### Just Surviving

**Summary**

Oneshots based off various imagines and or confessions. Different genres, characters, and yes, smut included. Note: People with delicate sensibilities who get offended at the use of a few swear words or some sex, be warned.

**Notes**

Yo. I was going to wait until I had finished writing all of these, but with a good two hundred on my list, who even knows how long that'll take. These are all based off various imagines/confessions mainly found on Tumblr, though I'm sure I got some from other places-so credit goes to those people for the ideas. I'll always mention if I've changed one, or come up with one of my own.

I know not everyone likes Reader!fics, so make note that if you don't, then this isn't for you, because every chapter features a reader, some from Middle-earth, some from our modern world. Middle-earth reader won't use any swear words, but modern reader likely will, so make note of that too.
I was also posting these on FFN as backup, with an OC since reader fics aren't allowed there, but unfortunately, I learned why the LOTR section is called toxic over there, and decided to just post them here, because people in this section on this site are actually, you know, humane, and haven't told me I have no shame, deserve to die, and will be raped for using swear words (-_-)

I'll also be combining various confessions/imagines, so it won't be one per chapter all the time. Sorry if you don't like that. I'm also new to writing in this fandom, and smut as well, so yeah, hope it'll be okay. Also, if you have a request, please read the notice on chapter 19, titled 'Notice', to go through my rules, before asking for anything.

Standard disclaimer that'll carry throughout the rest of the series: I do not own the Hobbit/LOTR or any of their characters...
Imagine Aragorn hugging you when he finds you crying because you think you are worthless-and-
Imagine always feeling like you let people down, and are a burden, and Legolas and Aragorn 
comforting you and helping you to see that you aren't-and-I just want Aragorn and Legolas to fuck 
the hell outta me in a threesome. (It's still a threesome, but not a hardcore fuck-sorry)

The Fellowship of the Ring was in Lothlorien. Gandalf the Grey-the oldest, wisest member of your 
company, had fallen in the Mines of Moria, while attempting to protect the rest of you from the 
demon-the Balrog. The foe had been far too great for any of you, so Gandalf had, essentially, 
sacrificed himself to save the rest of you. You would not have survived if it hadn't been for him and 
what he had done.

You were shocked, and confused, and saddened. It had been so sudden, so unexpected, and none of 
you had seen it coming. But there was one member of the Fellowship, who was having a harder time 
than others: you.

You were a woman from an alternate reality-an alternate dimension, who had one day woken in 
Middle-earth with no idea where you were or how you had ended up there.

Gandalf had been the very first person you had encountered in this world, and he had been the one to 
take you under his wing, so to speak. With important errands to run one day though, he had left you 
with Frodo in the Shire. Not long after, the two of you, along with Sam, Merry, and Pippin, had 
made your way to Bree, where you were to meet the Wizard.

The strange, Black Riders hadn't exactly been on the program. And neither had Gandalf not being at 
the inn, though the Ranger Strider had been a good replacement, even if Frodo had ended up injured.

Still, you had been more than a little relieved to see Gandalf in Rivendell. You hadn't been expecting 
to end up involved and included with the whole 'Ring' thing, let alone become the tenth member of 
the Fellowship, but there it was.

While not everything since heading out had been a walk in the park, the Mines-the Mines had been 
the worst. Losing Gandalf was like losing your safety net, but worse since he wasn't going to be 
coming back.

You had been the first to break down after it had happened, and the others had been left to support 
you, in more ways than one, despite their own grief. And yet, all this served to do was remind you of 
just how helpless you were, just how much of a burden you were on the others.

These weren't new thoughts though, not at all. You had felt like this back home in your own world 
too. They were just magnified here, because you had no way of supporting or helping yourself. Or 
so you thought, at least.

Drawing your knees to your chest, you tried to push back the tears that threatened to fall. You didn't 
want anyone to see you making a fool out of yourself. You were alone at the moment, yes, but you 
still didn't want to risk it. Besides, having to explain everything would be humiliating and 
complicated enough anyway.

...Why were you like this?
Tears pooled into your eyes. Why did you always have to think like this? Unable to stop the thoughts, the tears began to fall.

Why were you so damn worthless?

You tried to bite back a sob, but it escaped anyway, and once it did, you were unable to stop others from following suit.

Before you knew it, you were quietly sobbing away, tears streaming down your cheeks, shoulders shaking, and chest heaving. You couldn't stop, couldn't force the thoughts away.

A hand on your shoulder had you jumping in surprise and choking on a sob. Your head snapped up, and you found Aragorn standing over you, grey eyes peering down at you in concern.

You froze. This man was the last person you wanted to find you in such an embarrassing state. But he didn't laugh, didn't mock you in any way. Instead, he lowered himself down next to you, his hand still on your shoulder.

"(Y/N)?"

He was worried. Worried about you. Oh look, yet another person you were causing to feel concern for you. You really couldn't do anything, could you? You couldn't even angst properly without worrying someone!

And these thoughts led to more, which had more tears falling. You sobbed again, and brought your hands up to cover your face. "God, I'm so worthless!"

But Aragorn didn't move away or leave you. The man simply eased you closer, and enfolded you into a strong embrace. "You are anything but worthless, (Y/N)! You cannot say that of yourself!"

...You had said that out loud? You certainly hadn't meant to. And now you were crying all over him. Wasn't that fantastic?

Aragorn ran his long fingers through your hair. "Hush, Kitten, hush." He tightened his hold on you. "You are not useless, (Y/N). You are strong."

"I'm not!"

"You are," he replied calmly. "You are strong."

"One of the strongest members of our Fellowship."

The second voice had you freezing again, then releasing a half sob, half groan when you recognized it.

Legolas stepped over to the bank of the spring, before gracefully lowering down to his knees on your other side. He reached out and brushed your hair back behind your ear. "You, (Y/N), are the one who has been keeping all of us together this entire time. Someone weak would not be capable of such a feat."

Unwilling to believe the words, you shook your head in denial. "You're lying! Both of you! I'm always getting in the way! I'm always letting everyone down! I'm worthless. Completely and utterly
worthless! I always have been! I know that!" you finished with an anguished cry. The words spilled past your lips against your volition, as you, for the first time in your life, confessed what you had been thinking-feeling for years.

For a moment it was silent, the gentle lapping of the water of the spring and the lightly blowing breeze the only things audible in the air.

"Who has been poisoning your mind with these lies, Kitten?" asked Aragorn, suddenly breaking the silence.

"They are all false, (Y/N). Each and every one of them."

"But-!"

"Hush." The heir of Isildur shifted his grip on you, even as Legolas pressed a finger to your lips.

"Now we will speak and you will listen, little one," the Elf spoke.

You nodded hesitantly, as both males moved closer to you, eyes intent. They each took one of your hands—one calloused and the other smooth, both dwarfing your own in comparison.

"Whoever has spent years telling you these lies was a fool," stated Aragorn.

"I was not jesting or lying when I claimed you are the one who has been keeping the Fellowship together, (Y/N)," said Legolas, taking over. "You have been doing so since the very beginning—since we left Imladris. Though it does not appear as if you have noticed this yourself."

No, you hadn't. Not at all. Hadn't even considered the notion.

"You have never been a burden on any of us, (Y/N)," said Aragorn, as if understanding what you were thinking. "Thrust into a strange world without your knowledge or consent, surrounded by races that do not exist in your world, caught in battles against beasts that wish for nothing more than to end your precious life."

"Your own world is nothing at all like ours," spoke the Elf. He smiled slightly. "Given the circumstances, any...complaining you may have done is warranted, is it not?"

"And who else in the Fellowship has been working so hard to learn to wield a sword?" asked the Ranger with a tiny smile of his own.

"Certainly not the Hobbits," replied Legolas, despite the question having been rhetorical. "Though you cannot deny the four have been practising hard as well."

You cracked a smile, unable to help yourself as you remembered the little Hobbits' sparring sessions with Boromir.

"There we are. There's that beautiful smile we have all come to love."

Your cheeks heated slightly at the words, but you didn't say anything.

Aragorn sighed softly, though it wasn't a sound of irritation or boredom. He cupped both of your cheeks in his calloused hands. "You are a burden on no one, (Y/N), and you have never once let any
of us down."

Legolas reached out now too, setting a hand on your back. "And what this means, is that you have never been worthless, (Y/N). Nor will you ever be so."

You just stared. "...R-really?" You hated how meek and pathetic you sounded at the moment, despised it honestly, but this really was the closest you had ever gotten to acceptance of some kind-of any kind.

"Yes," the males echoed together, eyes boring into yours. They were determined to get their point across clearly.

And the strange thing about all this, was you were actually beginning to believe them. You wouldn't have if it had been anyone else telling you, but these two... Aragorn and Legolas were not the type to lie. Especially not about this sort of thing. They were too honourable for that. ...Maybe they really were right.

You felt yourself relaxing as years of pent up stress left you all at once. "T-thank you!" you half sobbed, though even you were able to hear the relief in your voice.

"There, there. No more tears now, little one," soothed Legolas, as Aragorn used his thumbs to brush them off your cheeks.

You breathed in, held the breath for a few seconds, and let it out just as slowly, relaxing even further. And then you smiled.

You weren't sure who had moved first, but suddenly, Aragorn's lips were pressed to yours. You froze yet again, mind slow to process what was happening. Your lips parted slightly as you released a sound of surprise, but the man's tongue swept forward, barely touching your own before it pulled back and the kiss came to an end.

You only managed to take a single breath, before a second pair of lips, these ones softer than the Ranger's chapped pair, were on yours.

Legolas' kiss went much like Aragorn's did-over before you could even understand what was happening. When it had, you opened your eyes, absently wondering when you had closed them in the first place.

Both of them were watching you with gentle expressions, as if waiting to see what you would do-how you would react. Well, that was a bit of a head scratcher, wasn't it? Because you had no idea what to think, let alone say or do.

"Erm-I..."

"Let go, (Y/N)."

You blinked. "I thought I already did." Hadn't that been what you had been doing while crying your eyes out earlier?

"Let yourself fall, Kitten," Aragorn spoke, running his thumb across your bottom lip. "For once, allow yourself to fall."
"We will be here to catch you," added Legolas gently.

You weren't naïve. You knew what they were implying, what they wanted to do—what they wanted you to do. But at the same time, you also knew that if you said no, they would back off and continue to comfort you in the way they been doing before. Saying yes would just bring a different sort of comfort to the table.

You certainly weren't adverse to the suggested advances, just a little confused at how these two of all people could want someone like you. Okay, so maybe you hadn't completely changed your way of thinking just yet.

You took a deep breath, steeling yourself, and then reached out to Legolas, grabbing him by the collar. Yanking him closer, you pressed your lips to his firmly, feeling him smile against you.

Legolas responded to the kiss immediately, and cupped your cheek to deepen it, causing you to hum in response. When you separated, you sucked in some much needed air, and then turned to the Ranger. You fisted your hands in his tunic and pulled him closer, before kissing him as well.

He chuckled before tangling his fingers in the hair at the base of your skull, tipping your head back, and deepening the kiss expertly. You moaned again, grip on his tunic tightening.

While Legolas smelt of summer and tasted of sweet fruits, Aragorn smelled like the rain and tasted of heady mead. It was intoxicating. They both were.

Even as you and Aragorn broke apart to catch your breath, you felt Legolas move in closer behind you. His hands landed on your shoulders, before trailing down your arms. His long, slim fingers skimmed over your clothed stomach as they travelled back up, and he cupped your breasts boldly.

You moaned and arched into Aragorn, who kissed you breathless again. But it broke off abruptly as both males rose to their feet, helping you up as well.

They undressed you now, working together to do so, and soon had you bare—a feast for their eyes. You flushed slightly, feeling a little embarrassed, but helped them out of their own clothes as well.

Once both of them were naked too, you found you couldn't tear your eyes away. A male body was a male body, was what you had always thought, but even though these two were obviously male, they couldn't have been more different.

Aragorn was the taller of the two, and though lean, Legolas was the slender one. The Man was tanned, the Elf pale, and the former was covered in scars, some old some new, while the latter was flawless, skin all but glowing. You loved them both.

They seemed to notice which way your thoughts were straying, because they both smiled and stepped closer to you. Legolas stopped in front of you, while Aragorn moved in behind you, both close enough for you to feel the heat from their strong bodies.

Isildur's heir wrapped his arms around you, as the Elven prince kissed you. Aragorn cupped your bare breasts in his rough, calloused hands, while Legolas' softer ones moved down to grip your hips.

You moaned into the blond's mouth as Aragorn's thumbs stroked over your nipples, which pebbled under his touch. Legolas trailed his lips down your neck, butterfly kisses lingering. You ran your own fingers down his smooth chest, arching into Aragorn's hands.
Moaning when he pinched your nipples, it turned into a gasp when he pressed himself flush to your skin. You could feel his large, hardened length against you. Curious to see whether Legolas was enjoying himself just as much, you trailed your fingers down his chest, over his abdomen, smiling when you felt the muscles contract under your touch, before going even lower and curling around his erection. He groaned, teeth nipping your lower lip, then engaging you in another kiss. Pleased by the sound, you squeezed, and the Elf groaned again, bucking into your hand.

Aragorn trailed kisses along your shoulder, up your neck, and to your ear. "That's right, Kitten. Take him in your hand, just like that. You want him to feel pleasure too, don't you? Go on then, stroke him—yes, like that." He removed a hand from your breast, and brought it down to the junction between your slick thighs.

You gasped as his fingers stroked your wet flesh, hand inadvertently tightening around Legolas, who buried his face in your neck with a moan. You pumped the hard length while Aragorn focused on your core, a single finger sliding into you, his thumb passing over your clit.

Your motions on the Elf faltered as the Ranger brought you closer to your peak. When he stopped suddenly, you released a whine before you could stop yourself, prompting two very different chuckles.

"Put your claws away, Kitten. We merely wish to make this more comfortable for you." Aragorn and Legolas lowered you down onto the grass, the former remaining behind you, and the latter in front.

The Elven Prince leaned down and latched onto a breast, taking the stiffened nipple between his teeth. One of his hands splayed across your upper back, pushing you into him. Aragorn's focus returned to your core, a finger, and then a second, easing into you. They met no resistance, and began pumping in a steady rhythm, while he pressed scratchy kisses along your neck.

"Would you allow Legolas to taste you?" the Man asked in a whisper, directly into your ear, thumb rubbing over your clit, causing your to shudder—though perhaps that had as much to do with his words.

"Yesss," you hissed out in reply, sure you had gotten wetter by the mere suggestion.

Aragorn shifted around until you were reclining against his chest and between his legs. Legolas meanwhile, lowered himself down further, spreading your legs apart. He cupped your thighs to keep you in place, and you squirmed at the feel of his hot breath against your sensitive skin.

"Oh, Legolas, please!" you moaned, one of your hands coming down so your fingers could tangle in his perfect, blond hair.

The Elf smirked, and then lowered his head. He parted your folds with his tongue, tasting what you had to give immediately. His tongue dipped into you, and then he latched onto your clit and began to suck.

"Fuck!" you cried out, head falling back against the one behind you. You tried to buck your hips up, but remained pinned down. "Fuck, dammit, Legolas! Please!"

It was Aragorn who replied to you though, chuckling lowly into your ear. "Our kitten knows some naughty words, doesn't she, Legolas?"
He hummed in agreement, the vibrations only causing more pleasure for you. "Yet she is as sweet as they come," the prince managed to pull away long enough to say, going back to work once he had.

The Dunedan pinched both of your nipples while he sucked on your pulse point, and you reached back behind you with the hand that wasn't buried in the Elf's hair. You found Aragorn's thigh, and followed it up until you found his hard cock, and took it in hand.

