Nessa seler: Young Sister
Mithrandir: Gandalf
Nadad: Brother
“What are you going to do, Lad?” Balin asked quietly and Thorin glanced at him.

“What do you mean?”

“Do not jest. Do you intend to court her or not?” Balin asked and Thorin glanced at where Billa was, Frigga and Freya sitting and resting on her lap as she smoothed out Freya’s hair as the little girl giggled over something unheard by him. Billa picked Freya peppering her one cheek with kisses, earning the girl trying to squirm away. He smiled watching as she scampered away, hiding behind Bombur as Frigga stayed close to Billa.

Balin’s finger’s snapping in front of his face brought him back to the older dwarf.

“Lad, you know full well you can’t keep this going. You need to either court her properly or figure something out. The Council will not be happy when this is found out.”

Thorin frowned slightly. “I’m aware, Balin.”

“Have you even asked her?”

“It’s not that simple, and you know that.” He muttered.

“Lad…”

“Do not discuss this with her.” Thorin remarked and Balin sighed.

“You will have to talk to her about it eventually.” The aged dwarf remarked and Thorin was quiet as the other dwarf walked away, smiling as Frigga managed to grip his robe following him. Thorin glanced at Billa and watched as she observed her children, that gentle smile on her face that made his heart race.

Mahal, help him.

_____

“Kendar…Can you see me?”

*It was a strange voice, Billa would admit to that as she sat in darkness. It sounded like hers, but fainter, desperate to find whomever this Kendar was….*

“Kendar. Kendar de Abanaz, Thane Zesulul Abadaz, you listen to me!”

*But whoever this Kendar was, didn’t answer her.*

“KENDAR!”

Billa awoke with a slight jerk, inhaling deeply and letting it whoosh out slowly as she stared up at the sky. That had been the third time that night she had woken up to this dream that night. And the fourth time recently that she had been dreaming this that week. And that wasn’t even counting the infrequent times she had had this dream for the past two years. Vaguely she wondered why she was having them now, but she sat up, rubbing her eyes, glancing at her daughters who were asleep next
to her curled up under the blanket. The echo of rain permeated her sleepy thoughts and she looked up towards the cave entrance. Sure enough it was still raining.

They had been lucky to find this cave, she decided. Because that would have been fun to convince Freya to go to sleep in the rain, actually, she mused, it would have been impossible. Unlike hobbits, Freya seemed to thrive in any weather, and would have been bounding around in the rain, despite the likelihood of a cold setting in. She stretched, and realized she would be unable to sleep now. She then spotted a familiar figure sitting out at the entrance to guard, and glancing at the spot next to Frigga confirmed that it was Thorin’s turn to guard. She quietly stood, making sure the girls were tucked in before tiptoeing to where he was.

“Like some company?”

He looked up, shifting at the same time to give her space on the small nook which she dutifully sat down on.

“Couldn’t sleep?” He asked, almost with humor. “If I remember correctly, you never slept well when it rained on the Quest.”

She snorted.

“The few times it did rain, we were unlucky in finding suitable shelter and had to sleep out in the open in the rain. I doubt you all slept as well as I did.” She teased and he snorted.

“True enough.”

They sat in a comfortable silence. Then Thorin glanced at his sleeping daughters.

“They sleep like you…”

“Hm?”

“Their expressions. They look like you.” He muttered, nearly lost in the roar of the rain. Billa glanced behind her shoulder and chuckled.

“I suppose.”

“I…I never did thank you…”

“For what?” She asked.

“For…everything.” He finally admitted. “For actually staying to complete the quest, for…helping me when no one else would, for Frigga and Freya.”

“The last one I have you to thank.” She said with a smile, and it grew with the darkening of his cheeks, though he would never admit that he was blushing. She stared out into the hills around them. “I suppose I should consider myself lucky in all of this. I never thought I was going to be a mother.”

“You would have found a hobbit easily.” Thorin remarked and she snorted.

“Finding one? Yes, that would have been easy. Plenty of hobbits tried to court me before and after the quest.” She explained and she didn’t miss the spark of jealousy in his eyes. “But finding one that actually loved me for just being me, and didn’t want me to change or just inherit my father’s wealth and status? No…that would have been harder.” She continued with a sigh.

He looked at her.
“I was pretty much aware that finding someone who would want me for just me, that wasn’t related to me would be difficult in Hobbiton…so I just decided to not try. It was easier to be by myself, to be a spinster.” She explained. “I was a Baggins of BagEnd. That was good enough for me. Until 13 dwarves came to my doorstep, and the Took part of me went chasing after them.” She added with a slight smile and he chuckled.

“I see…”

She settled her hand down next to her side, inadvertently touching his. She might as well have burned him as he jerked his hand back and scooted farther away from her. She stared at him and then sighed.

She didn’t know how to bring up the topic of what she was doing wrong, as suddenly, every time she tried to be intimate with him lately, he acted like a cat against a dog, climbing a tree as quickly as possible to get away.

Silence reigned again with only the rain making a sound as the two sat, close enough to touch, but might as well have been miles apart.

And Billa couldn’t figure out why.

________________________

Kíli glanced at his brother the next morning, who seemed to have settled into his contemplative expression as he packed up his blanket.

“What’s with you?”

“Hm? Nothing…it’s nothing.”

“Rrrriiiggghhhhtttt. Fíli, I may be the younger of the two, but that doesn’t mean I don’t notice things.” Kíli remarked as he tightened the string on his pack. “…have you not figured it out yet?”

“No.” Fíli remarked shortly.

“You know, you should really ask her.”

“And HOW do you suppose I do that? Unlike you where everyone was too injured or busy to interrupt, I can’t even be alone with her for five minutes without Dwalin appearing to check on us to make sure she’s still pure and all.”

Kíli snorted.

“I see…well we’re going to stop at Beorn’s after we cross the mountain. How about, if you haven’t found it yet, you ask her there? It’s big enough where we can get lost in it. And wait to when Dwalin is asleep.” He suggested. Fíli looked at his younger brother. “What?”

“Nothing, just once in a while you come up with some actual good ideas.” He remarked and Kíli shoved him and Fíli chuckled, before glancing at Kara, sighing as she smiled at something Ori was saying.

________________________

“Kara, can I ask you something?”

The dwarrowdam looked up, drawn out of her thoughts and turned, looking at Billa on her own pony, who was blushing. Well, that was interesting.
“I suppose.” She remarked with a smile.

“I…I was wondering, and if you don’t know that’s perfectly fine.” Billa added quickly. “But…what is a Bayurkherumuh signify?”

“Well…it’s a secret name.” Kara remarked, scratching her head.

“I know that…Thorin told me that much…but…what does that mean?”

“Well…it’s sort of something that is more used as a bonding tether.” Kara remarked, clearing her throat. “That’s why mother’s are the one to give it to their child. It’s the first bond a dwarfling has. Now some mother’s don’t give the father the names right away, but that practice is pretty uncommon. So that means the father is normally the next bond a child makes.” Kara explained, though she was looking towards the front where Fíli was. She then looked back at Billa. “Now a Bayurkherumuh is significant is because it’s said that when Mahal creates each person, if they are to be given a One, they know each other’s secret name. And that’s how they know.”

“So you know Fíli’s and he knows yours?”

Kara was silent, looking at her hands before nodding.

“…Yes.”

Billa looked at Kara who seemed to have a pained expression, but when she noticed Billa watching her, it vanished and a smile crossed over her.

“Sometimes it takes two people awhile to find it, though they still can. Apparently it took my mother a little bit to figure out my father’s.” She added with a huff and Billa smiled though something was curious about Kara’s reaction to that question.

“So, what was your mother like?”

“Oh well…I…” Kara seemed to flounder at the sudden change in direction of the conversation, and Billa could see the other dwarves were listening in now. “Truth be told, all I really know is that she was a weaver and I look remarkably like her. We didn’t really talk much about her.”

“How come?” Freya asked from where she sat in Billa’s lap.

“My father and mother were really close, close enough to where my family says he and she could communicate through a link between one another…and well he never really…recovered…” Kara seemed to be floundering her face burning bright red. “He never exactly recovered from her death. We didn’t talk much about her for him, then after he died it wasn’t something I really thought to ask about.”

She was blushing at this point. Billa thought it was strange…what child wouldn’t want to know about their mother? Surely, she had to have asked at some point what her mother was like, what she liked or disliked, anything?

Wouldn’t she?

“Well what was your Adad like, lass?” Nori asked. Kara sighed, scratching her cheek.

“He was…well…quiet. A little more of the brooding one. And always very serious. I don’t really remember him laughing when he was alive, but he might have laughed around my mother.” She shrugged nonchalantly. “He was…I guess a lot of people who saw him and didn’t know him thought he was really cold around…us.” She remarked. Billa blinked. The other’s may not have noticed, but
Billa could see the unsaid ‘around me’, which begged the question as to why Kara thought that. “But he cared about the caravan and everything, he just wasn’t big on showing emotions. Now my uncles…that is a different story.” She said with a huff. “Mahal only knows how many times my father stopped my uncles from getting their butts handed to them.” She said with a sigh.

The dwarves that knew the three younger brothers, Harrim, Harron, and Hermor, all chuckled in agreement. They were certainly a rowdy bunch. Billa glanced at Kara who was staring out into the open fields, and wondered what she was thinking.

“So we’ll start crossing the Misty Mountains, tomorrow?” Billa asked later that night as they got ready to rest. Thorin nodded, glancing at the mountains.

“We should be able to make it through with relative ease should the weather hold.”

“Yes…I’d rather not have a repeat of what happened last time.” She replied, shuddering. She rubbed her neck as though Gollum’s fingers were wrapped around them again.

“Nor would I.” Thorin remarked for different reasons. “Still, if all goes well we could cross it in a day or two.”

“Good.” Billa remarked kindly, patting his arm. Once again it was though Thorin had become frozen and then him move away. She stared at him and then frowned angrily. And here she thought they had been getting along. She nearly threw her hands up in frustration and stormed away, grumbling to herself.

“I’m going to refill the water-skins!”

Bofur went to stand, but his brother wisely pulled him back down.

“Unless you want to return with missing teeth, best to let her be alone for a few moments.”

Kara glanced at Thorin who was staring in the other direction. She hesitated for a few moments before walking over to him.

“My King, may I make a suggestion?” Kara suggested as she watched Billa leave. Thorin glanced at her, and when he didn’t object she continued. “I know for our culture, our courting takes a bit longer and we are known to more—as mortal men would likely say—beat around the bush when it comes to this, as we are making sure that they are truly our One. But I’ve noticed with hobbits they aren’t as uh…slow…when it comes to courting. I think I heard in the few weeks that we were in Hobbiton that there was going to be a marriage after a month of courting.”

“Yes?”

“What I’m saying is, that maybe it would help Billa to understand your reasoning for taking things slower than she is used to if you explain certain things to her. In her mind, she has already given birth to your children, she doesn’t know all the background of what that entails and everything. I mean she just asked me what a Bayurkerumuh fully entails as you apparently only informed her that it was a secret name, that it’s a way for a dwarf to know they’ve found their One, and that it’s given to them by their mother’s at birth. It was well…not awkward per say just difficult to explain it to her. It might be easier if the one who is courting her is telling her what it entails between a pair, rather than an observer, my King.”

“You are far from an observer.”
“Maybe.” Kara admitted with a laugh. “But I believe the King knows his heart better than I, and if he so believes that Billanna Baggins is his One, than I believe it so.” She remarked, cocking her head to the side.

“…Are you sure you are not your grandmother? I sometimes feel as though I’m talking to her again.” Thorin questioned, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“The apple does not fall far from the tree I suppose.” She remarked, handing him her water skin. “Here is another question, however. Does she know you’re trying to court her?”

Silence reigned and Kara withheld a sigh.

“May I suggest letting her talk about her own culture? There has to be some things involved in courting for her. As there are likely differences. And who knows there may be some that is similar to ours.”

“They will not let me be alone with her.” He remarked dryly. She smiled.

“That would be why you are holding a water skin, no?” She questioned with a smile. He blinked and for a brief moment Kara could see the family resemblance between him and Kíli. She gave a slight curtsy before heading back towards the fire, Thorin following Billa’s trail.

“Where’s Thorin heading off to?” Bofur remarked.

“Went to the river to help refill the water skins, I think.” Kara remarked nonchalantly, twisting the leather of the bracelet that she was working on into another braid.

“Right. And it takes two do so.” Dwalin grumbled while the others chuckled slightly.

“Let the two of them talk by themselves. Thorin’s just going to explain some of our courting culture and she is likely going to share some of hers. That way awkward situations are less likely to happen.” Kara remarked.

“If we don’t, we’ll have to watch those two acting as though we have kicked their pets.” Glóin grumbled.

“Honestly, those two are twitterpated, it’s rather embarrassing.” Dori remarked with a snort as the others laughed as Freya and Frigga nibbled on their crackers. Both young girls looked at one another and Kara had a suspicion where this was headed. Freya did not disappoint.

“Wha’s twitterpated?”

Kara couldn’t hold back the laugh; though she had the decency to cover her mouth as, oh how the dwarrowmen’s faces turned red at that.

Billa was grumbled as she bent over in the nearby stream to fill the water, dunking the skin into the current.

What in Eru’s name was she doing wrong?!

Had she done something in the past few weeks that had made him not want to be around her? He certainly had no trouble letting Frigga or Freya touch his arm or hold his hand. Hell, Freya had been yanking on his hair just hours ago in an attempt to braid!

He never even let her braid his hair!!
“Uggghhh!!! Confounding dwarves!!!” She grumbled.

“I suspect you are only relaying the anger towards one dwarf and not the entire company.

She squeaked and nearly fell forward, but managed to right herself and turn around. Her glare darkened.

“What do you want?”

“I can understand why you are upset…”

“Oh can you?” She snapped turning around. If he was frightened by her anger, it didn’t show. However had she looked deeper she would have seen a strange glint in his eyes, a struggle that she could not see.

“Yes.”

“And why would I be upset King Thorin?” She grated and there was the flinch from him. “Is it the fact that you act as though I’m some diseased animal when I so much as touch your arm!?”

“It is not like that-”

“Have I done something I’ve not supposed to do and that is why you’re avoiding me?” She spat out, though it didn’t seem to be at him in general. “Eru knows I’ve done more of my share of doing things that displeases everyone around me, and-”

He pulled her to him.

“Because every time you touch me, it takes all of my willpower to not break every single one of my rituals to court you!!” He hissed out.

She blinked as he swallowed.

“It…has been brought to my attention, that you likely know little about the courting rituals of dwarves.” He said and she watched his Adam’s apple bob.

“For us, we are allowed to bed others, but to court another is sacred. I have to prove myself to you, that I could be a good husband, and could care for you and our children. Then when a dwarf wishes to court, he chooses a gift for his intended. Combs are traditional, as are jewelry or weapons, but it may be anything. If she thinks it praiseworthy, the courtship can continue. If she accepts it without favor, he is invited to try again, but if she refuses it, she rejects him. And I’d try again and again… But I have to know that you’re my One to court you.” He whispered. “And the fact remains that you may not be able to complete the one side because our races are different.”

She looked at him as his hands shook.

“It is said that when Mahal creates us, he creates two from one piece of stone. Before we are given to our parents, he gives us each a name. We are to memorize one another’s, so when we finally meet, we will know that we were parted. But the fact remains there is no way for me to tell if you are my One because of this. Because I do not know if you know my name.”

She opened her mouth and then closed it as she looked at him. He sighed and pushed his hair back before turning as he went to go to the river to fill up the water skin he had brought with him. And as though she had finally finished a puzzle, the final piece clicked into place as she stared at his back
“Ken…dar?” Billa whispered, biting her lip as Thorin stilled. Her heart felt as though as it was going to tear out of her chest as he turned, the partially filled water skin falling loosely out of his hand.

“Say that again…” He whispered.

“Kendar…Kendar de Abanaz, Thane Zesulul Abadaz?”

She was likely butchering his race’s language, butchering his own forsaken name, but as she opened her mouth to apologize, Thorin tilted her face up between his palms and swooped in, crushing his lips to Billa’s mouth.

She was eager to reciprocate.

“Kendar…” She whispered as they parted for air briefly, before he muffled her by a deepening kiss. She sighed, relaxing into his hold, dragging and locking her fingers into the thick tangles of hair as he pulled her close.

“A flower cannot blossom without sunshine, and man cannot live without love, Billanna. Never forget that.”

Her mother was only partially right of course. It was true, a man couldn’t live without love…but a flower could blossom under the shadow of a mountain.

Chapter End Notes

First off…I GOT FANART!!!!

From the ever lovely MsGreenTeaTiger: Billa and Thorin

EEEEEEE~! SO EXCITED!!!
*coughs*
Now then:

You get the frick, but do you want frack in the next chapter? >:D

And now we have Thorin's secret name >3 Kendar de Abanaz, Thane Zesulul Abadaz-
Supreme Wolf of the Mountain, King of the Lonely Mountain. It just fit, don't you think??

And there is a reason behind why Kara seems so reluctant about her name, as well as why Fíli can’t seem to find it. I'll let you guys guess for a few more chapters though XD
And I just thought the twitterpated part would be cute~

So yeah, enjoy~!
So the first part is completely smut. If you don't feel comfortable, scroll until you get a line. That means the smut scene is over XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Everything was hot. Burning as though she had a fever again like she had had for the first few days in Laketown, her skin prickling as though flames surrounded her. But this was a different heat, a heat that was reborn inside of her.

“Thorin.” She gasped as he found purchase in the crook of her neck, and set forth dragging his teeth down the soft flesh. She squirmed, twisting slightly as she yearned to be freed from the confines of the clothing. She began to tug at the collar of his tunic, begging it to be removed and the dwarven king happily obliged and before long, her hands flitted over bare skin, tangling through hair.

He called her name once more, and she wrapped her arms around his neck, feeling his solid strength, remembering it as he tightened his hold around her.

“I love you.” He said, holding her face between his hands, claiming her mouth again and again. She made a soft sound as he thumbed the edge of her ear, sending tingles down her spine and her heart sped as she thought of how much she had missed him through the two years. How much she had loved him then and still loved him now. She ran her fingers over the line of his jaw, strong and determined, glancing at the blue eyes almost shyly.

She wanted him.

She wanted to hold him, to touch bare skin, feel him, wanted, wanted, wanted.

“Thorin…Thorin please…” She pleaded and then he was lifting her up, carrying her to the edge, laying her down on soft grasses. Then he was opening up her blouse and she was throwing her arms over her head to find something to grasp as hot skin met cool air and she let out a soft sound, that was smothered as his dark head bent and kissed her, running his hands over her hips.

“Billa…my Billa…” She heard and twisted a bit as he stripped off the rest of her clothes and his own. He knelt between her legs kissing her belly and thighs and she shuddered every time the bristles of his beard accidentally scraped against her skin.

Suddenly she gasped, lurching forward as he moved to sensitive skin in the junction between her legs.

Right. Not accidentally. Not accidentally at all.

He never did things accidentally.

She covered her mouth and face as she tried to keep as quiet as possible while Thorin continued his ministrations. Yes, they were far enough where every escaping sound couldn’t be heard, but she’d rather not have any groans loud enough to be heard be heard by the others. She thrashed as he delved deeper, but he held her down by her hips, and she bit her knuckle to keep herself silent.
“Izril’ê ‘ubd’mê maigrifî’ê.” Thorin muttered when he finally moved away, a telltale smirk on his face, but she didn’t have the breath to tease him. Pressing her down into the grass, he came up above her, his hair curtaining around her to where she could see nothing but him.

"Thorin…" she murmured again pleadingly and he kissed her gently before he sank into her. Her grip on his shoulders tightened, as she had to accommodate and adjust to this. He grew still, allowing her that time before he began to move. His muscles tightened as he began to move, kissing her thoroughly. She clutched his massive shoulders, her head falling back onto the grass as her nails bit and dragged down his back. Their joining was more than either of them had imagined. For Billa, it was knowing that she was completely his, that nothing was lost between them. For Thorin it was a feeling of coming home. Time had stopped. All sense of themselves as individuals became lost in the act of making love. The forest was dim in lighting but was tempered in warmth. The gentleness of their lovemaking was slowly moving into a frenzy that they wouldn’t have stopped, even if they could.

The climax came suddenly and without warning shattering Billa to the core. Only seconds separated them as Thorin followed suit. He’d been in control from moment he had slipped inside her to the exit of the last thrust. But when he began another downward stroke, he felt himself coming apart. He tried to maintain the motion but lost it—and himself—inside her.

When it was over, they lay weak and spent in each other's arms. They barely had the energy to put on some form of clothing so they weren’t completely bare before falling back into each other’s arms. No words were spoken then.

No sounds were made.

“Awfully long time to be refilling the water skins…even if they are discussing customs during it.”

“Hey, I only gave the King the excuse of helping her fill the water skins just to discuss culture differences. I am not to be held responsible for whatever they do in…discussing…those certain differences.” Kara remarked as Dwalin sighed. Gandalf remained silent, puffing away on his pipe nearby, though no one could miss the almost amused look he gave Kara.

“Besides, technically speaking he isn’t courting her. Yet.” Kara remarked, thinking about it. “So for all we know he could actually be asking to court her.”

“Aye…courting her.” Glóin snorted. “And my Gimli has decided to set down his axes for a gentler lifestyle.”

Everyone snorted at that and Kara didn’t argue with that.

“…Think one of us should go and see if they’re alright?”

“Well it can’t be you Dwalin, no matter how much you want to. Unless you want to face Billa’s wrath of waking up Freya.” Kara remarked, pointing to the little girl who was out like a light on Dwalin’s lap. As though the girl knew everyone was looking at her, she curled up further, her thumb finding purchase in her mouth. “And I’d rather not be scarred for life…again.”

“Again?”


“That bad?”
“Yes.” She grumbled. Kíli looked increasingly intrigued and she must have realized he would not leave her alone until she told it. She grabbed his tunic and pulled him close, whispering into his ear. Fíli distinctly heard the words ‘Mordrid’ and ‘nude’ and though he tried to think that what he assumed she was telling couldn’t have been the story, judging by Kíli’s face, it wasn’t that far off.

“She’s right. We don’t want to know.” Kíli remarked, his face a bright red and completely mortified. The others took his advice.

Kara smiled as she continued to work with the braided leather.

---

The night sounds had intruded soon after. The rustling of leaves in the wind, the chirps of insects, the sound of the river nearby all returned as the haze lifted from Thorin’s vision. He stared up at the moon and stars as he ran his thumb over Billa’s arm, assuming that she was resting.

He hadn’t thought that learning of your One would have been so…freeing. For the longest time of his life, he had assumed that he had not been made to have a One. But that appeared to be wrong. Apparently Aulë had seen it fit to make him alongside his wife Yavanna, the one that many hobbits believed to be their own creator, forming a unique pair of two different species to be each other’s One.

He almost laughed at the humor of it all before he glanced down when gentle fingers glided over the scar Azog had given him on Ravenhill.

“This is new.” Billa murmured tiredly, looking at it. “Where did you get this?”

“At the Battle.” He replied softly. “I went after Azog after he injured Fíli, intending to end the life of that treacherous snake. He got the better of me and injured me. But I received my revenge.”

“I see.” She murmured softly and was silent as she stewed over the new knowledge. Then there was a brief flash of returned memories. She remembered her head throbbing, but that didn’t matter as she could see Thorin, lying up ahead on the ground, Azog on top of him, withdrawing the blade from his chest, intending to cut off the dwarf’s head. She remembered screaming and then smashing Sting into the ice.

The cracks in the glass like top of the lake surface rushing forward and Azog stumbling a bit as his one knee sank into a crevice.

Thorin gaining the upper hand after that.

She remembered him rising and beginning to fight Azog again, before the cracks circled around her and she disappeared into the dark, icy waters of the lake.

She had expected to fall down the falls…and yet she hadn’t.

The rest was blurry, the only thing she remembered after was awakening to the sight of one of Kara’s cousins staring at her.

“Ironic, I was just supposed to ask you about your race’s culture when it came to courting.” Thorin’s deep tenor rumbled through his chest. She chuckled.

“We are very simple folk, Thorin. Our courting is just as simple.”

“Would you like to relay some to me, so I know how to properly court a hobbit?”
“Well in many cases we’ve already been courting in the hobbit way.”

“Oh?”

“Mhm. They are called courting walks, to get to know one another. And at the moment, this has probably been the longest courting walk a hobbit has had to do. Not to mention the Quest two years ago.” She explained, her hand tracing the outline of his, intertwining her fingers with his. “Other rituals are just as simple. You introduce them to your family, which you’ve met Prim and Drogo, and that works enough for me, though I’m sure my parents would have loved you, my mother more so than my father.” She added.

“No gifts are given then?”

“It depends.” She remarked. “Most hobbits just give one another flower combinations, but my father built BagEnd for my mother to convince her.”

“He must have pushed really hard.”

“Had you met my mother, you would have understood why.” Billa said softly and he chuckled.

“I see.”

She shifted, resting her cheek on his chest, staring up at him.

“But seeing as I am in many ways leaving my hobbit culture behind…” She began but he shook his head.

“You were born a hobbit, raised a hobbit, and will eventually die as one. I would not force you to eradicate your entire culture just for mine.”

She kept looking at him.

“Let me court you…properly.” He remarked. “In both cultures.”

She chuckled.

“Even if I said no, you would still court me in both ways.” She replied with a chuckle. “But yes, I think that’s the correct answer. Yes, I will allow you to court me.”

She never knew Thorin could have smiled as brightly as he did, but she didn’t care, as she was quite sure she was smiling just as widely as he was.

_________________________________________________________________________

It had been rather awkward getting back, though the girls were none the wiser. Kara and Tauriel drew Billa away, both noticing the courting braid lost in her hair and both smirked over Billa’s head. They had looked back to see Thorin surrounded by the other dwarrows.

Thankfully the awkwardness had lessened as they had actually gotten onto the mountain the next morning.

Frigga blinked multiple times as she felt the rock’s surface. It was different then the dirt in the Shire. Rougher, more solid.

“This is mountain rock, Mizim.” Thorin said gently. Frigga blinked then tapped her foot to the ground.
And it wasn’t blurry.

It didn’t hurt her head.

It was as though she could see every crack and crevice of the mountain. Thorin smiled at the flabbergasted look on his eldest daughter’s face. He kissed her forehead.

“You’ll learn how to use stone-sense. As will your sister.” He promised gripping her hand as Freya climbed onto his back, earning a laugh from him as he straightened, ensuring that Freya didn’t fall off. Frigga continued to feel around with her feet, unsure if she was doing it right or even if this was stone sense. Then she felt something strange. The area of rock just ahead seemed to not follow the vibrations. Instead they wiggled and wobbled, writhing like a worm out of the dirt.

“Adad…”

“Hm?”

“The wock up ahead feels funny.” She murmured shyly. Thorin paused and glanced up.

“Dori, wait a second.” He called out and the dwarf paused. “How far from Dori?” He asked softly. Frigga’s nose scrunched up, trying to calculate.

