Nori is more than ready to claim his unclaimed mate, but he can't find a little privacy with his mate while traveling on the road. With Bofur lending a helping hand, the company stops at an inn, Nori is tired of waiting, but is Bilbo ready?

A separate piece of for The Little Lamb and the Fox, but can be read on its own.

Notes

I wrote smut, I just wrote Smut! Idea, that I never wanted to have, popped up and was like, “Sup!” So here is some smut of Nori and Bilbo, no idea when the chapter takes place in the actual story, but I didn't want to up the rating because sometimes you just want to read a “good” story and other times we all just want to read the smut. (OH MY LORD, DID I JUST WRITE THAT?)

*screaming* I didn't mean for this to happen, but it did. OH GOD, please be gentle while if figure out what I just did, this is my first smut EVER.

Bilbo played with his bowl, tapping his fingers along the edge and just pushing the spoon around
without purpose. He was trying to ignore everything at this point in time, Fili and Kili snuggling up to him like little lambs, and Nori's piercing gaze. Stuttering over his words he tried to focus on telling to two leopards a story from the Shire, “-Party tree, so she climbed it to prove a point, her checks were red from exhaustion and her dress ripped and teared. After completing her task she threw down the at Thatur's feet and gave a very unkind gesture to her older brother. After nearly slipping off a lot of branches, she made her way to the ground. Setting her two feet on the ground she dusted off her dress as my father came running up, his breaths coming out in short puffs.”

“His ears were pulled back in fright and his tail puffed up in fear, placing his hands on her shoulders, he began to question if she was alright. My mother just let my father speak his piece, the cat nearly hissing with worry, before she pulled him down by his curls for a kiss. After she left him standing there in a daze, she walked back to her mother to tell the old took that she was heading home. The sheep turned back to the cat one more time before calling out that if she didn't receive a bokay of flowers before the weeks end she would clip his ears.” Bilbo finished with a small smile, Fili leaning into his shoulder laughing from the start, while Kili, the black leopard, was clutching his stomach. The three huddled at the bar of the inn.

The company had stopped for a good nights rest, Bofur insisted on it. The minx was one of the main deciding factors when it came to what the company did, the minx knew how to press Thorin's buttons and wasn't afraid when and where the pressing happened. As Thorin was reminded in Rivendalle. So when Bofur “recommended” that they stop at the inn for the night with a dark twinkle in his eye, the black tiger relented within seconds.

Fili and Kili leaned on each other as they pushed out of their seats, the two running off to get some more drinks, and bother Ori and Dwalin; just not in that order. Shaking his head Bilbo pushed his bowl out of his hands and went back to nursing his mug of ale. The two had been dancing around each other for a bit; Dwalin afraid that he was taking advantage of Ori, and Ori enraged at the thought of Dwalin being in love with another. It was a sad little dance.

A puff on his ear sent a shiver down his spine, turning in his seat to confront who ever decided it was wise to invade his space, his ears flopped up in surprise when he fond himself nose to nose with Nori. Swallowing Bilbo turned back to his mug with a small crack in his neck, pursing his lips he glanced over at the fox.

Nori looked wild; his hair in disarray, his eyes wide and dilated. Tail puffed up, his nostrils flaring with every breath. It wasn't Nori's fault, every couple usually went through the claiming as soon as possible. It was a ceremony of a sort, one as primal as the land of the east, it was a ceremony of marking one's mate and exchanging scents. So that all could see and smell that the couple was bonded and that no one would ever come between them.

Nori had intended to claim Bilbo in the chair that they exchanged vows in, and judging from the way how the fox was nosing the junction between his neck and shoulder blades, the fox was willing to
take him in the bar stool he was sitting at. This wasn't 100% Nori's fault either, mates, especially dwarrows, were possessive over the other. It was a sign of rejection for one not to wear their mate's mark with pride. Bilbo had no intentions of rejecting the fox, there just wasn't any privacy for such things when traveling on the road.

“N-Nori!” Bilbo squealed as the fox began to slide a hand under his button up shirt. The fox didn't pause, only growling about Fili's and Kili's scent. Swallowing he made a split second decision; gulping what was left in his mug, he pushed Nori back slightly before taking the fox's hand. The fox's growl was cut off as he tried to wiggle his way off the stool, Nori simply jumped down before pulling him into strong arms.