He was bigger than Legolas-broader, and you groaned as you attempted to close your fist around him. You heard his breathing stutter slightly, and grinned, only to moan suddenly, when Legolas slipped two of his slender fingers into you. While Legolas worked his fingers in and out of you, continuing to suckle your clit, you fisted Aragorn's cock, enjoying the low grunts and growls you could hear in your ear.

Your pleasure grew, and your hand froze around the Ranger as the arousal caused your brain to stop working. You were sure you were speaking, but couldn't focus enough to make out what you were saying.

Aragorn suddenly bit down on that always sensitive juncture between your neck and shoulder-bit down hard. The sudden pain sent a jolt of pleasure straight to your clit, and you cried out as your climax hit out of nowhere.

Your head fell back against the Man, and your hips surged up into Legolas' face, body jerking once, then again. The Elf continued his motions, slower now, and the Ranger soothed the bite mark with gentle little kisses.

You caught your breath and sighed in bliss, feeling more relaxed than you had in years. Both males chuckled again though (what was with all the chuckling?).

"Oh, we are far from finished with you, little one," spoke the Elf, rising along your body until he was face to face with you, icy blue eyes glimmering.

Aragorn's lips touched your ear. "We still have much more in store for you, if you will have it."

You understood that they were asking for permission to take this even further, and moaned softly at the implications, visions of what could come flashing through your mind and before your eyes.

"Well, little one?"

"Will you have us, Kitten?"

You thought back to everything they had done for you-to the comfort and confidence they had instilled in you when you had accidentally, and with great embarrassment, confessed your hidden fears to them earlier.

"(Y/N)?"

"Yes."

And that one, three lettered word was all it took for the two males to take action.

Legolas kissed you, and you could taste yourself on his tongue. When you broke apart, he and Aragorn communicated silently for a moment, various emotions passing through their eyes, before
the Man moved to lie on his back in the grass. Seeing where this was going, you shifted to straddle that strong, hard body.

Wanting this just as much as he did, you didn't wait long. You were still so wet, and he was still so hard, so you took him in hand and guided him to your entrance. You both hissed as he breached you, you in pain and him in pleasure.

Adjusting, you braced yourself on the man's chest, and lowered down until you were fully sheathed. You threw your head back and moaned. He was so big, and stretched you deliciously.

Aragorn's eyes had fallen shut, and his large hands came to grip your hips as he fought not to thrust up into your tight heat. Hurting you was the last thing he wanted. The growl he emitted was audible only to the Elf, who was watching the proceedings with curious interest.

Splaying your hands out, you began to move, rising until the head of Aragorn's cock was all that remained inside you, before slamming back down-fast. You set a quick rhythm, enjoying the stretch and slight burn that accompanied it, moaning deliriously as he filled you again and again.

Legolas simply enjoyed the sight for a moment, before walking around you, and stopping to stand by the Ranger's head. You saw this and reached out immediately, taking his cock in hand. When Aragorn adjusted his grip to support you, you leaned forward to lap up the pre-come from the head of the Elf's erection, before taking it past your lips and into your mouth, trying to relax your jaw as you did so.

Unable to focus on both males at the same time, your rhythm faltered, so Aragorn took over, blunt nails digging into your hips while he fucked up into you. You moaned around Legolas, who did the same at the feel of the vibrations around him.

Getting closer to your peak, you wanted the Elf to reach his first. You reached down and took Aragorn's hand, raising it so he knew to hold you up. Once he was, you grasped Legolas' thighs, nails digging into his arse. Opening your mouth wider, you relaxed your jaw further, hollowed your cheeks, and took him in as far as you could without gagging.

Legolas groaned something then-something in Elvish that you weren't able to understand. His hands tightened in your hair, his hips surged forward, and then he froze. You pulled back, his release coating your tongue, and were surprised that it tasted rather sweet. How strange.

Pulling himself free, Legolas dropped down to his knees, and pulled you into a kiss, clearly unconcerned with tasting himself on you, his tongue coiling with yours. You broke apart, and you were only able to suck in a single breath of much needed air, before Aragorn wrapped his arms around you, bringing you flush to his chest. Still thrusting up into you rapidly, he reached up, cupped the back of your head, and pulled you into a hungry kiss, your moans melding.

You were the first to pull away, breath catching, and then stuttering. So close! You were so close! You could feel your climax clawing to the surface. "Please, Aragorn, oh, please!"

"That's right, Kitten, let go. Fall-fall for us."
"We are right here to catch you, little one, right here."

It was almost as if you had been waiting this entire time to hear those words. Your release hit instantly, your back arching, and your head falling. You cried out as your body jerked once, twice, three times, four times, five.

The convulsing had your inner walls tightening around Aragorn, causing him to finally reach his own peak. His arms tightened around you, and he grunted out your name as he stilled.

You moaned, feeling his seed fill you even as you went limp. Trembling slightly, you sighed when you felt Legolas' fingertips skimming over your back soothingly.

Aragorn relaxed his grip, and pressed his lips to the crown of your head. "Feeling all right, Kitten?"

"No pain?"

Their words had more than one meaning behind them, you understood. You had felt so heavy when you had entered this clearing, but now, now you felt so...light.

You rolled over, off of Aragorn, feeling him slip out of you, and sat up so you could look at both of them. You were going to answer them honestly, you told yourself-honestly. They deserved that much, at the very least, especially after all you had done together.

"I'm...going to be okay," you told them. "It might-it might take a while, but I think I'll be fine."

Aragorn and Legolas smiled gently, eyes showing how pleased they were with your words. They reached out simultaneously, both wrapping their arms around you, sandwiching you in a tight, but gentle embrace.

"We will be here for you, little one."

"For as long as you will need us, Kitten."

"...Thank you..."
Imagine Bard being super protective of you whenever someone questions you about the scars on your wrists.

You had been living in Lake-Town your entire life, and in this place, everybody knew everybody. And yet, despite this, it was surprisingly easy to keep secrets. You had both good and bad experiences when it came to this.

You had a very big, very uncomfortable secret, and so far, very few people knew about it. You were always careful when it came to this secret, but there were times when you unintentionally slipped up. And unfortunately, today was one of those days...

Today, you were working in the local tavern. The usual barmaid, a friend of yours, had taken ill, and since you, like everyone else in Esgaroth, wouldn't say no to a bit of extra coin, you had accepted the offer to work that evening in your friend's stead.

It was busy tonight, but that was good. More patrons meant more coin, after all, even for you. Who were you to stop men from wasting their money away like this?

"Give us another pint here, lassie!"

"Coming up!" You filled up a tankard, and were bringing it to the customer in question, when some drunk fool suddenly came into your path, and bumped right into you. The tankard tipped over, sending ale sloshing over the rim onto the bodice of your dress, and your left arm and hand, which you had brought up in a vain attempt to straighten it before it fell.

"Sorry!" the man called, not even stopping.

"It's fine," you returned, though you doubted he had heard you. "Damn," you muttered. You went back to refill the tankard with ale, and took it to where it needed to go.

The man, an elderly one who continued to work hard despite his increasing age, as most around here did, frowned when you set his drink down. "You should wash up before that dries, lassie," he told you kindly. "I'll have a word with the lad later-he's one of mine."

You smiled. "Thank you, sir. I'd appreciate it. Give us a shout if you need anything else." You headed back to the bar, only to find the younger barmaid-the owner's daughter, waiting.

"Here," she said, holding out a wet washcloth. "It's wet-water. And here's a dry one too, for after."

"Thank you, lass." Accepting the wet one, you dabbed at your bodice with it, and then your sleeves. Then, after pushing them up, you wiped both arms and hands clean, relieved because the ale had begun feeling a little sticky on your skin.
Setting the wet cloth down, you reached out to take the dry one from the girl. You blinked. "Tali? What's wrong, lass?" She was just standing there, staring down at something. "Tali?" you repeated. "Hello? Tali?"

The girl stared, and then blinked, as if she'd suddenly been pulled out of her thoughts. "Your arm," she spoke, pointing.

You cocked your head, confused. "My arm? What about it?"

"Those scars..."

Now you froze, Tali's words registering in your mind. Caught off guard, you gasped and yanked your left arm away, hiding it behind your back. Your expression closed off, and your jaw clenched. "I- Leave it, Tali."

"But, Miss (Y/N)! Those look like-!"

"She said to leave it be, child."

You both jumped at the sudden voice, and looked up, finding a man had arrived. He stood over you, expression hard.

"But, Mr Bard! She's been-!"

"Leave it be, Tali," Bard said again. "It has nothing to do with you."

"But-!"

"Tali!" For the first time, the man raised his voice. Reaching out, he took your left arm, closing a hand protectively around your scarred wrist. "I'm sure (Y/N) appreciates your concern, Tali, but it isn't your business. Please keep what you have seen to yourself."

The younger girl finally seemed to have realized that it was best for her to back off, and slowly nodded. "I'm-I'm sorry."

You had been standing there with your head down while they spoke, and finally looked up, smiling gently. "I really do appreciate it, Tali. Really. I just...don't like talking about it."

"Can I get another ale here, lass?"

"Aye, coming up!" Tali called without thought. Then she frowned, and looked at you again. "You-you don't still..." she trailed off.

"Tali," there was warning in Bard's tone now, hand around your wrist tightening.

"It's all right, Bard. No, Tali, not anymore."

The girl looked faintly relieved. "Good. That's-that's good."

"Get us some mead and bread here!"

"A-aye!" With a final glance down, Tali rushed off.

You sighed. When you had taken your friend's place that night, you hadn't expected that this was going to happen. Your biggest secret, out in the open once again. Hopefully Tali would keep all this quiet. You didn't need all of Lake-Town knowing.
Calloused fingertips gently running over your scars, drew you out of your thoughts. Bard was gazing down at your wrist, eyes somewhat saddened.

"(Y/N)"

"I'm sorry," you apologized immediately, mostly out of habit. You had never forgotten how shocked and angry he had been when he had first discovered what you had been doing to yourself.

"Hush." Eyes locked on yours, he raised your arm up, and brushed his lips over the scars so tenderly, it brought tears to your eyes. Just as it always did.

"Bard..."

He shook his head to silence you, cupped both your cheeks, and touched his lips to yours so softly, that you weren't even sure it had happened.

When you looked at him again, you noticed he was still focused on your face-your eyes. He didn't look away. "Bard-" you repeated, softer this time.

He shook his head again, thumb trailing over the raised scars gently. "I'll be here."

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Kudos?
Imagine being the only one who can make Aragorn smile no matter what-and Imagine Aragorn suddenly kissing you in front of the Fellowship.

Thank you to all readers so far!

You had no idea what you did to him. It wasn't something as simple as lust, no. It was far more important than that, though others would not agree with him, perhaps.

He sat on a large rock, watching you now. The Fellowship was on their way to the Mines of Moria. They had attempted to take the Pass of Caradhras, but that had ended in failure because of the interference of Saruman the White. Boromir had wanted to go on to Gondor, but that would have taken them too close to Isengard, which was not an option right now. And so, the Mines were really the only choice they had left.

They had been walking for hours, and had decided to take a break. Boromir had chosen to continue training the Halflings while they were here. The Halflings, and you.

You were a strange woman, from an even stranger world of the future. Aragorn had been told that you had woken just outside the Shire a few months before, and you had no idea how it had happened. Gandalf, who had been the one to find you, had chosen to help, though that had resulted in you ending up a part of their Fellowship.

Lord Elrond believed it had something to do with Sauron.

Apparently, the last thing you had heard before arriving in Middle-earth, were the words, 'Ash nazg durbatuluk, ash nazg gimbatul. Ash nazg thrakatuluk, agh burzum-ishi krimpatul'. And you had continued hearing it, along with far more, after having woken. It was certainly worrying, to say the least.

Looking at you though, it was impossible to tell that you were hearing the Dark Lord's voice in your mind—that Sauron was all but haunting you, and had been for all these months.

No matter what they saw, what they went through; no matter how frightened you must have been—were, you always had a smile for them.

Even now, as you struggled to overpower Boromir, a man far larger and stronger than you, with the Elvish blade gifted to you by Lord Elrond, you did so with a smile.

Smiling, you were always smiling, always doing what you could to make sure they remained light
hearted, to make sure they didn't panic or worry. You always tried your hardest to make sure they were smiling.

"Yay!"

The sudden exclamation brought Aragorn out of his thoughts, and he found you grinning where you stood, Boromir's sword on the ground at your feet. You had managed to disarm him, and were clearly ecstatic about it.

The Ranger smiled from around his pipe at your obvious happiness. This was not something that could be faked.

"You should try fighting Strider now!" Pippin called suddenly.

Blinking, Aragorn watched as you glanced over at him somewhat cautiously. He knew you weren't frightened of him, so he wasn't sure what that expression meant...

Your smile persisted as they travelled through the deep darkness of Moria, fading only as you made a show of respect for the fallen Balin, Oin, and Ori, Gimli's kin, and friends of Gandalf.

When they were attacked, you fought bravely, encouraging the Hobbits as you did so. Yet, seconds later, you cringed, a hand coming up to grip your head. Sauron must have been speaking to you again, which worried him.

"Oh fuck you, you stupid eyeball!" you cried out, even as you stabbed an enemy. "I hope you get an eyelash stuck in you!" you finished, yanking your blade free. "...You don't even have eyelashes."

Aragorn chuckled lightly, spinning in place to kill the beast behind him. Somehow, even in the midst of battle, you managed to bring a smile to his face.

How was it that you could do that while no one else could?

That wasn't to say he never smiled. No, you simply appeared to be the only one able to make him smile no matter the circumstances. And that was certainly one of the things that drew him to you.

"(Y/N)."

You had ended up near him again, and you defeated the enemy closest to you, before looking up at him. "Hmm? What's wrong, Aragorn?" you asked with another one of those beautiful smiles of yours.

Adjusting the grip on his blade, he reached out, cupping your cheek in his large, calloused hand. He watched you blink, confusion wiping the smile off your face. Well, that wasn't what he wanted. So he smiled himself now.

"I love you."

"...E-eh?"

Ducking down, he pressed his lips to yours. They parted under his almost immediately as you released a muffled sound of surprise, his tongue brushing over your own briefly before pulling away. The kiss lingered for another second or two, before he broke it to stab a beast approaching behind him.

He glanced at you. "Will you say nothing in return?" he asked, more with amusement than anything
"Do you know nothing about timing, lad!?!" questioned Gimli, as he threw one of his axes over his shoulder.

"But he said he loves her!" Sam explained, smashing another face in with his frying pan. He had been near enough to hear the confession first hand, much to his embarrassment and delight.

"Aww!" Merry and Pippin voiced together, shooting gooey faces at the two of you.

"Ambience* is a thing that exists, Aragorn!" Boromir half scolded, beheading an enemy.

Gandalf's chuckle echoed, audible even above the din, and Legolas sighed, shaking his head in exasperation, both of them slaughtering more foes as well.

"Well, (Y/N)?" called Frodo, as he dodged around a pillar.

You didn't answer at first, busy shoving your blade through another enemy. Yanking it out, you turned to look up at the Dunedan. "I love you too!"

Everyone, despite being in the midst of battle, reacted with sounds of joy, and you laughed cheerfully, the sound ringing through the room.

Aragorn smiled. Yes, you truly were the only one in Middle-earth capable of making him smile no matter what. And he loved you for it all the more.