“If I walk two or twee steps.” She finally answered, so it was likely just one step for any of them. Dori, to his credit, kicked a larger rock.

And the whole small section tumbled downward.

They all gaped.

“Is that bad?” Freya asked from Thorin’s shoulders.


“You shouldn’t curse around those two.”

“She just probably saved your life Dori!” Nori snapped back.

“Seems her stone sense is stronger than we thought.” Balin observed, ignoring the two brother’s arguing.

“Told ya Sissy.” Freya called out as Frigga blushed, pressing her face into Thorin’s pant leg.

“Mama, is dis where you saw the goblins?” Freya asked, changing the subject and nearly every dwarf groaned at that. Billa, to her credit laughed.

“Yes, dearest. This would be the place.”

“No we are not visiting.” Thorin swiftly cut in and Freya groaned.

“Dat’s not fun.” She grumbled and Thorin sighed.

“Erebor is in for one hell of a wake up call with you lass.” Dwalin snorted.

“Um... thank you?” Freya replied, trying to be polite but still unsure as to if that was a good or bad thing.
Truthfully the dwarves didn’t know either. But they were bound to find out sooner or later.

Finally, they reached the other side.

“Well that was better then last time.”

“What, running for our lives and nearly dying wasn’t good?” Glóin asked earning several grunts. They had begun to go rest for a few minutes so they could prepare to make camp, when Ori looked around, noting someone had toddled off.

“Where’s Freya?”

Billa sighed loudly.

“Again? Eru, I should just tie a rope around our waists to make sure she doesn’t wander off and get lost.” She grumbled.

“I’ll go look for her.” Kíli offered as Thorin stood. “She couldn’t have gotten that far.” He added and she nodded. Kili stood and walked back towards the mountains. Knowing the youngest Dwobbit, she would try and find places to climb. He looked around, grunting as he hopped onto a particularly steep rock.

“-name’s Fweya!” Kíli heard and hurried around the corner, listening to Freya chatter. “Yeah, Adad says we goin’ home! Dunno weally where it is. Bu’ it seems like fun!”

“Freya, there you are.” Kíli called out and the little dwobbit looked up with a smile. “You shouldn’t wander away like that. Nearly gave all of us a heart attack.”

“Sowwy Unca Kee.” Freya stated as cutely as she could to avoid getting in trouble, looking at him with large innocent eyes. Kíli sighed then looked up at the familiar opening in the mountain. His heart, which had started to settle, began to speed slowly back up.

“Freya…who were you talking to?”

“Oh my new fwiend!” She chirped, a large grin on her face. “He’s weally weird doh. He don’ want to come out.”

“Really?”

“Mhm. He’s wight…” She began; turning around but then frowned, peering up around the rock. “Well he was wight there.” She stated in confusion.

“…Freya, why don’t we head back to the Company?” He said gripping the little girl’s hand tightly, probably too tightly, and hurried away. He wasn’t sure as to why he felt uncomfortable, but he just felt like he needed to head back. And he didn’t scold himself when his other hand rested on the hilt of his blade. As they headed down the hill a gaunt pale hand curled over the rock and bulging blue-grey eyes stared at the shrinking figures.

“We’s lost meal, Precious. Bless us and splash us, Precious!” The figure hissed out angrily. “It would’a beena meaty mouthful.”

“We has lost it though. We loses everything, Precious. Just like we let’s Bagginses steal Precious! We needses to findses Precious again. Needses to findses Bagginses. Gollum, Gollum!”

The figure snarled and slunk back into the shadows, unaware of just how close his Precious was, as
the little girl and the dwarf returned to the group just beyond the hill.

Chapter End Notes

Ssssooo....you didn't really think I wasn't going to add Gollum at least one more time were you? XD

And why doesn't Freya recognize him? I don't think a two year old would recognize a creature from a story her mother told her, as she likely would have come up with a different idea than what Gollum actually looks like.

And when it comes to Frigga's stone sense, it makes sense that it's more advanced. She's been trying to use it for her whole life. It's like a person who needs glasses suddenly gets them and everything becomes sharper and clearer.

And Kara's story is partially based on an event in my life where my great-grandmother couldn't figure out how to work the shower and made me show her how. You can get the gist of it. *shudders*

I seriously have no idea how people write romance novels for a living. I can tell you one thing, I spent last night and good chunk of this afternoon, blushing up a storm and wanting to hide under the covers because it was embarrassing for me to write XD

Translations:
Izril'ê ‘ubd'mê maigrifi’ê: I want to worship your body.
Beorn’s House

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It had taken them a few extra days to finally spot Beorn’s home. It was still as picturesque as she remembered it, sitting against the backdrop of fields and trees, and it was soothing for Billa, though it was still a bit unnerving. The last time they had been heading in this direction Beorn had been chasing them in his bear form intending to kill them. She just hoped history wouldn’t repeat.

“Well, if it isn’t little Bunny.”

Billa squeaked and nearly fell off of the pony, but was caught by Thorin who glared over her. They looked up and saw the skin-changer crouched on a boulder, staring at them with inquisitive eyes.

“H-Hello Beorn.” Billa remarked politely, still trying to calm her speeding heart as Freya looked up from Dwalin’s shoulders.

“You weally big!” She exclaimed and Billa groaned in exasperation. The manners of dwarves…that was what Freya had gained from her paternity. Yavanna above, she would fit right in with dwarves!!

Beorn glanced at the little girl and his eyes lit up.

“Little Bunny! Is that your kit?”

“Well…one of them.” Billa conceded and as though Frigga had known, she popped her head up from where she was sitting, curled up to Bifur, looking shyly around. Beorn seemed overjoyed at the sight of the two little ones.

“Little Bunny?” Kara murmured in question and Fíli shrugged.

“He gave some of us nicknames the last time we came here. None of us are exactly thrilled with them, especially Little Bunny, but there wasn’t-”

Billa made a sudden squawking sound as Beorn lifted Freya up by the back of her shirt. The little girl, for her credit didn’t seem frightened in the slightest. In fact she seemed rather excited as she was dangled mid-air.

It was a safe bet that the others in the company weren’t as carefree about it, as many of the dwarves yelled out in Khuzdûl, some going for their weapons. Gandalf merely stayed on his pony sighing. It amused Beorn to no end.

“Master Beorn, maybe it would be a good idea to hand Freya back?” Fíli suggested, to which the giant man shook his head.

“No, Young Lion. Little kit will be quite safe with me.” He replied. “Now come along.” He remarked and strode towards his home. Thorin had dismounted and was storming after the skin-changer that was still holding his youngest daughter, his face bearing the undeniable mask of fury. Kara watched, almost in amusement but glanced at Fíli in exasperated confusion, though she kept silent as to why his nickname made her so uncomfortable.

After a rather awkward entrance into Beorn’s house, which included many threats to Beorn’s person if Freya was injured in anyway they’d deal with him personally. Truthfully, Billa didn’t really know
how they thought that that would work, but she hard learned that to dwarves, threatening was the next best thing when it came to them. So after getting glares from Billa stating that she would help the animals and Beorn make dinner, they were outside, supposedly watching the girls.

Supposedly being the optimum word.

“How are we supposed to know the language of flowers again?” Dwalin grumbled looking at the flowers that surrounded them. Thorin shrugged helplessly.

“It can’t be that hard.” Kíli remarked, glancing at Tauriel, who shook her head.

“Even elves do not use such simple courting measures. And I was never one to really pay much attention to those lessons, preferring to learn to fight with the other elves.”

“And then comes the issue with how this would work with dwarves. Ye know full well that other dwarves aren’t going to really take a bouquet as a courting gift. You know that.” Glóin reminded Thorin.

“Well how about a compromise?” Kara asked.

“Merge the two sets of courting together somehow?” Tauriel added. “I mean Kíli did that with my courting rituals.” She explained, remembering the song that Kíli had painstakingly made with the courting hair clamp.

“But merging flowers and gems is a bit difficult, lass.” Bombur remarked.

“Not entirely…” Balin said. “How about a brooch or something of that nature shaped in a certain flower arrangement? Simple enough.”

“Maybe…but that still doesn’t answer the question on which plants or flowers to choose.” Dwalin stated.

“Well these are pretty.” Fíli remarked, motioning to a grouping of yellow flowers five on each stem. Maybe these?

Thorin sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose. This was proving to be much hard than he had hoped.

“Adad? Whatcha doin?” They heard Freya said and looked down to see the two year old toddling up to them.

“Ah! Perfect!” Kíli said with a grin and his older brother groaned.

“Really? Kee, do you really think that the twins would know?”

“Why not? They’ve spent two years in Hobbiton, I would think Billa would tell them, right?”

“Laddie-”

“Freya, you wouldn’t happen to know flower language, would you?”

Freya blinked and then glanced at the flowers next Fíli. The dwarf looked down.

“We were thinking of giving your mother these. What do you think?”

The look she gave him almost seemed scandalized, as she looked at the flowers, at him, and then the flowers again with an incomprehensible expression, before she hurried away.
“Way to go Fíli.” Kara said.

“…I feel like I was just judged.”

“Oh believe me, Lad, you were definitely judged.” Bofur snorted as the others laughed.

“-kingscup!”

“Sissy, dats stupid.”

“Is twue!”

Frigga and Freya came around the corner moments later, Frigga with a bemused expression on her face.

“What’s kingscup?” Ori prompted easily. Freya pointed to the flower.

“Dat.”

“Is it bad? What does it mean?”


“Ah. So that’d be bad for Billa.”

“Well how was I supposed to know?” Fíli grumbled, as Kara patted his shoulder.

“You tried.” She replied with a smile and he returned it with a sigh.

“You two know a lot about flowers.”

“We knows some.”

“Do you know what flowers wouldn’t insult her?”

“On.”

“On?”

“Whatcha giving flowers for.”

“Your father wants to give flowers to your mother to tell her how much he cares for her.” Kara explained gently. Both girls brows furrowed, clearly trying to remember what their mother had taught her since they could remember from the repeated prose in her flower books at home. They were taught in the morning, during lunch, and at night, just so they would know if some wayward fauntling or cruel hobbit gave them flowers they would know what it meant and go running to her. Freya looked at the gardens and then pointed at symmetrical flowers that were powder blue with bright yellow centers. They were arranged in rounded, divergent clusters along the length of the branch.

“Dose.”

“I think those are Forget Me Not’s. What do those mean?” Tauriel asked.

“Don’ fowget me.”

“Twue Love.”
Both girls said their own answers at the same time and they all looked at Thorin who cleared his throat.

“Anything else.”

“Ummm…dos? Yeah! Dos!” Freya said looking at Frigga for confirmation, who nodded.

“I think that’s…garden chervil.”

“Dat was in Mama’s gawden!”

“And what does that mean?”

“Telling da twuth.” Frigga explained, cocking her head to the side.

“I see.”

“We only know a few.” Freya explained. “Not a lot.”

“It will help, Mizim.” Thorin remarked softly ruffling both of their heads earning a smile from both of them. “But, you have to keep this a secret from your mother. It’s a surprise.”

“Otay.” Both girls said before they heard Billa calling for them. Holding Frigga’s hand the girls raced towards their mother giggling.

“Well we’ll see how long they keep their mouths shut. If they’re anything like your nephews, they can’t keep quiet worth for anything.”

“Hey!!”

The dwarves chuckled at the indignant sputtering of the two dwarven princes and followed the two children’s path.

“Mista Beown? I gots a question.” Freya asked later on after dinner and when night began to darken the sky. She’d have to be quick about it, as she only had a short time left before it was bedtime. The large man looked at her as he continued to whittle away at a piece of wood, and smiled.

“What is it Kit?”

“Why da bwacelet? Is not that pweety.”

He paused and he looked at his wrist. She cocked her head to the side as he was silent.

“When I was young…my people lived in the mountain…orcs came…and…” He seemed to pause. “Bad things happened. Many were taken…used to fight. I escaped. Many did not.” He said, but he must have seen her confused expression because he just pressed a large hand on the top of her head, ruffling her hair, nearly toppling her over with the sudden weight.

“You are young…one does not need a story such as mine to darken your dreams.”

“I dun know. Sissy always der.” Freya remarked and Beorn chuckled.

“For a child of a dwarf, you are incredibly insightful.”

“In…sight…ful?”
“Wise.” He amended.

“Oh…tanks, Mista Beown why?” She gestured to his wrist. He sighed.

“The…bracelet is a remembrance to those that did not escape. And a reminder to me that I will never allow another one to chain me down.” Beorn explained gently. “Something that no creature deserves.”

“Oh.”

“Do not allow yourself to ever be chained, kit. To be chained willingly is to lose one’s mind. They can chain you, torture you, they can even destroy this body, but you cannot let them ever imprison your mind. Can you promise me that?”

“I tink so.” Freya remarked and he smiled.

“You certainly have your mother’s strong will. I think the dwarves will have a lot on their plate once you arrive in Erebor. But first you must get through Mirkwood.”

“Mir…wood…”

It sounded strange on her tongue and she didn’t know if she liked the sound of it. She didn’t notice Beorn was now looking at Gandalf and with a look at the wizard he gave a brief nod.

“Freya, why don’t you return to your mother and father? They’re likely looking for you.”

“Oh otay…” Freya conceded and gave a small yawn for good measure. “Nigh Mista Beown. Nigh Gandy.”

She toddled away as the two adults looked at one another.

“Tell me…what news do you have of Mirkwood?” Gandalf asked as he filled his pipe with Old Toby Pipe Weed.

“Do you remember what I said to you nearly three years ago?”

“About?”

“Mirkwood.”

“Ah yes. Has Thranduil kept his side of the treaty?” Gandalf asked, trying to make the tone of the conversation seem light, though in his eyes there lay a deeper worry.

“Yes…the King of Mirkwood has destroyed the fell things that creep beneath those trees. Yet a darkness still lies upon that forest. The Necromancer in Dol Guldur is gone, yet sickness still seeps from it. The Wood Elves of Mirkwood…are still not like their kin. They've become less wise…and more dangerous. I would not venture there…even now.” Beorn remarked looking at the Wizard. Gandalf was quiet.

“We still need to travel through there Beorn.”

“With young ones?” Beorn scoffed. Gandalf sighed.

“I believe Frigga may have a way to help expel the sickness.”

“She is a young one.” Beorn growled. “Not even Thorin Oakenshield would allow his blood to be
placed in such danger and nor would I.”

Gandalf gave a slight nod, but he seemed to be in deep thought. He then stood.

“I must go converse with Radagast. Can you ensure that the dwarves make it to Mirkwood safely?”

I would not venture there...except in great need. For those children, however, I will ensure that they reach the forest.”

“Ensure they take the Elven Road. That path is still safe.”

”’Safe’?” The skin-changer snorted. “Anything made by those elves is not safe. They have resided in the dark for too long.”

“Maybe so…but it can be known that it is during our darkest moments that we must focus to see the light.”

The skin-changer snorted as the wizard finished his smoke and stood exiting the barn. Moments later, Beorn did the same, closing the door quietly behind him.

It was late that night when Kara awoke after Bofur had kicked her in his sleep. She grumbled and sat up. On a wagon? Sure, she was more than capable sleeping in groups. Lying still on hay? Apparently not. She stood up and tiptoed out of the maze of legs, arms, and body wandering around the barn curiously. This place was so different to her. She had been to many different places, but never one such as this. It made her feel incredibly small.

“Strange isn’t it?”

She gave a jump and spun around, her fist raised to punch whoever was there. Fíli thankfully dodged and gave a sheepish grin.

“Mahal Fíli, you just like to possibly be hit in the face.”

“Please, Dwalin’s done worse.” Fíli teased and Kara watched him with a grin.

“Didn’t think anyone else would be awake.” Kara amended.

“Same, to be honest. I thought you’d be asleep.” He said softly, watching her as she chuckled.

“Got kicked by Bofur. Wasn’t quite ready to fall back asleep.”

“I see…actually I’ve been meaning to ask you something.”

“Oh?”

“I…well…what I mean to say…”

He glanced at Kara who was leaning against a beam. A snort from the room nearby caused him to jump in surprise. He shook his head and then grabbed her arm, drawing her farther away.

“Well, this must be important.” She teased slightly.

“I need to ask you something, but I’m not sure how to word it.”

“Ah, isn’t that always the issue?” She teased but he didn’t return the smile. She cocked her head to
“So…”

“I’ve been meaning to ask…it’s just…I don’t know how to ask, and well I…”

“I’m sure you can ask me.” She replied.

He was silent though, unsure how to ask her. Was it even right to ask such a question??? Normal rituals meant that she would call him that when they were alone and he do the same, but with the way things were now…

“Fíli, I can’t help if I don’t know what’s bothering you. And I can’t answer if I don’t know the question.” Kara said.

“Do you know my name?” He finally blurted out and she stared at him before blinking several times. Fíli sighed.

“Never mind.” He said gently turning to leave and head back to where the other dwarves were. Maybe it would just take a bit more…

“Kidhuzur.”

He froze mid-step, as though his legs had locked into place and he stared straight ahead as that name was softly muttered, for only him to hear. Gentle arms wove under his arms, locking around his chest, hands pressed against his heart, and he leaned into Kara’s touch as she pressed her forehead against his back.

“It is…strange…to say that name out loud.” She admitted tenderly and he looked over his shoulder and saw she was smiling lightly. “But I cannot deny that that is the name that I see as yours. Kidhuzur Upndar Kurdu, Melhekith Zesulul Abadaz. My Kidhuzur.”

The whine that escaped his lips was embarrassing to say the least, but he didn’t care as he spun around and claimed her mouth with his, pushing her farther into the stable. She made a soft sound as he delved deeper, pressing against her mouth, and she gripped his elbows gently, leaning into him. Finally they parted to breathe and he pressed his forehead against hers.

“I was worried…” He managed in a voice that cracked. “I couldn’t sense your name, no matter how hard I tried. I thought that…” He swallowed as she let out a soft chuckle.

“You thought because you could not find my name…I did not know yours.” She whispered, and he flushed. She looked at him apologetically.

“I am sorry…but…I don’t have one.” She finally admitted. He moved slightly, lifting her chin up so he could look her in the eyes.

“Don’t…why?” He whispered in shock. The thought that she didn’t have one troubled him. Greatly.

“…”It is lost in the darkness for it was not found or given on my birth.” She explained tiredly, pushing her hair back. The stare he gave her was proof enough that he wanted to know more.

“You are aware that it is customary for the mother to bequeath their child with such a name, as they were the one to find it.” She reminded gently, pressing her hands against his.

“Yes, but you have a grandmother and an aunt that are dwarrows. They could have easily taken your
mother’s place in finding it and naming you.” He replied, confused. Though rare, it wasn’t unheard of. Hell, Dori supposedly had had to give Ori his secret name due to their mother dying after giving birth to him. She offered a slight, albeit bitter, smile.

“They could…but my father would not allow it. My mother named me Kara…therefore she was the one that held my Bayurkherumuh. So it was either my mother to name me…or for me to remain nameless.” She explained, her voice gentle and soft, as though it amused her, but he could see that it truly bothered her. “My family was…is…” She amended. “Strict when it comes to keeping with the tradition that only the mother discovers and gives such a name, so I have no Bayurkherumuh…no name to give. I am nameless.” She explained, giving a slight smile as he stared at her.

It twisted his heart.

It also angered him.

Angered him a great deal.

Her father had no right to do that. As much in mourning as he had been in at that moment, he had set up his daughter to be nameless, to possibly cause him to never know that she was more than a passing fancy. Her grandmother and aunt had no right to not gift her with one even if it was against her father’s wishes. Even if they had been mourning as well, and even if they thought that granting her father’s wishes would have helped the whole situation, in his mind, they had caused more harm than good by doing that.

The Bayurkherumuh was something that every dwarf needed. To be without a name, Mahal…it was as though she didn’t have a tether to herself, lost in a darkness that no one else could share. He bristled in anger, which she took as ire addressed towards her.

“I am sorry…for causing you distress.” She apologized, running a thumb across his knuckle. “I haven’t ever tried to find it because I don’t know how, and I did not know when or how to tell you, and-”

He silenced her with a soft kiss.

“It doesn’t matter. I know now.” He whispered gently and she looked at him confused. “You are my mesmel.” He muttered, kissing her forehead, her cheeks, her nose…any surface on her face. She made a soft sound, which seemed to be a mixture of a sob and a coo. “My Kara. My One.” He finished, cupping her face.

She gave a smile and a slight, watery laugh.

“Kidhuzur.” She murmured gently and his fingers trembled against her cheeks. “My Kidhuzur.”

“Again.”

“Kidhuzur.” She purred softly before he captured her mouth with his again, silencing her into the night.

---

*It was dark, blank. He had been hidden inside the folds of this bleakness for so long. He had thought he wouldn’t be found, forever gone in the vast expanse of the halls.*

*Then a voice. It was faint, but it called for him.*

*The tether pulled and he awoke as he pulled forward like a leaf in a torrent of water.*
It was her. No doubt about it.

He stood, looking around, clutching his chest over his heart where the faint scar resided. He had to find her.

He had to find his One.

Fíli was slow to awaken from the strange dream, but did so eventually. He could tell it was morning as sunlight ghosted over his eyelids lightening the dark that had previously been covering them. It was nice to have a presence curled up at his side that he didn’t have to worry about kicking him and he wanted it to last, because this would probably be the only time for a while. But awaken he did, and when he opened his eyes, he found that he was staring up at dark brown eyes.

To his credit he didn’t yell out or jump in surprise. And Kíli just grinned as though he had just stolen the entire cookie jar and not gotten caught.

“Mahal, Kee!!” Fíli hissed out, trying to be quiet as Kara continued to sleep. “Do you WANT a punch to the face??”

“You know I would think you two would be less clothed for being caught red-handed.”

“We did nothing of the sort.” Fíli grumbled sitting up, and slowly worming his arm out from under Kara. He grabbed his brother from the arm and dragged him away.

“So, you’d find a reason you couldn’t figure out her name then? Or did she not know yours either?”

“No. She knew mine.”

Unexpected relief filled him at that point, as though the chains he had built on himself had been destroyed as he repeated that. She knew his name. She knew his name.

“So why don’t you know hers?” Kíli asked. Fíli hesitated, before drawing his brother further away. For some reason, he just felt that Kara wouldn’t mind him telling Kíli of all people.

And after he did so, Kíli just stared.

“He didn’t let her be named?! Was he insane?!”

“With grief, I suppose.” Fíli amended. “Trust me, I’m just as upset as you are.”

“But…that’s something every single one of us needs. It’s a part of our identity!”

“I know Kee, trust me I know. She was terrified in even telling me. Guess she thought I’d be upset with her.”

“The fact remains though, she knew your name. So that means no matter what you two are each other’s One. Still…to be not given a name…” Kíli shuddered.

“It could explain why the Torral’s always coddled her and kept her away from ‘unsavory’ dwarrows. Anyone could have taken her and married her and I’d be none the wiser.” Fíli remarked.

And that thought chilled him.

“…Do you think he meant for that to happen to her?”
“Kee?” Fíli questioned as his younger brother frowned.

“I mean…think about it. Kara said that her parents were incredibly close and her father was broken-hearted when her mother died. And we could all see how uncomfortable she was talking about him. It couldn’t have been easy raising a dwarfling that by all accounts he believed the mother died delivering. Do you think he did that so she could not have that type of bond? I mean if we had never come to Erebor, she’d either marry without truly being with her other half, or not marry at all. And it’d rob her of yet another bond. He may have done it at first out of spite, but you know it gets harder and harder as the years pass to have something as pure as that remain in the surface. By the time he realized his mistake…it may have been too late for anyone other than you to try and find it.”

It was slow at first to Fíli, but once the idea surfaced in the back reaches of his mind, it slammed full force into the front of his mind and clung to his memory. He rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“So that begs the question…what are you going to do?” Kíli asked. “I mean…”

“What do you think? I don’t know how, but I’m going to find it.”

Chapter End Notes

Welp many of you guessed it, but yup Kara doesn’t have a name…yet…that is. Now it is possible for her name to be found. However she never attempted due to not knowing how (and possibly seeing as though she had deserved not having been named as her mother died because of her) and also didn’t think she’d find her One being in a caravan and traveling everywhere. So Fíli being a Durin isn’t about to not take a challenge head on.

Got to love the Durin’s.

And Freya and Beorn moments. I think he would have difficulty explaining to a little girl what had happened to him, so I tried.

And some flower language moments (had to rent a book from the library for that)

Translations:

Kidhuzur Upndar Kurdu, Melhekith Zesulul Abadaz-Golden Lion Heart, Prince of the Lonely Mountain
“They won’t let me in!!” Kíli sobbed. “My brother and uncle are in there, and they won’t let me in!!”

“Ssshhhhh, Kíli…shh…” Tauriel soothed, holding his arms. Other elves glanced at them as they walked by, but the distraught dwarf didn’t notice or care, still trying to get inside the tent.

“Nadad! Idad!!” He sobbed in his tongue and tears slid down his face, and Tauriel’s heart ached at the sheer desperation weaved in each word. She pulled him close.

“Nikuz’u Zinlaz.” She heard herself saying softly into his ear. She did not know what she had said, as it was not in any tongue she knew, but whatever it did it froze Kíli, and she took it as a sign that it was something good. She didn’t know why, it just felt right to say it.

“You must calm yourself, Nikuz’u Zinlaz.” She repeated softly.

“That name…how do you know that name?” He whispered. She blinked furrowing her brow.

“It’s a name I see on you as though it was carved into you.” She remarked simply, wiping his cheeks gently. “It is something that I can see, though not physically.”

“…is that the only part you can…see?” He asked, swallowing.

“No?”

He swallowed, shaking his head.

“I don’t know what it means, Kíli.” She added.

“I think you do.” He repeated in a half sob, suddenly holding her hand. He wasn’t struggling anymore, but his grip on her hand was tight. His voice sounded raw, and she couldn’t understand as he turned, his eyes wet, puffy and red. “I think you do…”

She remained silent, brushing her hand over his face, tracing his jawline, cheeks, ears, before disappearing in the mess of hair that was knotted and sticky with drying blood. She pulled him close, and he sobbed.

But he didn’t struggle again.

Granted, she couldn’t have known his Secret Name had been Nikuz’u Zinlaz, Melhekith Zesulul Abadaz. He hadn’t told her the entire thing until after he knew that he wasn’t going to be King Under the Mountain, that his uncle and brother still lived. Kíli sighed as he settling on the stone bench watching as Freya scampered over some rocks after a rather large toad. That memory stayed with him constantly. At that very moment, when she had said his name…it had been as though the puzzle was complete…that he was complete. It had been the happiest moment of his life, but shrouded in sadness and panic. With that memory he thought of the dwarrowdam that his brother was courting. No name…Mahal, how could Kara not have been told her name and still be sane? It didn’t make sense to Kíli. He could understand grief, but to take it out on an innocent child…it was
just cruel. Kíli shifted and glanced from where he was watching Freya and Frigga, smiling as Tauriel jumped down gracefully and sat down next to him.