Stopping the fox from attacking his ribs again with clever fingers, he pulled Nori along slowly, the two weaving their way through the crowd and ignoring the whistles from the company and Thorin grumbling of finally. The company had to suffer from Nori's moods, the fox snapping at anyone who got too close to Bilbo, and the fox's constant slowing the company down trying to find a secluded spot to claim the lamb.

Trecking up the stairs was long and awkward for Bilbo, he could feel Nori pressing into his back and the fox playing with his little tail. Biting back a whimper, he pressed on with shaking knees. In the Shire both parties would wait til they were ready or until they were of age, some pairing up in their tweens. Neither would be pressured like Bilbo was now. Nori grumbled into his curls, “If you don't hurry up- I don't know how much longer I can wait.”

Nori pulled him flush against the fox's chest as a man passed by the two, the fox growling and hand tightening on his hip. Bilbo mumbled an apology to the ruffled moose as he played with the handle of their room, trying to put the rope over the handle. He didn't know how Nori would act if someone walked in during or after their... activities. Mates didn't separate for weeks after their coupling and would attack any that they saw as a threat to their mate, and that was just hobbits. He really didn't want to know how dwarrows would act.

The door was flung open by the impatient dwarf, the door hitting the wall with a deafening thump. Bilbo squeaked as he was scooped up, his hands scrubbing for perches on Nori's shoulders and tunic. The dwarf ignored the hobbit's protest and threw the lamb onto the bed with ease. Not turning around, Nori slammed the door closed with the heel of his boot, “You've been driving me mad.”

Bilbo shivered under his soon-to-be-official mate's gaze. His instincts ringing as he took in Nori's stance and the pace that the dwarf move with. Scuttling backwards til he hit the wall, Bilbo breathed heavily, remembering that the was to be mated with one of the most fearsome foxes in all of Middle Earth.

“You're just too innocent for your own good, Bilbo,” Nori rumbled as he stalked forward. “I have
tried being patent, but then you look up at me shyly from behind your eyelashes with your cheeks red, and your lips full and worn from your teeth. All of my control goes out the window.”

Growling the fox leapt onto the bed, “And knowing that my scent isn't permanent is beyond frustrating. I have to keep myself in check at all times, or I'll make our numbers drop because the company's scent is all over you, covering mine.” Nori framed the small body under him, his hands flat against the wall beside Bilbo's head. “It drives me mad when they casually lean up against you.”

“Nori,” Bilbo breathed, trying to calm himself more than the fox. Looking down at his knees he began to play with Nori's coat, “I- I want to, you know I do. It's just that I've never done... You know.” He finished lamely fluttering one of his hands between them.

“Good,” Nori purred as he nosed under his mate's ear, “Because I don't want anyone else having any sort of claim over you.”

Bilbo grasped at Nori's shoulders when the fox began to teeth at his ear, failing to bite back a whimpered mewl, “No- no one else would ever want me, Nori, I'm only yo- yours.”

“Fools,” Nori blew over the red flesh, smirking at the noises that he drew out of his mate. Pulling back to push his forehead against Bilbo's in a playful bump he smiled at his lamb gently. “If they don't see how bright you shine, then they are blind. If they don't feel how you warm their hearts then they are without them. If they can't hear you sing in such a sweet loving tone when you talk, then they are deaf. If they can't feel the loving warmth you share, then they have no soul.”

Bilbo gave a small cry at his mate's confession, he pulled the fox down for a kiss without hesitance. Their lips meeting in a sweet caress of warm flesh, pulling back to dote kisses from Bilbo's mouth along the lamb's jaw. “More fools they, and more spoils for me. For when they cry at the lose of your touch, I will drown in it because it's mine now.”

“Just like your soft touches are mine.” Bilbo whimpered, his hands clumsily working to push the heavy coat off his mate's shoulders. Kissing the surprised dwarf's nose, he moved shyly in his little burst of courage to sit in his love's lap. “Anyone can see how kind you are just by looking at your brothers, I am happy to say that I am one of the few who can see you without your mask. I am pleased to- to feel your hands cradle mine, to know that these hands,” He kissed to palm of the one framing his face as continued on, “care for me.”