Chapter End Notes

*Pretty sure the word 'ambiance' wouldn't have existed yet, but I couldn't think of another way to say it. Comments? Kudos?
Kili/Reader(1)

Chapter Summary

Imagine Fili or Kili covering you with their blanket because you were shivering in your sleep.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was a cool night a couple of days out from Bree, when Kili found himself on second watch, having been woken up some time ago by Dori, so he could replace him for the rest of the night watch.

He sat on a fallen log by the fire, toying with one of his arrows, looking around occasionally. While fully understanding why lookout was necessary, it couldn't be denied that it was, more often than not, a boring event. Though he wasn't about to tell uncle or Mr. Dwalin that! They would scold him for sure!

He sighed softly, then glanced around at the rest of the Company. Everyone was fast asleep, many of them snoring away carelessly. He had to grin at that; no one snored like a Dwarf. The Burglar was quiet though, huddled into himself. He wasn't used to this yet, that much was obvious. Kili's gaze then landed on the only female in their group—the ever mysterious (Y/N).

Nobody knew a thing about you, but in return, you knew nothing about them either. You'd told them that Wizards, and Elves, and Hobbits, and Dwarves didn't even exist where you had come from. Neither did Dragons, or Orcs, or Wargs, or Goblins, or Trolls.

...How strange!

But he still really liked you. You were so kind, so eager, so bright, so smart, so beautiful. He liked that you always walked at the back of the group, because it gave him so much more time to speak to you. He couldn't say he understood a lot of what you had to say, but he loved listening to you anyway...

Like the others, you too were asleep, curled on your side. He frowned slightly when he noticed you were shivering. You were cold. Unlike the others, you didn't have any sort of blanket, relying instead on your cloak. If the night air hadn't been so chilly, he knew you likely would have been fine.

Quietly, he got to his feet, moving to his bedroll to grab his own abandoned blanket. Then he padded over to you, knelt down beside you, and carefully draped the blanket over you. He wasn't going to need it while he was on watch, and it would be of far more use here.

He tried not to make any noise, yet despite his caution, you woke immediately, eyelids slowly
"M-mng, Kili?" you murmured sleepily, peering up at him with tired (E/C) eyes. "Did something happen?"

He forced himself to bite back a groan at the sound of your voice, low and thick with sleep. Heart thumping wildly in his chest, he gave you a smile. "Nothing's wrong," he assured you. "You were cold," he said, gesturing at the blanket he had placed over you.

You blinked. "Oh. Thanks," you returned with a smile.

Kili chuckled lightly, and then returned to the log he had been sitting on, glancing around to make sure everything was okay. When he looked over at you again, he found that you had fallen back asleep, cuddled into the blanket.

You had stopped shivering. Good...

It was once dawn had broken a handful of hours later that you woke. You sat up with a yawn, then blinked when something fell off you. Looking down, you spotted a blanket. One that smelt comfortably like cinnamon, but most definitely was not yours.

You blinked again, then remembered what had happened a few hours before. Kili had given you his blanket for the night while he had been on watch duty, because he had noticed you were cold. How sweet of him.

You got to your feet and began to pack up like the others. Gathering the blanket, you folded it as neatly as you could, and approached the Dwarf who had lent it to you. "Kili?"

He turned to you so quickly he gave himself whiplash. Wincing, he rubbed the back of his neck and grinned. "Good morning, (Y/N)!" he greeted cheerfully.

"And the same to you," you returned with a small smile. "Here." You passed him the folded blanket. "Thank you for letting me use it." Leaning in, you touched your lips to his stubbled cheek in a soft kiss, before pulling back.

Kili's grin widened adorably. "Any time!"

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine you being Haldir's wife, and not having seen him for a long time, until you come to Lothlorien with the Fellowship.

Chapter Notes

I've never written Haldir's character before, so I hope this turned out okay. Thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The Fellowship of the Ring was approaching Lothlorien, and even after everything that had just happened in the Mines of Moria, you were feeling increasingly apprehensive. Lorien was your home, and at this point, you had been gone for just over three centuries. It wasn't that long for an Elf, but still, time added up for all, and you weren't really sure how you felt about finally returning.

Lady Galadriel and Lord Celeborn had sent you off to Rivendell for work purposes, and you had been there until you had ended up joining the Fellowship just the other month. But as much as you loved Imladris, Lorien was your home.

This was where your heart was, in more ways than one.

You were sure you were probably the first to realize you were all being watched. The Marchwarden had only improved during the time you had been gone. Good. You hadn't expected otherwise.

That was why it came as a surprise to everyone but you, when you found yourselves surrounded, arrows aimed directly at your faces, the Marchwarden himself at the head of the group.

"This Dwarf breathes so loud we could have shot him in the dark."

Well, someone certainly hadn't changed. You smiled from beneath your hood at the familiar voice. It had been so long since you had last heard it. Valar, you had missed it-missed him.

Haldir, the Marchwarden, greeted both Aragorn and Legolas by name, though he refused to allow any of you entry. You brought great danger with you, after all.

You simply watched as Aragorn and Haldir stepped away to argue, though you knew it would be fruitless. They were both too headstrong. Perhaps it was finally time for you to intervene.

You stepped forward. "We have suffered great loss," you spoke softly, finally lowering your hood and revealing your face. "Will you not allow us time to gather and grieve in safety, mell nín?" (my beloved)
Haldir whipped around, wide eyed. "(Y/N)...?" he whispered in disbelief.

You smiled. "I'm back, Haldir."

Slowly, almost cautiously, Haldir reached out and cupped both of your soft cheeks in his large hands. "Na vedui," he murmured. "Mae tollen na mar, hervess vuín." Leaning in, he brushed his lips over yours gently. (at last, welcome home, my beloved wife)

You smiled again, but didn't get the chance to speak, for Frodo cut you off inadvertently.

"Wife? You never said you were married, (Y/N)!" he voiced, momentarily forgetting his grief like the rest of you.

The other three Hobbits, Gimli, and Boromir, who hadn't understood a word being said, all blinked in various degrees of surprise. Legolas and Aragorn, both of whom already knew, merely looked on in amusement.

You laughed softly. "Yes, Frodo, I am married, and Haldir is my dear husband. This is my home. I have not seen it, or him, for a long time now."

Aragorn looked to the Marchwarden again. "Will you not allow your wife's companions to join in her joy of returning home?" he asked with a smile that may or may not have been ever so slightly smug.

Haldir looked over each of you one at a time, really paying attention now. You were wary, and weary, and filthy, and pained, in both body and mind. His precious (Y/N) included. He sighed, coming to a decision. "You will come with me."

The relief that passed through the Fellowship was obvious to all, and as everyone turned to follow the Elves, Haldir took your hand in his own, marvelling in the warmth he hadn't even realized he had missed-had needed.

"Haldir..." you whispered softly, your (E/C) eyes searching his face.

But Haldir simply raised your joined hands, and kissed yours, the touch of his lips gentle and lingering, and so tender it brought tears to your eyes. "Tolo ar nín, Aduial nín. Come home. Even if only for today." (come with me, my twilight)

Hand in hand, Haldir and you walked after the others. Walked towards home.

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Kudos?
Imagine Legolas hearing you singing.

This one's pretty short. I wasn't really sure how to extend it without getting too specific, which I obviously can't do for a readerfic. Anyway, thank you to all readers so far!

If there was one thing you had never, ever envisioned doing in your life, it was travelling to an alternate dimension, getting roped up into helping a group of Dwarves take back a mountain from a dragon, and end up locked in cell by some really grumpy, but attractive Elves.

And yet, all of this was exactly what had happened! ...God, and you had thought your life had been a mess before you'd shown up here!

"You doin' all right there, lass?" Bofur inquired from the cell across yours.

Sighing inaudibly, you tried your best to smile. "I'm fine, Bofur. Don't worry about me. Worry about-" you broke off and frowned.

No, it was Bilbo you needed to be concerned for. You hadn't seen your little friend since the spider attack in the forest, before the Elves has captured you all. He had simply vanished, which was certainly disconcerting, to say the least. Even more so, because he hadn't seemed to be able to do that before, as far as you knew.

The rest of you had been locked in these stupid cells for what felt like days, and it was boring and annoying. You didn't have too much time to spare until Durin's Day, and if you didn't make it, you were going to have to wait an entire year before trying again, and all of this would have been for nothing!

"(Y/N)? Will you sing for us, please?" Ori asked suddenly and almost desperately.

You blinked in surprise, caught off guard by the sudden request. You weren't much of a singer, but Middle-earth brought something out in you that your own world didn't. Or maybe it was just that everyone around here sang, whether they could or not. It was the song that mattered to them, not the ability. That didn't mean you couldn't sing though. You were just a little shy.

But what the heck else did you have to do in these cells? So you simply agreed and tried to think of a song you actually had memorized.
Legolas had just finished his rounds, and was heading down to see those imprisoned in the cells below, when a sweet voice met his ears, causing him to pause in place.

Someone was singing, but who was it?

The song was a slow one, and sounded somewhat bittersweet, happy yet sad at the same time, wistful yet sorrowful at once. And he could hear every emotion in that soft, beautiful voice. It was almost haunting.

Curious to know who this was, he continued walking, following the voice, still listening intently. It was quite surprising when he was led down to the cells. Was it one of the Elf guards, perhaps? A single glance said the answer was no. It certainly couldn't have been any of the Dwarves. So that just left...

He silently approached the cell containing the only female in the area, and found that he was right. It was you.

You were seated on the floor of the cell, your back to the wall, (H/C) coloured hair pushed behind your cute ears. Your eyes were shut, but if they had been open, Legolas could only imagine the emotions he would have seen in those expressive (E/C) irises.

You were beautiful, he realized suddenly. He wondered why he hadn't allowed himself to see that earlier?

Confused now, he stepped away from the bars of the cell, and over to the side, where he leaned against the wall. From here he could listen to you without you realizing he was there. ...Well, as long as the Dwarves stayed quiet about it.

He felt as if he could hear you sing forever.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, that's all I got. Comments? Kudos?
Kili/Hobbit!Reader(2)

Chapter Summary

Imagine Kili grabbing you around the waist and pulling you forcefully into his chest. His long hair tickling your cheeks and feeling his scruff against your forehead, while his hands pull you closer to him, moving up and down your back.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all readers so far, and an extra thanks to those who left a comment!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You loved the Shire very much, but for someone as oddly curious as you, imagining you were going on fun adventures eventually hadn't been good enough for you, hadn't been satisfying enough, hadn't been fun enough. This was why you had been so intrigued and pleased when Gandalf the Grey had arrived at Bag End to coax your older brother Bilbo into joining a group of Dwarves on a quest across Middle-earth.

After a fair bit of convincing, you had ended up joining them all as well, much to Bilbo's concern.

You had been very excited to go on this journey. At first.

Things hadn't remained fun for very long, and your excitement had faded somewhat, though you had only become even more emotionally vested in the quest.

And somewhere along the way, you had found yourself falling in love. With a Dwarf! A royal Dwarf no less! And what was more, said Dwarf loved you in return.

What in the world Kili Durin found appealing about you, you still didn't understand, but you had been so happy to accept when he had asked you if you would allow him to court you. The two of you had been together for the last few months, and as time passed, your love for him only continued to grow.

You were all in Esgaroth now, and Kili, who had suffered a grave injury that was slowly healing (thanks to Legolas*), was getting as much rest as possible so you could leave as soon as you could. It hadn't been easy to convince Thorin into waiting a few days though.

The way things were going though, you wouldn't be surprised if you left in the next day or two...

You walked into the bedroom you knew Kili was in, to tell him what Thorin had said, only to find him standing by the single window, gazing outside somewhat solemnly, which certainly wasn't normal for your precious Dwarf. "Kili?" you voiced curiously, as you walked inside the little room.

He turned as you approached, his chestnut coloured eyes searching your face. And then suddenly,
completely out of nowhere, he grabbed you around the waist, and pulled you into him. His dark hair tickled your soft cheeks, his rough scruff brushed your forehead, while his large hands pulled you yet closer, slowly but gently moving up and down your back.

"...Kili?" you questioned softly, unaware of why you were even whispering. Your small hands were pressed to his firm, warm chest, and you could feel his heart beating steadily beneath your palm.

But the Dwarf didn't answer. He just remained as he was, holding you close, enveloping you in his warmth. Despite not really understanding it, you mentally shrugged and simply allowed yourself to be held in silence.

This was comfort. This was peace.

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Kudos?
Rivendell was always so peaceful. You had never been anywhere like it, despite all your travels through Middle-earth. You had been born in a small Elven village just west of the Misty Mountains centuries upon centuries ago, though that place had long since been destroyed by the enemy, its denizens either slaughtered or scattered.

With both your parents having fallen, you had been left on your own, which was when you had begun travelling. You had been to Rivendell more than once, always finding yourself returning for some reason for another, and you had eventually decided to just stay in the beautiful valley.

And if your hidden feelings for the Lord of the Valley had anything to do with it, well, no one else realized it, or even had to know...

It was late one night when you found yourself seated alone atop a tall hill, gazing up at the starlit sky. Things had been very busy recently, with the Council of Elrond, and the formation of the Fellowship of the Ring—which you had joined impulsively. You didn't see any reason not to, and you wanted to help protect your home. And...perhaps you simply wished to escape your feelings as well. You knew they would never be returned. Why continue to think otherwise? Why continue to hope? Why continue to delude yourself?

Deciding it would be for the best to not focus on these thoughts at present, you turned your attention back to the strangely nostalgic sight of the night sky...

Elrond was exhausted. He had been trapped in his study for hours, and he still had so much more work to do. Sighing softly, he pushed himself away from his desk, and up to his feet. Needing a break and wanting some air, he left the study and made his way outside.

It was a cool, crisp night, and he breathed the chilly air in deeply, already feeling more relaxed. He walked slowly, inclining his head at the few he passed, though he made no move to stop and speak.

He paid no mind to where he was going, allowing his feet to lead him where they willed. The only place here he had no desire to be in right now was his study, after all.

Eventually, deep in the familiar forests, he found himself standing at the base of a tall hill. The top of
this hill was the best place for stargazing, and with it being a clear, cloudless night, he decided it was worth the climb.

He was only half way up, when he suddenly began to hear something: singing. He paused, listening. The voice was sweet and high, distinctly Elvish, and familiar yet foreign at once. He did not recognize the song, though it made him both content and saddened at the same time.

He continued climbing, needing to see who this was, needing to see who was making his heart sing and weep. Elrond paused when he came to the top of the hill, grey eyes searching. He found who he was looking for at once.

You.

He had known you for centuries, had helped you after the death of your parents, had encouraged your travels, had trained you when you had expressed an interest in battle, and if he had coaxed you into settling down in Imladris for his own selfish reasons, well, no one else needed to know of it.

Unable to bring himself to say anything to reveal his presence, he simply stood there in silence, watching, listening. You didn't notice him, and continued to sing softly, the moon and starlight shining off your (H/C) hair and (S/C) skin.

Your voice softened until Elrond was sure he was the only one who could hear you now. It almost felt as if it was a privilege. He had never heard you sing before. At the same time, however, he felt as though he was intruding on something personal. And yet, he wasn't able to look away.

He wondered what this feeling was.

It was familiar but unknown at the same time, almost as if it were something he had not felt for a very long time now.

No, that couldn't be possible, could it?

Elrond's eyes fell shut as your sweet voice washed over him, as that strange emotion filled him. It was odd, even for him, that he had the courage for everything else, but none to even...acknowledge this.

He sighed softly, and finally, you became aware of his presence. Your singing cut off abruptly as your head snapped up, pretty (E/C) eyes widening and then softening at the sight of him.

"Lord Elrond!" you exclaimed in surprise. Then you smiled gently. "Would you not prefer to join me, instead of lingering behind in the shadows alone?"