“You do remember that you are pregnant, correct?” He asked and she chuckled, settling next to him.

“I have not forgotten.” She replied gently. “The baby wished to see the world from above.”

“I see.” He remarked. “Gonna be a troublemaker like your Adad huh?”

Tauriel smiled.

“Erebor have mercy if that’s the case.” She teased and he smirked.

“I’m not that bad.” He replied nudging her. She smiled.

“If there is another one of you, there will be bounds of trouble. Do not deny it.” She replied and he snorted in reply. There was brief silence.

“…Mirkwood is bothering you.” He finally said, looking at her.

Tauriel sighed, resting her cheek on the top of his head.

“I did not realize I was so transparent.”

“You are to me…but that’s because I love you. And I know for a fact when we were walking through the first time you were nervous as well. We went through the Forest faster than we would have ever done if you hadn’t felt something.”

“…the sickness and death of the forest…while it lessened after the battle, I can still feel the keen raw fear and hatred burrowed deep in the trees roots. The worst of it may have vanished…but the agony still remains. You cannot tell me you felt welcomed there.”

In all honesty, he hadn’t.

Even with Tauriel and the uneasy peace that had been procured by the dwarves and elves, he hadn’t felt that much at peace even going on a safe route with Tauriel leading. And if that was the case with him, he didn’t want to imagine what it was going to be like for Tauriel.

And vaguely he wondered if anything drastic had changed since they had last gone through towards Erebor.

“It’ll be okay…we’re all here for each other.” He replied gently, holding her hand, weaving his fingers through hers. She curled up to him smiling as he pressed a hand to her stomach.

“The child cannot be bigger than a lemon, dearest.”

“Still, there’s a baby there.”

“Yes…there is a baby there.” She whispered, resting her other hand over his.

Freya was beaming as she held her ‘prize’ in her hands. It was such a big toad!! A really big toad!! A ginormous toad! She had found it next to the pond and had managed to snag it, only falling into the water once! Sure her jumper was muddy and her feet were probably leaving little footprints into Beorn’s house, and she was pretty sure she had mud all over her face but she was beaming with pride.
“Oh Mahal, Freya! What has happened to you!?"

She turned to see Dori and Balin, the former glancing at her attire.

“Pon’.” She explained simply and the oldest son of Ri sighed.

“Who does she take after?! I’ve never seen Billa like this.”

“She was willing to travel with 13 dwarves…I suppose she had some adventure streak. But getting down and dirty…that is Durin.”

“Oh?”

“You should have met Frerin. The lad could find mud wherever it was available.”

“Whatever the case, young lady you could catch a cold.”

“I wouldn’t say that word if I were you.” Balin warned with a chuckle.

“What? A bath would be exactly what Billa would-”

“NO BATH!!” Freya shrieked, running away as fast as she could. Balin chuckled.

“Ah, the fear of being clean.” Balin chuckled and Dwalin huffed. Freya continued running, trying to find a good spot to hide. She then noticed Ori and ran full force to him, clutching the toad to her and hid behind the table he was sitting at. The brunette dwarf glanced at her with a smile.

“What are you doing, Freya?”

“Hidin.”

“From?”

“Mista Dowi! Bath!”

“Ah, I see.” Ori chuckled, returning his attention to what he was making. Freya sat there for a few moments before looking up and then, after releasing the toad, stood on tiptoes trying to reach the bench. With one hand, Ori, reached down and hoisted her up, setting her down onto the bench. She looked at him

“Whatcha makin?”

“Oh, a pair of gloves.” Ori replied easily as Freya looked at them. She cocked her head.

“For Mista Dwalin?”

Ori’s face felt hot as he looked at the little girl, stuttering in his fluster.

“D-D-Dwalin?! Wha…what makes you say that?!”

“Cause his hands aw big.” Freya said simply. “And des aw big.”


“I wike Mista Dwalin! He nice!”

Nice and Dwalin…if Nori was nearby, he’d probably have keeled over with laughter.
“I suppose you would be right…well…”

“There you are!”

Freya squeaked and looked up in a panic, before Billa scooped her up.

“Dori said you had gotten dirty! And you are!” Billa scolded lifting the little girl up, who protested, whining, looking at her father pleadingly. Ori saw his king’s eyes light with mirth as Billa turned and walked towards the entrance, Freya’s face a full pout.

He glanced back at the gloves he was making and sighed, pushing his hair back, wondering if his face had simmered down in color.

For some reason he doubted it.

Glóin wasn’t well known for being gentle towards anyone towards his family. Quick to anger and quick to fight, yes. He had very little of his brother’s patience, except when it came to counting and ensuring his family, his beautiful wife Gala and his handsome son Gimli, had the best that he could offer.

Yet this didn’t stop him from rushing towards the eldest of the twins, who hit the side of the barn full force.

“Ye alright lass?”

“Ow.” Frigga sniffled, her nose red and her eyes watering up.

“Oh Lass, now that was only a slight tap.” He remarked, picking her up. She sniffled, rubbing her eyes. “Ye show that wall yer a dwarven princess. No tears for the enemy.”

“Otay.” The little girl sniffled.

“Yer a brave lass. Why you might give my Gimli a run for his gold!”

Frigga blinked.

“Gim…li…” She murmured, the name foreign.

“Why he’s my wee lad. Wanted to go with us, but he just became of age, said that for this one, it’d be better to have those yer Amad knew there.”

“Oh.” She replied, sucking on her thumb. He smiled.

“He’d probably like you.”

“Weally?” She asked, blinking. She said with such an uncertainty mingled with hope, that he nearly frowned. Who wouldn’t have liked this little lass? She was a gentle kind soul, wiser than many her age.

Her blindness shouldn’t have had anything to do with her. It was a part of her and it made her unique, but it shouldn’t have been ostracizing to her.

She glanced around at the sounds of birds.

“When we get to Erebor, you’ll have to meet him.” He stated proudly. Frigga cocked her head to the
He smiled.

He didn’t need to even be standing in front of his son to know that the red head dwarf would have a fierce protection over both of the twins, but would likely have a certain protective feel towards Frigga.

Freya well…

“Freya, darling, what is th-AAAA!!”

Glóin turned just in time to see Freya hold up an incredibly large toad to Billa, who shrieked and jumped up at Thorin, who apparently hadn’t been paying attention, as the petite jumped into his arms, caused him to be thrown of balance and he watched as his king gloriously fall, with the woman he was courting screaming bloody murder about the toad their youngest child was gleefully holding.

Freya was going to be Gimli’s best friend when she was old enough to learn how to fight that was for sure.

Freya glanced at her father, beaming happily as he sat up helping Billa stand, who was blushing brightly at her outburst.

“Mista Toa!” She said holding up the amphibian. He sighed and chuckled.

“It appears so, Freya. Let’s see that.” He asked with a smile. Freya glanced at Thorin apprehensively as Thorin looked at the toad’s legs.

“You found a really healthy one. See his strong hind legs? He could leap up to fifteen paces.”

“Weally?! ” Freya gasped, going on tiptoes to look over. He smiled, handling the toad with care.

“Mhm. But he probably should go back to the pond.”

“Bu…bu I gots him!” She whined, clearly pouting. He smiled.

“But shouldn’t he go back to where all his toad friends are?”

“…maybe.” She murmured, her bottom lip sticking out and her eyes innocently wide to try and sway him. And it almost worked.

Mahal, he was doomed.

“Mizim, he won’t be happy traveling with us. It’s still a far trip and he shouldn’t have to be far away from his home.”

She mumbled something, but the look of trying to sway him passed as she rested her cheek on his leg. Billa watched with a smile as the father and daughter bonded more. She could see how Freya and Thorin would bond as she grew older. With her personality, she’d likely learn how to fight under him.

Still…she wondered how Frigga would maintain such a bond with Thorin.

Thorin at first thought he was imagining the plucking of his harp. When he paused and strained his hearing, he thought he had gone mad at the silence that greeted him. He glanced to where the others were sleeping and saw that Freya and Billa, as well as the other members of the Company were still sound asleep. However sure enough he heard soft plucking soon after, near where the rest of their
bags were. When he turned around a corner he spotted his eldest pressing her small fingers against the strings of his harp, which had lay discarded from when he tuned it earlier that night, a look of amazement with each sound she gained from plucking on her face. The moment he walked in, however, Frigga backed away, her hands going behind her back, ducking her chin down, a blush on her face as though she was expecting to be scolded.

Silently, he figured she was thinking just that. Billa likely did not, but if he had learned anything in the Shire, to have a disability was frowned upon.

“What are you doing, Mizim?”

“I… I’m sowwy… I didn’ know what it was.” Frigga muttered. He smiled and picked her up, before going a few steps over and sitting down on a nearby stool, settling her on his lap.

“It’s called a harp.”

“Hawp. Otay.” She murmured, adding that to the list of words in her mind. He smiled and strummed his fingers across the strings. “It sounds pwetty.” She added.

“I’m rather particular of the instrument myself.” He admitted with a smile, looking at her. She was staring at where the sounds were coming from, interest on her face. “Would you like to learn?”

“I… can’…” She muttered shyly, looking down dejectedly.

“Now why not?”

“… I can’ see nodes… so I’m no’ allowed wight?” She murmured looking up at him. He likely had a blank expression on his face. Truly, did the Shire have no limits on ostracizing his eldest? Surely, he knew that not every hobbit was like that and likely it had everything to do with Lobelia putting such thoughts in her head, but Maker’s above, anger swelled in him at the thought of her being left out of everything just because of her sight. He swallowed, forcing it down.

“You do not need to see notes to play.” He said softly. “You were playing before I arrived.”

“Bu I wasn’ supposed to.”

“True, but I’d be more than happy to teach you.”

“… Weally?” She finally managed, looking up at him with such a hopeful expression that it nearly snapped his heart in two.

“Yes, really. Does your sister want to learn anything?”

“… how to thow an ax.” She admitted and he chuckled.

“Not much on sitting down and learning music, is she?”

“No.” She shook her head.

“Well my little Mizim, I think you can learn how to play the harp.” He remarked softly and she yawned. “But I think the lesson will have to wait. You are exhausted.”

She curled up to him, burying her face into his shoulder. And when she grabbed the braid in his hair as she always did, if she missed the soft smile he gave her it was only because she fell asleep with the soft plucking tune of the harp in her ears.
Phew! another chapter where I added some fluff!!! :D Fluff galore!

Likewise, what do you guys think of a possible addition of the couple Dwalin and Ori?

Translation:
Nikuz’u Zinlaz, Melhekith Zesulul Abadaz-Pride of Stars, Prince of the Lonely Mountain
“Precious…We can sense Precious…” A wheezing voice whispered into the darkness, pale skin seeming to glow in the moonlight as it crawled on all fours through the hills. He heard a roar in the distance and scrambled to hide. He spotted a house and his bulging eyes lit up and he began to scramble forward.

“Precious, Precious…”

“Wait, wait. We must wait!!”

“But Precious-”

“‘Baggines with stinky dwarveses that crush our boneses! Baggineses too guarded now.’”

“Then what must we do, Precious? What must we do?”

“‘Wait, Precious wait…we will find a way.’”

“Yes, YESSSSSS!! Gollum! Gollum!” The voice echoed and Kara glanced up from the opening in the wood at Beorn’s with a frown. She could have sworn she had seen a pale figure in the trees. Her eyes narrowed as she looked at that spot, but nothing else appeared. She was still standing there when Fíli finally arrived.

“You alright?”

“Hm? Yes I’m fine.” Kara remarked, though she didn’t move from where she was looking. Fíli followed her gaze, cocking his head to the side.

“Anything in particular that you’re looking for?” He teased and she smirked glancing at him.

“No…not really sure to be honest.” She remarked with a huff. “Could have sworn I saw something, but with all the wildlife around here, I shouldn’t be that surprised.”

He chuckled and nudged her slightly.

“I’m in love with a crazy person. Wonderful.” He joked and she stuck her tongue out.

“Maybe its just nerves…I don’t know, I’m not really looking forward to go through Mirkwood.”

“You and me both.” Fíli remarked. “But that place has a general creepiness about it.”

“Yeah…” Kara replied, staring out into the darkness where the figure had been before shaking her head and following Fíli.

They heard giggling and looked to see Freya holding Frigga by her hand running through the barn, just as Ori made a turn. He stumbled a bit as the girls giggled and nearly fell over until Dwalin managed to snag his arm and catch him. Ori blushed brightly and stuttered out a thank you before hurrying away, his face a burgundy color. Fíli’s brow rose a bit in amusement.

Interesting.
He glanced at Kara who had cocked her head to the side in curiosity blinking.

“Unca Fee, can you tell Amad not to make us sweep?” Freya asked. The blond dwarf chuckled before picking her up.

“Now it’s probably better to go to bed now. We’ll be heading to Mirkwood tomorrow, and you wouldn’t want to be sleepy through that would you?” Fíli asked with a grin and it was clear that Freya was pouting. He paused when he spotted his uncle talking to Gandalf, who was wearing a solemn expression on his face. His uncle in contrast looked annoyed and rather angry.

“Need I remind you what happened the last time you abandoned us on this leg of the journey?”

“The darkness has been dispelled from the path, you shall be fine.”

“Yet something worries you.” Thorin snapped, crossing his arms. When Gandalf failed to answer he continued. “I endangered my company, sister-sons, and my One the last time. I now could possibly endanger them again as well as my own children.”

Gandalf sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“You have little choice. It will take longer to go around.” Gandalf reminded him and Thorin was quiet. “You will be safe.”

Thorin didn’t seem convinced but glanced towards the entrance as though he sensed his eldest nephew. Fíli turned quickly, pulling Kara close to him.

“Are you not supposed to be seen?” She asked, her voice muffled.

“I don’t think Uncle wants people to hear that. He’s still quite annoyed with Gandalf.”

“Makes sense I suppose. Do you think Tharkûn is going to leave?”

“If it’s Gandalf…I have a lot of faith he will.”

“Great.” Kara remarked with a sigh. “Just great.”

Fíli couldn’t help, but silently agree.

“Still can’t believe he left us.” Nori grumbled as they began their journey into Mirkwood. They had all awoken to find out that Gandalf had left during the night. Many of the dwarves had been annoyed, though some were frankly happy that the wizard had left, still rather bitter with him not telling them about Billa and the twins two years earlier. Billa looked at Nori worriedly, ruffling her daughter’s hair. This place was already starting to make her feel queasy, granted the feelings weren’t as horrible as they were like the first time. Still it felt strange and scary, even though the grounds were healthier and greener. Frigga clung to her, biting her bottom lip. It was clear she didn’t like this place either and Billa inhaled and exhaled slowly. No, she wasn’t going to panic. Not with her children right there. Glancing at Thorin and observing his stoic behavior she swallowed her resolve and continued to brush Frigga’s hair back.

“It’s alright darling.” She soothed and Frigga nodded, but didn’t seem convinced. She seemed to sense something else dwelled in the forest. Truthfully Billa wished there was another way to get through the forest than a week in this nightmarish place, but it seemed like there was little choice. Granted, the forest did look remarkably healthier than the last time she had been in it. Instead of
dizzying shades of colors that made her stomach want to heave coupled with shades of grey splotched with black, the trees were tinged with green and the beginnings of flowers were beginning to appear in some of the fauna and though their petals were seemingly weak and frail they were still there. And now more light filtered into the path through the branches.

Still even with the peaceful tone, Billa couldn’t help but sense something was wrong. Tauriel didn’t seem to notice, but she was likely so used to such sickness that any improvement was better than none.

“Mama…da fowes is sicky.” Frigga muttered, clinging to Billa.

“I know sweetie. But it’s getting better. Trust me on this.” She replied softly, glancing at Thorin who she could tell was listening to them. She kissed her eldest daughter’s forehead. Everything will be all right darling. I promise.”

The week dragged on slowly. Thankfully with Tauriel in the lead, they didn’t lose their way as easily as before, and when one did stray it was easy to get back on track as their minds were clearer than they had been before. Still, what worried them the most was how the girls were reacting to the forest. Frigga it seemed was incredibly lethargic and sluggish, usually napping through a good portion of the day. Freya, though more energetic, was still easy to tire and only had spurts of energy. At first the dwarves were nervous about it, but it didn’t surprise Billa all too much.

“I was the same way. I just didn’t show it.” She explained. “Us hobbits are sensitive to the earth, and this place…sickly. It may have gotten better, but the traces are likely going to affect them too.” She had informed brushing Frigga’s hair back.

One night as they set up camp, Kara noticed that Freya and Frigga both looked slightly distressed.

“Are you two alright?” Kara asked, looking at the pair. Freya shook her head frantically.

“I gots to go pee.” Freya suddenly said and Frigga nodded as well. Kara sighed and then looked around to see everyone, including their parents, finishing up with set up and making the start of dinner.

“Fíli, I’m going to take these two to go to the bathroom. I’ll be right back.” She said to him as he walked by. He frowned.

“Maybe one of us should come with you.”

“I’ll be fine.” She said with enthusiasm. “Besides I won’t go far. Just enough where the girls get some privacy.” She responded. He still seemed against the idea and she sighed. “The forest hasn’t caused any of us to lose track and if I don’t come back in fifteen minutes you are more than welcome to come after me.” She suggested, though a part of her stubbornly disagreed.

“I suppose.”

“I’ll be back soon, I promise.” She reiterated and then allowed the girls to drag her away until they were far enough away. Freya was the first to go to the bathroom and while she waited for Frigga, a large knotted tree diverted her attention. Her expression grew impish and she toddled towards it, determined to climb it as she had climbed the tree back in Hobbiton.

“Freya, get down from there!” Kara called out, but the little adventurer merely giggled and continued her climb. Kara sighed, rubbing her brow and internally kicking herself from denying others to come along. Maybe she should have had tied some rope around Freya.
“Auntie?” Frigga asked, tugging on her pant-leg. Kara sighed again then picked Frigga up and plopped her down on the tree-trunk. She thought at first to bring the little girl up there, but then thought against it. Frigga was much too tiny to cling to her back as her cousins did but she didn’t want the blind girl to wander off, though she doubted she would.

“Can you do something for me?”

“Mhm.”

“Sit here and sing while I get your sister alright.”

“But…”

“I’ll be right above you.” She amended. “Your sister decided to climb a tree.”

“…okay…”

“Okay. Go on singing.” Kara said and the little girl began to sing quietly about fish and counting. She continued to climb listening to Frigga as she searched for the younger of the two.

“Precious…”

She paused and looked over her shoulder down towards the ground when she heard a sudden yell followed by more yelling and her heart skipped a beat as she spotted a figure stalking towards Frigga, who was now looking up to the muffled commotion ahead of them.

“Precious. We take precious from thief! Take! Take! TAKE!!!!”

The creature dove for the little girl just as Kara jumped down from the tree, using a branch to block the attack. Frigga toppled off the tree limb she was sitting on as Kara stood in front of her. “Sorry, Precious. She’s not yours to take.” Kara growled in anger and the creature with a guant body and bulging eyes snarled at her showing diseased teeth as he stalked around her. She held up her branch like a blade, desperately wishing she had grabbed one of Fíli’s when she had left.

“Thief has own precious!! Thief took precious from us! Bagginse must PAY!!”

“So YOU’RE what I sensed following us.” Kara snarled trying to keep track of it, Freya up above, and Frigga who was clinging to her leg. She could swear she heard shouting in the distance, but it didn’t sound like it was getting closer. In fact it sounded like they were moving farther away.

What the hell was going on?

“THIEF!!” The creature snarled and rushed her, smashing into her and tackling her to the ground. Surprising really, as she hadn’t expected a creature so thin to have such strength. She growled and smashed the stick on his head, but he seemed determined to snatch Frigga, who stood their frozen in fear, her blind eyes latched onto the direction all the horrible sounds are. He scrambled over her, fingernails and toenails scratching her face as he made a desperate leap towards Frigga. Kara barely managed to latch onto an ankle and drag him away.

He snarled at her and then turned his attention to her. The creature began to smash his fists into Kara’s head and the dwarrowdam shoved him away from her. He latched onto her arm and proceeded to bite into the flesh part. She screamed in pain.

“What the hell are you!!” She snapped, trying to free herself.
“Auntie!” Frigga cried and there was more rustling behind her. The creature snarled and shoved her backwards.

And then the bony yet strong fingers wrapped around her throat.

For a creature who didn’t seem to have any muscle mass, he was surprisingly strong. She stumbled backwards and fell onto the ground, the creature straddling her.

“Precious is MINE! GOLLUM, GOLLUM!”

Oh the gods had to be joking with her. She had hoped that the creature from Billa’s story remained a story. She gasped, trying to drag Gollum off of her.

“Auntie!” She heard in her waning hearing as she gagged. She released one hand from it’s struggle to free herself from Gollum’s hand to search frantically for something on the ground.

She struggled to drag in a breath, her vision darkening when she wrapped her hand around something hard and solid. Summoning the last of her strength she smashed a rock into Gollum’s head, knocking him off of her. She coughed violently, dragging in breaths and looked up, clutching her neck tightly as she glared at Gollum who was shaking his head, blood dripping down the side of it. He looked at her with hate filled eyes and snarled at her. Before he could leap at her again, however, a rope suddenly pulled him away, wrapped around his neck and another was looped around his waist. He shrieked in agony and pain, which surprised her. She heard movement behind her, but before she could fully turn pain crashed into her head and her vision turned white and swiftly to black as she fell forward. She only heard Frigga’s screaming and the sight of blurring feet appearing before she lost consciousness.

Freya watched in horror as tall figures, elves she realized, surrounded her sister and Kara as well as wrestling the monster and tying him with ropes.

The main elf nudged Kara as one picked up the wailing Frigga, this one was silent, taller than the others and seemed really stoic, patting Frigga’s back as she wailed and wailed.

“Grab the dwarf.”

“Do we have to carry it?” One asked in disgust, kicking Kara in the shoulder.

“No, drag the dwarf for all I care.” The one remarked coolly. “I don’t really care.”

“Wish this one was conscious like the other trespassers. Wouldn’t have to touch its disgusting, impure body.” Another remarked grabbing Kara by the arm. Freya clutched the tree branch she was on tightly, nearly crying out as one picked up Frigga.

“Don’t!”

She flinched at her sister’s commanding voice that echoed in her head in surprise, but held back the barely sounded whimper as her eyes watered. She needed to get to her parents. They’d know what to do. She clung to the branch watching as the monster that struggled and screeched, trying to escape from the elves clutches was dragged along with Kara as though she was filth. She could see, even from the distance, blood dripping from her head from where the staff or whatever that blond elf had hit her with even from the distance she was in.

Uncle Fíli was going to be mad when he found out.
She waited a few moments, clutching the tree tightly. Once she was sure that they wouldn’t capture her too, she slid down the trunk of the tree and scampered in the direction of where her parents were supposed to be.

“Mama! Papa!! Somethin’s happen to-” She began to cry as she ran into the campground.

No one was there either.

She was alone.

Fear flooded in and she plopped down and began to cry loudly. She didn’t care if something came for her. She just wanted something, anything, or anyone to come.

But all that answered her cries was swallowing and consuming silence.

Chapter End Notes

PHEW!!! ANOTHER CHAPTER!

Sorry this took so long you guys. Literally I had work and three finals that nearly killed me. And then I had a little writers block on every story I did TT__TT

So begins the Mirkwood arc.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Legolas glanced up in surprise when he spotted a hawk flying down towards him. Strange…he had only just sent out a messenger hawk to Mirkwood a few days ago. That shouldn’t have warranted such a speedy response.

Maybe his father had been sending one out.

He chuckled to himself at the thought of the Rivendell hawk passing by the Mirkwood hawk as they made it to their destination, but the humor vanished as he read the message.

“To All Concerned,

It is decreed that the forests have been barred by any travel between both sides. Those who dare’th cross the trees shall be imprisoned upon entry.”

So decreed by

Thranduil, Son of Oropher, King of the Woodland Realm”

Legolas stared, flabbergasted at the note, reading it again and again. It didn’t make sense.

It was his father’s handwriting, but at the same time…there was a heaviness surrounding it, the words were a messier than normal as though his father was merely a puppet in the words.

He swallowed glancing in the direction of where Mirkwood was.

What was going on in Mirkwood?

“Let me talk to him, Thorin.” Kíli hissed as they were led down towards the throne room, while the others were dragged towards the rather familiar dungeons. “This is probably just some huge misunderstanding.”

“I will talk to him.”

“Because that went so well the first time around.” Fíli hissed, but was silenced with a look. He swallowed glancing behind his shoulder. He prayed that Kara would have escaped and was heading towards Erebor with the girls. He turned to see they were entering the chambers, Thranduil with his back turned to them.

“He has come. The one that destroyed the balance of your lands. He has come to wreck havoc and woe onto them again.”

“Thranduil!!” Thorin roared as he, Fíli, Kíli, and Tauriel were led into throne room. “You have no shame!!”

“You trespassed into my lands, Thorin.”

“We were on a path!!” Thorin snarled in anger. His nephews glanced at one another and Tauriel shifted slightly, glancing at the figure whose back was towards them. Thranduil turned and the four
seemed surprised. The elf looked frankly exhausted.

Dark bags were under his eyes and his face appeared sunken. He looked…in some ways frailer then he had been since they last had spoken to him face to face. Thorin watched him.

Something was wrong with him, what, he couldn’t put a finger on it.

Before he could think further onto the matter he heard other footsteps and glanced over to see a dark haired elf walking up holding a small squirming form.

“Frigga?!”

“Papa?!” The little girl perked up from the hold that the silent elf had of her. The larger elf set her down, though the blond elf next to him seemed annoyed that he had set her down so gently. The little girl scampered over towards Thorin’s voice and the dwarf picked her up, holding her close.

“Are you alright?” He whispered and she nodded against his shoulder, clinging to him. “Where’s your sister?” He murmured and she shook her head, not answering. Cold settled in his stomach and he swallowed, unsure if that meant Freya was not with her and still in the forest, or with Kara and somewhere else in this wretched kingdom. He hoped for the latter.

“Thranduil, you imprison us without warrant or cause.” Thorin snarled, settling Frigga back onto the ground.

“He lies.”

“I do just as you do Thorin, protect my kingdom.”

“You attack travelers on a path that connects both lands.” Thorin snapped, watching the elven king. His movements were jarred, shaky, like a puppet being made to walk. Which didn’t make sense considering the blasted creature usually went out of his way to look as elegant as possible around him. Fíli looked to his younger brother, but the dark haired dwarf seemed just as confused as the rest of them. Frigga clung to Tauriel’s trouser leg, unsure what she was sensing. It felt dark. Forboding.

“He means to take your land.”

“As such, I do not take kindly for trespassers on my lands.”

“We were not trespassers!!” Thorin snarled, taking a step towards the elven king. Would he not listen?!

He spotted something flitting in the elf’s eyes, a dark, familiar madness that ebbed in the corners of the eyes. Something was wrong with the king…whatever Thranduil was fighting against, was winning against him.

“Your crown.”