“Hands of a thief and a murderer.” Nori mumbled back as he squeezed the hobbit's hips lightly.
“You did that for your family, so that your brother could continue on in peace and so that Ori could
go to school to be a scribe.” Bilbo argued with a blush as Nori began to push up his jacket and shirt,
exposing his soft middle. “You are so loving and kind, Nori, and those who can't see it are fools,
blind fools. That and you are quite handsome, your smile is charming when you aren't being
condescending. And- And your eyes, they shine like- like diamonds, colorful, but so full of warmth.”

“Mahal,” Nori whispered, pushing Bilbo into the pillows, “I'm going to make you so sore,” he
punctuated the statement by squeezing the lamb's plump behind. Grinning at the blushing squeak of a
mewl his hobbit made. He spoke in a husky deep voice as Bilbo squirmed under him, “I'm going to
work you open, make you cum just on my fingers. Then I'm going to slide into you while you're
laxed and fluxing hole from being so empty, making you mine as mycock fills you up. I'm going to
make you scream as I start out so slow, you will beg for me to go faster, to fill you, to have you.
After you're in tears I'll speed up, filling you up more than my fingers ever could, pounding into your
sweet spot with such force you will cum again and again, my cock filling you to the brink as you
ride the wave of ecstasy as I spill my seeds into your used hole as it flutters around my cock. All
while you're on your knees, whining and begging into the pillows as I watch it all, as I watch my
fingers and cock disappear inside you and claim you forever as mine. I'll watch unblinking as you are
wrecked by me, as you gasp out and mewl for more as your eyes cloud over with lust and passion.”

He punctuated each word with a squeeze and nibble on his mates sensitive ears. He watched as his
mate squirmed and whined under him, Bilbo's eyes closed, a flush bright from his ears to his soft
belly, and head trying to turn away to deny the lust pulsing through the little lamb. Sweeping over his
trembling mate, he sucked in a breath as he watched his lamb try to struggle away in shame, Bilbo
showing such flexibility, “Or should I bend you over so you can watch me claim you as I hold down
your hands and pound into your tight heat? I bet I could have you on your back, while I hold open
your legs and just hammer at your sweet spot. I also wonder how your mouth would feel, your red
lips wrapped around my girth as I fuck your pretty little mouth. You could suck me off while I make
you cum around my fingers, filling you with me in two places at once. I bet you would hunger for
more of me, my weight in your mouth, the smell and taste of my cock, the feel of my fingers pressing
against your walls as you cry out for something more.”

“No-Nori!” Bilbo whined as the fox removed his shirt and jacket in one move, pushing the fabric
over his head with ease. He felt shame and lust curl through his stomach as he picture everything
Nori described, he felt so dirty wanting it, all of it. He tried curling away from the fox's hungry eyes,
mouth, and hands. The fox just pushed him back with a small show of strength, shivering as warm
hands enveloped his sides. He moaned low and loud when the fox's thumbs passed over his nipples.
His hands resting on the fox's shoulders, unsure of what to do as Nori bent down to press bruising
kisses to his neck. He cried out as he was over stimulated as his mate sucked on his neck, leaving
marks for all to see, pinching and twisting his sensitive nipples til they were raw.

Nori paused as he felt shaky hands try to push past his many layers, his lamb whining under him,
trying to disrobe him. Chuckling he pulled back, unclasping the belts and buckles, showing his hard
chest to his trembling soft mate. His braids were in disarray, but the hair covering his arms and chest
were damp and pressed against his skin from his many layers. Smirking he caught his fleeing mate
with ease, dragging the lamb back to him.
Taking Bilbo's shaking hands in his, he pressed the soft palms to his chest, shivering as he felt his mate's hands on him. Finally. Hovering over his lamb he let Bilbo explore, his lambs face red, but bright with wonder. “There's no need to be ashamed, Bilbo, this is normal.”

He kissed his mate's forehead when the lamb made a face of anger, “I, myself have never had another, remember, Gray foxes mate for life. I was sat down and taught everything, as is the norm for dwarrows, I take it no one has ever explained any of this to you?”

Bilbo was memorized by the feel of Nori's chest and arm hair, it was just as soft as the dwarf's beard and hair. He pulled his hands back when Nori sucked in a breath when his hands passed over what felt like warm pebbles. The dwarf tisked him before pulling his hands back to the soft peeks, “N-No, we discover everything in during the coupling with our mate.”