Courage, hmm?

He moved across the hill and lowered himself down next to you in a swift, but graceful motion. "Aduial vaer, (Y/N)," he greeted simply. (good evening)

Perhaps you would be the one he would draw courage from. Perhaps one day he would understand what all this was.

Perhaps one day he would tell you how he truly felt.
Comments? Kudos?
Kili/Fili/Thorin/Reader

Chapter Summary

All I want for my birthday this year is a nice hard fuck from Thorin, Kili, or Fili (or any combination of the three, really)...is that too much to ask for?-and-Imagine Kili stripping you down and having his way with you only until Fili shows up to show Kili how it's done, but then Thorin arrives, interrupting them to really get the job done-and-I'd give anything to be dp'd by Fili and Kili-and-Imagine having a foursome with Fili, Kili, and Thorin-and-I think all of the Durins love eating pussy, but especially Fili. That's why he has those moustache braids. What I wouldn't do to feel them against me while he drives me crazy with his tongue. (I think I saw one about defiling a throne somewhere, but I don't remember.)

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Relieved from watch duty on the newly created wall of Erebor, you, who were from a more modern world and had appeared in Middle-Earth for some reason or another, yawned and were making your way to your room, when Kili, your betrothed, approached, a familiar mischievous look in his eyes. You only had the chance to blink, before he took your hand and began tugging you away from the path to the bedroom chambers.

"Ki?"

"Shh!"

"What? Where are we going?"

He glanced at you from over his shoulder, grinning. "You'll see."

"...Okay?" Curious about what was going on here, you allowed him to drag you through the empty stone halls of Erebor. You were never going to get over how amazing this place was.

Finally, you reached the throne hall. You blinked as Kili led you up to the massive throne, and the two of you then came to a stop. You looked around, noting there was no one else here, which really wasn't all that surprising. Everyone else was up on the wall or in the treasury.

"Kili?"

He turned to you now, chestnut coloured eyes glittering. "There's something I've been meaning to do ever since I saw that—that magnificent stone structure," he spoke, indicating the kingly seat.

You cocked your head, confused. You couldn't deny the throne looked amazing, but you had no
idea what he was thinking about it. "What is it?"

The Dwarf grinned at you. "I want to defile it."

"...What?"

"Or rather," his grin became a smirk, "defile you on it."

You blinked once more, and then groaned as heat pooled between your thighs. "Fuck, Kili. Someone's feeling bold today." You had lost track of how many times you had lain together since he had begun courting you, but he had never been quite so brazen before, maybe because you had always been on the road, catching whatever moment you could, whenever you could, wherever you could.

He tugged you closer, until you felt the heat rolling off him in waves. "Oh aye, very bold. I told you before, didn't I?" he said in a low voice, lips brushing over your own. "I would take you again, and again, and again." He kissed you once more, firmly, hungrily, and it made your toes curl in your boots. "I intend to follow through with those words."

Gripping his tunic tightly in your fists, you dragged him into you again, remembering the occasion in which he had first said those words to you, and your sudden arousal only grew. "Oh, please do," you gasped against his skin.

Kili chuckled, and slid his hands between your bodies, unclasping your cloak, pulling it off, and tossing it aside. "Arms up," he instructed, yanking your shirt off your head, and then undoing the bandages wrapped around your chest. While he did this, you shoved his coat off his shoulders, and tugged at his tunic until he shucked it off, leaving you both bare from the waist up. Well, at least until he all but attacked your trousers, shoving them and your knickers down, at which point you kicked them off.

The Dwarf pushed you down onto the throne, ignoring your hiss of surprise (the throne was cold against your bare skin) before leaning over you, tipping your head back so he could kiss you again. You stretched up, wrapping your arms around his neck as you returned the kiss, your tongue coiling with his, tasting cinnamon.

"Being naughty again?"

The two of you paused, slowly ending the kiss before looking round curiously, watching Fili approaching the throne, his gaze passing over you both. You shrugged in unison, and he chuckled, finally coming to a stop. This was hardly the first time he had caught you going at it-had even joined you once, which had been absolutely delicious.

He reached out, dragging thick fingers through your hair, and when his thumb ran along your jaw, he looked to Kili questioningly. Despite knowing you were okay with this, he wanted his brother's permission as well as yours. It wouldn't be fair to do something like this without it.

"Yes."

Fili wasted no time, and leaned down, kissing you hungrily, and you moaned, tugging at his sleeves, silently asking him to take his coat off at least. Breaking the kiss, the blond did so, stripping his top layers while he watched his brother kiss you-kiss his One in front of him. Both of them had a hand fisted in your hair as they took turns kissing you, their other hands smoothing, and pinching, and tugging at your hardening nipples. You moaned at the dual assault, a hand gripping their shoulders, fingers curling into them.
"What is this? What are you doing?"

The sudden, gruff voice surprised everyone, and the boys moved apart when they looked over. Thorin was nearing the throne, apathetic blue gaze passing from his shirtless nephews, to a naked you, who was seated on his throne between them. He locked onto you, the goldlust in his eyes and mind changing to a lust of a very different kind.

"What are you doing?" he questioned again, coming to a stop in front of you.

Fili and Kili said nothing, but you, not at all abashed, raised a brow. "What does it look like?" You had always been quite bold around the uncrowned king, always talking back and arguing with him. It was his fault for being so frustrating, after all.

Despite the rhetorical question, Thorin responded. "It appears to me that you three are in the midst of defiling my throne."

"Well, no shit, Sherlock. Glad you figured that out." You glanced at Kili, silently posing an inquiry, and it wasn't until he gave you a minute nod that you continued. "Now, either join us, or go away, cause we're busy, and I'm starting to get cold."

For a moment there was silence, and then Thorin growled lowly, beginning to take off his majestic fur coat, and then the layers beneath. "Then allow us to warm you, (Y/N). Fili."

The blond lowered down to his knees, and spread your legs as he situated himself between them. He shot you a grin, and then lowered his head. His motions were slow, languid and lazy, and very determined. It was clear he knew how to pleasure a woman, and had done so more than once. He worked you, lapping and sucking gently, and you moaned at the feel of those mustache braids against you. It was so strange, and so good.

Fili brought you right up to the edge, but instead of taking you over it, he stopped and backed away, lips shining. A whine left you involuntarily as the Dwarves deliberately avoided touching your core, taking the next few moments to toy with your breasts and kiss you, waiting for your orgasm to die down again.

Once it had, it was Thorin who replaced Fili, lowering down before you. The king didn't start out gently like Fili had. He licked you from bottom to top, before taking your clit between his teeth and sucking on it. Crying out, you immediately fisted your hands in his dark hair. Thorin wasn't 'eating' you, he was devouring you. Eru, you could see where Kili got his intense side from! It didn't take Thorin long at all to begin driving you insane, his tongue in you, around you, and in you again, seemingly everywhere all at once, furthering your arousal with each passing second. Gasping and panting, you pushed him into your dripping cunt, desperate to come.

But just like that, the movements stopped abruptly, and he pulled away from you, leaving you whining, only to have Kili drop to his knees before you, his gaze smouldering. He pushed your legs apart further, and his mouth was on you instantly. He didn't start out teasing and playful like he usually did. He buried his face into you, and sucked at your clit harshly, that primal, intense side taking over immediately. You grabbed hold of his hair, and cried out as you finally came, body tightening and doubling over, before finally relaxing again.

Panting, you opened your eyes, which you hadn't even realized had fallen shut. Fighting to catch your breath, you watched all three Dwarves stripping off the rest of their clothing, and moaned approvingly at the sight of three, big, thick, hard cocks. Gods you wanted those.

His own eyes dark, the ring of blue barely visible, Thorin bent down to kiss you harshly, letting you
taste yourself on his tongue. "We are going to *consume* you," he growled, his voice rumbling deep within his chest. "We're going to take everything you have, and fill all three of these perfect, pretty holes of yours." He cupped your jaw, leaning in closer, eyes flashing. "We're going to fuck you until you remember nothing else, until you are filled to the brim with the seed of the line of Durin."

Pupils dilating, your breath caught in your throat, and a low, desperate whine escaped you. "Yes," you gasped. "Oh, fuck, yes. Please!"

Taking you by the hand, Thorin pulled you off the throne, then nodded at Kili. "Sit."

The youngest did so, taking a seat on the stone structure, and once he had, you were guided to his lap, straddling him, your chest to his. He kissed you like a Dwarf starving while he reached between you, taking his erection in hand and guiding himself to your slick entrance. You both groaned as he slid in, inch by inch until he bottomed out, but he didn't move after that.

Instead, Fili set a hand on your back, gently pushing you further. "Lean forward." Going through his belongings, he grabbed a small vial of oil, and used it to slick his fingers, one of them to circling your tighter entrance. He took his time in stretching you, half to make sure you were fully prepared, and half to tease you into a desperate, panting, quivering, needy mess. "Ready?"

"Yesss!" you hissed. "Fuck me!"

Fili slicked up his cock, and then slowly eased into you. "Relax, relax." He slid in deeper and deeper, until he couldn't go any further.

You threw your head back and gasped breathlessly. "Fuck, fuck, oh fuck." Fili and Kili were buried balls-deep inside you, and you could feel every single thick inch of them. "Move, move!"

They did so, setting a slow, but steady rhythm that was quickly picking up the pace. Gripping Kili's shoulders tightly, your nails digging into his skin, you turned your head to look at Thorin. He was standing nearby, slowing fisting his own cock, gazing at you with heavily lidded eyes.

When he realized you were watching him, he stepped forward and grasped your jaw, thumb stroking your bottom lip. "I'm going to fuck that insolent mouth of yours, see these pretty lips stretched around my cock," he growled, his voice lowering even further.

"Yes...yes..." You reached out for him as he braced himself on the arm of the throne, guiding himself to your mouth, your tongue flicking out to taste him. All three of the Durins were in you now, and it took them no time at all to set a proper pace, sometimes thrusting in together at once, which had you crying out, and sometimes moving one at a time, which was beyond dizzying.

You remained as you were, moaning incoherently around the thick cock in your mouth. The sensations were overwhelming, and like Thorin had promised, you felt completely and utterly consumed by them, as they took *everything* you had to give, and gave back what they could.

Your orgasm snuck up on you, and you came hard enough that spots erupted before your eyes, and though the three Durin's groaned at the sight and feel, they fucked you straight through it chasing after their own. Thorin came first, all but growling your name, coating your tongue with his thick, salty release, before moving back, watching as Fili and Kili only sped up, bringing you to another, even stronger orgasm. You screamed this time, your cry echoing throughout the hall, and the young princes came together, filling you with their hot seed, before Fili slipped out of you, and you collapsed against Kili.

For the next few minutes, the throne hall was filled with gasps and pants as you all tried to catch your
breath and regain your senses. Thorin was the first one to gather his strength, and he redressed, the
lust for you fading back into a lust for gold. He passed you an appreciative glance, that, somewhere
deep down contained a thank you, before he walked away. Fili dressed next, and once he had, he
touched his forehead to his brother's, then yours, and then he too left.

Alone now, you and Kili remained silent, still a bit out of it. Finally, you eased up off Kili, his cock
slipping out of you, and the Dwarf groaned at the sight of the come slowly sliding down your thighs.

This was something you most certainly had to do again, while you still had the chance.

Kili stood now, knees a bit weak. "Let's get cleaned up, okay?"

You smiled, your body still feeling light and floaty, as if your blood had been replaced with
champagne. "Okay!"

Chapter End Notes

This was actually really hard to write. It literally took me weeks. Anyway, comments?
Kudos?
Imagine Aragorn biting your neck while you straddle him-and-I want Aragorn to give me the best fuck of my life.

Thank you to all readers so far!

You had no idea how this had happened, how you had found yourself with your back pressed to a tree, Isildur's heir-the exiled king of Gondor kissing you breathless...

One moment, you had been opening your front door, and then there had been a bright light, and the next moment, you were outside in the middle of nowhere, with not a single structure visible on the horizon.

Shocked and confused, you had wandered for hours, unable to find a signal on your phone, until you finally came across a village of some sort, that was filled with...little people who all had strangely large hairy feet, and delicately pointed ears?

Frodo Baggins had been the first to approach you, his curiosity winning out, and had taken you to his home of Bag End, where he lived with his uncle Bilbo, and the two had explained things to you, or at least attempted to.

A week later, Gandalf the Grey had showed up, just as surprised by your presence as you had been with his. And then Bilbo had left, leaving you, who was very confused, with a saddened Frodo, though you had tried to comfort him as best as you could for someone who didn't really know what was happening.

But then, not long after, the two of you had learned about the One Ring, and Sauron-the Dark Lord, which had been a shock, because, what? All this had eventually resulted in you and Frodo leaving the Shire with three other Hobbits, and you all made your way to the town of Bree, while being pursued by Black Riders.

You had never found anything to be so stressful or tiring before in your entire life. Or as terrifying. You'd been glad and relieved at first, when you had made it to the Inn of the Prancing Pony. Though those feelings faded rather quickly when you learned that Gandalf, who was to meet you there, hadn't arrived-hadn't even been seen for months. This wasn't what you had been planning!

Praying Gandalf was merely late, you had gone up to your rented room, planning on a bath, which was when you first encountered Strider, the Ranger who had been watching you downstairs.

You hadn't been quick to believe his words, even when he had led you out the next morning, but
choice was not something you had. You didn't know how to go forward without him, and going back was not an option because of those wraiths.

And so you followed him, continuing to do so even after the attack on Weathertop, and when that Elf took a gravely injured Frodo with them.

Rivendell was nothing like you had been expecting, and neither had the Council you had been given special permission to attend. Lord Elrond may have looked stern, but he was actually quite kind.

The contents of the Council on the other hand, hadn't been the same, and it ended with you joining the Fellowship of the Ring, there to help and protect Frodo as he took the One Ring all the way to Mordor for its destruction.

The company consisted of eight others, aside from you and Frodo; Sam, Merry, and Pippin were coming too, along with Gandalf, who you had reunited with the other day; there was also a Dwarf named Gimli, an Elf named Legolas, and two Men-Boromir of Gondor, and Aragorn-Strider, who, as it turned out, was the heir of the man who had taken down Sauron a good two thousand years ago-and the rightful king of Gondor. ...Yeah, you definitely hadn't seen that coming.

And with so many skilled people in the group, you had no idea what you had to offer, or how you could help. Still, you worked hard on the journey, eagerly taking up sword practising like the four Halflings, and offering basic knowledge from your own world in an attempt to make things even a little easier on them all.

You fought alongside the others with your ever improving skill, seeking to keep the others as encouraged as possible, despite your own growing confusion and concern. You still had no idea what you were doing here. There was no sign of home. Not for you.

You went through Moria, only for Gandalf to fall, leaving the rest of you to go on without him. Though you hadn't known the Wandering Wizard like the rest of them, hadn't been as close, or had the same connection, you still felt the great loss.

Despite this, you devoted your energy to consoling everyone else, and encouraging them all to continue on. You had learned the enemy could not pursue you during the day, so if you were quick, you could put a good amount of distance between you and them before it got dark. The last thing you wanted was for Gandalf's sacrifice to be wasted. You were determined to help them all get to safety, even though you had no idea where you all were going.

This didn't escape the notice of a certain Ranger. A Ranger you happened to be hiding some very rapidly growing feelings for.

In Aragorn's view, there were very few members in the Fellowship who he thought had the right to complain, and one of those members was you. Middle-earth was not even your home, and you were caught up in such a dangerous battle to save it!

And if there was one thing you didn't do, it was complain.