The elven king shook his head vigorously and ordered something in Sindarin. Whatever it was, Kili’s seemed dumbstruck and made a move towards his wife.

The brothers and uncle were viciously pulled back away from the two girls.

“TAURIEL!!”

“FRIGGA!!”
The little girl was confused at her father’s frantic calling, even more so when Tauriel seemed to move next to her, yelling for her Kili but abruptly stopped.

“IF YOU HARM EITHER OF THEM, THRANDUIL I’LL-” Her father bellowed, finishing off the threat by saying words that she hadn’t yet learned in khuzdûl.

“Papa??” She called out, taking a step.

“She will be kept in the hands of the elves, Thorin.” The other voice called out and she blinked. Thorin seemed to roar in anger and she looked up towards the voice of the other person. “Remember, years are only a blink of an eye for a elf.”

As Thranduil watched Thorin and his nephews, he glanced at the little girl that was wringing the hem of her skirt, looking around frantically, and trying to lock onto her father’s fading voice. She was doing rather well…for a youngling.

“She is a danger…”

He blinked several times, frowning as the voice echoed in his head. Danger? She was barely at his knee, if that, and blind. How could she be any danger to him??

“What do you wish for me to do with this one?” Quehel asked, taking a step towards the girl. She automatically backtracked, glaring into Quehel’s direction. And there were the genetics of the Durin folk. She certainly had the Durin glare, even if she was blind. “Shall I cast her out? Clearly she could wind up falling off one of the ledges. Best be off with her and let nature take its course.”

“NO!!!”

They turned to see Tauriel straining against Korin and Koriat, who despite holding her back seemed to be just as disturbed at the thought of casting someone so young as she out into the forest.

“You can’t! She’s only a child!!! You can’t!!” Tauriel implored desperately. Thranduil’s expression was void of emotion and Quehel scoffed.

“Your love for the dwarves has rotted your brain. Surely you can’t think that this dirty blood creature has any right to walk these grounds.”

“She is an innocent child!!!” Tauriel snapped. “I would think that elves would cherish the life of an innocent child out of all races!!”

“The child is a plague upon this kingdom!”

“Is that so? Or are you hoping we will spare the vermin that is growing in your womb if we spare the child?” Quehel asked. Tauriel snarled a warning.

“Captain…” Korin began but was silenced by a look of his superior.

“My king, you cannot expect such a vermin to be allowed to breath a second more of-”

“You must-”

“Korlyn.”

“My king?” Quehel asked, spinning around.
“Summon Korlyn here. She and her brothers shall be charged with the girl’s safety during her stay here.”

“My king, are you sure that is wise… I-”

“Do you see me as incompetent that I am unaware of the words leaving my mouth, Quehel? Or is your judgment of them greater than my own?”

“No, My King! Of course not!” Quehel stated quickly, blushing in shame. Tauriel snorted slightly before Quehel turned harshly and stormed out. Thranduil looked at Tauriel with vaguely.

“Come on Tauriel.” Korin stated, but she fought to stay there.

“What are you going to do to her Thranduil?”

“That is not your concern.”

“It is!! She is under my watch!!” Tauriel snapped but Thranduil waved his hand and Korin began to drag her away. “Frigga!!”

“Aunie Tauriel!”

But Frigga made barely a step when a door slammed shut and she flinched. She couldn’t hear anything for a moment but then the faintest brush of fabric and an echo of footsteps echoed in front of her. She flinched as a hand rested on her head.

“You are a strange one, aren’t you?”

“That’s rude!!” She snapped, glaring at the voice. There was a soft chuckle, but silence reigned again.

“Tell me. What are you?”

“I’m Frigga.” She replied. The person was silent again and Frigga heard more footsteps.

“You summoned me, my King?”

“Yes. This girl. Have her washed and put into more suitable attire. You and your brothers will be charged in her care.”

“Yes My king.”

A soft, larger hand slid into hers and Frigga squeezed it automatically. She was then led away. Still she looked back her shoulder. She may not have been able to see anything…but with every step and the vibrations from the stone ground, she could ‘see’ the figure standing there.

And something was off. She didn’t know why, but it felt as though he wasn’t alone. And whatever was here…

Didn’t want her there.

Fili grunted in pain as he was thrown in, Kili landing on top of him.

“Pointy eared bastard!” He hissed out.
“I swear to Mahal, if you hurt any of them…”

“You’ll what, dwarf? Seeing as you all only managed to escape because of your Burglar last time, who, remember is also locked up now. Though, maybe Tauriel helped. Since she apparently likes your kind a lot.” The elf throwing them in growled.

“She had nothing to do with that.” Kíli snarled angrily, straining to hear his wife, but unable to.

“Pregnant with that vermin.” The elf muttered, and the glares to him only deepened at the possible threat embedded in those words. “How insulting.”

Kíli growled under his breath as the elf huffed in anger then snorted.

“The Durin folk must be desperate for some superior blood if one of them impregnated an elf. A Silvan Elf, but nonetheless-”

Kíli spat in the elf’s face, glaring angrily. The elf swore and wiped his face as though Kíli had thrown acid on him. He glared before storming off muttering something under his breath. They then heard movement behind them and turned.

“Fíli? Kíli?”

The blond dwarf brightened almost instantly as Kara came out of the shadows.

“Kara!! Thank Mahal, we were worried that…” He trailed off, clearing his throat. Well…more him particularly. When they had seen Frigga there in the throne room, without her sister or Kara…what had crossed his mind had been that the two of them had been left there, and Frigga, either due to pity as she was blind, or they sensed something about her, had been spared.

Granted when she came out of the shadows into the dim lighting, he swore again.

“What happened to you?” Kíli asked in surprise. Kara rolled her eyes and flinched.

“Long story.”

“Well lass, we’ve got plenty of time in the world, might as well tell it.” Bofur’s voice echoed.

“Is Freya with you?” They then heard Billa’s voice echo and the expression on Kara’s face was an answer enough.

“No…she’s not.” Fíli finally managed to say, closing his eyes when they heard Billa sob and Thorin curse.

“She was in a tree is the last time I saw her. Next thing I know that bloody creature Gollum attacked us and tried to get Frigga…then the bloody elf came and knocked me out.”

“Gollum??? Gollum??” Kíli yelled out. “He’s still in the forest!?”

The hint of panic was there and then the yells began to echo. She frantically shook her head, trying to calm them. If the elves found out about Freya, it’d be good in the long run as they might go and look for her, but there was also the possibility that they would find her and be rid of another youngling. She hoped that the elves wouldn’t be so cruel, but some of their minds seemed to be as sick as the forest.

“No. The elves caught him too.” She replied. “He’s somewhere here.” There seemed to be a ripple of relief, but as Thorin looked over at Billa, he could see she wasn’t any less worried.
Because their youngest was out there...lost in the woods.

Lost in essentially her tomb.

Korlyn glanced at the little girl who was sniffling, wiping her eyes. Well...bath time had ended badly. She wanted her mother and father. Begged for them repeatedly. But...she had no choice. Orders were orders.

It had taken her ages to find a nightgown that could fit little Frigga, and the general calmness of the girl had diminished again. Now the girl was on a threshold from either having a crying fit or passing out.

“Come along Frigga.” She said softly.

“I wan Mama...” She muttered, sniffling loudly. Korlyn frowned sadly, but didn’t reply. She looked up as she advanced towards her and her brother’s rooms and saw both Korin and Koriat just about to enter. They had all relied on one another after their parent’s death. Korin and Koriat had been her protectors as they aged, allowing her to explore but within the close proximity. In some ways she pitied the girl. She was now alone.

“Come along. Let’s get you into bed.”

“I wan Mama!!” Frigga demanded loudly, tears gathering in her eyes.

“Frigga.” Korlyn began but the girl began to cry loudly. Koriat walked over to the girl and gingerly picked her up. The little girl just began to bawl into his shoulder as the large elf walked into the room.

“Figures.” Korin grumbled. “Koriat always had a soft spot for younglings.”

“Sssh!!” Korlyn hissed as they peered inside to see their elder brother rocking the tiny girl as she sobbed and sobbed. Slowly her sobbing again diminished and the two other elves could see she was falling asleep, clinging to Koriat.

“Fre...ya...” She murmured quietly, her voice muffled. The three siblings looked at one another.

“...What’s a Freya?”

Freya was still sobbing loudly when she heard rustling in the leaves. She spun around scrambling backwards until her back hit a tree. She shook violently, as the rustling grew louder and louder until finally-

A puppy plopped out of the bushes and into the destroyed campground. She blinked several times as the puppy sat up and shook itself, trying to free itself from leaves and burrs. It was a strange looking puppy to say the least. She had seen Farmer Maggot’s dogs before and still this puppy looked weird. This puppy was larger than any puppy she had met, as instead of being just a bit smaller than her, this puppy was about her height and judging by the size of its paws, was only going to get larger as he grew. His ears were pointed, though one folded. His fur wasn’t smooth, but it looked thick and coarse, a busy tail at the end. It was pure white except for his one ear that matched his back paw. Amber eyes blinked curiously as she sniffled, wiping her eyes.

He walked up to her and she stiffened as he sniffed her foot, before licking the bottom of it. She blinked, relaxing slightly as the puppy woofed and clamored onto her, his tail wagging quickly.
Maybe he was just as alone as she was and had been desperate for companionship.

“Puppy…” She sniffled, patting the coarse fur. It settled on her legs and she hugged it tightly. After a little bit she calmed down, and when she moved away, the puppy licked her face dry.

She gave a tired giggle.

“Need a name.” She commented as she kept petting the fur. The puppy huffed, looking at her. She thought of any names that fit him. He didn’t look like a normal puppy, so a normal puppy name wouldn’t be good.

She tried to think of any name that sounded remotely dwarvish, and stared as the puppy began to gnaw on a nearby rock. Then she remembered a word from one of Balin’s lessons.

“Haldor?” She said and the puppy perked up. She gave a teary smile, wiping her face as the puppy yipped and ran over to her, tripping and plopping onto her. She giggled as the puppy began to lick her face clean of tears; it’s entire body wiggling with delight at not being afraid of him. She nuzzled him, sniffling lightly.

“We need to find Adad and Amad.” She whimpered, standing as she wiped her face. She turned and began to walk, Haldor following. After a little while, she paused mid-step, spotting a beautiful tall woman standing in front of her. She had a wispy look to her, her long blonde hair flowing in a wind that didn’t seem to be affecting Freya’s wild hair. Her ears were pointed and she had a gentle expression, one that seemed motherly. Haldor growled, his haunches stiffening and the tuft of fur on his back rising.

Yet she smiled at the pair and beckoned to them.

Freya hesitated. She wasn’t supposed to talk to strangers.

The woman beckoned again.

But she would rather deal with this woman than the outside world. It was nearly dark and the noises in the forest were beginning to scare her more. She beckoned to Haldor who hesitantly followed her. The woman continued walking away, only slowing when the little girl hesitated. She looked back at Freya and the little girl blinked as the woman turned and continued walking.

“Wait!” She pleaded rushing after her, Haldor at her heels. She followed the tall woman, though she seemed to never be able to catch up to her fully. She was like a flickering candle. One second Freya was just about to reach her hand, the next she was a few steps ahead.

Finally Freya entered a clearing and she saw a flowing river with an opening to a cave. The lady seemed to glide down the hill and Freya tumbled after her, stones and pebbles scattering under her feet, dirt smearing on her face, cheeks, hands and knees. Haldor followed, and soon they were at a big door. The woman pointed at the door but made no motion to move it. Freya blinked and looked back at the door.

“Open.”

Suddenly the door slid open, causing Freya to squeak and nearly topple over Haldor. She peeked up over to the woman, but saw she was pointing towards the entrance.

“Enter…but remain hidden.”

“Um…thank you?” Freya said politely, but the woman stared at her with a vague look, her form
The darkness has spread. It has crawled into the cracks of these walls, into the shadows of the halls. It fears the light however. For the light can open up a path and a way. Do they…do they have the light that can vanquish this darkness?

Chapter End Notes

um...I'm back??? XD

Sorry this took so long to finish. Got to love homework and work coming in and colliding.

So something is affecting Thranduil. Wonder what it is.

Also, intro to Haldor!! The name Haldor is the Old Norse name Hallþórr, which meant "Thor's rock" from hallr "rock" combined with the name of the Norse god Þór.

Also, no, Frigga doesn't have a sense. It is just believed when it comes to spirits, that young children are more prone to sensing/seeing such things. Which she is.
Ori flinched as he shifted his hand. Hissing slightly he looked at the bruised knuckle. He had smashed it against a tree, and *NOW* it chose to start smarting.

“*You alright?*”

Ori looked up and blushed slightly as Dwalin glanced over from the bunk he had taken.

“*M’fine.*” He muttered, rubbing his injured knuckle. He winced again.

“No yer not.” Dwalin remarked, sitting up and going over to him.

“It’s fine really. Just…just bruised.” Ori stated hurriedly, trying to evade Dwalin, but the older dwarf grabbed his hand gently, observing it.

“It doesn’t look like it’s just bruised.” Dwalin remarked but the younger dwarf kept his mouth shut, now flustered. As it was, his heart was already threatening to break its way out of his chest.

“Hmmmm…can you move your fingers?”

Ori did so, swallowing roughly.

“All right so it’s probably bruised to the bone. Nothing broken thankfully.” Dwalin replied easily and Ori nodded, staring at him before quickly glancing away as Dwalin looked and walked away. Ori was much too flustered to see the older dwarf glance at him before settling on the stone bed.

*Mahal kill him.*

“How did you manage to find a dress that actually fit her?”

“I had to find a doll’s dress.”

“A doll…*Korin!!*”

“You said to find a dress that fit her! Well unfortunately, the only thing that she could wear for a living elf was something made for an infant. And those are covered in dust.” Korin hissed at his little sister. “At least the doll dress is long enough and fits her.”

“*Ow!*”

“…sort of.” Korin amended as Frigga fell forward, tripping over the long skirt. She wasn’t used to this. Hobbit clothes always had shorter skirts so feet didn’t get caught up in the lace. This was…it was too long, and the fabric was really smooth feeling. Korlyn sighed as Koriat walked forward and helped the little girl up. She clung to his large hand, insistent on walking, but terrified to walk ahead. She could see clearly through the vibrations echoing through the stone, but even that confused her. The layout was so strange. Not like a smial at all.

“Why does the king even want to see her again?” Korin asked. Korlyn shrugged.
“He just said he wished to see her.”

“Not like she can do anything…”

“Korin!”

“Okay, what do you think she’s able to do? She can’t exactly read to him poetry. Even if she could read!”

Korlyn sighed in aggravation, rubbing the brow of her nose.

“Tauriel wasn’t happy.” Korin remarked finally, changing the subject and Korlyn glanced at him. “She wanted to know the whereabouts of her, and if she was being treated properly.”

“Of course she is. We’re not heartless.”

“Quehel had her nervous.”

Korlyn didn’t argue with that logic. Still…if the redheaded elf had any trust with her race, she would have known-

Then again, why would she have trusted them? They had taken her from the path to her new home and had separated her from her husband…Korlyn sighed.

Tauriel had no reason to trust them at that point.

When they finally made it, Koriat and Korin stopped at the entrance, guarding the door. Korlyn took the little girl’s hand and walked her in.

“Your highness.”

The elf king, stood, his back turned to them, looking at the pair…well mainly looking at Frigga, who was standing there, staring blankly ahead of her. Thranduil walked down the steps of his throne, his gaze planted firmly on the little girl. Korlyn backed away, her head bowed.

“So you are the offspring of Thorin Oakenshield, King of Erebor.”

“Yessir.” She replied, finally looking into his direction. Thranduil circled her.

“The eldest?”

“Yessir.”

“The only?”

Frigga didn’t respond, hesitating for a moment.

“Are there more than one?”

“Say no.”

She nearly jumped at the voice but then blinked.

“No.” She finally replied. She looked towards where his voice last was, when silence greeted her.

“Such a strange child. I sense you are not a dwarf…but not anything else either. What are you, Winë?”
“I told you I’m Frigga.” The girl hotly replied, sitting down. He was silent, before turning.

“Elithein…”

“Elithein…” Frigga murmured and Thranduil froze. “Whose Elithein?”

Korlyn gasped under her breath, her eyes wide with fear, as she looked at the king’s back, stiff as a board and shaking ever so slightly. The little girl seemed to sense this and just looked in the direction of the king, her hands pressed against the stone as though it spoke what couldn’t be seen.

She was beginning to wonder if it did and the child could hear it.

“What…did you say?”

“Elithein.” The little girl said, and Thranduil flinched as though he had been struck.

“She is a danger. She will hurt you…”

“Korlyn.” He murmured and the elven woman hurriedly scooped up Frigga and without so much as a curtsy rushed out. Her brothers looked at her in confusion, glancing in as the doors began to shut.

They watched Thranduil slowly grabbed a bottle of wine and then with great force threw it against the nearby wall, shattering it into pieces. They gaped as the door finally closed.

“What in Eru just happened?” Korin asked and his older brother shrugged, confused. Meanwhile Thranduil stared at the liquid dripping off of the rocks.

“My king…my love…”

“Thranduil, have you ever thought about smiling? With your looks, you would make kingdoms tremble if you just smiled.”

“Don’t…forget…me…”

“The girl will be the end of you.”

Thranduil gritted his teeth in anger, his expression darkening as a shadow flitted alongside the stone escaping the room with the stale wind.

“…don’t understand…reason…”

Fíli turned to look at Kara, opening his mouth to ask what she was going on about when he realized she wasn’t talking. Her lips weren’t even moving.

He blinked several times, cocking his head to the side. Kara continued playing with a leather band, looking at the detail as she had been doing for the past few days that they had remained there.

“Can’t really imagine what I’m gonna do with this…” He heard again.

“How are you doing that?” He finally asked and she looked at him.

“Doing what? This?” She asked, lifting up the strand of braided leather. “Well it’s pretty simple really, all you need is a few strips of leather, dyed the way you want it and then-”

“I know how to do that.” Fíli replied and his brother looked at him strangely. “I mean how are you talking without moving your mouth?”
“….uh….” Kara began glancing at Kíli in confusion. “Was I?”

“No…you weren’t.” Kíli replied, looking at his older brother. “Fee, she hasn’t said a word in hours.”

“…I could have sworn I heard you complaining that you didn’t know what to do with that.” He remarked and this time she seemed startled.

“How in Mahal’s name did you know that?” She asked.

“I told you I heard…”

“I never said that though.” She reminded him. “I thought it, but I never said it.”

“Okay…what is going on? I’ve only joked about you reading my mind, not literally.” Kíli remarked.

“What’s going on down there lads?” Balin’s voice echoed and Kara looked at Fíli, clearly befuddled.

“Fee just read Kara’s mind. And I don’t mean figuratively.” Kíli added. There was silence for a moment.

“Interesting. Has this happened before?”

“No, I think I would have-” Kara began but then stopped, thinking about it. She glanced Fíli, clearly confused now. “Well one time in Rivendell I thought you had said something about me being beautiful…but I just thought I had imposed a word from the book I was reading out loud. Or that you had spoken it.” She added quickly with a blush.

“Hhhmmmm…”

“Shakt Zailu?” Bombur offered up in question.

“Shakt Zailu?” Fíli called out. Bofur laughed.

“It’s something Ma would always tell Bombur and me.”

“That’s right!” Bombur exclaimed. “Legend goes is that on of the Seven Dwarf Lords was so connected to his One that they could communicate with one another through thoughts. They say it was because Mahal formed such perfect forms of the two that they shared kindred minds. Rare though. Mahal has to have formed them to be perfect halves of one another.”

Fíli glanced at Kara who seemed absolutely stunned. He looked at Kíli and without a word, the younger brother turned and went to the bunk to try and give his brother a resemblance of privacy.

“Have you ever heard of this?”

“No!” She exclaimed with a huff. “I mean, I don’t think so.”

“Didn’t your parents have something like that?”

“I thought my grandmother was being cute!!” She whined, rubbing her face. “I didn’t think it actually happened or was an actual real thing!”

“She might have been.” Fíli conceded. “I can’t imagine that that was something anyone would tell the world about.”

“…So what are we going to do?”
“Do you want an honest answer or an answer that will calm your nerves?” He asked and she glared at him. He gave a slight shrug.

“I don’t know to be honest.” He replied, gently squeezing her hand. She gulped, looking at him.

“If you don’t want this, I can completely-”


“Others will.”

“They will not question something that Mahal himself created if the legend is true.” Fíli countered. Kara bit her lip, concern still evident. It was one thing when the courting had begun…but she had no thoughts of it being easy. But this…this might make things harder for him.

And yet…

She sighed, running her hand through her hair.

“Where do you get such patience for strange things?”

He snorted.

“You have Kíli for a brother, it’s hard not to learn patience.”

“Granted this won’t matter much if we don’t get out of here.” Kíli called out and the other two looked at him. He was right.

It would take a miracle to get out.

---

“He must be saved, Little One.”

Frigga looked up and was startled to see a woman standing in front of her. She was tall, beautiful as she was frightening. Gentle, as she was fierce. She was tall and thin, barely any curves, with long blond hair that fluttered in wind. Her eyes were dark, the white reflection making them look as though they were starlight. She was wearing a long flowing gown that seemed weightless. Frigga looked at her uneasily.

“What?”

“He cries out in the darkness…can you hear him?” The woman asked but Frigga shook her head.

“Mista Elron said no-”

A cry of anguish rose from the shadows, startling Frigga. She bit her lip, unsure on what to do. She didn’t recognize that voice, but it felt and sounded so sad, as though one’s heart had been torn out and ripped to shreds. She hesitated, unsure on what she was going to do. How could she help someone so anguished?

“Please…save him…”

Frigga watched her, before walking forwards, towards the keening cries, towards the chocked sobs, the screams. She didn’t know how it could happen, but it became darker…colder. Only her own glow lit the path.
She looked around, and spotted a tall man, hunched over a limp form. A river of red flowed from them, as the man curled up to the woman, sobbing. A shadowed figure stood above the pair, whispering and laughing at the pair’s misery. She took a step forward and the figure looked up.

“She has arrived. The one who brings nothing but suffering. Don’t you want me to take that suffering away?”

“Please… enough. Leave me.”

“She will not. She brings those memories of your beloved to your mind. Her smile, her laugh. Her death.”

“Leave him alone. He’s hurting!” Frigga cried out as the tall man shrunk further with each word the shadowed person hissed. She rushed forward and the figure turned as she stood in front of the man and the unconscious woman. The shadowed figure stared at her and then snarled.

“You will not interfere!!” It hissed and sprang towards her.

In the darkness, Frigga screamed.

“Frigga!!” Freya called out as she awoke from her nap. Haldor woke up startled and then seemed to glare at the girl. They had been hiding for days now, only escaping to try and find food. It had been Haldor’s job to remember how to get back, Freya holding the scraps of food that the strange woman had led them to. It had been an interesting few days of exploring.

“Sorry…” She muttered sheepishly, rubbing her head. She could have sworn she had heard Frigga screaming in her dreams. Maybe she was in trouble.

But still…it’s not like she knew where to go…

Suddenly she spotted the shiny woman float past her hiding spot, staring blankly ahead. She jumped up and toddled out, nearly falling over the blanket. She peeked outside and once sure that there was no one out there followed. She had had a couple of close calls, and had it not been for the shiny woman, she likely wouldn’t have escaped.

So she had learned to trust the lady at all costs.

So she toddled quickly after her shining protector, Haldor close behind. They scampered down the stairs, never able to completely catch up to the woman and they ended up where they normally did; the kitchen. However unlike last time, the woman didn’t gesture to scraps of food, instead pointed to a wall with a hook on it. And resting on that hook, was a set of keys.

“Take the keys.”

The keys?

Freya blinked and cocked her head to the side, hesitating for only a moment before toddling forward quietly and quickly as possible.

…The hook might as well have been made for giants.

Even on her tippy toes, and even her stretching as far as she could, she couldn’t get really far, and the idea of her grabbing the keys off the hook was almost…laughable. She hopped, leaped, and swung, trying to grab the keys to little or no avail. Oh if only there was a broom! She could easily loop it! It
would be easier than grabbing an ap-

As though a candle was struck, the idea appeared in her mind and she hurriedly looked around. Finally she spotted what she was looking for. A long pole!

She rushed over to it, but grunted in surprise when she tried to pick it up at how heavy it was and the difference in length to the broom back at Bagend. However, she didn’t have many options and she didn’t know if any bad people would show up. Struggling with the weight she hurried over, stumbling once or twice as she aimed the pole, remembering what Hamfast had shown her to get fruit. It was one of the few memories she kept stored away, proud of her achievement.

After moving the pole into what she hoped was the right position, she let it drop. The pole fell forward…and missed.

Pouting she tried again, missing again.

And again.

And again.

Finally in near tears she threw it and by some miracle it smacked the keys hard enough to send them flying. She scrambled backwards trying to catch it. With a delighted squeal her tiny fingers circled the ringlet, but she smashed into something hard as she did so. That something made a creaking sound and then something fell. She turned to see a barrel rolling…or rather bouncing across the stone steps and as it landed onto the ground and smashed into another barrel shattering both, and a dark red liquid that smelt like those bottles in her mother’s pantry all the way in the back flooded out, covering the ground in a dark red lake. It splashed across her feet and skirt and she wrinkled her nose.

It smelt like juice gone bad, and if her memory served her, bad juice made her tummy do somersaults.

“What was that?”

She looked up and in a panic saw the lady was gone. She grabbed the keys and scampered up the steps as she heard footsteps coming down. Haldor tugged on her shirt and she let him lead, wondering where exactly he was taking her.

“Are you alright?”

Kara jerked slightly in surprise and then sighed.

“This is going to take some getting used to…” Kara replied and she heard Fíli chuckle slightly.

“No kidding.”

“But don’t worry, I’m fine.” She responded and he grinned. His younger brother glared.

“I’m going to hate this aren’t I? Now I can’t even make fun of you two being love filled dorks.”

“Well there’s definitely a plus in that.”

Kíli grumbled, clearly pouting. It was clear the brothers were trying to keep the mood light, but the
worry was palpable. No one liked the fact that the two youngest of the group were gone from their vision. And Billa’s crying that could occasionally be heard was not helping. And Kíli wasn’t sleeping because of his worry for Tauriel. In all likelihood, he probably wished he had this ‘ability’ to talk to his One.

“They’ll be alright. All of them.” Kara said gently and Fíli shifted. Kara was quiet, considering. Thranduil…Kíli had been right. Something was definitely off with him. She hadn’t ever met the elven king, as he had left before she had gotten to Erebor, but with what had been described, and compared to the brief moment she had saw him before he had other things to attend to, he looked haggard now, as though something was weighing down on him, mind, body, and soul.

Begging the question as to what, she had no clue, and likely would not have the answer.

Hopefully Gandalf would return from whatever he had needed to talk to Radagast about, or Thorin was likely to break down-

A bark startled the three dwarves and they looked to the opening to see a rather large puppy. The brother’s stiffened.

“That’s a warg pup.” Kíli whispered as Kara went over to it. She cocked her head to the side.