Nori groaned as his mate played with his nipples, his hands balling the sheets around Bilbo's head. Feeling his lamb comb over his chest and arm hair had felt marvelous, but this was even better. Bilbo's touch wasn't ruff, it was soft and sweet, like his lamb.

Bilbo gave a strangled whine when Nori pulled back, his hand slapping over his mouth at his actions, the dwarf chuckled, “Can't wait much longer, love.”

The dwarf pulled back to rest on muscled legs, and combed over his foot hair. Turning his head away he bit his hands to keep from crying out, this was why he didn't want Oin touching his feet, the tops were very sensitive, unlike the sole. He squirmed as Nori's clever fingers danced over the tops of his feet and calves. The dwarf had already pushed he suspenders to the side, he gave a small cry as he felt the cool air bite at his exposed legs and bottom half.

Groaning Nori took in the sight, his mate laid out for him flushed and needy. Bilbo's arms and hands trying to hide a blushing lust distorted face, while legs curled up to the soft chest for warmth, unknowingly exposing two bits of interest. The lamb's sweet cock at attention like a lollipop, a bright red with a purple undertone, and the virgin hole, pink and artfully wrinkled.

Pulling Bilbo back under him, by the hobbit's ankle, he began to think out-loud with a husky voice, “I could eat you out too, I could open you up on my tongue and lap at your fluttering hole like a starving man. My nose pressed to the underside of your stones, my lips massaging your opening as my tongue works you open til you cum and clamp down on it.”

Moving his head between the parted thighs, held open by his hands, “Would you like that, love?”
Bilbo's answer was a high whine and a twisting of his torso. He couldn't look as the dwarf spoke so confidently about such dirty things, he tried to hide in the longer forgotten pillows. The soft fabric a great contrast to the warm hands on his thighs, “Nori.”

Nori didn't hide his grin at the mumbled moan of his name, pulling back he readjusted his hold to his mate's hips. Flipping his mate over with ease, he moved his pliable mate however he saw fit. Spreading Bilbo's knees apart so that he could see the lamb's flushed hole and face buried in the cheap pillows. He hummed at the sight of his mate spread out for him like the finest meal of his life. Getting a feel for his mate, Nori lightly massaged the sweet ring of muscles with his thumb, causing his his little mate to cry into the pillow.

Bilbo shook his head, not sure if he wanted to go any further or not. Pulling back to rest on his hands he gave a whimper when he felt Nori's warmth leave him, looking over he shoulder he watched as his mate hissed and growled at tossed aside clothes. Watching as daggers, flasks of what was probably poison, and lock-picks bounced around on the cheap sheets. Nori dug around for a bit longer, only glancing at him with a crooked grin. Finally his mate returned with a cry of triumph, pulling out a slim flask, the contents swishing around lazily.

Nori moved closer, “I'm going to put this on my fingers, it will help ease the entry and relax your muscles. I'm told it feels weird at first, but gets better, if it hurts too much let me know.”

Bilbo nodded as he watch his mate uncap the bottle, turning back to hide in the pillows he listened to the sloshing and the wet slaps. He felt a shiver go up his spine without his consent. The shifting of the bed made him jolt slightly, Nori shushed him as he felt, what he thought to be, Nori's finger probe his entrance. It wasn't pleasant, like his mate said it would be, it was odd and almost painful to have something inside of him.

He gave a small whine when the finger continued to wiggle around, massaging his walls and stretching him slightly. Slowly the finger started to feel good, the way how it slid in and out of him, it was nice to be full. Fisting the pillows, he gave an experimental press back into the finger. He gasped, his face erupting from the pillow, it felt good. Oh by the green lady it felt so good. The finger was nice inside him, pressing back he felt his wall clamp down slightly, resting his chin on the pillow he whined when the finger crooked upwards teasingly.

He felt the finger retreat, only to be joined latter by another, both re-slicked. They pressed inside of him gently, this time it was just a small sting. Like before it was uncomfortable, but slowly he relaxed again and it felt good as before. Mewling and gasping Bilbo shifted and pressed back on the invading fingers, they dived deeper than before, pulling at his entrance. The fingers wiggled around, trying to find something, and pressed against his walls with a curious touch.
Suddenly he felt it, a blinding light flashed behind his eye. He croaked out a sob, “Nori!”