He had been drawn to you the moment he had seen you in Bree, and you had truly exceeded his expectations. You continued to impress him, no matter how much time passed, or where they went, or what they all did.

Even after Gandalf had fallen, you had been the one to coax them-him, into action.
After making it out of the mines, most of them had collapsed in place, overcome by grief. Boromir tried to restrain Gimli, as the Dwarf vented out his rage and sorrow; Merry, tears in his own eyes, consoled Pippin who was sobbing heavily; Legolas wore a look of shock and disbelief, eyes puzzled; Sam was seated on the ground, head lowered as he cried into his hands; and Frodo stood alone upon the hillside, his shoulders shaking. Aragorn himself had lowered down to a large, flat rock, though he had no memory of doing so, his eyes wide but unseeing.

"Aragorn?" When he didn't react, you reached out and cupped his cheeks. "Aragorn," you repeated. "Look at me."

Slowly, his grey eyes rose to meet your (E/C), though he said nothing.

"We must leave, Aragorn," you told him in a firm, but gentle tone. "We can't stay here any longer. We're too close to the mines, and night will fall soon." You stroked your thumbs over his cheekbones. "Now is not the time to grieve. Gandalf put his trust in you leading us away from here-leading Frodo away from here." And you leaned in, pressing your lips to his brow.

Aragorn simply stared at you for a second, before inclining his head, clarity returning to his eyes, as his respect for you only grew further. As he stood and wiped his sword clean, he watched you gently coax the others to their feet, brushing away tears and encouraging them to continue moving...

Aragorn did not reach his limit until Lorien. You had been welcomed by the Lord and Lady of Light, and had the chance to bathe and don fresh clothes.

You had gone to each of them separately, simply wishing to see how they were all faring. And even though he had moved away and into a more secluded area, you came to him regardless, clearly determined to see to him as well, just like the others.

And it was then that Aragorn felt his control snap.

You had no idea how this had happened. One moment you had been speaking to Aragorn, and the next, he had you against a tree, his slightly rough, chapped lips on yours in a kiss so intense it left you breathless in seconds.

After the shock had worn off, you moaned, grabbed the man by the tunic, and yanked him closer, silently begging for more. You felt him smile against your lips, before his tongue came forward to toy and coil with your own, tasting of heady mead.

"You undo me," he murmured against your skin, pressing whiskery kisses across your cheeks, down to your jaw, and along your neck. It was a very different, very welcoming feeling, and you reached up to tangle your fingers in his hair, bringing him even closer. Aragorn's hands moved down to grip your hips, and oh!-you could feel him now, hard against you, body exuding heat. You moaned again, wishing you could feel skin.

Almost as if he had heard your thoughts, the Ranger stepped back and quickly shucked off his tunic. You stared at the tanned skin over muscle, the many scars, both old and new, and the very painful looking bruises. He must have gotten the latter of those from that cave troll back in the mines. How had he not broken any ribs?

Perhaps noticing which way your thoughts were straying, and not liking it, Aragorn grabbed hold of both of your hands and brought them up to his chest, over his heart. The grey of his eyes was barely visible as he gazed down at you heatedly. "Touch me, Kitten." It wasn't a demand, or even a request. In fact, it sounded more like a plea, which was rather strange in itself.
Still, when he released your hands, you ran them down, and then back up his chest, feeling those strong muscles contract under your touch, bringing a pleased smile to your face.

You ran your thumbs over his nipples, feeling them harden, and pinched one, causing him to hiss in surprise. Grinning mischievously, you did it again before raking your nails down his chest. Gently, of course. You certainly didn't want to hurt him...much.

Again, as if hearing your thoughts, Aragorn chuckled lowly, though he made no move to stop your motions. It was clear he was curious to see what you would do, and didn't seem to be bothered with allowing you to have your way for the time being.

You certainly didn't mind, that was for sure. You ran your fingers over a few of his scars, causing a little shudder to run through him, before pausing at the bruises. You frowned, and peered up at him in concern. "Is it okay for you to be doing this?" you asked worriedly. "You're still hurt, and these look pretty bad."

Bringing his large hand up to cover your small ones, he smiled down at you gently. "You continue to touch me with your concern, Kitten." Releasing one of your hands, he ran his thumb along your bottom lip. "Have you even worried for yourself yet? You too were injured in the mines."

"Well, yes, but not as bad as you. I don't want to hurt you."

Aragorn chuckled lightly. "You won't hurt me, Kitten."

"Hmm, I don't buy that-" you replied, poking one of the bruises and seeing the man wince slightly. Still, you ran your hands back up that firm chest, and coiled your arms around his neck. So you kissed him. "-but if you aren't seeing any issues here, then who am I to complain?"

The Ranger gifted you with a rare grin, even as his large hands snaked downward. "Indeed. Now, you appear overdressed, meleth."

"Meleth?" you repeated in confusion as you carefully stripped out of your borrowed dress.

"Love," Aragorn translated, cupping your bare breasts in his calloused hands.

"Love. Oh, I think I like the sound of that." You arched into his touch, humming as he kneaded you, and releasing a sharp gasp when he suddenly pinched both of your nipples.

"Revenge is sweet, isn't it, Kitten?"

"Wouldn't call it tha-ah!" you broke off abruptly when the man lowered down in front of you, hot mouth closing around one of the buds. "Oh, I think I just changed my mind," you gasped. "Revenge is-definitely sweet!"

Aragorn chuckled around you, the fingers belonging to his free hand trailing down your body until it came between your thighs, finding wet flesh. He stroked you once, twice, thrice, and then sank a long finger into you.

You moaned, reaching down and tangling your fingers in his dark hair as he started fucking you with that single digit. But it wasn't enough. Not even close. Fighting against your pleasure, you pushed against him and shoved him away, unable to stop the whine that left you when his finger was dislodged.

"(Y/N)? Did I hurt you?"
"No," you replied simply. You tugged at the laces of his trousers. "Take these off."

Chuckling, Aragorn did as told, and only blinked when he was manhandled until he was sitting up against a tree. You situated yourself on his lap, shifting to straddle him. You took his hands, brought them to your waist, wrapped your arms around his neck, and kissed him enthusiastically.

You ground down against the hard length beneath you, and the man broke the kiss with a groan. Hands lowering to your hips, Aragorn encouraged your movements, trailing whiskery kisses along your neck.

Still not satisfied, you reached down, fingers coiling around the thick erection. While the Ranger nibbled on that always sensitive junction on your neck, you positioned yourself, and then lowered with a gasp. A gasp that abruptly became a cry when Aragorn bit down on that same junction, teeth sinking into your skin.

The jolt of pain sent pleasure coursing through you, your walls clenching around the thick cock. "Ah!" you gasped, throwing your head back.

But for the second time that day, Aragorn felt his control break. He tightened his hold on you, and with a single, simple movement, flipped you around, gently setting you down on the grass. You wrapped your legs around his waist and moaned as he slid in even deeper, stretching and filling you more than anyone before.

Hands on either side of you, Aragorn braced himself above you and began to thrust, pace rough and quick, sweat sliding down his neck. You gasped loudly, back arching, hands gripping your lover's wrists.

"Fuck! Aragorn!"

His eyes flashed. "Do you like this?" he questioned, voice thick and deeper than usual. "Do you like having me buried in you like this? Feeling every precious inch of you?"

"Yes!" you whined, raking your nails down his long back, bucking your hips in an attempt to find more friction. You should have been more worried about keeping your voice down, lest someone find or overhear you, but you couldn't bring yourself to care.

He lowered his head, peppering scratchy kisses to your skin as he sped up, unable to look away from your face-your eyes. He had never felt so strongly about anyone before. It was almost frightening, really.

"Aragorn! Aragorn, please!"

No one else made him feel this way by simply saying his name. Why were you able to do this to him? How were you able to do this to him?

You gasped when Aragorn straightened up, changing the angle of his thrusts. Balancing himself, he grasped your hips in his large, calloused hands and began pulling you along his cock roughly.

You cried out at the sudden force, hands never staying in one spot, as you struggled to find something to grasp. Eventually, you settled on grabbing fistfuls of grass. Pleasure more intense than anything you'd felt before, you couldn't stop moaning, let alone close your mouth.

"Touch yourself, Kitten," said Aragorn suddenly, eyes locked on your face. "Pleasure yourself for me. Let me see you. Let me feel you. Please-"
You wanted to tell him there was no need, that you were already so close to your peak. But since you couldn't get yourself to speak, you merely did as told. You released a handful of grass and trailed your fingers down your body. Your nails scraped over the man's cock as he fucked back into you, and you smiled at the sharp hiss that left him then.

Finding your clit, you rubbed it hard, another moan slipping past your lips, hearing Aragorn groan as your walls clenched around him reflexively just a moment later.

"Come now," he spoke hoarsely. "Come for me, meleth."

"A-Aragorn!" The name began as a whisper, and ended on a cry. You grabbed his wrists while he fucked you through your orgasm, your body jerking as you gasped breathlessly. You squeezed your muscles around the man, trying to coax him into coming too.

A final thrust and Aragorn froze in place, eyes falling shut and jaw clenching. And then he slumped over, collapsing on top of you, and you released a surprised grunt at the sudden weight over you.

You brought your arms around the man, fingers slowly gliding over sweat slicked skin. When the Ranger didn't move, you blinked. "Aragorn? Are you okay? Did you aggravate your injuries?" you asked worriedly.

Upon hearing the concerned words, Aragorn huffed out a light laugh. Slowly, he raised himself up, braced on his hands. His eyes found yours immediately, keen grey filled with an emotion you weren't able to decipher. Shifting his weight to a single hand, he cupped your cheek with the other one, thumb gently stroking the soft skin beneath it.

"You undo me, meleth," he spoke again, voice soft, yet firm, and filled with an emotion that matched his eyes. "Undo me like no one else."

You blinked. "Is, uh, is that good or bad?" you asked him somewhat hesitantly.

He chuckled lowly. "Both, perhaps," he replied, touching his lips to yours. "You are far too good for me, Kitten."

You laughed lightly. "Coming from the rightful king of Gondor?"

Unsure how to answer that, Aragorn lowered his forehead to yours. The future was not something he desired to think of at the moment.

But you had already picked up on his hesitation and reluctance when it came to the matter of his heritage. You tightened your hold on him, hugging him close. "It'll be okay," you assured him gently. "Everything will work out in the end. You'll see. Estel."

Aragorn blinked in surprise, and then smiled. He kissed you again, gentle and chaste. "Estel," he repeated. "Yes, there is always hope." Even if that means you will leave us all in the end...

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine using blackberries to paint your lips a few shades darker for a spring/summer celebration and because of it, Bard simply can't stop kissing you-and-Imagine Bard sliding his hands under your clothing only to have you gasp slightly at his calloused hands. He retreats, feeling ashamed about his rough skin, until you pull him back, pleading for him to continue because you love the feeling.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all readers so far! And an extra thanks to everyone who left a comment. I'm super nervous about all of these, so it always makes me really happy to know they turned out alright.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today was a good day in Esgaroth. It was time for the yearly summer festival, the only one you had in this place. It was the only day of the year where the Master actually allowed your town to use the resources given to you all by King Thranduil and his Woodland Realm...not that anyone ever actually said anything about it. Most were too apprehensive, aware they would be punished if they even tried.

You wandered the large open area, a smile on your face. There were stalls covered in clothing, trinkets, and food for sale, everyone desperate to make a little coin. You couldn't blame them. Coin wasn't the easiest thing to come around here in Lake-Town.

Weaving around laughing, running children, you approached one of the stalls, this one lined with different types of berries. Hmm, which kind did you feel like eating today?

"You should give the blackberries a try," said the older woman standing behind the stall. "The batch turned out surprisingly sweet this time around."

"Really?" you intoned with a raised brow. You couldn't deny that the blackberries looked especially delicious today. "Yes, I think I will."

The older woman grinned. "Nice choice, lass."

Paying, you picked up the small basket and resumed walking. Side stepping another child, you chose a plump looking berry from the top of the pile and bit into it. A surprising amount of juice escaped, trickling down your chin. You wiped it off, and then absently ran the inside of the berry over your lips, coating them like a balm, and painting them a little darker than usual.

"Miss (Y/N)!"

You turned in place, and smiled down at the child who had run up to you. "Hello, Tilda. Having
The girl grinned cheerfully, beaming with innocence. "Yes! Lots!"

"That's good. Where are your brother and sister?"

"Getting food." She set a hand over her stomach and pouted slightly. "I'm hungry."

You laughed, picked a couple of berries out of the basket, and then handed said basket to the little girl. "Here, eat these."

Tilda gazed up at you with wide eyes. "Are you sure?" They didn't get fruits very much. They cost too much coin.

You smiled gently. "Of course. Just make sure you share them with Bain and Sigrid as well, okay?"

"Yes, Miss (Y/N)! Thank you!" And with that, the child ran off, presumably to look for her older siblings.

Your smile softened. You had a weak spot for those three children, their father too. You had been good friends with the man's wife, and had done your best to help the family when the woman had died, wanted to see them all safe, healthy, and content.

Years later, you and Bard had ended up getting together. The children were quite pleased, especially after they had seen how happy their Da was. They liked that. You didn't live with them though. Not yet.

"(Y/N)?"

You paused in place, blinked, turned, then smiled. "Hello, Bard. I didn't think you'd make it."

The man returned the smile. "We were able to finish earlier than expected. We were all looking forward to the festival, so there were no complaints."

"That's good. The children will be happy to have you here with them."

"Aye, I'm sure they will." He smiled, then lowered his head to kiss you. He pulled back abruptly, blinked, then dove in again, kissing you firmly.

You were the one to blink now, surprised by the sudden onslaught. Where had this intensity come from? When you heard a giggle from nearby, you blushed, remembering where you were.

Setting your hands onto Bard's chest, you pushed him. "Bard! There are people watching!" you hissed, feeling your skin heat.

But the man didn't seem inclined to stop. He cupped your soft cheeks in his large, rough hands, and kissed you yet again, tongue running over your lips.

Again and again he kissed you, and despite your embarrassment, you couldn't bring yourself to stop him. Your knees grew weak and you fist ed his tunic, returning the eager kisses as best as you could, moaning softly.

It was the sudden giggling in a familiar voice that drew the two of you apart. You looked over and spotted Bard's children standing nearby. Sigrid looked smug, Bain looked amused, and Tilda giggled again.
You blinked at the sight of them, dropped your head to the man's chest, and then groaned. Bard however, merely chuckled and leaned into you again, speaking in your ear, a strong arm around your waist, holding you against him.

"Come to me tonight," he whispered, his breath hot against your ear. "The children will not be home."

You groaned again, but nodded somewhat breathlessly and gave the man a little shove, pushing him towards kids, and he laughed, before all four waved at you and began to walk away.

Forcing away the flush in your cheeks, visible to anyone or not, you went on wandering as well, amazed the couple of blackberries still in your hand hadn't been crushed yet. You bit into one of them, before running the inside over your lips again, coating them once more since Bard had licked off the juice that had been there before...

Time passed without conflict, and eventually night fell. Curious and eager, you made your way over to Bard's home. Since he had said the children would not be there, you assumed the kind, elderly couple from down the way were looking after them. You were going to be alone, and that meant-

"You're late."

Smiling, you stepped into the house. "I can't be late if we never agreed on a time."

Bard chuckled and pressed you into the now closed door. Running the back of his fingers down your cheek, he leaned into you. "You are far too tempting, love."

"Am I?"

"Oh yes." He touched his lips to yours, pulled back, licked his own, and muttered, "Very tempting," he kissed you again, "and very sweet."