“No…it’s not big enough to be a warg pup.” Kara remarked. “Besides, I can see some wolf in him.”

“Still…it’s strange.”

“Lads, no offense, but who really cares?” Dwalin called out angrily.

“Oh come on, aren’t you curious…I mean how could a pup get into the tree-shagger’s kingdom. Thranduil must be slipping more than we-”

“Haldor…?”

Glóin instantly went quiet and all of them went still at the barest of whispered sounds.

“Haaalllllllloooorrrrr…” the voice came again, whispering a bit louder.

The puppy’s ears flicked and looked over to its’ side where some stairs were, giving a short bark. Kara barely managed to stifle her cry, though Fíli and Kíli were not as quiet, as Freya’s head poked out from the top step, observing the hallway before quietly as possible climbing the step. She was covered in muck, leaves and other things that clung to her, her clothing was soaked, looked tired as hell, had tear tracks crawling down dirty cheeks, but overall, the little girl looked fine.

“Freya!!”

There was rapid movement and the echoing sounds of the other dwarrows hitting their cell doors to see if what Kara had just exclaimed was true. The sobbing sound she heard from Billa nearly broke her heart, so she focused on the little girl.

“Oh Freya, thank Mahal. Are you alright? Wh-Why do you smell like wine??” Kara exclaimed. Freya’s expression furrowed and her nose scrunched up in confusion.

“That bad gwape juice?”

Well to a two year old, wine just being really bad grape juice made sense, Kara mused, almost laughing. But there was no time for laughter.
“Yes that. You didn’t drink any did you?”

“Nu-uh…it smelled funny. I just…I bumped into cwates and broke a few boddles… Adad’s not mad is he?”

Thorin Oakenshield mad because his daughter broke wine bottles that belonged to elves? Especially wine that belonged to Thranduil?

All three chanced a glance and he looked like he was about to dance around with pride.

“No, darling.”

“Where’s Sissy…she was scweamin in my head when I took a nap.” Freya asked and Kara swallowed hard.

“We don’t know.” Fili managed, clearly disturbed by Freya’s exclamation. “We’ll find her. We promise. But right now we’re locked in here.”

“You need to find the-” Kara began before she watched the little girl pull out the keys from under her blouse. “Keys…”

“Deys?”

“How in Mahal’s name?” Dwalin called out and the little girl looked up beaming.

“Dey were what I was gettin when I crashed into da box.” She muttered, flushing, but Kara grinned.

Oh this girl was something else.

She stretched and began to try each key to unlock Kara’s cell door. Finally she did and Kara stepped out, pulling the keys out as she did this. She picked up Freya, who curled up into the older woman.

“You’ve done such a good job.” Kara said softly, but the little girl curled up more to her.

“I want Amad and Adad.”

It was such a broken whisper, something so uncharacteristic of the little girl, that it twisted the dwarrowdam’s heart. They were adults, and had at least for the majority had known what was going on and where each other were. Freya and Frigga hadn’t.

She’d have been terrified and wanting her kin too if it had been her.

“I know you do.” Kara soothed softly. “Come on, let’s get you to them.”

Freya sniffled.

“Come on Sweetheart. Let’s get everyone out ok?”

She nodded and with the brothers they hurried up the stairs to free the rest of the party.
Shakt Zailu- Kindred minds

So after much deliberation...I decided to add this little tidbit. Fíli doesn't really get that much love in the movies...thought he should get something special out of the deal. And Freya just destroyed a butt load of wine. Uh-oh XD
“We need to find her!”

“Kíli, we can’t abandon Frigga.”

“I never said we would abandon Frigga!!” Kíli snapped, whirling around in anger. “But Tauriel-”

“Is a grown woman.” Thorin responded. “Frigga is a child.”

“Someone they wouldn’t hurt! Tauriel abandoned and betrayed them in their eyes!!”

Freya watched as her family argued amongst themselves, nibbling on a piece of stale bread as Haldor yawned. They had been doing this they got out. It was lucky that no elf had come down yet. She frowned glancing at Haldor. The puppy yawned but then looked up. Freya did the same, a piece of bread in her mouth. She blinked and then stood and with that, the pair took off up the steps.

“Freya?!” Billa called out racing after her daughter before any dwarf had turned. The little girl didn’t respond or offer an excuse and the company followed her as she ran as quickly as her short legs could take her.

“What did she even see?” Bofur asked as Freya scampered around the corner.

“I don’t know!”

Finally when they reached the corner they spotted her looking up at a large door, ornate in design. Billa rushed over.

“Freya Baggins!” She scolded. “What were you thinking?! Running off like that, you could have-”

“Bu the preedy lady said so.”

“Pretty lady?”

“Yeah!!” the little girl chirped, “She’s a really preedy lady! She never speak doh.” Freya continued. Billa looked at Thorin and the others. There hadn’t been a pretty lady.

“Where is she now?”

“She wen in der.” She replied, pointing at the door. Kíli looked up, taking a step forward.

“Kíli, don’t!”

“What if Tauriel is in there?”

“Freya would have recognized Tauriel if it was her!”

“But what if she was just led-”

Freya, having enough wiggled out of her mother’s grip. The pretty lady had shown her to go there and she had never been wrong before. She began to push on the door. Surprisingly it opened with
ease and the little girl fell forward, landing on her stomach with a thump.

“Freya!”

“…Mistress Baggins?”

The voice was soft, tired as though there had been no sleep for the owner of the voice. Billa looked up.

“Tauriel?” Billa called out in shock as the elf maiden stepped out from the shadows. She looked exhausted, wearing an elven maternal dress. Her demeanor brightened considerably at the sight of the she-hobbit and she smiled as Freya hurried over, wrapping her tiny arms around Tauriel’s leg. She opened her mouth for a moment, but stopped when she spotted Kíli.

The dwarf’s demeanor changed, his eyes glittering in the flickering lights. The look of relief was blatant on his face, and truthfully no one could really blame him. Other than being tired, she looked unharmed.

“Tauriel…”

“Kíli!!”

The joyous whisper caused the dwarf prince’s stance to relax and caught the she-elf mid-run. She was on her knees in seconds, clutching him tightly, burying her face into his neck.

“Tauriel.” Kíli whispered, pressing his face into the crook of her neck. She let out a soft sound, gripping him tightly. “Are you alright? And the babe? Did they hurt either of you?”

“No, Mela en’ coiamin.” She whispered, nuzzling him. “We are both fine.”

“Oh thank Mahal.” He whispered.

Kara smiled watching the reunion.

“Lass, how did you know she was here?” Bofur asked

“I told you. The preedy lady!” Freya chirped happily beaming. Haldor suddenly began to growl, and then barking.

“Oh shut up you four legged mutt.” Dwalin snapped. “You’ll alert the entire place!!”

Haldor didn’t heed the command, growling as the fur on his neck began to stick up.

“Haldor?” Freya called out in question, before looking up and following the puppy’s example and growling, clutching Billa’s neck.

“I swear to Eru, if I hear one more complaint, I think I’m gonna-”

The elf walking down the stairs didn’t have much time other than yelp before Dwalin, Bombur, and Fíli had tackled him to the ground.

“Get ‘im Unca Dwalin!!” Freya chirped, wiggling around in Billa’s arms. Despite the situation, Billa glared at Thorin as though to say that Freya’s behavior was his fault. Thorin didn’t even pretend to act ashamed.

“Stop struggling tree-shagger!!” Dwalin snapped, “or I’ll break that scrawny neck of yours!!”
The elf glared angrily at the dwarf, dark hair flying as he exhaled loudly, but went still. Tauriel stared at the elf, almost stunned. The elf glared at her.

“Korin, you can’t blame me for this!” She snapped. “I did nothing. Thranduil-”

There were more footsteps and a grunt. They looked up to see another elf standing on the stairs an arrow aimed at them.

“Ah shit.”

“Koriat, wait stop!!” Tauriel begged. “Please, wait! We aren’t going to hurt your brother!”

The elf stared at her, but his stance didn’t waver.

“Koriat, talk to me!” She begged.

“He…can’t…”

Tauriel turned to look at Korin who had managed to shrug off Bofur’s hand.

“When the orcs were attacking the dwarves at the river, Koriat was injured by one. He survived, but his throat was injured. He can’t speak.”

Tauriel blinked and then looked back at Koriat.

“Koriat…we aren’t here to hurt you, or any of the elves in Mirkwood. You have to believe that.”

The elf was silent, staring at her and then at his brother.

“Master Dwalin, release Korin.”

“So the tree-shagger can go running and alerting everyone? I don’t think so.”

“Dwalin.” Thorin called out in warning.

“You can’t be serious!”

“Just do it.”

Reluctantly the Captain of the Guard relented and released Korin who shrugged away, rubbing the back of his neck.

“…where is my daughter?”

“In her arms, if you haven’t noticed.” Korin snapped, gesturing to Billa and Freya.

“That is not Frigga. Where is she?” Thorin asked again, his voice heavier.

“There are two?”

“No we’re just holding a doll, OF COURSE THERE’S TWO!” Nori snapped. “Where’s Frigga??”

“How should we know? Korlyn’s in charge of watching over her.” Korin responded. “Usually they just visit the king for a little bit and then they wander around.”

“Thranduil…” Thorin growled, before turning and heading down the steps. “If he’s so much as harmed a single hair on her head-”
“She knew The Queen’s name.”

Thorin paused as Tauriel looked at them in shock.

“Lady Elithein?” Tauriel stammered. “But…she couldn’t know.”

“Well she did. The King was as shocked as everyone else was. Smashed a wine bottle after Frigga left because of it. I think that’s the most emotion we’ve seen from the king lately since the prince left.”

“Korin, what has happened here?”

“Yes, we’re all wondering that, aren’t we?”

Everyone looked up and saw Legolas standing above them, staring down at them.

“And I’d like some answers as well.”

Frigga screamed, scrambling away as the shadow leapt at her, snarling loudly. She looked behind her shoulder at the despondent king, staring at the form that lay crumpled in his arms.

“He will not awaken. Not for you. Here he is safe, here he has no pain.”

“But here he isn’t happy!!” She yelled back, avoiding the claws. She let out a yelp when it backhanded her and she tumbled backwards, clutching her cheek. It felt like it was on fire. Sniffling she looked up as the creature growled at her before beginning to walk back towards the elf. Frigga stood and hurried over, planting herself between it and Thranduil.

“Go away, you big meanie!!” She yelled out. Thranduil’s gaze finally moved away from the body to stare at her, stunned. She barely rose to above his knees. And yet she stood in front of him as though she were a shield, capable of stopping the mightiest of blows.

“Bow before me, runt.”

Frigga stood her ground, glaring at the man as blood dripped down from the cut on her cheek, her arms outstretched. A child that could not be swayed by the howls of the voice in his mind.

“I do not know what you would expect A’maelamin.” He heard his wife’s voice echo, laughter tinkling like the softest of bells in the caverns. “No matter how much the wind howls, or the trees creek, a mountain cannot bow. So too shall the dwarves not bow to your words.”

“DIE YOU RUNT!!”

Frigga closed her eyes, ready to take a blow.

“NO!!”

A scream tore through the darkness and a roar of anger echoed soon after. Frigga looked up in surprise, blinking at the reflection from the blade was held flush in front of her shook with the exertion of pushing back the shadowed monster. She looked behind her to see Thranduil had finally torn himself away from the prone body, withdrawing his blade and rushed to her aid.

“What are you doing?!”
“No more innocents shall die, not again.” Thranduil responded, his voice strong, stronger than Frigga had heard from him in the few times she had heard him.

She watched as he straightened, his hold of his blade never diminishing. She saw cracks beginning to grow in the darkness and she looked back at the king, his own face darkening in anger.

“You say she will harm me? You say she will bring ruin upon my kingdom?” Thranduil snarled and the creature began to snarl, but it sounded weaker, frightened. Frigga glanced at the body and saw it was slowly dissipating, more cracks spreading around in shapes similar to those she had felt on eggshells.

“You say it is she that will lead to my ruin, but it is not her that will lead to my destruction.”

“You know not what you are talking about!”

“I do, though I have for so long denied it!” He continued, his voice growing stronger, the creature shrinking in stature. “I will not allow my denial to continue!”

“Thranduil!”

“ENOUGH!”

There was a blinding light and Frigga covered her eyes with a shriek as the roaring of the monster turned to squeals, vanishing into the light.

Korlyn yawned as she walked towards Frigga’s room. It had been a long night, so she needed to wake up Frigga and get her ready again. She didn’t understand what the king’s interest in her was. She was just a small girl. What danger could she even pose for-

She froze as she opened the door.

“Quehel!?” She screamed and the blond elf froze, the blade inches from Frigga’s throat. The elf jumped a bit, moving away and Korlyn raced forward grabbing the little girl, scrambling back as the captain of the guard calmly got off the bed.

“Give me the girl, Korlyn.”

“No!! What were you doing to her!?”

“Cleaning up a mistake.”

“The king-”

“The king has not moved off his throne since the night before, as though in a trance! And the only change is that runt in your arms!” Quehel snarled, taking a step towards her, which she returned, with a step back, her hold tightening on the sleeping girl. “Give me the runt, Korlyn.”

“You mean to kill her!”

“I mean to rid this world of a parasitic insect. Now GIVE…ME…THE…RUNT!!”

Korlyn turned and dashed out the room, slamming the door shut and hurriedly pushing the lock
closed and raced away, listening to the banging against the door. He’d get out she knew that. She just had to hope she was safe before then. She clung to Frigga, hurrying down the steps and around the corner, listening as the voice echoed through the halls.

Oh why wasn’t she waking up!?

She had practically raced to the throne room, ignoring the calls of other elves, and the girl hadn’t been stirred in the slightest. She was limp as a ragdoll; her small form bouncing slightly with each turn that Korlyn took. She panted, turning again, stopping when she saw she had reached the throne room.

“KORLYN!!”

She turned in a panic at the voice and then hurried inside the throne room, shutting the door as she panted loudly.

Other than the king, who sat slumped in his throne, the room was empty. Strange that there weren’t any guards, but by then Korlyn was beginning to suspect that Quehel had been to blame for that. She cradled Frigga, looking around for an escape route, with a sinking realization that there wasn’t any. Not unless she wanted to go into the King’s chambers, and even there to escape she wasn’t willing. Death would be the best outcome for intruding on those rooms.

Slowly she went to Thranduil. What Quehel had said was true.

The king hadn’t moved since she had previously seen him the day before, hadn’t change clothes, hadn’t even taken a bite or drink of his dinner that sat forlornly next to him, likely cold.

She swallowed. It was almost eerie.

The king had been acting strangely ever since that mission towards an ancient elven ruin, but this… this wasn’t normal. The king in a trance like state, Quehel trying to kill an innocent girl, nothing was making sense anymore!

She settled Frigga down on the ground, pushing hair strands back as she watched the sleeping girls’ face, her soft breaths as she remained asleep. The only thing she noticed was a slash mark on her cheek. Likely from Quehel, but why hadn’t she awoken-

She doors shuddered and she looked up hurrying to a standing position, guarding both Frigga and her king. She swallowed as the door forcibly opened and Quehel strode in, a dangerous glint in his eyes.

“Did you really think you could outrun me?!”

“You will not harm her, Quehel!”

“Korlyn, don’t be naïve and do as I say!”

“What did you do to the king?!”

“I did nothing!”

“Your words are nothing but venom from a snake!” She hissed out. “You mean to hurt an innocent child!”

“I am doing what is right for this kingdom!”
“What is right?! Murdering a child?? No, Quehel, that is not right!” She snapped. “What isn’t right is the fact that you being the only one other than the King to return from that trip to the ruins, you becoming captain after, the King becoming like this,” she gestured wildly behind her shoulder at the slumped king, “when he returned! You had a part in that, now WHAT…DID…YOU…DO?!”

Quehel snarled and smacked her across the face. She stumbled, only hurrying after him as he withdrew his blade, stalking towards Frigga. She leapt onto his back, clutching him tightly as he backpedaled, trying to throw her off as she clung to him. She yelped as he smashed her into the wall, her grip loosening a bit. He grabbed his arm and wrenched her free, backhanding her to try and get back to where Frigga was. Korlyn clung to his arm.

She wouldn’t…she wouldn’t let this monster hurt them.

Either of them!

“You’re making a mistake, Korlyn!” He snapped looking at her bleeding face. She shook her head in defiance.

“No…I’m not. I’m righting a wrong.” She panted, clinging to him as she shoved him away, pulling out a dagger that she kept hidden in her sleeve. She prayed to the gods, to the trees, and to the stars. If she were to die this very moment…

Let her death be one that protected those she had sworn to protect.

Chapter End Notes

Mela en’ coiamin: Love of my life
My beloved = A’amaelamin

So lookie here, a chapter! XD no people I'm not giving up on this. I'm just busy in the real world with school, coming close to my graduation, and looking for a quote/unquote real job.
The walls around them could have broken away from them, and the group wouldn’t have noticed.

“Legolas?” Tauriel remarked quietly.

“I came to investigate after receiving word from my father that the roads through the forest were to be closed to any passerby.” Legolas explained as he walked down the steps. “What I didn’t expect was to come here to find these dwarves attacking my kin, worse still that my kin knowingly imprisoned a king.” Legolas continued, ignoring the insulted protests of the dwarves.

“Yeah, you and me both.”

“Korin, tell us what has happened to Mirkwood, my father, and our people.” Legolas ordered, turning to him. The younger elf seemed to hesitate; unsure of what to say that wouldn’t offend anyone before sighing.

“Everything started to go downhill after the Battle at the Lonely Mountain.” Korin began to explain as Legolas walked over to them. “After everything was settled there, the King and a small group of men went to Dol Guldur.”


“It wasn’t abandoned…at least not until recently.” Korin explained. “From what the rest of us have learned, a necromancer had made it his home, tainting it and further tainting the forest. King Thranduil wished to make sure and possibly finish what Gandalf the Grey, the Lady of Lórien, and Lord Elrond had started.”

Legolas looked stoic, only a slight tremor giving an indication of his feelings on the matter.

“I wasn’t there…but whatever happened, out of a group of 10…only the King and Quehel came back.”

“Ten?!” Tauriel snapped in surprise. “Out of ten, only two survived?”

“We don’t know if they were killed, captured, or merely left behind.” Korin admitted, “but yes, only two returned. After that, the King began to act strange. He was more aloof, snapped easier at his guards and subjects, and began to make seemingly trivial laws. Then Quehel began to administer those laws after he became Captain of the Guard and well…this all happened.”

“Since when was Quehel ever in line to become Captain?” Legolas asked. “After Tauriel was Rostedir, then Lumornion, and so forth. Quehel would have been at the bottom at least to become Captain of the Guard.”

“Rostedir and Lumornion never returned, and since Quehel ‘bravely fought to protect the King where other’s failed’ the King decided he should be Captain. Not Galadis.” Korin informed.

“What could have caused the King’s descent into this madness?”

“I don’t know…and honestly, considering how scary he can be lately with his outbursts…I don’t want to.”
Legolas glanced at the dwarves, his stomach turning in an unsettling manner at the expressions.

What was going on??

Korlyn yelped as she was thrown away from Quehel. The elf turned to look at her, his eyes glimmering with a madness she had never seen before. Huffing, she struggled to stand again, drawing her dagger in front of her.

“Korlyn. Stand. Aside.”

“Never!” She hissed out, panting. “I will never let you near the King or the child. I swear it!”

“THEN YOU WILL FALL!!!”

Korlyn barely managed to block, stumbling backwards as both daggers fought for dominance. She gritted her teeth.

“You would die for a blood defiled Halfling runt!!” Quehel snarled, shoving her backwards again. She dodged a blade, scrambling to right herself in front of the two unconscious persons. She yelped as he sliced her arm, and she glared at him, clutching her arm to try and stop the bleeding. “You would BETRAY your kin!?”

“You betray us Quehel! You betray more than that!!! You betray our kind!! Our very livelihood! You are a serpent in elf’s skin!!”

“SILENCE YOUR TONGUE YOU MISGOTTEN WEN-”

A barrier of air and a brilliant flash of light suddenly erupted from the throne sending the pair back a few steps, blinding them as well.

“What in Eru-”

Something grey appeared in front of Korlyn and she retreated a few steps.

It was…

“You…you’re Gandalf the Grey.” Quehel snarled.

“And you are lower than any slime I have seen crawling amongst this forest.” Gandalf remarked.

“You blasted old man!!”

Korlyn flinched at the jarring sound that echoed as Gandalf’s staff connected with Quehel’s arm. The elf shrieked, dropping his blade and clutching his wrist.

“I believe that will be alerting any nearby guards of this debacle. If your past noises did not do so already.” Gandalf remarked simply, before smashing the butt of the staff into the elf’s head, sending him flying across the room, almost falling off the ledge.

Gandalf then turned to the young elf-maiden, before glancing behind her. He walked up the steps bypassing Frigga, who remained out cold on the steps and faced the comatose king.

“It is a wonder why you would wear something from that place, Thranduil of Mirkwood. Memories of your father? Of the past?”
“What?” Korlyn asked, gasping as the aged wizard grabbed the King, seemingly by the throat, as guards came in. But before any could issue a threat or slay the wizard, he gave a vicious yank to a piece of cord wrapped around the elven king, tossing it behind him. A dark glass trinket bounced down each step, rolling on the ground as Gandalf followed it methodically.

“What…what is that?”

“A relic.” Gandalf explained simply, crushing it with the bottom of his staff into tiny pieces. “Tainted by the necromancer that dwelled in Dol Guldur. Now nothing more than broken shards. A memento, Thranduil?” He asked, before looking at the sputtering elf on the ground, surrounded by the guards. “Or a string in which a puppet is controlled, hm?”

“I did no such thing!!” Quehel snarled. “Arrest him!!”

“I’d like to see them try.”

The elves all hesitated and Gandalf smiled.

“Or shall we see who is to be the judge once your King awakens, hm?” He commented and Quehel glared.

“Yes, I believe that is what we shall do.” Gandalf remarked, walking over to where Frigga lay and sat next to her.

“Wait.”

Everything was bright. Frigga looked around, and spotted a slumped figure kneeling nearby. She toddled over to him, blinking. Thranduil was shaking, his breathing labored.

“You okay?” Frigga asked, blinking innocently as she placed a hand on his shoulder. He looked up, staring at her.

“She’s gone…Elithein is gone.”

“No she isn’t.”

“Child…”

“She here.” Frigga explained with a smile. He looked up at her, his normal stoic behavior gone, his eyes glistening, his expression pained. “Can’ you see?” He swallowed as she extended her hand to him, palm outstretched, a smile on her face as though she hadn’t just gone against the darkness that nearly killed her. Slowly, his fingers trembling ever so slightly, he took hold of her hand, and found strength hidden in the tiny fingers.

“Come on, I’ll show you.”

He stood, somehow standing straight with her next to him, unperturbed by the size difference. Then, with a slight tug they began to move forward, their steps echoing throughout the space. He glanced at the young girl, who stared straight ahead, her grip a constant presence. He looked up and froze, staring at the figure just ahead of them.

Her blonde hair, so light it seemed to shine like starlight, her frame delicate. Yet she was smiling, her eyes alight and a beautiful smile gracing her lips. Whole, alive, not broken and bloodied on the ground
“Elithein…”

“Melamin.” The woman cooed softly, raising delicate arms towards the pair. Frigga released Thranduil’s hand as the weary elf hurried to her to the woman, taking her into his arms. She chuckled as he clutched her. He kissed her, like a drowning man demanded air and she returned the kiss eagerly. When he moved slightly, she cupped his cheeks gently.

“Oh Melamin, why do you shed tears?” Elithein quietly said, pressing her forehead to his as he let out a shuddering breath.

“I lost you…those orcs and the dragon…I couldn’t…I didn’t.”

“I never left your side, Melamin.” She said softly. “I watched and waited, but you did not hear me. The forest grew sicker, and I weaker. You could not hear me anymore as the forest closed itself off from the world. If not for the youngling here…I fear I would have been lost to the shadows.” Thranduil turned, looking at the beaming girl.

“You must let go, Melamin.”

“I can’t…I can’t forget.”

“Let go, Beloved…not forget.” Elithein stated with a chuckle, brushing her fingers over his cheek. “I will never leave your side, but you must let go of this anger and grief…you are not well and in you not being well, your domain suffers.” She explained. He swallowed audibly, before looking back at Frigga. She lifted her hand again.

“Let’s go home.”

Going home, such a simple idea and yet the very thought terrified him. He looked back at Elithein who gave a bright smile. She gave a slight nod, and slowly, he walked back to Frigga. His hand was hesitant to let go of his wife, but with their arm extended he inhaled deeply.

And let go.

He looked back at his wife, watching her with her teary smile.

“Tell Legolas I have always loved him and will watch over him.” She whispered and he nodded slowly, before taking Frigga’s hand again. The little girl smiled and suddenly the world around them changed, speeding forward.

The light vanished, and they were in darkness for a moment, before trees, plants, fauna and flora whizzed past them. Then the forest surrounded them, then his kingdom.

And he was home.

The king stirred briefly.

At first Korlyn believed the twitch had been imagined, however Thranduil exhaled loudly, his shoulder slumping dramatically as though strings had been shorn and he was no longer in control. Then Frigga squirmed, stretching as she awoke from her deep slumber, rubbing her eyes.

Gandalf smiled gently, picking her up and brushing her hair back.
“Mama?” Frigga slurred, resulting in Gandalf chuckling.

“No, Little One,” he said gently, “but I am a friend.”

“Gandy…” She called out tiredly, and then frowned. “You late.”

“A wizard is never late, nor is he early, he arrives precisely when he means to.” He replied and the little girl gave a big yawn. Gandalf looked at Thranduil, who stiffly stood, his expression gaunt.

“I see you’ve returned to us, King Thranduil.”

“I…yes…” He stated, as though unsure of what had occurred. Frigga looked over in his direction, tugging on Gandalf’s beard lightly to be let down. When he relented she brushed the dirt off of her dress and went over in Thranduil’s direction. She gave a smile.

“You home.”

He was silent, before stepping off his throne and walking to the girl, kneeling in front of her.

“You protected me.”

“Mhm.” She responded, her eyes closed as she smiled, delicately taking his hand with her own, delicately playing with the fingers as though to memorize the lines, the scars. Everything.

“Why?”

“I dunno…” She replied innocently and he swallowed.

“You are a strange one, Elvellon.”

Gandalf made not a hint of surprise, though Korlyn gaped, her jaw dropping in shock at the name.

“Wha’s that?”

“You are a friend of the elves, little one.” He explained gently as Frigga blinked in surprise. Gandalf with that walked over, a slight smile on his face.

“I believe, Thranduil that we should hurry in releasing her family before such explanations are explained. No doubt Thorin is quite angry at the separation from his eldest.”

“Yes…” Thranduil remarked, with a characteristic dryness that seemed to lack any bite.

“May I inquire a moment first? Your Captain of the Guard is under the belief that it was young Mistress Frigga who bewitched you.”