Nori groaned from behind his mate, the sight was better than he had ever imagined. Watching his fingers vanish into the fluttering hole of his innocent mate. Bilbo was no longer innocent judging by the way the lamb was shoving back onto his fingers and crying out his name. Shoulders and upper back flushed from pleasure, arms shaking unable to support the whining lamb. “Mahal, you look beautiful fucking yourself on my fingers.”

He watched as he withdrew his fingers, Bilbo crying out and vibrating flushed hips in a needy way. Groaning he wished that he didn't have to sit on his hand, he wanted nothing more than to color the red skin with his seeds, but he was going to wait. His mate deserved better than that. Plunging three of his fingers one at time, he slowly pressed them against the hungry hole of his mate. The abused red hole swallowing his fingers gluttonously. With rapt attention, Nori watched as his mate rode his fingers, Bilbo's hips pushing back mewling, each thrust joined by a whine or a moan. Groaning Nori began to massage the sweet spot, watching as his mate's hips stilled and Bilbo began to give out continues whines. The hobbit's hips gave a small twitch as he over stimulated the smaller male's prostate, trying to run away and push back into his fingers at the same time, before Bilbo came with a cry of his name.

Unrelenting, the fingers inside of him continued to press and massage as he rode his orgasm, “Ah, oh, Nori, Nori! Oh.” The lights dancing behind his eyes as his body melted, his knees locking to keep his bottom up in the air, as he gasped and cried into the pillows. His hole gasping as the fingers left him, he felt cold and empty. Giving a whine as he was unable to move, limbs still shaky and unresponsive, “Nori.”

“Are you feeling empty?” Nori moaned as he began to rub the oil on his cock with his hand that was asleep, his cock hard as a rock as it escaped the confines of his pants. He had slipped out partially, unwilling to leave his mate to properly remove his pants. His question was answered by the nod of a swift nod of a head. Bilbo's tail had wagged and wagged while he fucked the lamb on his fingers, he wondered what the tail would do when he fucked his mate properly. Massaging the plump globes before him, he pulled the cheeks apart slightly and watched as the hole fluxed and hungered for something to fill it with. “Don't worry love, I'm going to fix that very soon.”

Pressing against the hole wasn't going to be the hard part, that much he had been taught, the hard part was going to be not pounding into his mate after he was in the tight heat. Setting his jaw Nori pushed forward with conviction. He lined himself up as best as he could, pressing his heated, purple flesh to the flexing hole. It took a few moments before he slipped in, his head was engulfed with the sweet heat. “Mahal, Bilbo, I'm not even inside you fully yet and I want to cum already.”

Bilbo gasped when he was evaded by something much larger than the fingers. This time it was more than a sting, and Nori wasn't even in him all the way yet. Whining he willed his walls to relax as Nori gave an experimental roll, it was too big, too much too soon. Slowly he felt more enter him, the
cock inside him narrowing slightly, and the veins along the bottom of the cock rubbing against his walls pleasantly. His legs trembling as his mate gripped his hips with strong hands, the force bruising and distracting from the pain of being stretched open. Soon he felt Nori sated within him fully, the sacks of Nori's seeds press heavily against his bottom.

Nori pressed a small kiss to his mates shoulder, “You're taking me so well, love. So good, I want nothing more than to pound into you right now, fill you with my seeds, coating you as mine from the inside out.”

“Nor-Nori, you're big, so big.” Bilbo whined back as he felt the fox pull back slightly. The cock inside of him sliding out nearly all the way before pushing back at a different angle. “I- I don't-stings.”

Nori swallowed and pressed on into the tight heat of his mate, searching for the spot that would send his lover screaming. This was what the teacher had talked about, the pain, each distressed cry Bilbo made cut into his soul. He wanted to stop and just wrap a hand around his mates flushed cock, bringing Bilbo to completion, but his body wouldn't pull back enough. His mind was conflicting with his instincts to claim his mate for life and to make Bilbo sing. He and Bilbo both gave a cry of relief and joy when he found the sweet spot.

Bilbo threw his head back again, there it was. Nori had found his spot again, the fox wasting no time slamming into the spot over and over. It was no longer painful being so full, it felt right. Every time his mate would pull back his hips would chase after the dwarf, when Nori pressed forward he felt full and complete.

“Nori, ah, ah, Nori!”