Now, you understood. *Bard must really like blackberries. Perhaps I should use their juice as a balm more often*, you mused, returning each quickly intensifying kiss. You reached up to tangle your fingers in his dark hair, parting your lips, tongue coiling with his, breaths mingling.

His large hands skimmed down your clothed body, lingering at your waist before slipping up under the hem of your shirt. He met the flesh of your abdomen and, unable to stop yourself, you gasped sharply.

Immediately, Bard froze. His eyes darkened with a pained emotion, and he pulled away from you, taking a step back as his hands balled into fists at his sides. The happiness and lust that had been there barely a moment ago had all but vanished from sight.

"Bard?" you voiced in confusion and concern. "What's wrong?"

"I...apologize," he spoke softly, eyes on the ground.


"...My hands..."

"Your...hands?" The murmured response hadn't done anything but increase your confusion. "What about your hands?"
Bard didn't reply at first, merely stood there, staring at the floor. Finally- "You gasped when I touched your skin. I-I understand. My hands are rough, calloused, unfitting to touch your beautiful, soft skin."

You blinked and stared, mind attempting to process what you had just heard. You had already noticed that the man generally refrained from touching your bare skin when he could. You hadn't even lain together yet, despite the years you had known one another. Was this...was this why?

Slowly, you reached out, taking Bard's large hands into your smaller ones. "Bard, I didn't gasp because I was upset or disgusted."

The man gazed at you in confusion. "But then, why...?"

Smiling, you brought his hands up under your shirt, setting them onto your abdomen again. "Bard, I gasped because I love the way your hands feel on my skin-on me."

Bard seemed quite surprised, and blinked slowly. "(Y/N)"

"Touch me," you pleaded. "Touch me, love."

Now, Bard smiled, evidently relieved by your words. Sliding his hands up your body, he leaned in to kiss you, the happiness and lust returning to his eyes, glad his fear was unfounded, glad you paid no mind. Glad he had you.

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine Thorin finding cuts on your wrists-and-Imagine Thorin's calloused hands lifting your chin and gently wiping away your tears.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all readers so far! And an extra thanks to those who left a comment!

If there was one thing every member of the Company of Thorin Oakenshield could agree on, it was that you were a great mystery. No one had any idea where you had come from, or why, or how. No one knew how long you were going to be here, or how you were going to go back, if you ever even could. No one knew what exactly you had been wearing when you had arrived. And no one understood half of what you had to say, but your world certainly sounded like a very strange place to them.

But after travelling together for so long, they liked to think they knew you pretty well by now. Thorin however, was about to be the first to realize that they were absolutely wrong.

The Company had come to a stop, and set up camp near a river for the night. Unlike the others, you had declined the offer to bathe before dinner, and had instead waited until the others were asleep, before heading down to the river yourself. With Balin on watch, you knew you would be left alone. He knew to respect your privacy, and wasn't going to disturb you unless absolutely necessary.

And being alone was something you desperately needed right now, although you would be the first to tell them what a horrible idea that was.

You had been scolded again today, unsurprisingly. It didn't appear as if Thorin could go more than two days without getting mad at you. He got angry with you more than he did with Bilbo! And that was definitely saying something.

But you had a problem that Bilbo didn't: you were a self-harmer. You had been suffering with depression and anxiety for some years now, and had, eventually, reached a point where your usual, non-dangerous coping methods had stopped working. And that was when you had begun using one of the worst coping methods in existence.

You knew it was stupid. You knew it was dangerous. You knew it was wrong. But it worked, and that was all that mattered.

And hurting yourself was how you dealt with Middle-earth, with this journey, with the battles, with Thorin. You knew this wasn't the right way to go about it, but you couldn't stop. You were finally beginning to realize that this was becoming an addiction, and that revelation didn't help the situation
at all. Made things worse, actually.

So you sat there at the riverside, making no move to bathe. You had removed your cloak, and rolled up your sleeve, gripping a bloody tipped dagger as you stared down at your freshly wounded wrist, vision blurred with tears that wouldn't fall.

Knowing how wrong this was only made you feel worse. But you were so lost in your thoughts that you didn't hear the footsteps until it was too late.

"What are you doing!?!"

You jumped, dagger falling from your grasp, your head snapping up as you gasped in shock, caught off guard by the sudden cry. Before you knew it, Thorin was on his knees before you, grabbing hold of your hand, and staring at your injured arm.

You watched, fascinated by the expressions that passed over his usually stoic face: shock, recognition, horror, pain. And then his eyes were on yours, so blue, so bright, so deep. He didn't blink, even as your own breath caught and stuttered, tears pooling in your eyes again. You couldn't look away.

"Why?" His voice was so soft-barely audible, and yet, you flinched as if he had yelled at you instead, perhaps wishing he had yelled at you instead.

You managed to tear your gaze away, and looked down at your lap, feeling more than a little ashamed at yourself. Why did you have to be so weak!? "I...I'm sorry," you finally managed to stutter out, your voice hoarse due to the tightness in your throat.

"Sorry!?!"

You flinched again, tears blinding you. What else did he expect you to say!? You hardly knew how to explain this to yourself, let alone anyone else!

"Why?" he questioned again.

You could feel his eyes on you, weighing, assessing. "I..." How were you going to answer this? "I-can't- I don't-" Even if you could answer him, did you even want to?

Thorin seemed to realize that though. "How long?" he asked instead.

"Nearly...nearly three years."

The Dwarf inhaled sharply, his hand tightening around yours. He focused closer on your arm, and quickly realized this was hardly the first time you had done this to yourself, not just in general, but here in Middle-earth as well.

Some of the scars looked fresher than others, some darker, some lighter, each one a neat straight line across your skin. He could tell by the scars that the cuts had been fairly shallow, even the slightly deeper ones. They wouldn't have bled much, likely not more than a few minutes, and he doubted they would have taken more than a couple of days to scab over completely.

The new wounds had already stopped bleeding, and were beginning to dry out. These ones were fairly shallow as well, but infections were always a possibility, and he wanted to be sure to prevent that.

You started when you felt Thorin's rough, calloused fingers lifting your chin, before gently wiping
the tears you hadn't even realized had finally fallen. His eyes were on yours again, filled with a deep sadness.

"I will not tell you to stop," he spoke slowly, his voice low and thick with emotion. "I know you won't listen to me-you never do. But if you ever feel...upset enough to do this again, come to me-to any of us, and allow us to distract you or calm you down-allow us to do whatever we can to help you."

"Thorin..." You didn't know what to say. Didn't know what to think.

He leaned in closer and cupped your check, calloused thumb stroking gently. "And if I ever do something, or say something to make you feel this way again, then come to me, and hurt me instead."

Your eyes widened in shock. "What? No! I-I couldn't-!

But the uncrowned king shook his head firmly. "No, I would deserve it for causing you to stain your beautiful skin because of me."

A sob left you as you began to cry again, your entire body trembling. "Thorin... I'm sorry! I-I'm sorry!"

Thorin drew you into a tight embrace, his own eyes squeezed shut, his jaw clenched. "No more secrecy. I share your burdens now, Ghivashel. Come now, let me clean and bind these wounds. You cannot risk an infection out here." (treasure of all treasures)

"...Okay." And feeling lighter than you had in years, you allowed Thorin to lead you back to camp, his warm, rough hand holding your own with a steadying comfort you had never even realized you needed.

"No more tears, (Y/N). You have me now."

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Kudos?
You loved Rivendell. You had only been in Middle-earth for a few months now, though you still had no idea how or why it had happened. Still, you had gotten used to this world surprisingly quickly.

You'd been in the Shire, and left with the four Hobbits, eventually encountering Strider, and finding yourself in this beautiful valley. You'd been here for nearly two months now.

You were fast asleep that morning, and were, regretfully, dragged out of bed by two very excited Hobbits. Merry and Pippin grabbed hold of your hands, and quite literally tugged you all the way outside.

"Whaaaat?" you questioned tiredly, your eyes still half shut because of the brightness.

"Look, (Y/N)! It's snowing!"

You blinked a few times to clear your vision, and once you were actually able to open your eyes, looked up, only to realize that yes, it was indeed snowing. "Oh. Nice. Going back to bed now."

"But, (Y/N)! Snow! Snow!"

You blinked. "Why are you people so excited? It's just snow. It's the first day of winter, and it's fairly chilly out, and I think we're up north enough—of course it'll snow."

"They are excited because it does not snow in Imladris," said Aragorn, who had apparently been standing nearby with Legolas, both of them also watching the snowfall curiously.

"It doesn't?"

"It has never once snowed here, henig," explained Lord Elrond, approaching, his eyes too on the sky. Though he appeared more cautious than anything else. "Not until today." (child)

"...Ah. Huh." Now you too focused your (E/C) gaze on the sky. Did it not snow here because of geography or some other reason? ...So, if it wasn't weather related...was Sauron the reason why it was snowing? But how was that possible?
The snowfall seemed normal, the flakes large and fluffy, and falling straight down for the most part. It was still very pretty though. Now that your tiredness was fading, you were finally beginning to appreciate the sight.

You weren't the only one enjoying it though. All around you Elves, Hobbits, Dwarves, Men, and Gandalf stood gazing up at the sky, most of them smiling.

No one really knew if this was good or bad, but it couldn't be denied that Rivendell felt more peaceful than ever.

Chapter End Notes

I had a harder time writing this than I thought I would, likely because I don't remember what it's like to see snow for the first time-I was a baby. Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine dancing in the rain with Kili—and—Imagine kissing Kili in the rain—and—Imagine Kili pulling you playfully away from the Company as they pause in Rivendell, just to put his arms around you and slow dance.

Chapter Notes

Yo. I was actually planning on posting a different one, but then realized I hadn't edited that one at all, so I went with this instead... Thank you to all readers so far, and an extra thanks to those who commented!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The Company of Thorin Oakenshield had stopped in Rivendell, much to the displeasure of thirteen Dwarves, the pleasure of one Hobbit, and your immense relief. You still didn't understand what was happening here. You weren't sure how walking to the convenience store had resulted in you ending up in Middle-earth, but you saw no point in questioning things anymore. Gandalf had promised you he'd look into things for you, and since you had no answers yourself, you figured it would be best to just leave things to him, even though you really didn't know how learning the truth was possible in these circumstances.

It was a cloudy day, and by late afternoon, as you had predicted earlier, it began to rain. The Dwarves and Bilbo all ran for cover, but before you could do the same, Kili took you by the wrist and pulled you back out towards him.

Surprised, you simply stood there for a moment, tipping your head back so the cool drops fell onto your face. It felt nice. You hadn't been able to enjoy the rain when you had all been travelling, what with all the grumbling by the other members of the Company.

You had no idea how long you stood there for, lost in thought, but you were pulled out of them when you suddenly felt a presence behind you. Lowering your head, you turned around, only to see Kili standing there. You had forgotten about him. When he held out his hand, you took it despite your confusion. He twined your fingers together and brought his other hand to your waist.

"Dance with me?" he requested, brown eyes tender, and voice soft.

You tried not to shiver at the tone of his voice, and set your free hand onto the Dwarf's shoulder. "Okay," you agreed amiably, unable to deny him. He was your weakness, this Dwarf—had been since the moment you had first seen him.

Kili smiled and began to move to the music only he could hear, bringing you with him and keeping the pace slow. You followed his lead, oddly alright with dancing for once in your life.

It took only moments for both of you to become completely soaked through from the rain, and you
weren't going to be surprised if you got sick, but you found that you didn't care. You and Kili just continued to revolve around the same spot, the warmth coming off him warding off the chill of the rain and wind.

When you looked back up after glancing at your feet (a bad habit you'd yet to break), you felt your breath catch. Even though his bangs were dripping wet and plastered to his forehead, Kili didn't seem at all annoyed by them. His eyes were locked on you, and the way he was looking at you... His eyes were so soft, so tender, so full of love.

"Kili..."

Something flashed in his eyes, flashed so quick you had no time to figure out what it was. He released your hand, which you absently set on his chest, and cupped your cheek gently. He said absolutely nothing.

Slowly, Kili leaned in and touched his lips to yours. You blinked, and then groaned inwardly, your eyes falling shut as you returned the sweet kiss, your fingers tangling in the Dwarf's tunic.

Kili kissed you again, and again, and again, each one soft and chaste, every touch of him warm, heating you from the inside, even as the rain continued to fall around you steadily.

You didn't know how this had happened, how you had gone from playfully dancing in the rain, to this...passion, but thinking about it wasn't going to help, was it? Suddenly, you felt Kili smile, and opened your eyes, only to discover he was watching you.

"What?"

He pressed his forehead to yours, but his smile remained in place. "You're thinking too loudly. Again."

You huffed out a breath, wrapping both arms around his neck, fingers sinking into soft, brown hair. "Then what do you suggest I do instead?" you questioned softly.

"Accept it," he replied just as quietly, stroking your cheek. "Accept what has happened, where you are. Accept me, (Y/N)."

And the funny thing was, it wasn't really all that hard to do. You still missed your own world-your home, but you were getting the feeling you weren't ever going to get the chance to go back, no matter how much you wanted to. Denial was going to get you nowhere. This place, Middle-earth, was your home now. You were going to have to make it your home.

"(Y/N)..."

"Okay."

Kili blinked. "Okay?"

You smiled. "I'll accept it, accept this. You."

"You will?" And when you nodded, he grinned happily, cupped your cheeks, and kissed you again, his lips soft and warm. "You'll be happy here, (Y/N). I promise it."

Chapter End Notes
Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine having really bad period cramps and no one in the Company knowing how to help you.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

After a long day of walking, the Company had finally come to a stop for the night. That relief only increased when you realized you were near a stream. There was some brush for cover, so it was the perfect place for you all to wash up-finally!

While the males sat around the fire, Bombur cooking up some stew, they wondered why you were taking so long at the stream.

You had been fine when you'd woken that morning, before suddenly becoming irritated around noon and running off for a few moments. You hadn't told them what was wrong once you'd caught back up, but had been oddly quiet ever since.

Most of them had been, and still were a little worried, having caught what appeared to be a pained grimace on your face more than once throughout the day, but you had denied anything was wrong whenever they had asked...

They were all quite relieved when you finally returned to camp. You paused, surprised to see your bedroll had been set up, and quietly thanked them before you sat down, an arm wrapped around yourself.

"(Y/N)? Are you all right?" Bilbo inquired suddenly, concerned. "You seem like you're in pain again."

"I'm fine," you replied immediately-automatically. "It's nothing."

Bofur sighed. "I wish you'd stop lying, lass. It's clear something's paining you."

But you just rolled your eyes, feeling a bit aggrivated, even though no one had really done anything wrong. "I'm not lying," you said. "Yes, I'm in pain, but it isn't anything I don't deal with every month." You didn't really want to elaborate beyond that. Awkward much?

While confusion grew on most faces, Oin's lightened with realization, and he gave you a sympathetic smile. Gloin and Bombur seemed to be the next ones to understand, soon followed by Thorin, after Balin whispered something to him, that had him paling slightly.

You didn't notice though. Your pain worsened, and you lowered down onto your side on the bedroll,
the heel of your hand digging into you in a rather rough massage of sorts. It eased the pain a little, but not enough to really make much of a difference.

The Company's concern only grew when they saw your eyes shut tight, and your brow pinch. It was obvious to them that you were really hurting, but...what could they do? There were methods they would have been able to use had they been in a town, but being on the road like this eliminated most everything.

When you released a dry sob, curling in on yourself further, the males seemed to come to a decision. Bombur made some tea, while Fili and Kili moved in close on either side of you.