“Does he now?”

“Your majesty, I can-”

“You shall need to be dealt with. Most severely.” Thranduil interrupted, glaring at Quehel who squirmed under his king’s gaze. Thranduil stood.

“Take him to the deepest part of the dungeons and make sure he is disarmed and unable to escape.” He ordered as Frigga blinked innocently. “Come along, Frigga…”

The little girl dutifully did so and Gandalf couldn’t help the laugh that bubbled out as he followed.
“We still need to find her.” Bofur stated. “No doubt the pointy eared git has her, but this place is basically impossible to tell which was is up and down. We barely made it out last time.”

“And what are we supposed to do about them?” Dwalin asked, glaring at Koriat and Korin. “We can’t trust them, I say.”

“We haven’t raised the alarm yet, so count your blessings.” Korin growled, instantly quailing under Dwalin’s look.

Footsteps echoed down the hall and everyone turned, panic on their features.

They weren’t prepared to fight, but if need be they would.

However, Freya perked up and stood, toddling to where her father was.

“Freya, stay-”

“FRIGGA!!”

“FRIGGA!!” The little girl’s shrill cry and bolting towards the opening had them all looking in the direction the youngest had run to, to see in fact the little girl turning a corner, her hand firmly planted on the stone wall for guidance. Frigga barely had time to look up before Freya had tackled her to the ground, clutching her with as much strength as she could muster.

“FRIGGA! FRIGGA!!” The little girl cried, nuzzling her older sister happily. Frigga giggled, returning the head nuzzle happily, before hearing other cries, familiar voices and then she was picked up by familiar hands and she returned the hug happily, nuzzling her father’s shoulder happily.

“Mizim…” Thorin whispered brokenly, relief filled in his voice.

“Oh Frigga, my baby.” Billa stated at the same time, sobbing in joy pulling her daughter close to her.

“Mama.”

Thorin let Billa hold their eldest daughter, watching as the she-hobbit began to make sure she was unharmed. He turned again, blinking in surprise to see Gandalf turning the corner as well.

“Gandalf.”

“Thorin Oakenshield. I am not surprised you and the rest of the company did not stay in your quarters.” He admitted good-naturedly. Thorin however was not in the mood.

“Where is Thranduil?” He growled out.

“I informed Thranduil that it would be best if he did not accompany us further to where Lady Tauriel was in case you were there.”


Thorin expected many things.

He did not expect Gandalf’s expression to turn serious.

“There is much to discuss, Thorin. Much to discuss.”

Thorin stared at the wizard, before looking at his daughter again, curled up in the safe arms of her
mother surrounded by his kin. He realized how exhausted she looked and swallowed, panic suddenly coming back.

What had happened to her?

Chapter End Notes

Phew!!! Got this chapter done.

Sorry guys, with finals and writer's block on this chapter, it was a bit of a hard one to follow! I basically got Thranduil and Frigga's part done quickly, the rest however I had massive issues with (and even now, I'm not sure I'm entirely satisfied with it, but I don't think I can make it any better XD).

Melamin
Elvellon
Legolas looked at his father as Thorin and Gandalf exited the chamber, his skin a tad greener than before. He looked at his father, who looked so world-weary and tired.

“Father, are you alright?”

“I am fine, Legolas.”

“But the necromancer-”

“No longer has a hold on me.”

Legolas withheld the long-suffering sigh as his father glided up the stairs to his throne. He sobered at his father’s expression.

“Lady Frigga banished the necromancer completely, did she not?” Legolas asked and his father nodded.

“And Gandalf the Grey destroyed the relic tying the leech to me.” Thranduil affirmed. “Still, I must begin to make preparations to protect the forests. We cannot have anything else worming its way in.”

“I understand.” Legolas replied.

“May I ask…what brought you back?”

“A messenger bird arrived at Rivendell sending out your proclamation that the pathway through the forest was barred from everyone. I believed something was wrong.”

“It had nothing to do with the fact Tauriel was traveling in this direction?” Thranduil asked. Legolas paused for a moment, thinking about the redheaded elf but it vanished quickly and this time, there was no flash of pain. He shook his head, proud that there was no ache at the thought.

“No, My King.” He answered honestly. Thranduil regarded him for a moment, before offering a nod.

“Then you will be returning to Rivendell then?”

“Yes.”

“I see. Vanya sulie, my son.”

“And to you.”

“Legolas…your mother loved you, and will always watch over you.” Thranduil commented softly as Legolas turned. His son turned to look back at him, stunned for a moment, before nodding. Thranduil watched as his son exited the throne room, listening to his fading steps, before sighing. He looked at his hand.

“I will never leave your side, but you must let go of this anger and grief…you are not well and in you not being well, your domain suffers.”
“Alright Elithein…let it be so.” He whispered and for a brief moment he could hear soft laughter in the breeze.

“Smelly!”

“Yes, you are smelly.” Billa stated, dumping a basin of water over Freya’s head. “Thank Eru the elves let us clean you off a little bit before we head out.” She commented, sighing softly. Frigga was curled up to Tauriel, resting her head on her legs, her eyes barely open, the warmth and comfort of a familiar body making her even more tired. Billa blinked, concerned.

Thorin, Gandalf, Balin and Thranduil had gone into the private quarters of the elf king to discuss something, something that had happened to Frigga. Though none would tell her what had happened, Gandalf had assured Billa that both girls were safe. Still, it did little to calm her unless the pair was in her eyesight. It would be quite some time, she knew, before she’d be willing to let them wander away from her again.

“Lady Baggins, are you alright?”

“I’m fine. I should be asking you. The elves didn’t hurt the babe did they?”

“No. We cherish the life of an infant above all else. She would have been safe regardless.”

“Oh that’s good. I-! Wait. She? The baby is a girl?”

“I think so. It’s just…something I feel.” Tauriel admitted with a smile. Billa returned it, her face positively beaming.

“Does Kíli know?”

“I don’t know…I haven’t told him yet.” She hummed softly, resting her hand over her stomach. “Like I said, it’s only a feeling.”

“A mother’s intuition is rarely wrong.” Billa replied easily, carding her fingers through Freya’s wet hair, working at the knots.

“I wonder what Thranduil wanted to talk to Thorin about.” Tauriel muttered softly.

“It will be a miracle if Thorin doesn’t kill Thranduil.” Billa admitted scrubbing a cloth over Freya’s cheeks. The little girl struggled a bit, before relenting. Finally after a little bit more cleaning, Billa lifted the girl out of the water before climbing out. They all dried off, pulling on clean clothes that had been left out for them. Haldor barked excitedly at seeing the four, jumping around Billa’s feet, trying to get to Freya. The little girl giggled, wiggling to try and get to him. Billa sighed.

“Your daughter has an infinity for animals.” Tauriel commented with a chuckle as Haldor plodded after them.

“Don’t remind me.” Billa replied with a groan.

“I think it will be adorable.” Tauriel replied with a smile and Billa offered a tiny smile. “If anything it will spice up Erebor.”

“I don’t know if we need anything to spice up Erebor more.” Billa groaned.

“Adad!!”
Billa and Tauriel looked over at Freya’s squeal, the former of the two smiling at the dwarf that was descending the stairs. He smiled as well, but it didn’t quite reach his eyes.

“We’ll be departing soon.”

“Thorin?”

“It’s nothing Billa.” He said gently, but the look in his eyes told her they would discuss it later. She swallowed before nodding. He directed the four towards the entrance of Mirkwood, the cacophony of the rest of the party growing louder with each step. It felt comforting to Billa as she turned the corner and spotted her friends standing there, still wary of the elves that were watching. She paused however when three elves walked towards them. She smiled warmly at them, ignoring Thorin stiffening next to him. Korlyn, Koriat, and Korin walked forward. Frigga perked up at their footsteps and smiled from Tauriel’s arms.

“Well got to say, it certainly was interesting with you around Frigga.”

“…Tanks?” Frigga remarked, confused at Korin’s remark, but smiled as Koriat ruffled her hair. Tauriel glanced at the trio and Korlyn smiled hesitantly.

“I hope you find happiness, Tauriel.” The young she-elf said softly, looking at the other dwarves. Tauriel smiled, before looking around.

“Where is Legolas?”

“The Young Prince is in a meeting with his father before he is to return to Rivendell.” Korlyn replied. “I do not think he will be able to say goodbye.”

“I see…tell him I wish him safe travels.”

“It shall be so, Tauriel. And to you, I hope you have safe travels.” The young she-elf said. Tauriel smiled and nodded. Korlyn looked at the others, before looking back at Frigga.

“Namaarie, Elvellon.” Korlyn remarked softly to the girl who smiled, shyly.

“Bye.”

“Buh-bye!” Freya chirped, waving from Billa’s arms, and the hobbit could not be any happier to be out of the woods. Hours later, she glanced at Thorin as he helped prepare the campground, hopefully one of the last camps.

“Thorin.”

“Yes?”

“We need to talk. About Mirkwood.” She stated softly, just low enough for him to hear. He looked up and then slowly nodded. The pair walked down a little way from the camp. She glanced at him, noting his stiff shoulders.

“Thorin, what happened?”

“Frigga dreamwalked into Thranduil’s dreams.” He muttered softly, and Billa gasped. “From what Thranduil said, the last parts of a necromancer had infiltrated his thoughts, and she intercepted its’ attempts to take him over.”

“Take him…” Billa trailed off, blinking in confusion and worry. Thorin was quiet.
“She managed to…wake him up…and reunited him with a visage of his wife.” He continued.

“That…well that does sound like her.” She admitted.

“That is not what worries me.”

“Then what does?”

“The necromancer considered her a threat to whatever plans it had for Thranduil and Mirkwood. And as anyone can see, she clearly was.”

“What does this mean?”

“Gandalf can’t be sure. He states that Frigga is safe, and that even if she were older, she would have been drawn into this dream no matter what…but I am not sure.” He continued. Billa bit her lip, glancing at Frigga who was listening to her sister babble on about Haldor and her adventure in Mirkwood, blissfully unaware of her parents’ worries. “Getting to Erebor as soon as possible is all I want now.”

Billa nodded in agreement.

“She will be safe there. They both will.”

Billa bit her lip, glancing back at the camp where her daughters were once more before looking at Thorin.

“I hope you’re right.”

Thorin’s heartbeat slowly relaxed as he spotted the familiar path and the outline of Dale.

“Thank Mahal, we’re almost there.” He heard Nori behind him bemoan, garnered by other sounds of approval. He chuckled, before sighing.

“Something bothering you?” Dwalin asked.

“You can tell?”

“Yer sighing like a love-struck maiden.”

Thorin glared at his friend, who shrugged nonchalantly before giving a look to come clean.

“…I want the three to go into the Mountain without being stopped by the Council.” Thorin admitted to Dwalin. “Billa will not be well received by them, and the thought of my daughters already being judged is not something I want. Not yet.”

“Hhhmmm…”

“I think I have an idea.” Balin replied with a chuckle and the group looked at him.

“Oh?”

“Mhm.” The eldest son of Fundin replied, a bit of a mischievous glint in his eyes and told him of his plan.

A little while later, the group crested the hill and just beyond it, the dwarves could see the statues
surrounding the Erebor gate. The guards, upon spotting them, straightened to attention, looking ever
dangerous and foreboding as they could be. Thorin strode in front on his pony, the ease and
relaxation that had been there moments before slid off and the impassive king of the lonely mountain
returned. Horns sounded and dwarves of all kinds, led by some in elaborate robes strode forward.
One was a bit quicker than the others.

“Brother!” The she-dwarrow called out as Thorin dismounted. Thorin smiled, hugging the woman.

“Hello Dís.”

“Were your travels back quiet?”

“Somewhat.”

Dís frowned, question clearly in her eyes, but he shook his head. He’d tell her later. Before she could
ask further, the council surrounded the King, and she sighed in aggravation, going to greet her sons
for a moment.

“Welcome back, My King.”

“Was the weather fair?”

“We need to discuss the commerce between the Blue Mountains and Erebor.”

“The trade lanes are-”

“I wish to discuss business with my sister first.”

“My King-”

“Now, now, Council we should let our King rest from his journey.” Dís stated with an easygoing
smile as she hugged Kíli. “He must be in tip-top shape to return to his duties.” She added. The
Council seemed to disagree, but looking at their king whose expression was strong as stone.

“As you wish, Our King.”

With a slight bow, Thorin walked through them and towards his quarters, followed by the company,
Dís, and Dáin. She blinked and looked around, noting that Nori was gone from the group, and Glóin
seemed to be walking a bit differently, his hand resting on his stomach. Likewise, Gandalf the Grey
was holding his side in a similar way, a grey cloth over his shoulder. She remained quiet until they
reached Thorin’s room, Gandalf stalling outside.

“Now where is my niece and the Hobbit. You said-”

“Sweet…Mahal…”

She turned at the breathless voice coming from the balcony and was surprised to see Nori dragging
himself over the edge.

“Nori?”

“We should have thought this part through.” He panted; not replying to Dís. Dori rolled his eyes.

“So you’re calling me fat?” A voice said and Nori helped a small body down. Billa glared at her
friend, who shrugged.
“I said no such thing, but it’s not that easy to climb up a mountain face!” He replied. The hobbit huffed, before looking at Dís and blushing. She then curtsied.

“Hello, Lady Dís.”

“So this is the hobbit that managed to capture my brother’s attention?” She asked, a brow cocked and hobbit nodded.

“Billanna Baggins, Madam.”

“Madam?” Dís asked, before smiling. “I like that. You’ve gained such a polite hobbit, Thorin. I wondered how that happened.”

“That’s what I said.” Dáin replied with a chuckle. Thorin rolled his eyes, but Billa smiled.

“Now, I want to see my niece.” She remarked with a huff, to which Glóin chuckled and moved the small form of a tiny girl from under his outer coat, who had been hidden by his beard. The little girl blinked several times, clearly confused as to where she was, but smiled shyly nonetheless as Thorin picked her up out of Glóin’s hands. Billa glanced up noting the door opening a small bit before closing soundlessly.

“This is Frigga.”

“Oh, she is adorable!!” Dís squealed as Frigga blinked shyly, snuggling up to Thorin’s shoulder. “Rather calm too, all things considered with your personality as a dwarfling Thorin.” She added with a smirk. Thorin snorted.

“Yes well, SHE didn’t gain that part. But-”

“I wanna see!!”

Thorin’s head suddenly snapped back as tiny hands grasped his hair, pulling the tiny body up as she finally reached her goal, Freya looking rather proud of herself and her climbing, resting her chin on the top of his head. Dís stared at her, then looked back at Frigga, before back at Freya.

“Twins?” She managed.

“Mhm.”

The squeal she emitted was the so loud and high pitched, Thorin was sure he had just lost his hearing permanently. Dán didn’t even seem to react to her squealing, his eyes bouncing back and forth between the two toddlers with a stunned expression.

“Twins? Sweet Eru you managed to get twins.” He finally stated. “Seems Mahal had some plans for you, Thorin.”

“It seems so.” Thorin replied. “This is Freya.”

“Hullo!” She chirped and Dís seemed beside herself with joy as she quite literally shoved her brother aside and pulled both little girls to her.

“I am finally not the last female of this family line!!” She cheered. Kíli opened his mouth, but was shushed by Tauriel, who was smiling softly.

“Let her revel in her being an aunt, Love.” She said gently. “We’ll tell her the news later.”
“Same for us. I’d rather not have your mother keel over with news that her youngest son is about to be a Adad, while her eldest is courting someone.” Kara’s voice floated into Fili’s mind and he nodded slightly, watching his mother fawn over his little cousins. He did admit, he barely remembered his mother being this excited and he couldn’t help but grin.

“I can’t believe you managed to have two children, especially two girls.” Dís exclaimed setting the girls down. Frigga blinked as her feet touched the stone, the black and white structure of the mountain pulsing under her feet. Intricate paths lit up, glowing with each pulse. She blinked several times at the pulsing. It was like a heart.

A heart made of stone.

“Do mountains have hearts?”

Billa paused, looking at Frigga as she tucked the little girl in, Freya already curled up asleep. It had been an eventful day meeting Dáin and Dís, the latter of the two coddling the twins

“Pardon?”

“Mountains…do they have hearts?”

She tried to think of a response, unsure of what to say or do. What could she say? She hadn’t told the girls about the Arkenstone, hadn’t told them what had happened that had separated her father and her.

“Why do you ask?”


Billa swallowed, patting her daughter’s blanket.

“Is that right?”

“Mhm…” Frigga yawned. “Sad doh…”

“Sad?”

“Mhm…wonder why…” She murmured yawning. Billa sighed, deciding it would be best to discuss this when Frigga wasn’t fighting back sleep. Delicately she kissed the little girl’s brow.

“Sleep tight darling.” She said, kissing her brow. Silently she got up and walked to the door, glancing back at her sleeping daughters, smiling softly before exiting the room. The smile slid off as she thought about Frigga’s comment, leaning against the wall.

There was no doubt about what Frigga was talking about. But…but…

How could she know about the Arkenstone?

Chapter End Notes

Tada!! Hope you like it!
Vanya sulie = Fair winds
Namaarie, Elvellon = Farewell, elf-friend
“A heartbeat?”

“Yes...that’s what she said.” Billa replied, folding a tunic over again. Her fingers flitted nervously along the fabric as she smoothed the wrinkles, her mind preoccupied. Thorin frowned as she nervously moved around.

“Billa…”

“Is what she hearing the Arkenstone?” She asked, turning to look at him, to which he shrugged almost helplessly.

“The Arkenstone is hidden in the deepest cave…”

“That’s not what I asked, Thorin.” Billa stopped him. “Is she hearing the Arkenstone?”

“...I don’t know.” he finally said and she exhaled slowly, her breath shaking. “We call it the heart of the mountain, but I’ve never known the Arkenstone to actually beat like a live heart…”

“Do you think with her abilities…”

“I don’t know.” He repeated, cupping her cheek and bringing his forehead down to press lightly against hers, “It’s possible, but I’m unsure. There hasn’t been a blind dwarf among these walls in a long time. And I doubt anyone would remember if a dwarrow spoke of the stone beating like an actual heart.”

Billa sighed, leaning against Thorin, who pressed his brow to hers. “I meant what I said. They will be safe here.” Thorin promised, “and those who dare attempt to harm them, will be dealt with severely.”

“I know.” She said softly, but the worry still permeated into her skin, wondering if all was as safe as promised.

“A meeting?”

“Mhm. Thorin is summoning the council to tell them where we really went.”

“That ought to be fun.”

“Oh I’m so looking forward to it.”

“Are you going to...well…”

“Not yet. They’ll be upset enough with Thorin. I don’t want to drag you or the babe into it.” He said, kissing her forehead and she smiled in content, only glancing behind when the door opened up.

“Alright, what are you two hiding?”

Kíli pulled away and looked over to the door, grinning at his mother.
“Hiding? What do you mean?”

“You and Fíli have been sneaking around like dwarflings preparing to raid the pantry.” She commented, crossing her arms and looking at her youngest son.

“So, out with it Kíli.”

“Well...I can’t really say what Fíli’s been up to, since you know...he’s been busy and all,” Kíli explained casually with a grin, deciding that Fíli’s part wasn’t his to tell, “but I was wondering, that since you’ve become an aunt now…” Kíli remarked slowly, glancing at his wife, who chuckled softly, watching him, “how about a grandmother as well?” Dís was quiet before launching herself at her son, squealing loudly.

“I’M GOING TO BE A SIGIN’AMAD!!” She screamed, clutching her youngest son to her. Kíli was gasping for breath.

“Amad...Amad, I can’t...breathe.” Kíli wheezed out as he was pretty sure he felt his ribs begin to crack under the pressure of his mother’s hug.

“Well learn to grow a new pair of lungs!!”

Tauriel chuckled, covering her mouth to hide it as Dís hopped around, dragging her son around rambling on and on about how long and when did find out, and then her yelling that she had better been taking it easy on the trip back, and Kíli should have been making sure everything was calming for her.

She rested her hand lightly on her abdomen.

It was nice to be home.

“My King, we received word from the Blue Mountains that you didn’t arrive there, nor did they have any knowledge of a planned visit.” A council dwarrow, clad in an exuberant amount of jewels remarked as they sat in the chambers. Thorin stared at him easily, his expression placid.

“Impeccable on noticing such things, Jarzo.” Thorin responded evenly.

“My King, if you weren’t going to the Blue Mountains, where were you headed?”

“Hobbiton. There were some loose ends I needed to tie.”

“Hobbiton?”

“Yes. And Lady Billanna Baggins of Hobbiton has returned here, under my protection.”

There was a brief moment of silence as the council digested this.

Then...

“You brought the halfling here?! She’s a traitor to this kingdom!”

“She was trying to save us all from dying.” Kíli spat out.

“By giving a precious item of our people to our enemy!” Bazo snapped and several councilmen nodded in agreement. “The halfling must be tried, your majesty.”
“No.”

“Your majesty.”

“I will not be trying a mother with two children for a crime I had already pardoned her for, Councilor Taic.” Thorin responded coolly and the dwarrow gaped at him, “specifically I won’t be trying a mother of my two children.”

“Two younglings?”

“Ludicrous!”

“Preposterous!”

Well they were taking it incredibly well, Fíli mused dryly as the council began to yell their disbelief around the room, their voices echoing loudly. He glanced at his uncle who didn’t seem all that surprised, though he was annoyed, that much was clear. He saw his mother rolling her eyes lightly and Dwalin growing annoyed.

“I hope you aren’t implying your king is lying to you.” Dwalin’s voice echoed over the roar and everyone went silent, glancing at Thorin.

“How is this possible, my King?” One of the councilmen, Nik, asked, clearly stunned, and Thorin didn’t dignify it with a full answer.

“It wasn’t through prayer, I can assure you.”

Kíli barely held back the snort, instead looking at the table.

“Are they...healthy?” And the glare the councilman received was not just from Thorin, this time. “It’s a valid question my King. A halfling’s genes are-”

“Do you realize how insulting calling a hobbit that is?” Kíli snapped in defense. “And insinuating that they’d be unhealthy because of their mother-”

“Freya and Frigga are perfectly healthy children.” Balin interrupted.

“Daughters? Mahal graced our king with two daughters?”

Dwalin glanced at Thorin, clearly wondering how he was going to broach the subject of Frigga’s blindness. Thorin, it seemed decided for a direct approach.

“My eldest was born blind, HOWEVER…” His voice rose as the others began to shout their denial of such a child in his line, “however, she has a stone sense that I’ve never seen the likes of, able to sense fissures and weaknesses in the stone yards away.”

“Is she...is she to be your heir now?”

“No. Fíli will remain my heir.”

There was a look of relief rippling through the group and Fíli frowned. And made his decision.

“She will be my heir when the time comes if she is willing.”

There was silence.
And then the room erupted in yelling as Fíli cast a look at Thorin, whose expression belayed surprise, and his younger brother seemed to beam with pride.

“Ludicrous. Our Prince, you have not even begun courting! You cannot choose an heir without offspring of your own!”

“I actually have, not that it’s any of your business.” Fíli replied calmly and Dís blinked owlishly at this. He certainly hadn’t planned on telling them in this manner, but at this point he didn’t really care, much too annoyed with the insult on his cousin.

“You’re...courting?! Who!?”

“Kara of the Torral clan.” Fíli responded evenly and the group stared at him. Dís looked at him enthusiastically, but before she could voice her approval other’s began to rant loudly.

“Her!!”

“My King, surely you can’t approve!!”

“The girl has no royal background!”

“Shé’s the daughter of gypsies!!”

“You-

“ENOUGH!!!”

Fíli looked at his mother in surprise as did the rest of the council as she glared at them, her eyes blazing.

“Lady Torral has proven herself to be a trusted member of this kingdom, and not only risked much by returning here, but her and her family also saved both your King and your Prince, my brother and son, from certain death. If there are any such blatant disregards to her position or objections to my son courting her, it will be dealt with through me.” She snapped as she swung an axe onto the table, the edge embedding itself into the stone. The room went deathly quiet and slowly, ever so slowly, Kíli nudged Fíli’s shoulder.

The dwarf couldn’t help the smile on his face.

“Well that went well.”

“Oh? Do tell.” Kara’s voice floated to him as he walked out of the meeting chamber. He exhaled.

“Well Thorin told them about Billa and the twins, and then I told them that Frigga is to be my heir.”

“Oh I have to agree, that had to have ended well.”

He smiled inwardly at that response. “They do not think she would make a good queen.”

“Oh yes, completely focusing on the portion of where she is blind I presume. And disregarding the fact that the girl has a stone sense that is probably the strongest I’ve ever seen, with the patience of a saint, and an elf-friend with Thranduil at the age of two...I wondered why you would choose her over her sister. You know the one who wants to learn how to throw an ax.”

“Your sarcasm is lovely.”
“Only for you.”

He snorted, earning a few strange looks but he ignored them and continued walking down the halls. "I also informed them that I am courting you."

“You and your uncle are trying to get the council members to keel over, aren’t you?”

“If only I could be so lucky.”

“They do not approve, I gather.”

“Yes, but when they opened their big mouths to state why, my mother embedded an axe into table, saying if they wanted to keep their tongues and beards that they would keep their mouths shut.” Silence greeted that response for several moments as he continued down the halls going up the stairs.

“Truly?”

She sounded bemused at that response, even surprised. He smiled, the thought that it had never crossed her mind that Dís would be so protective of her.

“Yes, truly. She rather likes you, you know.”

She sounded flustered, and he chuckled. He supposed they both probably looked like fools right now, him smiling like he was going to do something bad, and her likely blushing brightly wherever she was.

It was rather interesting to have this connection with her.

He hadn’t expected such a declaration. Reading the notes in the book, he had only assumed it to be one little half-imp child. But two? This was growing worrisome and had to be dealt with.

The Line of Durin needed to remain pure.

Free of such weak blood.

And it would be he that would ensure that.

Chapter End Notes

Well hello all...so other than writer's block on this, I had gone through some surgery in November xD So I've been a tad busy.

This one doesn't have the twins persay, but it does involve other characters telling things and such.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Kara sighed as she folded more linen into a basket. The familiar aches and pains of this work had returned, and strangely it was a missed feeling. And the clinic was a comfort for the moment. She wasn’t naïve or ignorant to the reason she was being stared at in the halls. News traveled fast in the halls of Erebor, and it hadn’t been long before practically everyone knew that Fíli was now courting her.

And she doubted the nobles were really happy with that announcement.

Still they couldn’t linger on that. There would always be opponents to the pair, the two were aware of that. But what worried her more was Billanna and Thorin’s courtship, as well as the twins.

They still didn’t know who had hired the would-be assassins, and the hirers could very well be residing in this mountain.

She sighed again before glancing up when she heard hurried footsteps.

“Hello? Is something-”

Fíli hurried in, opening the door and closing it quickly.

“Fíli? What’s wrong???”

“Nothing’s wrong...at least not in it’s entirety."

“So...?”

“It’s a tactical retreat and stealth, so I.”