Nori didn't close his eyes, despite his eyelids’ demands, he watched as his mate was claimed. Bilbo pushing back into his thrusts and crying out his name, mewling for more. He dug his nails into his mate's hips, his pace picking up. He watched as Bilbo's cries turned to howls and whines, his name constantly being sung to the ceiling. Grunting he pushed on as his mate's hole became tighter and tighter with each thrust, Bilbo was close.

Pressing into the spot with more force, he watched as Bilbo's soft body shook with each thrust, the lamb's head turning back and forth, unknowing what to do with such pleasure. Not stilling he grunted out a command, “Look at me.”

Bilbo whined high before he could gather up the power to do as his mate demanded. Slowly he cracked open one eye, his body over whelmed with the pleasure. He's lids felt heavy and he was
unable to focus, till he caught sight of his mate. The dwarf was hovering over him, face lax with pleasure and shining with sweat. The dwarf's fiery brown hair was frizzed and falling out of its complicated braids. His mate looked beautiful, each grunt and moan sending him into a tizzy.

Suddenly it was too much, unlike before where he felt as if he could never get enough of Nori, every thing was released at one time when he caught sight of Nori's face scrunching in pleasure as the dwarf watched him fall apart from below the powerful body. Crying out, he felt the coil unravel from his stomach, the energy leaving him as he soiled the sheets for the second time, his body falling limp into a puddle of his own release as he gave a shrill cry, “Nori!”

Nori gripped tighter as his mate went lax, muscles fluxing around his cock, squeezing and massaging him to completion. Thrusting his hips a couple more times he pushed his seeds deeper into the greedy hole as he held up his mate's hips. He gave a small cry as he pleasure was released, gargling out his mates name he slumped forward, barely catching himself on one of his hands, “Bilbo!”

Nori rolled to the side, he watched as his mate's hips collapsed fully into the lamb's own seeds. Bilbo looked beautiful, face flushed from mating, but so very relaxed from the release. The lamb's eyes fluttering closed as fists gripped the pillows in intervals. From his position he could just barely see his seeds slowly creep out of his mate's hole with each greedy flutter. Suppressing a groan, Nori rolled onto his back, if he kept watching his mate like that he would make the little lamb ride him as soon as he recovered. His gave returned back to his lamb when his mate's voice rang out uncertainly.

“Nori?”

Bilbo peeked at the fox from the cover of the pillows, his eyes slightly watery. “Did I do something wrong?”

“Oh, Mahal no, love.” Nori pulled the tearing lamb onto his chest, running his hands down his mate's back soothingly, he kissed every part of his mate you could reach. “You looks so beautiful, I want nothing more than for you to ride me, right now.”

“Nori!” Bilbo stuttered back at his mate, ducking his head into the fox's chest. He felt so exposed, his skin starting to cool, barely kept warm by the mass plastered to his front. Frowning at the fox's chuckle, he leveled his mate with a scowl. “I'm not used to- to, this! I don't know how you can joke about such things.”

“I'm not joking, love, I want you to bounce on my cock while I watch your pretty face in pleasure.” Nori pressed a kiss to the damp curls of his mate. He was rewarded for his kind words with a slight tug on his ears, “I was being serious.”
Grumbling Nori wiggled around til they both were comfortable, pushing his blades and tools over he pulled the blankets to cover his mate and him. He gave a smug smile when he caught sight of his hands branded over his mate's hips. “By Mahal, I love you.”

“Love you too, Nori.” Bilbo mumbled into his mate's chest as he felt their activities catch up to him. Sighing, he pressed a kiss to his mate's body and let sleep take him, cocooning him in darkness as he felt safe and warm.

Nori stayed awake longer than his mate, his ears listening to every sound that was made in the inn. He knew he had enemies, big and small, all wanting to kill him for things he has done in the past. He had stole, cheat, killed, lied, and betrayed people, some more dangerous than others. At first he only had his family to protect, now he had his mate to protect. Tightening a hand around one of his daggers, Nori pressed a kiss to his mates sleeping head before he drifted off to sleep. He would protect his mate, no one would lay a hand on his lamb, he and the pack would make sure.

End Notes

Ok, wow, what? How? I don't even know! I'm just going to go crawl into the dark corner of shame, bye guys.
Uh, thanks for reading my shameful, shameful smut?

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