They brushed your hair back soothingly, and rubbed your shoulders, and while Ori gave you the tea, Dori telling you to sit up and drink it, Bofur began telling a funny and rather filthy story, soon followed by Nori, and then Dwalin.

You drank as you listened to them, trying not to spill your tea or choke as your body shook with laughter, Fili and Kili falling all over you as they laughed cheerfully too.

The Company may not have been able to rid you of your pain, but at least they could try their best to distract you from it.

Chapter End Notes

...I tried. Comments? Kudos?
Another long, gruelling day had gone by, and the Company had finally settled down for the night. A fire had been started, dinner cooked and consumed, and after a bit of chatter, Nori was tasked with first watch.

Your bedroll was set up next to Dwalin's tonight, which was, admittedly, a little nerve-racking, because the large warrior had always been rather gruff with you. You weren't afraid of him per se, he just made you a tad nervous-as he no doubt would make most feel.

Still, you sat next to him silently as he cleaned and sharpened his throwing axes, thick but skilled fingers moving diligently over the sharp blades. As he kept working, you found yourself beginning to relax, the steady sound so strangely comforting, that it slowly started to lull you to sleep.

When you woke at dawn, you were surprised to find that you were very warm, rather than cold, as you found was normal with you. It wasn't until you opened your eyes that you realized why exactly that was.

Dwalin was fast asleep beside you, his strong arms wrapped around you. It seemed you had fallen asleep against him last night, but instead of pushing you away or moving you aside, he had simply brought his arms around you, keeping you close to him.

It was weird, you thought, to have such a large, stoic, gruff Dwarf all but cuddling you like this. You had barely exchanged a handful of words yet, so this, admittedly, was very strange indeed.

"...Stop thinkin' so loudly, lass."

You started, the low voice catching you off guard. "Wha-?"

Dwalin opened his eyes now, which locked onto you immediately, looking tired, but somewhat amused. He made no move to release you from his grasp. "There's time before we leave, and I want more sleep. Do yeh object?"

You blinked, and then shook your head, wondering why in the world he was asking you that. "No?"

Dwalin smiled, just slightly. "Good." He tightened his hold on you, closed his eyes and, seconds
later, was seemingly asleep once again.

You just stared at first, surprised, and then huffed out a laugh as you allowed yourself to relax. With some hesitancy, you carefully and curiously ran your fingers down the Dwarf’s cheek, and into his beard, moving in closer, loving the heat he was giving off. Who needed a blanket when this Dwarf was holding you?

"Stop movin', (Y/N). Sleep."

You smiled, allowing your eyes to fall shut. In the safe space of Dwalin's arms, it took you barely a moment to fall asleep once more...

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Kudos?
Imagine Elrond falling in love with you when he sees you on a visit to Rivendell, and lusting madly after you for weeks until he finally makes a move—and-Imagine having a heated debate with Elrond, which becomes passionate in another way entirely when he silences you with a kiss—and-I want Elrond to bend me over his desk in his study and have his wicked way with me. I don’t want to be able to walk properly for a week.

Yo! So sorry about the wait guys! I promise I haven’t forgotten about this or run out of ideas (I still have nearly 200 fills to write). Elrond plus smut equals I have no fucking idea what I’m doing. Thank you for all readers so far!

When Elrond learned from his daughter that Aragorn was on his way with four others, he wasn’t quite sure what he had been expecting. He knew there would be more Hobbits, Arwen had mentioned as much, but somehow, she hadn’t really mentioned you.

He had already seen to his daughter’s safety, and healed Frodo as well, when the rest of you arrived. Having already been notified by the Elves keeping guard, he met with you all almost immediately.

He saw Aragorn first, the man in the front, leading the others. The Hobbits were next, three of them, all looking around in awe, though they were clearly exhausted. And at the rear was a sight somehow even more unexpected than the Hobbits: you.

The sunlight shined off your (H/L), (H/C) hair, (E/C) eyes filled with curiosity as you took in your surroundings, a small smile touching your lips as you saw the expressions on the faces of the Hobbits. Still, you, like the others, were obviously exhausted from the long and difficult travel.

He approached you all now, greeting Aragorn first, and then the four guests, assuring you all that Frodo was safe, healing, and asleep. He watched as you were guided away so you could bathe, eat, and rest, and wondered why your face refused to leave his mind...

The days went by. Frodo woke, and a Council was held to determine the ultimate fate of Middle-earth. But Elrond found that he was not altogether satisfied by what took place there. The Fellowship of the Ring had been named, the ten brave ones who were willing to travel all the way to Mordor to destroy the Ring. Four Hobbits, two Men, an Elf, a Dwarf, a Wizard, and you. You had joined as well, and your opinion refused to be swayed. It seemed no matter what anyone said, you were set on going.

Elrond had admitted to himself that he was not quite sure how that made him feel. You were the youngest member of the Fellowship, and a woman at that. ... Perhaps your being from another world
had something to do with your behaviour.

Finding that out had certainly been quite the shock. But he knew it wasn't that alone that continued to draw his attention to you.

He felt like a filthy old man, always watching you from afar. You rarely spent your days alone, instead choosing to spend time with each member of the Fellowship. You tried your hardest to get to know them, and listened to everything they had to say, simply because you wanted to 'break the ice', as you called it, before leaving with them.

Elrond quickly found that when you weren't getting to know the others, you used your time training under Aragorn's watchful gaze and informative and skilled instructions. It was clear you hadn't ever used a sword before, but you certainly seemed to have potential.

Elrond spent hours watching and speaking to you, and spent days thinking of you. And the desperation he felt for simply wanting to be around you was almost alarming.

Even worse, in his opinion, was that his thoughts of you were hardly innocent. There were desires there too, desires he thought he had long since been able to push away. More than once he had envisioned you below him, your hair fanned out around you, your (S/C) skin sweat slicked and glowing. More than once he had envisioned you reaching out to him, eyes wide and darkened with lust. More than once he had envisioned himself running his large hands down your body, discovering all the little spots that would make you gasp, and moan, and squirm, and arch into his touch. You would taste either sweet or spicy, he decided.

He hated himself for having these desires some days, and yet, no matter what he told himself, he wasn't able to stop lusting after you. He could only hope he never revealed any of this. You couldn't possibly feel the same way for him as he did you.

He was wrong.

You were standing in Lord Elrond's study, arguing with him. Okay, so it wasn't arguing so much as it was debating, but still. It was probably a good thing there was no one else in here with them, because you both kept switching between topics, having so much to talk about.

But the passion in your debate turned into a passion of an entirely different kind, when Lord Elrond silenced you suddenly with a kiss.

You blinked, Elrond pulled away, and then you grabbed him by the collar of his robes, yanked him closer, and pressed your lips to his firmly. It took the Elf all of three seconds to take control, when he pinned you to the nearest wall. He needed only one hand to do it, not that you were trying to get away or anything.

With his free hand, Elrond cupped your jaw, coaxing you into parting your lips. Oh, you tasted exactly like he thought you would. He swallowed your moan, and then pulled back, smiling slightly as you tried to follow him.

You gazed up at him through heavily lidded eyes. "Don't start questioning things now," you all but pleaded, gripping his forearm. The last thing you wanted was for him to stop, and you were worried he would do just that if he allowed himself to pause and think things through.

But think is exactly what Elrond did. He was known for having exceptional control, and he prided himself on that too. So what about you had him losing all of that control?
When you had begun your debate on a rather questionable topic you clearly didn't agree on, that was all it was, a debate. But once you had gotten comfortable, you had changed. Your eyes had brightened, your voice had grown louder and more firm, your confidence had grown.

So he had found himself bringing up topic after topic, just so you would stay in the room, just so he could hear you like this, see you like this. The passion you had for what you were saying was beyond obvious, and he had moved into you so suddenly, that his kiss had cut your words off while you had still been speaking.

He wanted this-wanted you so much, too much, but now that he had a moment to pause and think, he found himself hesitating. But he had underestimated you, because you were the one who stepped forward, cupping his cheeks in your hands.

"Please don't question things. Please don't stop! Please!"

His eyes saddened. "(Y/N)...you cannot und-"

You were the one to cut him off now, silencing him with a kiss he couldn't help but respond to. He felt your fingers travelling up and down his chest, trying to find skin. He soon realized he was doing the same.

Just once, he told himself. Just this once, just for today, he would drop the reigns he had on his control. Just this once he would allow his desires to take over...

You gasped. It was like a switch had been flipped. Elrond had begun hesitating greatly, even pulling away from you. And then a second later, he was kissing the breath out of you. His long, slender fingers tangled in your (H/C) hair, tilting your head back so he could deepen the kiss even further.

With his free hand, he reached behind you and pulled at the laces of your dress, undoing them swiftly. Before you knew it, you found that you were completely bare. You had been so caught up in the intoxicating kisses, that you hadn't even noticed him undressing you. You hardly minded.

You groaned when he cupped your breasts, his hands large and firm. Your own hands ran along his chest, and you began to grow frustrated, still unable to find skin. It was really quite unfair that you were naked and he was still fully dressed.

Clearly realizing what you were thinking, Elrond chuckled lightly, ducking down to press a kiss to your throat, before beginning to undress, a sight you were certainly enjoying—very obviously too, much to Elrond's amusement. Your fingers touched the newly bared skin before he had even finished removing his clothing.

Elrond returned the touch, eyes falling shut as he felt your warm hands on his bare chest, your touch firm and confident. It had been so long since anyone had touched him like this. He found the warmth you exuded intoxicating in itself.

Your fingers travelled lower and lower, until they curled around his thick erection, already hard in her hand. Elrond's eyes widened slightly. Oh, bold girl. He said nothing, and allowed you to touch him to your fill. But he wasn't remaining idle.

His own hands continued roaming along and over your body, touching, tracing, stroking, kneading, feeling. Your skin was soft, but there were rises and dips, and oh, was this a scar over here?

Your fingers went up to his chest, back down to his abdomen, and then you lowered to your knees, taking him in hand again, and ducking in.
Elrond's grey eyes widened slightly, understanding what you were about to do. "(Y/N)-" he broke off with a barely audible gasp, which quickly turned into a definitely audible groan. He reached down to your head, fingers trailing in your (H/C) hair.

You had him between your lips-just the head, nothing else, and were sucking, while your hand pumped the rest of his cock, the fingers of your other hand digging into his thigh as you kept yourself steady. You took him in further, and Elrond's head fell back as he allowed himself to get lost in the sensations for just a moment. But he was back soon enough, and pulled you up to your feet.

You blinked, (E/C) eyes displaying what was clearly confusion. "Did I do some-"

Elrond cut you off with a kiss that left you both breathless instantly. The second your arms coiled around his neck, he lifted you up into his arms and carried you across his study. He set you down on your feet, turned you around, and setting a hand on your back, gently pushed you forward, bending you over his large, wooden, parchment strewn desk.

For a moment, you just blinked, wondering how on Arda you had ended up in this position. Then you looked behind from over your shoulder, and your breath stuttered and caught. Elrond was standing behind you, his eyes dark, his cheeks slightly flushed, his lips a bit swollen, his hair a little mussed under his circlet, his breathing quick.

He was nowhere near as dishevelled as you probably were, but for someone who was usually so perfectly put together, even just this was beyond enticing.

He stepped forward, the tips of his fingers trailing down your bare back, over your spine, causing you to gasp and arch. His fingers trailed back up, then down again, and then he cupped your arse, kneading firmly. You gasped again, and bit your lip, your hips pushing back, which was certainly a reaction the Elf was enjoying very much.

"Such a bold girl," Elrond spoke softly, closing the distance between you, pressing himself against you. "Do you feel this?" he questioned. "Do you feel me?" He wasn't expecting or waiting for an answer. He reached between your bodies, cupped you, found you already wet.

You moaned softly. Oh gods, you really hoped this wasn't a dream! Your moan only grew louder, when you felt a long, slender finger, then a second, slide into you.

Elrond hummed in response, pulled his fingers out, then plunged them back in. "I know what I want. I know what I wish to take, what I wish to give." He sped up, stretching you open for him, should his control continue to drop. "Tell me, meleth nin, what is it that you desire? What do you wish to give me? What do you wish to take from me? What do you want?" (my love)

What did you want? You really hoped he wasn't expecting a proper answer to that, because with what those hands were doing to you, you seriously couldn't focus right now, certainly not enough to string a proper sentence together, let alone a thought!

"Tell me, (Y/N)."

"Fuck me, dammit!"

...Yes, Elrond decided, his control was most certainly breaking. He pulled his fingers free, lined himself up, grabbed your hips, and then thrust forward, eyes falling shut and a groan dying in his throat.

You cried out and jolted forward, surprised at being so full so suddenly. You scrabbled to find some sort of purchase, sending sheets of parchment falling to the floor with quiet whisps, and settled for
grabbing the edge of the desk in front of you. Elrond didn't wait for you to get used to him, and you didn't ask him to. He began thrusting immediately, setting a quick, harsh rhythm, fucking you open.

"More, meleth?" (love)

"Yes! Harder!" And your moan turned into a cry as the Elf did just that, increasing his already rapid pace. At the same moment, he slid a hand beneath you, between you and the desk, so he could give your neglected clit a bit of attention, which only had you moaning louder and bucking back against him.

But it still wasn't enough. Not for either of you. Elrond still did have a sliver of control left, and you knew it.

You craned your neck to look over your shoulder, and allowed one of your hands to release their death grip on the desk so you could reach back behind you. "Stop holding back," you all but demanded. "I know you have more for me. You do, don't you? I want you to fuck me hard enough I can't walk properly for a week! Fuck me, Elrond!"

Elrond's eyes flashed, his blood boiled. He grabbed the arm that was reaching towards him, pinned it to your back, and fucked you into his desk hard enough the whole thing rocked.

This time, you screamed.

This was what you had wanted. This was what, though he hadn't realized it, Elrond had been wanting too, wanting-needing for a very, very long time now.

It was strange that it was you of all people who were able to give him what he had been needing this entire time, but for once in his long, difficult life, Elrond decided to simply embrace the desires of Man, and enjoy what he had for as long as he could.

He took everything he desired from you, and gave you all you desired in return, and sure enough, you certainly struggled to walk the next day, though you merely grinned whenever anyone questioned you about it.

It was a good thing the Fellowship wasn't due to depart for some days yet!

Chapter End Notes

Whelp, I hope that was worth the wait. Anyway, comments? Kudos?
Imagine Haldir watching you as you are daydreaming, and trying to figure out what you are thinking about.

Yo! Thank you to all readers so far! I'm still not used to writing Haldir's character, so I hope this is alright.

You were doing it again, he realized. Haldir stood in one of the many trees in Lorien, watching one of their guests. You were a member of the Fellowship of the Ring—the only female, and Haldir found that he rather enjoyed watching you. Not because you were a woman, but because of the expressions that passed over your face.

He hadn't been at all impressed by you the first time he had seen you. You had just been another member of the Fellowship to him—one of those brave and foolish souls partaking in a dangerous, seemingly foolish quest.

And then he had caught a glimpse of your face, while you and your companions had been led further into the wood. You were so...expressive, and Haldir found himself utterly enthralled, though he had absolutely no idea why.

He had been both disappointed and pleased when Lord Celeborn and Lady Galadriel had granted the Fellowship entry, and as the days went by, Haldir was beginning to run out of excuses for why he continued to watch over you.

The simple, or not so simple reason, was that he enjoyed watching the many...expressions that passed over your face. The best (and most conflicting for him) moments, he decided, was when you lost yourself in one of your many daydreams.

He knew much of daydreaming, though he rarely did so himself, and he had noticed that in most cases, when people daydreamed, their expressions would be of absolutely nothing, if not rather dazed.