“You’re hiding?” Kara remarked her face turning to amusement as Fíli looked at her in annoyance, before other female voices began to advance.

“-ould have sworn I heard him.”

“Azdis, he is courting someone.”

“A gypsy dwarf, Hardis.” The other voice scoffed and Fíli glared though Kara seemed to not really care.

“Still...” The other voice said.

“Not very princely to hide, Kidhuzur.” She said with a smile as though she had not heard them dismiss her.

“They are female, you know how we are supposed to-”

“I think there’s a door over there. Maybe the voices came from there.”

Fíli looked panicked and Kara opened the closet door she was next to, pulled him by his tunic and gave a slight peck on the lips.
“I suggest breathing through your mouth.” She whispered.

“My mouth, why would I-”

She shoved him into the closet of cloths and acted as though she was closing the door after retrieving a rag. He sniffed and then gagged at the smell of the cloths around him as the door opened. Maker’s above, what the heck these used for?!


“No, no.” Hardis said politely. “We don’t need anything in the clinic.”

“We were wondering if Prince Fíli would walk us to our rooms.”

Presumptuous to say that to the dwarrowdam that he was courting, but if it bothered Kara she didn’t let it show in her expression or tone.

“I see.”

“You wouldn’t happen to know where he is, would you?”

“No, sorry. Fíli’s been busy.”

“How dare you say his name without a proper title!” Azdis exclaimed angrily and Kara’s brow rose.

“Forgive me, but considering he’s courting me, I was under the assumption I would be allowed to call him by his name.”

“You could do that even before.”

“I’m aware. But they don’t.”

“Hmph. Whatever the case, you haven’t seen him?”

“No.”

“Then what are you doing here?”

“You are aware I am a healer, and as such I was cleaning up the clinic.” She dryly replied.

“I see. Not very royal is it, sister?” Azdis’s voice sneered and Kara could feel Fíli’s frown from the closet.

“Royalty or not, unless you would want a possible infection if you came here, the clinic must remain clean.” Kara remarked.

“We heard voices.” Hardis remarked, trying to remain polite.

“That would have been me. I talk to myself when I’m here. Need to remember where different ointments and such belong so they aren’t used incorrectly.”

“Insanity. Another quality that is not a good quality in royalty.” Azdis murmured and Kara rolled her eyes, sighing rather loudly almost hoping they would take insult and leave.

They did not.
“May I ask you a question?”

Truthfully, she wanted to say no, but another part of her was curious.

“If you so desire.”

“What is in these cloths? I’m going to pass out if this takes any longer!”

Kara barely held back the laugh as she looked at the two sisters.

“What was your part on this…retrieval quest?” Azdis asked hotly. “Surely the king and the rest of the Company that reclaimed Erebor would have right. But you did not.”

“I had met Billa after the Battle briefly and wanted to ensure she was well.” She replied.

“No other reason?” Azdis stated in a strange voice, and from her position Kara could hear Fíli shift in confusion. Her brows furrowed and her head slanted to the side. She had an inkling of what the girl meant she just hoped that she was wrong.

“I’m afraid I do not follow.”

“Well they are all dwarrowmen, and only three of them are married. Similar to Lady Billa previously, maybe they needed some entertainment along the road.”

Her eyes narrowed. She leaned against the doors of the closet and not a moment too soon as Fíli connected the meaning behind the words and tried to open them.

“Do not come out here.”

“Are you insane?! They have likened you and Billa to whores!!!”

“Kidhuzur, please, just be patient!!” She pleaded. “It would not look good on you if you suddenly came out of a closet looking as angry as I feel you are.”

“After all, gypsies can’t be looked upon favorably, even in our culture.” Azdis remarked and Kara’s eyes narrowed at the insult, but said nothing as her nails dug into her palms. Azdis tsked and then looked at her younger sister.

“Tell the Prince that we wish him a good night.” Azdis added and with that the pair left, shutting the door firmly behind them. Kara waited until their footsteps were gone before stepping away. The doors flew open and Fíli stumbled out, his eyes a dangerous sheen.

“They have gone too far! They insult their future queen, they insult my One-”

“Kidhuzur, please calm down.” She said softly and he spun around.

“Calm down!!? They have likened you to someone who was brought along merely as a means of entertainment! A whore! They have implied that that was what Billa was on the actual quest to reclaim Erebor!”

“I do not agree with what was said, nor I do not think Billa should have been likened to that after all that she has gone through.”

“You should not have been treated as such as well!” Fíli snapped.

“I am well aware.” She replied dryly. “But truly, do you think that is the first time I have heard that?”
He froze and she sighed, pushing her hair back.

“I was called a whore directly to my face when I was just shy of 30, Fíli. It was untrue and unfounded, but many people outside of other caravans saw us women as such. It is nothing new.” She added at his stunned face.

“What?”

“Because I was different. I did not have a home.”

“Different?! You are a dwarf!”

“The ones who likened me to a whore were usually mortal men.”

“That does not matter, what matters to me is that dwarrows have done the same! What is so different among the other dwarrows?!”

“We lived differently than many other dwarrows, Fíli. Our customs are changed to support the ways of the land, not has inscribed in rock as the other dwarf customs.” Kara explained gently, closing the linen closet again, not caring about the mess and leaning against it. “As such, we are seen in similar ways as mortal gypsies, thieves who cannot make an honest living. And because of that choice, some of us are not seen favorably.”

Fíli muttered under his breath and walked over to her.

“That does not make what has been said right.” He stated softly, cupping her face in his hands. She offered a tiny smile.

“I know.”

“If any dwarf hints at such a thing again, you find me, alright?” He asked. “Do not grin and bear it. You have done nothing to warrant such behavior, and I will not allow it. As it stands I’ll have to tell Thorin of the things that some dwarrows seem to think Billa was on the Quest for.” He stated, twisting soft strands of her hair. “Do not allow them to demean you in such a way. I chose to court you on my own free will, and I stand by it.”

She blinked several times, surprised, before she slowly nodded. He kissed her brow, drawing her into a hug, which she returned, before moving away.

“You reek.”

“I blame the linen.”

She laughed and rested her face on his chest again, the quiet of the room filling the silence again.

“These are the King’s children?” A dwarf whispered as the two girls shyly looked from behind Thorin and Billa. The latter looked at the council dwarf with a farce of politeness held an expression of defiance, daring any of the dwarrow to even try and harm her children. Thorin’s hand rested lightly on the hilt of his blade as he eyed the council.

“They are rather small.”

“Must take after their mother.”

“And that creature next to that one. It’s a warg pup!”
“Half.” Thorin bit out. “The pup is half warg, and has bonded to my youngest daughter, Freya.”

“Bonded?”

“Is she like the third dwarf king’s wife?”

“The first Freya was quite gifted with creatures.”

Billa glanced at Thorin as the echoes grew, only to be silenced as Thorin banged a hand onto the podium.

“Frigga and Freya are themselves and themselves only. Who they are named after was a reminder of their dwarven heritage. What they become when they reach of age is of their own choosing.”

The council grumbled under their breath their agreements.

“Now if there aren’t there any other questions...”

“Is the hobbit to be your wi-”

“-Pertaining to my children, this meeting is adjourned. Who I decide to court is my own choice.” Thorin interrupted, a touch of warning embedded in his voice. The two toddlers clung to their father’s leg, looking up to him as the council stared at them and then the king. Slowly they all lowered their heads in a bow, and with that Thorin scooped up the two girls and stormed out. Billa offered a short curtsy before hurrying out after him. Dwalin followed after a few moments.

“They handled it better than expected.”

“They’re still reeling over Fíli telling them that he was courting Kara.” Thorin remarked, looking at Dwalin. “Any suspects?”

“It’s hard to tell Thorin. None of them seem all that happy over the girls other than Andal. And even then he seemed curious rather than upset.”

“So it could be any one of them?” Thorin concluded with a frown.

“Or more than one.” Dwalin replied and Billa frowned, staring at her daughters as they continued to hold onto Thorin, completely ignoring the fact he was adorned in the royal jewels.

“So...what do you have planned for today, Thorin?”

“...I was planning on showing Freya and Frigga some areas of the Kingdom.” He finally said, almost hesitantly. Billa blinked and looked at him in confusion.

“Alright?” She said slowly, glancing at Dwalin, who looked away. Something squirmed in her stomach as she straightened her shoulders and then began to follow the group, determined to be there for her children.

No matter what.

“Adad, where we goin?” Freya asked as she followed after Thorin, Haldor and Frigga not far behind, their father finally agreeing to let them walk on their own. Thorin glanced back at the two for a moment, before continuing walking.

“I am showing you some of the areas of the kingdom.”
“Oh. Okay.”

Frigga was a bit slower, clutching at her mother’s skirts. She seemed to be taking in each sight that her steps showed her. Like the lightning that Freya had showed her in the memories of the summer storms when they were younglings at the Shire, the white lines stretched down the mountain and she could see small glowing shapes of movement. It felt strange, strange that her head no longer ached and the world was no longer a fuzzy image that only if she concentrated hard enough she could define clearly. Still where they were heading was a large mass and it grew in size with each step, not to mention the beating sound was growing stronger and stronger with each step as Thorin showed all the areas of Erebor, seeming to procrastinate to get close to the large mass of white.

Finally Thorin paused as stopped in front of a large door closed, with four guards stationed on both sides of the door. They bowed at the sight of the king, and Thorin returned it slightly, hesitating as he stared the door.

“Thorin?”

“This...is the treasury.”

Billa blinked in surprise and looked at the doors again. Yet she remained quiet as Thorin warred with himself. Then he forced the doors open, and they slid slowly open, a faint glow from the countless jewels and coins that covered the floor.

“Ooohhh...Shiney.”

Thorin felt his heart crawl into his throat as Freya and Frigga glanced into the treasury. What if this was a mistake? Billa could be wrong. She could be wrong, and their children could gain the illness. They could become twisted like their great-grandfather, twisted like he had nearly become. They-

“Can we go and play now, Adad?” Freya asked blinking innocently. Thorin looked at her stunned, glancing at Billa who was beaming and it looked like she was holding back a chuckle at his expression. “Is pretty, but I wanna play.” Freya continued and Frigga nodded, though staring at the gold blankly as Thorin picked her up.

“Adad, we’re goin away from da beatin…” Frigga muttered and Thorin glanced at her.

“Beating?”

“Buh-boom, buh-boom...” She emphasized, resting her cheek on his shoulder, staring back down the hall. Billa glanced at Thorin who had a frown on his face. Something crossed her face, before looking away and sighing.

“The treasury is...emptier than I remember.” She finally said, trying to change the subject. Thorin looked away.

“I...yes...it is. I gave some of the funds to Dale and rebuilding the city. You’ll probably see Bard soon.” He explained and Billa looked at him, before smiling. He cleared his throat. “Let’s...continue, shall we?”

“Thorin! Billa!”

The group paused and Thorin offered a grin as Glóin, Óin, and another dwarf, one Billa did not recognize walked over to them.

“Glóin!”
Freya cocked her head to the side as Thorin greeted the three dwarves, Frigga clutching Freya’s hand.

“Glóin?” Billa asked, glancing at the younger dwarf, with a bright red beard similar to the other dwarf.

“Oh, forgot that you weren’t here by the time he made it here with my wife! This is my wee lad, Gimli!”

“I’m far from wee, Adad.” Gimli said.

“He’s gotta preedy beard, Mama.” Freya chirped from behind Billa and the hobbit watched as the dwarf’s cheeks seemed to gain a similar color, before he cleared his throat.

“And these must be the wee lasses that everyone in the mountain is talking about.” Gimli remarked and Billa chuckled.

“This is Frigga and Freya.” Billa introduced as Freya stared at Gimli in wonder.

“You gots an axe!!” She exclaimed and Gimli glanced at the axe on his back. Billa groaned lightly.

“She’s very interested in axe fighting. Wonder where she developed that interest from.” Billa explained, glancing at Dwalin who made a point to not look at her. Gimli beamed.

“I’ve been learning how to fight with the axe.” Gimli said proudly and Freya’s eyes grew larger if possible.

“You can fight with axes!!”

Billa and Thorin groaned as Freya ran around Gimli to stare at the axe, eyes wide as she stared at it.

“Adad!! Can I learn too!?” She exclaimed, rushing back to Thorin’s side and Gimli seemed to puff up with pride at the fact that she now wanted to fight with an axe because of him.

“She’s a strong lass!” Gimli said with a grin and Billa stared at him and huffed lightly, bending down to Freya’s level.

“Not until you’re a little bit older, sweetheart.”

“Aaaawww!!” She replied, pouting and Billa sighed.

“Well I see you’ve met Gimli, lasses.” Bombur’s voice echoed and the dwarf smiled as Billa brightened up.

“Where’re ya headed Bombur.”

“The kitchens. Bomur wants a snack.”

“Bomur?”

Bombur’s expression lit up.

“That’s right, you weren’t here to meet my family.” Bombur explained proudly. “Well he’s the youngest of my sons. Come say hello to Mistress Baggins, Bomur.”

A tiny dwarf that was clinging to his father’s trouser leg, peeked out, blinking large green eyes at the
group. Billa could see from where she was that the tiny dwarfling had darker hair than Bombur, closer to Bofur if she thought about it. But there was no doubt that Bomur was Bombur’s son. She smiled kindly, and though the boy smiled at her, at the sight of Thorin, the dwarfling hid behind his father again.

“My name’s Bomur, son of Bombur.” The dwarfling said shyly as the twins stared at him. He pressed his face into Bombur’s side, glancing up at his father nervously. Then Freya beamed.

“Hiya Bomur!! My names Freya!!” Freya chirped happily, hurrying over to him. He blinked startled, blushing brightly as Freya began to throw question after question. He then slowly looked behind the youngest of the twins, as Frigga stayed a little bit behind, only jerking up when Bomur walked over and poked her.

“What’s your name?”

“F...Frigga.” She muttered shyly. Bomur blinked and then smiled.

“Whatcha looking down at your feet for?”

“Bomur!” Bombur hissed.

“I...I can’t see…” Frigga murmured, looking back at her feet. Bomur was quiet and then reached and grabbed her hand.

“Well that’s fine! I’ll guide you! Adad’s taking me to the kitchen! Wanna go?”

“Can we Mama??” Freya asked. Billa blinked and then chuckled.

“Of course. Watch over one another, alright?”

“Yes Mama!” Freya said and Frigga blinked as Bomur dragged her away, chatting with two of them animatedly as Freya and Haldor raced behind them. Billa smiled gently watching the trio leave with Bombur who was chuckling behind them. She glanced at Thorin.

“Thorin-”

“My King!” A voice interrupted and Thorin groaned. Billa chuckled and gave Thorin’s hand a light squeeze.

“I’ll head to the library.” She said pleasantly, giving a gentle smile and then left Thorin in the company of the council-dwarf. She hummed as she walked down the halls, tracing her way back from memory. After a few moments, she finally recognized a set of doors and entered it.

To her surprise however, she spotted Ori sitting in a nearby table. Well, no...Ori sitting there reading was not the surprising part. What was the surprising part was the content. From what she could understand, many of them were romance, how to guides...and some of the pictures on the cover made Billa grow concerned.

“Ori?”

If possible, the dwarf jumped a foot in the air and fell to the side of his chair in a heap.

“Good grief!!” Billa exclaimed, hurrying to him and helping him up. “Are you alright?”

“Fine! Absolutely fine!”
"What are you reading?"

"Books!"

"Yes, well I figured that much out...but what is with all the different romance novels? Some of these seem...sordid."

"I well...research?"

"For?" Billa asked, and Ori looked away. "Ori?"

"Billa...what does it feel like...to love someone?"

Billa blinked at Ori as he stared at some of books.

"To love someone?"

"Mhm."

"Is this why you have the books out? Ori, it’s not like these romance novels portray."

"Then what is it like?"

"Well...it’s different for each person." Billa said slowly.

"What did it feel like for you?"

"...I suppose it felt like I was entering a warm bath. I felt warm and...safe, I suppose." Billa remarked before looking at Ori. "Why?"

The dwarf blushed, and he shoved a book back into its slot.

"No...reason in particular."

"Do you think you’re in love with someone?"

"I don’t know. Dwarf culture is very different than other cultures, and it’s not like my brothers really would approve of Dwa-"

His jaw clicked shut quickly as Billa’s eyes widened.

"Dwalin? That’s who you’re fancying?!"

"I don’t know…” Ori muttered. "It’s probably just a crush, or something innocent enough."

"It could be...but that’s something only you and he can decide on.” Billa said gently. “But you first need to work out your own feelings and possibly talk to him about it.”

Ori sighed, scratching the back of his head.

“I know, but that’s the hard part.” Ori admitted, before sighing. “I’m sorry for troubling you about it.”

“Don’t think anything about it, I don’t mind being there to talk with you about it. If you have any questions, or just need to vent…” Billa smiled gently as Ori nodded, blushing. Deciding to leave him alone for a few moments, she went further into the stacks, glancing at the books that lined the shelves. Most of them she couldn’t understand, and made a mental note to ask Balin if there were
any books here that were Westron.

Billa paused for a moment, her hand resting on the spine of the book. A chill crawled down her spine and settled as a hard lump in her stomach as she felt the danger, and her hand rested slowly onto the hilt of Sting attached to her hip. She spun around, barely deflecting a dagger with Sting, barely registering the metallic sound it made as both blades met and a shadowed form dove towards her before the metallic scent of blood filled the air and Ori’s yell filled the library.

Chapter End Notes

um...tada??
“...The mountain’s heart?”

“Yeah!” Freya exclaimed as she, Bomur, and Frigga crawled under one of the kitchen tables, only to go quiet at her sister and new friend’s shushing. What good was there to play hide and go seek with Bomur’s older siblings if they got caught within the first minute. “That’s wha Frigga’s been feelin since we gots here.”

Bomur huffed, sitting back as he thought about it.

“I dunno... Adad never mentioned the stone beating.”

“Oh…” Frigga muttered.

“But maybe it’s not something some of us can sense! Yer stone sense must be really powerful!” He added happily and Frigga blinked.

“...you don’t think I’m strange?”

“Of course not. You're amazing!”

And to that Frigga blushed while Freya beamed.

“Told ya Sissie.”

“Thank you, Bomur...” Frigga mumbled shyly, and the little dwarfling blushed brightly, the deep red crawling up to the roots of his hair. He fumbled with his braid, and Freya snickered from behind her hand, looking away as he glared at her.

Frigga scooted over to where he was, patting his hand lightly and smiling at him. He turned red again.

They perked up when they heard running.

“Bomur! Bomur, where are you lad!?”

“Uncle Bofur?” Bomur muttered in confusion, and then crawled out, Freya looking over his shoulder curiously. Bofur slid into the kitchen’s practically panting, his face pale, eyes glittering with worry.

“Thank Eru, you three are alright!”

“Uncle Bofur? What’s wrong?” Bomur asked as the other dwarf lifted each child up one by one, settling them on the table.

“Is hide-and-seek over?” Freya asked at the same time, pouting in disappointment. Bofur smiled patting her head, but Bomur couldn’t mistake the worried glint in his eyes.

“Just for a little while, Lass. Just for a little while..”
Thorin, with Dwalin and Balin at his sides, stormed through the growing crowd around the entrance of the library, pausing for a moment to try and see what had happened as scholars rushed around pulling books away from the damaged areas. Books were thrown all over the place, a blade lay broken on the floor, just above it a mark carved into the stone book shelf, blood staining the ground and some of the books.

Billa and Ori sat nearby as two healers checked over their injuries, the dwarf a sickly pale color while Billa sat there, silently.

Another body lay nearby, Stinger embedded in his chest.

“What happened?”

“An assassin.” Ori spat out, wincing as a poultice was pressed into his side.

“Are you alright?”

“Aye...bastard tried stab Billa, I blocked him. Not too well, but enough to where it wasn’t a fatal blow.”

Thorin glanced at Billa, who hadn’t spoken a word the entire time. She seemed to be in a completely different world.

“Billa...” he said, but she didn’t respond, “Billanna!”

She jumped at that and blinked, finally looking up at him.

“I’m fine.” She murmured, pushing a strand of hair back with a shaking hand. “...the girls...are they-”

“They’re fine lass.” Another voice broke through and they turned to see Bofur coming through the crowd. “They’re with Bombur’s wife right now.”

Billa seemed to relax at that, pushing a shaking hand through her hair. Dried blood was smeared across it, and rage flooded Thorin’s veins. Thorin glanced angrily at the guards.

“So it appeared that either the assassin didn’t raise suspicion, or had snuck in undetected.

As he looked back at Billa, he didn’t know which option was worse.

“Billa...” he said and she shook her head, offering a tiny smile that didn’t quite reach her eyes again.

“Mama?” A voice called out and seconds later, Frigga and Freya plodded over to their mother.

“Mama?”

“Oh my darlings...”

“You hurt?”

“Just a little bit...but I’ll be right as rain in a little bit. I’m just happy to see you.” She said, hiding the waver in her voice in such an expert way, Thorin almost missed it. He looked away, his eyes
wandering to the scene of the fight, pausing when he spotted the dagger embedded in a book.

Pulling it out, it was clear to him that it wasn’t of dwarf origin. But of human.

Thorin’s frown deepened.

“Thorin?” Dwalin asked.

“Tell your brother I require a meeting with the King of the Dales. I need his opinion.” He said under his breath, and Dwalin nodded and turned, heading out of the library in a brisk fashion as Thorin made his way to his family, drawing the three females to him, pulling them close. The steady thrum of Billa’s heart settled his own heartbeat.

She was alive. She was alive and unharmed.

That...at the moment, was good enough.

“Dori, I’m fine.” Ori drawled, wincing as his older brother fretted over him. “It’s just a scratch.”

“Oh so it was Billa’s blood on the ground.”

“No it was mine, but I’m a bit hardier than a-” Ori hissed in pain as his older brother pressed healing ointment against it.

“A bit hardier than a hobbit, eh?” Dori responded and Ori glared, wincing as his older brother moved to get some more bandages.

“Yer brother mother-henning you?” A deep tenor voice asked and Ori looked up, feeling heat crawl up his neck.

“I...ah...yes.” Ori managed. Dwalin was quiet, shifting slightly. “But I’m perfectly fine. Honest.”

“You shouldn’t have had to deal with that at all, Ori.” Dwalin remarked, walking over to him. Ori felt his heart beat skip a bit, his cheeks turning red, the older dwarf glancing at the bandage on his side.

“This shouldn’t have happened.”

“It’s not your fault. We all figured there could be an attempt. It was just a matter-”

“I’m Captain of the Guards, Ori.” Dwalin interrupted, his eyes shining angrily. “This wasn’t supposed to happen.”

“You’re just one dwarf. You can’t know every possible way it could have happened.” Ori replied gently and Dwalin glanced away, a storm brewing in his eyes. The fact that only one attacked meant they’re being careful. And they failed. Your soldiers made the attacker reckless. You probably saved her and me.”

Dwalin looked back at him with an expression almost akin to awe and Ori flushed, looking down. Dwalin rose his hand, reaching for Ori.

“Ori, I brought you some tea and, oh! Dwalin!”

Dwalin’s hand dropped back to his side as Dori entered.
“I was just seeing how Ori was.” Dwalin muttered, his cheeks seeming to almost be a shade of pink, before the older dwarf slightly bowed.

“Shumrêl.”

Ori blinked as the name came unbidden into his mind, Dwalin straightening out and conversing with his older brother for a moment. A quick glance back at him.

“Shumrêl. My Shumrêl.”

He barely managed to steel his expression, barely managed to hide his eyes almost widening in realization, his heartbeat skipping...barely managing a smile before he watched Dwalin walking away and that very heart aching.

“Ori, are you alright?” Dori asked

“Fine…” Ori said faintly, looking at the empty doorway, “absolutely fine.”

“Da, you sure that's what the message said?” Bain asked as Bard pulled on his cloak. “That Billanna Baggins is alive?”

“Yes.”

“Are you going to meet her Da?” Tilda continued, following after her father and brother.

“That is the plan. I believe I need to thank her...as well as apologize for not protecting her well enough before.”

“Can we go with you Da?” Tilda asked excitedly. “I want to say hello to her as well.” She said, skipping slightly behind him. Bard hesitated for a moment.

“Please Da?” Sigrid also asked. “She was rather kind to us...and she did protect us.”

True...Bard sighed.

“I doubt the King would mind.” Bard finally conceded and Tilda beamed happily and scampered after him, followed by her older siblings. Bard smiled slightly as the saddled their horses to head up to Erebor.

Still...it was curious. And suspicious with all the things that were happening.

First Thranduil sent the missive saying that the woods would be closed off, then a few days ago they received the rescinded order of the previous missive. And now Thorin desired an audience with him? After the fact that Thorin seemed to be all but dragged to meetings by his nephew that had been had between him and Thranduil? Something was going on….and Bard wasn’t sure he wanted to find out.

It didn’t take them much longer to reach the Erebor gates, slowing as the reached the entrance.

“It’s the King of the Dales! Open the gates!” He heard a dwarf yell out and inwardly groaned. He would never get used to that title so long as he lived. Dismounting, he helped Tilda and Sigrid down, Bain hopping off of his own horse.

“Ah, Bard the Bowman!” A pleasant familiar voice said, and Bard smiled.
“Haven’t been called that in a few years. I’ve missed it.” He replied with a smile, turning to greet Balin. Balin chuckled.

“Thought you would enjoy it, milord.”

“...so may I enquire why the King has suddenly requested a meeting?”

“...it’s...complicated, Milord.”

“Complicated? The note said something about Mistress Baggins being alive.”

“Yes...that is a part of it.”

Bard looked at the dwarf in curiosity, following him into Erebor, followed by his children.

“Events have been happening and Thorin believed that it would be a good idea to keep you informed.”

“Yes, that’s usually a good thing.” Bard replied dryly, pausing for a moment when he heard loud squeals of laughter, followed by barking. Seconds later two tiny girls—one pulling another—, a equally small dwarfling came rushing past Tilda, followed by a large puppy, running around them.

“Hi Unca Balin! Hiya Misters and Missus!” The one girl chirped happily.

“Freya and Frigga Baggins! You get back here right this instant!” Another voice, this one familiar called out, and the four humans turned to see Billanna Baggins racing around the corner.

“Lady Baggins?” Tilda exclaimed excitedly and Billanna slid to a stop in surprise, turning around.

“Tilda?” Billa echoed and then she smiled. “My, have you grown!”

“Lady Baggins!!” Tilda exclaimed, rushing over and hugging the hobbit tightly. “It’s so good to see you!”

“I can say the same. My have you grown!” Billa exclaimed happily and Tilda beamed.

“Mama?” A small voice said and Billa looked over to see Freya blinking innocently at them, Frigga and Bomur staring curiously at them.

“Lady Baggins?” Tilda whispered, her eyes lighting up. “Are they…”

“Two of them.” Billa said with a chuckle and Tilda beamed happily. Bard however stared at the little girls.

And it took only a moment to realize who their father was.

A quick look to Balin, confirmed his thought.

“Is this why Thorin asked to talk to me?”

“Partially…” Balin said, his gaze shifting around. Bard frowned, suddenly noticing several guards seeming to watch the girls a bit more closely. As though preparing for something to happen. Protectiveness filtered through him in a second. And his need to know why Thorin wished to see him grew exponentially.

“Let’s go.” Bard murmured, and Balin nodded.
Chapter End Notes

Shumrël means protection of all protections
Tauriel yawned softly, sitting up. A cool mountain breeze filtered through the opened window and she smiled gently, running a hand on the barely existent swell. She could feel her child thriving. For the moment at least.

No, not at the moment...the child would thrive, he or she would.

Sighing, she got up and finished getting dressed, slipping on a pair of shoes before heading out of the room.

Apparently napping was something that everyone needed to do, though she had just started doing it. Perhaps it was because of the babe, she mused as she ran a hand again over her stomach again, quietly avoiding a large group of dwarfs. Even if she was married to one, she found that many dwarfs still did not enjoy her company, and she didn’t want to step on any toes. Vaguely, she wondered how her own child would fair between the two races...would he or she be welcomed, or shunned?

Sighing again, she finally reached the throne room, slowing when she heard voices.

“...danger is still there?” She recognized as Bard’s voice asking

“If I am to take Thranduil’s word, Mirkwood is now on a full recovery.” Thorin responded.

“Do you?”

Silence answered for a moment before he sighed.

“When I last conversed with him, he seemed...conscious of what had happened.”

“But do you believe him?”

Tauriel paused as she peered inside, spotting her husband, Fíli, Thorin, and Bard, all with solemn expressions. Something squirmed in her stomach, though this time she was sure it was not her child.

“Given with what has occurred in the last few years, I’m inclined to believe him.” Thorin said after a moment and it was forced.

“So it’s true then...something is happening.”

“More than likely, yes.”

Tauriel paused, glancing at Thorin, Kíli and Fíli all with subdued expressions on their faces. Bard was quiet, contemplating.

“We will have to keep better watch of the surrounding areas. If things are happening, I don’t want to wind up being surprised.”

“Agreed.” Thorin said with a heavy sigh. Bard regarded him and then smiled slightly.

“I suppose I must congratulate you. I’ve met both of your daughters earlier.” Bard offered, changing
the subject. Thorin seemed grateful for it, and nodded.

“Aye.”

Tauriel waited a little bit longer, before the two kings offered goodbyes, and the King of the Dale left with his son. Kili sighed and made his way towards her, smiling tiredly. She ran her fingers through his hair gently, his eyes fluttering close as he relaxed.

“Are you alright?”

“We’ve just informed Bard of what happened on our journey back. He says that Billa and the girl’s will be watched to ensure they are safe if they go into Dale.”

“That’s good.” Tauriel said after a moment. “But something else is worrying you.”

“Just this whole thing. We need to find who has it out for Billa before she’s hurt again.”

“I agree.” Tauriel said and Kili was silent for a long while, Tauriel frowned. “You all will solve this, Kili. I know you will.”

“But the question is...will we be too late?” He asked and Tauriel didn’t answer, refusing to give one. Because she couldn’t help but think the same thing as well...and she didn’t want to think of what would happen.

And what it would do all of them.

Billa wandered down the halls of Erebor, taking in the intricate designs and lighting. Truly, the place had changed immensely from when she had last been here, and she could see why Thorin had missed it so. At the thought of Thorin, she felt her cheeks burn. The two hadn’t really been able to converse lately, Thorin returning to his kingly duties as she grew used to the mountain around her. It was overwhelming, if she was to be honest with herself.

“Lady Billa?”

She paused, turning to see Kara standing there at the entrance to a grand looking hall, blinking in confusion.

“Is something the matter?”

“Oh no! Not at all, just wandering around.” Billa said with a nervous laugh. Kara stared at her and she wilted. ”Actually...I want to learn to heal.”

“You want to learn how to heal?” Kara asked as she folded some bandages, glancing at Billa as she stood in the healer’s ward. The she-hobbit nodded. “You realize that you’re likely to be queen, and will have queenly duties…”

“So will you.” Billa reminded her and Kara paused for a moment, “I just don’t want to sit around here waiting for something to happen.”

“I suppose it’s alright. I mean I can’t really say no to you.” Kara said teasingly, handing Billa an apron. Billa rolled her eyes.

“Honestly, I’m not married to Thorin yet.”

“You want to be though.” Kara replied and the hobbit sputtered, cheeks turning red and Kara
laughed good-naturedly.

“What do dwarfs do for courting?” Billa suddenly asked as she helped Kara move some sheets into a nearby closet. Kara paused, looking at Billa. “Thorin explained the whole...name thing, but if that shows you have a One, what else is there?” Billa added quickly.

“Just because one finds their One, doesn’t mean they are the right ones for each other in the eyes of the rest of the Court. Hence the courting.”

“That seems overly complicated.”

“It is. But sometimes, a dwarf might not find their One, but desire to court another, so everyone around needs to be sure.”

“I see...and what does courting involve actually? I tried looking through books, but…”

“Books have many answers, but not to everything.” Kara said with a chuckle, before she thought about it.

“If one desires to court another, the first step is to ask. Which you’ve already done. Usually what occurs after is gift giving. Each dwarrow is to make a gift for one another in the hopes they are accepted by the other dwarf and their family. and it really depends, if I’m being honest.” Kara replied after a moment. “Sometimes a dwarf only needs a simple item, one that is well thought. Other’s desire more elaborate gifts for courting.”

“O-oh.”

“Though if I am being honest, the King does not seem to be a man for needing something elaborate.” Kara added and Billa laughed.

“I suppose that is true.”

“The courting gift is something you think is appropriate for you to your significant other. It’s supposed to represent you and the other person.”

“What about you?”

Kara blinked and then laughed.

“Now that wouldn’t be fair Lady Billa. It’s supposed to come from your heart, not mine.”

“I suppose you’re right.” Billa muttered before she went quiet as she considered. She was to make a gift for courting?

“You’ll be fine, Lady Billa.” Kara assured but Billa couldn’t help but worry.

For what could she give to a dwarf who had everything?

Mordrid sat calmly and quietly in a chair, working on a seam, glancing at the work as she pulled the thread calmly. She pause for a moment and then chuckled. “You can come out now, Fili.” Mordrid called out as she continued to sew a stitch into the coat. “I’m old, not deaf.”

Turning slightly, she smiled as the blond dwarf turned around the corner, trying to hide a sheepish expression.
“I had hoped we would have a moment to discuss matters. I was worried that I had frightened you.”

“No Lady Mordrid.”

“I wish to be sure...are you sure my granddaughter is your One?”

Fíli blinked for a few moments, stunned by the questioning, before his eyes narrowed.

“She knows my name if you’re so curious.” He replied. She was silent, expression neutral. She then sighed.

“I’m sure you have thoughts about her own name.”

“The fact that it wasn’t uncovered to her family?” He asked bitterly. “And because of that, she’s been nameless her whole life and it’s going to take me a bit longer than the average dwarf to find her name, going through the layers of her life like that?”

“You sound bitter.”

“Angry.” Fíli clarified and Mordrid sighed.

“Prince Fíli-”

“What would have happened if we hadn’t met? If I had died on the battlefield?” Fíli interrupted. Mordrid was quiet, continuing to stitch the coat. “She could have been taken by another dwarf, one that could have hurt her. I’m not bitter about it not being easy, but I’m angry that she was left nameless like that. It’s more a burden on her than me, wondering what that name that only she and a select few people should know.”

“I am aware, Fíli.”

“Then why did you permit her to remain nameless?” Fíli finally snapped and Mordrid hands stilled.

“I understand you were all in mourning, but it wasn’t Kara’s fault, and—”

“Kara looks little like her father or my side of the family.” Mordrid finally said calmly, returning to her stitching. “Had you met her mother, you would have seen she is a mirror image of Aora, both in looks and personality.”

Fíli went quiet swallowing.

“Aora was the light of our caravan. Kind, gentle. Loving. When she was lost, it created a deep, painful wound...and such a wound could not be healed with the gift a child. We mourned her loss like one loses a limb. No child, not even a daughter could heal that wound. And with a loss such as that...we did not think correctly. We mourned her loss. But Kara’s father...my son, Herron...he was the most inconsolable. For weeks, he refused to look at Kara, refused to touch her, hold her, or have anything to do with her. He feared himself, as he did not know what he would do if he was alone with her.”

Fíli felt a cold sweat form on the back of his neck. A dwarfling was supposed to be a precious treasure in someone’s clan. For a father to even think about doing something of harm to his own child...it was unheard of. Inconceivable.

“My other son’s wife offered to nurse her until she was grown as she had just given birth to her own babe. Eventually Herron stated she was of his blood, and therefore he would raise her.”

Silence for a moment.
“But if he wouldn’t find her name…why didn’t…”

Mordrid sighed heavily.

“As I said, a painful loss sometimes enables someone to not think clearly. Too involved in our grief, we did not realize that her father had not named her, that her mother had passed before she could…and that she had ultimately not been named until she was several years old. In hindsight, I should have known. Herron was not well, and even though I was his mother and I could see it, I denied it. I chose to ignore it. Years later, I can’t help but wonder if my son’s death was purely an accident or his choosing as he finally couldn’t defeat his grief. And I can’t help but worry that Kara sees it as her fault.”

“Her fault?”

“Aora was a weaver, my prince, an incredibly talented weaver.” Mordrid commented, standing and going to a small chest and opening it and pulling out a long tapestry. Fíli stared at the intricate designs embedded in the fabric, almost in awe. “It would only make sense that her child too would have those skills, though not on par with her mother. And Kara loves to weave. The tapestries on her walls were of her own design. However…such skill was not missed by her father and it hurt him further. It’s probably why he was so insistent on her being a healer rather than a weaver, but she was a child who yearned to know a skill her mother had. Why wouldn’t she?”

“Any child wants to emulate their parents in some manner.” Fíli agreed softly and Mordrid smiled though it dimmed after a few moments.

“Kara had overheard from us that Herron had loved Aora’s weaving, so she worked several months to weave him a gift. It was nothing fancy…but a gift nonetheless, and we were all so proud of her, even more so when she had given it to him and he had accepted it and we saw how happy she was. But that night when I was returning her to the wagons to sleep, we found it discarded partially burnt in a fire pit.”

Fíli’s stomach made a drop towards his ankles.

Mordrid sighed, almost aggravated.

“The look on her face, he might as well have just torn it in half in front of her. I was angry…I confronted him about it, and though he told me it had accidentally fallen out of his pocket…I still wonder if that was true. Several weeks later, he vanished during a hunt. When found him and a warg was nearby...we could make the connection of what happened.”

“Kara never told me that, I always assumed it was some quarrel.”

“Aye, it was a hard time for her and she probably wouldn’t deny it if you had suggested as such. She always was one to hide what happened...especially if she found it to be her fault.”

“But it wasn’t”

“I know Fíli.” Mordrid said softly, “But how can you explain that to a child? A night before, she had given him a gift...one that probably hurt him for the memories. It placed a terrible burden on her shoulders…and a horrible realization, whether true or not was placed in her mind. Herron mourned the loss of Aora, and for Kara, she was a constant reminder of what he lost. He loved his daughter, but I think a part of him hated her for her causing his wife’s death. And for Kara, she probably feels as though she is a constant reminder to her kin of the dwarrowdam they lost on the night of her birth.”
“But…

“Tell me Fíli, in these years you’ve known Kara, when has she not taken things as her fault even if it was out of her control?”

Fíli was silent and then he sighed, giving Mordrid her answer. However she smiled.

“I actually believe I have you to thank however.”

“Me? For what?”

“My lad, in my entire life, I do not think I have seen her smile once the way she has smiled with and at you.” Mordrid replied and Fíli’s face turned crimson.

“I can think of no one better to have as her One.” Mordrid added and Fíli cleared his throat. “As for a gift, as I am assuming you came here for advice…I would suggest thinking about what makes her glow in your eyes.”

“Glow? What does that-”

But with a smile Mordrid collected her items, and bowed at him.

“You’ll know when you see it.” Mordrid said. “Good day, My Prince.”

And with that she exited the gardens, leaving Fíli standing there.

It was strange, Billa mused as she walked with her daughters to their room. It was strange how accepted her children were...she suspected that there would be more of an uproar against them. But thankfully, it seemed that the dwarves were far more open than the hobbits were. The girls had been playing with other dwarflings until she had picked them up, and it was clear to her that both Freya and Frigga were having fun.

Maybe here they could actually open up and be themselves...instead of trying to be like hobbits. Billa sighed as she tucked her two daughters in, smiling at the two as Haldor snuggled next to Freya.

“Mama sad?” Frigga asked sleepily and Billa chuckled.

“No Darling. Just thinking.”

“Bout wha?”

“Something good, Darling…” She assured as she patted Frigga’s head.


“Allright...once there was a king of Oak. He loved his people, and his home...but he was thrown out by a mean, greedy dragon…” she began telling the story of Thorin and the dwarves. She smiled as she watched the girls eyes began to droop further, falling asleep after only a few minutes. She kissed their foreheads, tucking them in a bit further before tiptoeing away.

She paused when she spotted a familiar form standing in the shadows.

“Good evening Thorin.”

“Good evening.” He replied calmly, glancing into the room. “Asleep already?”
“They had a very exciting day of exploring and meeting people.” Billa said with a laugh. “And they are enjoying roaming around with Bomur.”

“Bombur’s son?”

“Mhm.” She replied, chuckling as a dark look flashed across his face. “I detect an expression of distaste. Are you jealous?”

“You’re imagining such things.” Thorin replied grously and Bilal forced herself not to laugh again.

“What story did you tell?”

“Of a dwarf prince who journeyed to reclaim his homeland with his allies and an oak shield. It was one of their favorite stories.” She hummed, smiling as Thorin tugged her over to him.

“Is that right?”

“Mhm. I wish you still had that shield.” She commented, fingers splayed against the cloth of his tunic. She flushed as he smirked. “I mean the girls would have loved a prop to look or feel.”

“Is that right?” He asked and she huffed, looking at him before he chuckled, “unfortunately it probably burned in the fire.” Thorin replied, resting his chin on top of her head. “And even if it hadn’t, it probably fell off the cliff when the eagle picked me up to escape.”

She murmured an agreement, taking in his scent, before her eyes snapped open, an idea forming in her mind.

“Billa?”

She looked up at Thorin and smiled brightly. The dwarf king looked almost worried.

“What are you planning?”

“You’ll see.”

“...why do i feel like that I should be worried?” Thorin asked to the amusement of Billa, who laughed, pecking him lightly on the cheek with a kiss.

“Now why would you be worried?” She teased and he rolled his eyes.

“It’s something I’ve learned to be around you.” He replied and she huffed, before patting his cheek with a smile on her face and turned, hurrying away. He watched her leave, unsure as to what was going on. Ignoring his expression, she smiled to herself.

For what could a hobbit give a dwarf?

She had her answer now.

“This is growing rather troublesome.”

“My Lord, forgive me. We did not expect-”

“I know what you didn’t expect.” A voice said, his deep tenor reverberating in the room lit only by the fireplace. “I also know that your guild is growing more and more incompetent.”
“My Lord-”

A look silenced the man kneeling on the ground. The dwarf lifted a goblet of wine, taking a sip and hissing at the taste, before handing the goblet to the dwarf.

“Drink.”

The other dwarf hesitated for a moment, looking at the elegantly dressed one before standing and taking a gulpful of wine.

“Did you know that this wine was made by elves?” The dwarf asked and the kneeling dwarf looked up at him. “Before that wench became involved with the King, he would have never considered accepting the drink of those tree-shaggers. But now...now that wretched halfling has softened him and made him easy to twist.” The dwarf said. The other one coughed, as though trying to clear his throat, the other dwarf staring at him as his expression changed from discomfort to panic and he removed a small cluster of herbs from his cheek. He stared at the choking dwarf coolly as he collapsed back onto the ground.

“I will ensure that she cannot twist him further. By any means necessary.”

Chapter End Notes

Here we go~! the next chapter!
Ori winced as he continued to shelve the scrolls in the library, paying mind to the few shelves in the back and shuddering at the memory. It was ridiculous.

He was going to be fine.

He wasn’t dead, he still had all his fingers and toes. Why was he panicking over the fact that a day before an assassin had been hiding in the shadows? Or the fact he had nearly died?

“Oh for Mahal’s sake! It’s not that bad, Ori.” he whispered to himself.

“What isn’t?”

“AAAAUUGGGH!!”

He spun around, heaving a large book at the perpetrator behind him, the dwarf behind him cursing in pain.

“What the...Dwalin?”

“You have a mean left hook.” The older dwarf remarked, rubbing his nose.


“It’s fine. I’m surprised you’re here, given what happened.”

“I’m a scholar. I can’t be scared of an assassin.”

“Hm…” Dwalin remarked, and Ori flushed.

“Shumrêl.”

He could feel his face burning, and he turned quickly to put a book away so Dwalin couldn’t catch him blushing.

“So what are you doing here?” Ori managed to stutter out. Dwalin was silent for a moment glancing around before cursing.

“I was here looking to see if I could figure anything out...but nothing. I can’t think of any reason that that fool got in.”

Ori sat down looking at Dwalin.

“This is growing ridiculous. The bastard was without kin, and had no real reason to be in the library, and yet he was able to sneak in and attack you and Billa.” Dwalin said as he sat down next to Ori. The youngest of the Ri brother’s flushed slightly, looking down at his book, staring at the pages.

“We don’t even know why Billa was targeted.”

“You know that it has everything to do with her relationship with Thorin.” Ori pointed out.
“But why now? They could have easily killed her when we didn’t know!”

“Shu-”

“What are you yelling about?”

They both looked up as Nori entered the library.

“Is this an impromptu meeting or something?”

Dwalin frowned as Nori began to sharpen his blade and Ori inwardly groaned. He couldn’t get a break could he?

“We were talking about the assassination attempt. Billa’s clearly the target.”

“Yeah, but we’re no closer to finding out who has Billa as a target.”

“That list has got to be long. Even if we ignored dwarves who can’t stand her race, there are plenty who still see her as a traitor because she gave Bard and Thranduil the Arkenstone.” Nori remarked.

“You’re not helping. All three of them are in danger.” Ori replied.

“Well what are we going to do? We can’t just watch Billa and the girl’s every single minute. She’d kill us out of sheer frustration. And even if Frigga is easy to watch, Freya certainly isn’t.”

“Billa isn’t safe on her own.”

“Do you want to try and convince her to have guards?” Nori asked. “I certainly don’t.”

“Something needs to happen.” Dwalin argued back.

“Yeah. Something does, and we need to catch whoever is planning these attacks in the act, but…”

“But to catch a criminal, you have to draw them out, I know.” Dwalin finished as Ori glanced at his brother, his eyes widening in realization.

“A...are you saying…”

“Yeah. We’re going to need bait.” Nori added and Ori glanced at Dwalin who sighed heavily, setting the axe down.

“Thorin is not going to like this.”

“No. But I don’t think we have a choice.” Nori replied with a cool glint in his eyes. Dwalin was silent before he let out a heavy sigh.

“...No. I don’t think we do.”

Billa sighed as she looked at the pieces of wood. None of them seemed to fit her memory of Thorin’s shield. She wondered if she could find oak and purchase it from Dale without Thorin finding out. A part of her wanted to laugh. Knowing her luck, Thorin would find out within the night. She was rather unfortunate with her luck. She stumbled as she was shoved to the side, barely managing to catch herself. She looked up, startled as she spotted several dwarves, all wearing extravagant clothes glaring at her.
“Watch it halfling.”

Billa frowned. She had been told by Thorin and the others, warned even…

It still didn’t make the feeling better.

“Good day.”

“Oh not even an apology.”

“You ran into me.” She replied, her voice even, her gaze cool. It seemed to anger several of the dwarves, one opening his mouth as if to argue, but he was quieted by one of the other dwarves, who held his hand up.

“Come now, I think we can all be civil can’t we?”

“You think too highly of her, Andal. She is-”

“A guest of the King, Gamal.” The dwarf responded, glancing at her. She blinked, unsure on this dwarf. His words were kind, and he seemed sincere about it.

“It’d be wise to remember that.”

Gamal grumbled under his breath, before storming away. Billa glanced at Andal.

“Thank you.”

“I do what I must for the good of this kingdom, Lady Billanna.” Andal said, bowing slightly. Billa watched as he left after the other dwarves, frowning before shaking her head.

“Everything alright there lass?”

Startled, she turned to see Bofur walking towards her. She sighed.

“Just some of the nobles showing their displeasure over me.”

“You alright?”

“I’m fine. Just annoyed.” Billa responded. “Where are the girls?”

“With Thorin. Where else?”

Billa chuckled.

“So what are you doing here? Never thought you were interested in the smith.”

“I’m not. I just...I need to look for some wood.”

“Wood?”

“Mhm. But I’m not having any luck finding any that would be big enough.”

“Well of course not. They don’t keep any wood here. Come on Lass, I’ll show you where to go.”

Billa cocked her head to the side, and followed the other dwarf.

A few moments passed before they arrived towards the bottom of the mountain and she gaped at the
wood that was resting in piles.

“Maybe this will be helpful?”

“Maybe. If not, I’ll have to go out and look around the woods.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea, Lass.”

“What? Why?”

Bofur looked at her, and she rolled her eyes after a few moments.

“I don’t need a bodyguard, Bofur.”

“You’ve had assassins come after you twice. Once was a few days ago here. It’s got Thorin and the rest of us worried.”

“I’m fine.”

“I don’t think Thorin is. Or us for that matter.”

Billa glanced at her friend, before frowning and looking away.

“If you want to go explore the forest, just bring one of us with you.” Bofur finally amended and Billa smiled before nodding.

“I can do that. I just wish I could find what I was looking for.”

“Lass, I think whatever you have decided on making for him will be made from your heart, and no less precious.” Bofur replied but Billa bit her bottom lip as she glanced at the wood pieces.

“It needs to make sense, Bofur.” She replied shifting the wood around

“True...but it only really needs to make sense to Thorin.”

“And that’s why it needs to be simple. The dwarf gets lost so easily.” She muttered and Bofur laughed loudly, echoing down the hall.

---

Thorin could recall a time where the throne room was a quiet place, empty. A place that was only seen by nobles. Prim and proper.

Not with Freya and now, Thorin couldn’t believe he could stand the silence.

“Haldor!!” Freya squealed as she ran around the throne, dragging Frigga behind her as they chased the half warg pup around. Thorin glanced up for a moment from the document that Balin handed to him and couldn’t hide the smile.

“She reminds me of your sister at her age.” Balin commented with a chuckle.

“The Kingdom is doomed then.”

“It will be interesting with all the politics with those two as they get older.” Balin replied in agreement, though Thorin remained silent on it. Honestly, he desired nothing less than the two to not be intertwined in that world, even though he knew eventually they would have to, especially Frigga if Fíli kept his word and decided to have her as his heir for the throne.
They would be fine, he was sure of it. It still didn’t help with handling his nerves.

“Adad?”

He glanced up as Freya scampered over to him.

“Watcha doin?”

“Reading a report from Dale.”

Freya’s nose scrunched up as she looked at the parchment and Thorin ruffled her hair.

“It’s not fun, I admit, but it is important.”

“Ick.”

Thorin couldn’t help the chuckle.

“You do not have to worry about this yet, Mizim.” Thorin promised as Frigga made her way, tapping her feet to show her the way. He picked her up with one arm as Freya crawled into his lap, humming lightly.

Balin watched with gentle amusement.

This was the first time in many years he had seen Thorin so relaxed. The last he could remember was when his nephews were around the same age, but even then, Thorin’s expression held a sadness that could not, or rather would not, abate.

But these two girls?

His smile was genuine, his expression lighter. Like the heavy stone he had carried on his shoulders this entire time had rolled off and he was finally free. A familiar crowing echoed and Balin lifted his arm to allow the raven to land gently on his wrist. He accepted the letter attached the claw of the raven, unfurling it as the bird flew away. He frowned at the contents, looking at Thorin who caught his expression.

“Trouble?”

“Possibly. I believe you should go towards the forest’s entrance. There is a hunting lodge there.”

“What has happened?”

Balin gave him a look, glancing at the children on Thorin’s lap.

Not in front of them.

“It is urgent my King.”

“You gots to go Adad?” Freya asked, looking up towards him. Thorin frowned, ruffling her hair.

“Unfortunately. I’ll be back before dinner.”

“Yay!!” The youngest cheered. Thorin glanced around, unwilling to let them venture off on their own, and quickly spotted his nephews and Tauriel walking past.

“Tauriel.”
The elf maiden paused, glancing up as all three stopped.

“Auntie Tauriel!” Freya chirped, grabbing Frigga’s hand and sliding off of Thorin’s lap and scampering to her, the elf smiling gently as she bent down to greet the children.

“Tauriel, could you watch the two of them or try to find Billa? There are some matters I need to attend to.”

“I do not mind.”

“What’s the matter uncle?” Kíli asked as Tauriel led the two younglings away.

“A body of a dwarf was discovered in a hunting lodge near the edge of the forest. Bard thinks it is of suspicious nature.”

Thorin frowned.

“Locate Dwalin. We’ll leave in a moment.”

“Yes My King.”

It seemed like an eternity before they had left Erebor, Thorin mused. He didn’t really understand why his stomach squirmed at the mention of the dead dwarf. He knew none of the subjects he had recently talked to had gone hunting, so likely the dwarf was either without kin, not one of the civilians in Erebor, or was traveling to make it to Erebor. But still... Thorin slowed the pony as he reached where the humans were, Kíli, Fíli, and Dwalin not far behind. His frown grew as he spotted the men surrounding the small shack.

“Bard!”

The King of the Dale looked up.

“Thorin.”

“What’s the matter? Balin said it was urgent.” Thorin remarked as he dismounted. Bard gestured to the lodge.

“It is. Several hunters were planning on using this for last night’s camping ground. They came across him and alerted Dale. It wasn’t a natural death.” He explained gesturing inside.

Thorin glanced inside, frowning at the dwarf lying on the wood, eyes blank, a milky film covering them as a strange color stained his mouth and chin.

“He was likely poisoned. I thought you would like to be made aware.” Bard continued. “With all that has been happening and the danger to Billa and your children, I believe it might be connected.”

“Dwalin?”

“The signia on his coat is of the Assassin guild. Iron Hills.”

“Dáin might have some clues then.”

“Possibly. Could explain why we didn’t notice them and why Nori didn’t hear anything about it earlier. The one that attacked Billa in the library probably wasn’t part of the Assassin guild here either.”
“Why leave him here though?”

“I reckon they didn't care if we found him or not. Or that Bard would have notified us because of the suspicious circumstances.”

Thorin frowned.

“They made a mistake though, and that’s going to cost them.” Dwalin said and Thorin nodded.

Yes it was going to cost them.

But he wondered who would get caught in the middle of the fray before this was over.

Chapter End Notes

I just sort of realized that this is actually getting close to the end.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!