But when you daydreamed, your expressions never remained the same. They would always pass over your face, one after the other, always making him wonder what was going through your mind. Was that why he watched you? Curiosity?

Even now, as he stood there in that tree, his eyes lingering on you, he didn't really know. You looked happy, he noted, and for some reason, he ached to get closer to you. Your eyes were shining, and a smile touched your lips. What were you thinking of, he wondered, that was making you smile
in such a way? A person? An idea? A moment?

There were no hints at all as to what was going on in your mind. His curiosity grew, and he wanted to know, he really did. But it wasn't as if he could ask. It was hardly his place to question something so personal.

You sighed softly, stretched, then lowered down to your back on the leaf littered ground, releasing a second sigh as you adjusted your borrowed dress beneath you as you settled, once more falling into your daydreams.

Haldir didn't notice when he had descended the tree, nor did he notice when he began to approach you. Silently, without a word, he knelt down nearby. If you noticed his approach, or his new place of...vigil, so to speak, you didn't mention it, didn't even react.

You smiled again, gently this time, the expression on your face light and somehow innocent. And even as the Elf continued trying to guess what you were thinking, your head turned, and your eyes opened, revealing satisfied (E/C), and you greeted him with that same gentle smile that, for some reason, made his heart stutter.

Haldir didn't understand why, but something was telling him that he wasn't going to have to continue guessing what you kept daydreaming about. Something was telling him that you were going to tell him yourself.

Chapter End Notes

And that's this one. Comments? Kudos?
Apologies for this not being an actual chapter, but since I've received a few requests, I felt this needed to be addressed.

I am open to requests and suggestions (if you stop reading at this point and ignore the rest, don't get mad when I don't fill your request), however, I am extremely picky about what I write, meaning you'll have to respect the rules I put into place.

The first thing is that you have to understand that even should you request something, I am under no obligation to actually write it. Like I said above, I'm really picky when it comes to this sort of thing, and I write what I like. When I know I have to write something for someone else, I seriously can't handle the stress and anxiety that comes with it, which just makes it even harder to do. So, if you request something I don't like, I won't write it. Simple, right?

If I do like your request, and decide to write it, you can't expect for that to happen immediately. I keep finding more imagines and whatnot online, and my list currently has around 180 fills I still need to get to. I don't follow a particular order for these, and pick them either randomly, or depending on what or who I feel like writing about, so I'll add yours to the list, and get to it when I get to it. Meaning you may very well have to wait for months before it's filled, if not years, because I have no writing schedule at all, and am working on like, a million different things.

As for the requests themselves, those too will have rules. Please don't give me long, drawn out requests. Stick to the format these imagines, confessions, kinks, ect, have been so far (go back and read through them if you need to), and will continue to be in the future. I also often mix fills together if I feel they go well with another. If I feel your request goes well with another fill, I might ask if you're okay with me mixing them. If you refuse, that's fine. If you accept it, that's also fine. I will, of course, tell you what that other fill is, so you can see for yourself before accepting or denying. If I didn't mix fills, my list would be well over 200.

Imagine-ex: Imagine X hugging you after a battle.

Confession-ex: I like to think X is secretly a klutz.

Kink-ex: I really want X to tie me down and ravish me.

(These can be of any rating-I just chose basic examples. None are restricted to one particular rating.)

Remember, I didn't actually come up with any of the imagines, kinks, confessions, and so on. I find them on various sites, and then just write drabbles and oneshots based off them. So if I write one based off something you dislike, or something that offends you, blame the person who posted it on whatever site I got it off-mainly Tumblr, I think. If I do come up with any myself, or even edit it slightly, I'll be sure to mention it.

I'm open to most any genre, and rating as well. So if you want something innocent, or something totally nsfw, I can do both and whatever's in between too. The characters I write for are those listed in the character list in the tag section. If the character you want to see was only in the books, I can't write it, because I don't know anything about them-I've only read them once or twice. If the character was in any of the movies, feel free to request them, but again, understand that I may not fill it. It all depends on whether I personally like the idea or not.

To make things easier, characters I mainly write about: Aragorn, Kili, Legolas, Thorin, Fili, Dwalin,
Elrond, Haldir, Thranduil, Lindir, Bard. Characters I'm open to writing about, but not used to: Boromir, Faramir, Arwen, Smaug, Beorn. (List subject to change)

If I like part of your request, but not another part, I might ask if you're willing to change a certain portion of it to something I'm more comfortable with. If you do, then there's a bigger chance it'll be written, but that's your own choice.

I'm sticking with a female reader, but if you really want a male reader for your fill, I might be able to do that. It isn't like I don't write yaoi/slash fics or anything. Yuri/femslash on the other hand...I'm not used to-never written it. But I do have a couple of fills for that, so you can request it, again, understanding that it might not be filled.

Also, seeing as it's supposed to be a reader, don't give me specifics like height, weight, colouring, etc...unless the request itself is specific to that. Not everyone has white skin, blonde hair, and blue eyes. I've never once come across an OC or specific reader that matched my skin colour, or hair colour, or eye colour, or height, or whatever, even when it's meant to be a POC reader-no one writes about Indian Canadians. Seeing as we're all different, I try to keep things as vague as possible, so all of you can fill the details in the way you want, as is meant to in reader fics.

Not to mention we all have different interests, and prefer to see ourselves in different ways with these different characters. Ex: I personally, as someone very short, like them all, even the Dwarves, to be taller than me; I like them to be strong enough to pick me up; I like them to not have body hair, cause that's gross. See what I mean? Some of you will disagree with me, and that's why I either don't mention certain specifics-like body hair, or keep them vague.

Please don't request I write an OC. I can't handle other people's oc's at all. I was also posting these on FFN before, but I've now learned why that particular section, on that particular site, is known to be rather toxic, and decided to delete them from there, and just post them here. So if you've been following them over there...well, sorry, but I can't stand those ignorant snobs any longer.

If you request something, please don't do so using terminology from the books, because while I know more Tolkien stuff than my friends, I'm still pretty new in learning the lore, and don't know half of it. I mainly just watched the movies. Someone requested wanting an Eldar reader, and I had to google what that even meant (-_-'). Embarrassing, to say the least. Just say Elf!Reader, or Dwarf!Reader, or whatever, because I really don't know enough of a difference between them for it to even matter. If the Elf reader, for example, you want doesn't speak Sindarin, then just say that so I won't use it in the fill. Or, you know, the equivalent of that. Things just get confusing otherwise, and then I feel like an idiot.

No sad requests. I hate writing sad stuff because life already sucks and I write to escape that. Hurt/comfort is okay, for the most part, but if you want a tear jerking tragedy where everyone dies, I can't help you.

No dub-con or non-con. Everything sexual, no matter how extreme or tame, even if it's just a kiss, has to be fully consensual from all involving parties.

No Omegaverse. I know this is a pretty popular thing, but I'm just not comfortable with it.

No pregnancy or kids, unless the Reader is to be the kid. I hate reading fics where the main character ends up pregnant, and refuse to write it. And in that same vein, I hate reading fics where the main character has kids, and refuse to write it. The closest will be the children of canon characters. And by that I mean the reader bonds with Bard's kids or something like that, not that the reader is like, pregnant with them or whatever.
I dislike writing about characters cheating on others, or aggressive jealousy—or aggressive sex, for that matter.

This list of stuff I refuse to write is also subject to change, because I'm positive I'm still forgetting things, so I'd recommend checking this before requesting anything, no matter how many times you've already done so. I've already changed this thing five or six times, so yeah.

Don't worry about requesting something really fluffy—I grew up watching Bollywood, so what most consider to be tooth rotting fluff, is just regular fluff to me. In the same vein, don't worry about requesting something really kinky or whatever—I'm sure my imagination will only thank you—but again, please understand that there may be certain kinks I'm uncomfortable with.

I use a fair amount of swear words, depending on context, so if you dislike that, and don't want it in your fill, please do mention it. Contrary to what some may believe, I do know how to write without cussing up a storm. Middle-earth characters, reader included, generally won't swear, but modern world reader likely will. Again, it depends on what the context of the fill is.

Now, to reiterate: I reserve the right to not fill a request if I don't like it, or if it makes me uncomfortable, or if I don't think it's something I can write, or if it's for a character I don't write. If you'd like to know beforehand, you could always give me the basics of it first, ex: Character A x Character B-fluffy hurt/comfort, or something along those lines. If I agree with that, I'll let you know, and you can elaborate further. However, that does not mean I will fill it.

Lastly, if you don't like what I wrote for your fill, you can tell me, but please be kind about it. Manners go a long way around here. And I'm sorry if these, er, rules are off putting, but I want to be able to write without stressing out about what other people will think, and making myself uncomfortable by committing to things I don't really even want to write.

If I haven't scared you off yet, and you agree to understand and follow my rules, then request away!
Chapter Summary

I love the idea when I have a nightmare, when I wake up panting and shaking, that Kili would wrap his arms around me and kiss me all over and then make love to me to soothe me.

Chapter Notes

Yo. Apologies for the wait. Just a quick note-I was cross posting these on FFN, but as I was once warned when I first got into fanfiction, the LOTR section on that site is quite...toxic. So I've pulled those down, and am only posting them here. If you were reading these there, then I'm sorry. Anyway, thank you to all readers so far!

You were standing in one of your old classrooms. It appeared exactly as you remembered it, except that it was empty, which was rather strange in itself, and oddly ominous.

Suddenly, something began to materialize in front of you, on the other side of the room. It was a spider. But not a normal spider, no. The thing was bigger than you were! Its hairs were thick and dark, its eyes glowing eerily. It just stood there, staring at you.

Apprehension became terror. Your eyes widened, before your breath stuttered and caught. "Nooo!" you groaned. You bolted for the door. "No! Dammit!" The door was locked, and didn't look as if it was going to be opening any time soon. "Crap, what's with this stupid cliche!" you cried, unable to stop yourself.

(E/C) eyes locked on the arachnid, you began inching your way along the left wall. There was a second door in here, this one behind the teacher's desk.

The spider clicked closer, luckily moving away from where you were trying to go. You slowly moved along the front wall, and then scrambled over the teacher's desk, and to the second door, only to discover this one too was locked.

You turned around, and found yourself in the middle of a dark forest. You didn't even question it, and didn't hesitate to run either, but that didn't result in much. More spiders descended from silk threads, blocking your path, and you stopped short, aware you were trapped.

With the huge spider from the classroom advancing, your panic began to grow. What could you do? What could you possibly do!?

Suddenly, the arachnid jumped-jumped straight across the forest floor, and landed on top of you, sending you crashing to the ground painfully, fallen leaves flying everywhere. It kept you pinned in place with its heavier body, hissing at you viciously. Terror growing even further, you struggled and writhed, trying to dislodge the spider without touching it, which was certainly harder than it
sounded.

Releasing a dry sob, you finally pushed as hard as you could on the creature, feeling rough, coarse hairs against your palms. Your shoving did nothing, and those clicking pincers only came closer to your face.

"No! Please, no! No!"

"Shh, it's a dream, (Y/N). It's just a dream."

You woke very suddenly, but didn't really notice. Still caught in the dream, you continued to struggle against the strong arms around you. Instead of releasing you however, their grasp only tightened.

"Calm yourself, Ghivashel. You were dreaming. Shh, shh," the same voice spoke again in a low and slightly worried, yet calming tone. (treasure of all treasures)

Brain finally managing to process the words, you stopped struggling. The arms relaxed, but didn't let go, and still partially caught in your fear, you reached out blindly, fingers grabbing and tangling in the tunic of the person-the Dwarf holding you.

You were in Middle-earth, not your own world, and in a room in newly reclaimed Erebor, not your old classroom, or Mirkwood either. And the one holding you was your betrothed, and luckily, not a spider. Just the thought of the arachnid had you shuddering again.

Kili brought you up against him, a hand on your back and the other in your hair, cradling you close, as if attempting to make you stop trembling. "You're safe, (Y/N), it's alright."

"Sorry," you mumbled finally, your voice half muffled in the Durin's tunic.

"Shh, it's all right, Ghivashel," Kili replied softly, running his fingers through your hair as he spoke. "You're okay, Amrâlimê. No one can hurt you now. I'm here, Azyungal." He kissed your forehead, your cheeks, your nose, trying to draw your attention away from the night terror. It wasn't the first one you'd had since Mirkwood, and though it pained him, he knew it wasn't going to be the last one either. His mysterious (Y/N), from your strange magicless world, forced away from home for no explainable reason. Was it any wonder you were afraid? (treasure of all treasures, my love, love of loves)

Finally calm, you wrapped your arms around Kili's neck and nuzzled into him. "I'm sorry," you murmured again without even realizing it. "Gods, I'm so sorry."

But the chestnut haired Dwarf chuckled gently. "Why do you always apologize for things you have no fault in?"

You shrugged as well as you could in the position you were in. "Habit?"

He chuckled again, and then pulled back to press his lips to your forehead. "Better?"

"No."

He kissed your cheek. "Now?"

"Uh uh."

He touched his lips to yours. "Now?"

"Mmm, just a little," you replied somewhat cheekily. You needed this humour, this lightheartedness.
Needed it desperately. Needed to forget.

Kili seemed to understand that too, for he kissed you again, more firmly this time, and you could feel his smile against you. "And now?"

"Nope. I think I need more." The fear was still there, but was, thankfully, finally beginning to fade.

"Then how about this?" Kili cupped your face in his hands, smoothed his thumbs over your cheeks, tipped your head back, and then slanted his mouth over yours.

You moaned, tangling your fingers in the Dwarf's hair and returning the kiss, silently begging-demanding for more. You could still feel that spider against you and wanted to erase the feeling. You took Kili's hands and brought them to the hem of your newly bought tunic, your original shirt having been torn weeks ago. (Luckily, the Mirkwood Elves had been decent enough to lend you something, despite you having been their prisoner at the time).

Understanding what you wanted, Kili slid his hands under the tunic and along your skin. He felt the goosebumps that broke out as you arched into him, and he smiled again as he trailed kisses along your throat.

Sighing, you snaked your own hands under the Dwarf's tunic, trailing your fingers up a firm stomach, to an equally firm chest. You ran your thumbs over nipples that pebbled under your touch, then gasped sharply when he pinched one of your own.

Kili pulled his head back, and you saw his eyes, so dark now, the brown barely visible. "I want you." And his voice was so thick, so low, that it sent shivers down your spine.

This wasn't the best time or place, any of the other members of the Company could simply walk into the room at any moment, or maybe you would even be attacked. But though you knew this, you couldn't bring yourself to care. You were alone in what should be considered a private bedroom, and were betrothed. You would be doing nothing wrong.

"Okay."

Kili's eyes flashed, and he hissed out something in his own tongue that you didn't understand, as you both removed your clothes, exposing yourselves to the night chill. His hands came to your breasts, immediately kneading them both before he ducked his head down.

Your eyes fell shut and you moaned at the sudden heat that enveloped you. But Kili didn't stay at your chest for long, and trailed his lips down your body as he carefully pushed you back onto the bed, before clambering over you and kissing you again.

You could feel him against you, hard and hot, and oh, you were ready for him-ached for him. Reaching down between you, you curled your fingers around his cock, and pumped a few times, before guiding him to you. Catching the not at all subtle hint, Kili shifted his hips, and you both groaned as he sank into your tight heat.

Setting his hands on either side of you, Kili lowered himself over you, touching his forehead to yours as he began to move. You brought your arms around him, nails raking down his back, and forced yourself to keep your eyes open, locked with his.

Neither of you knew how long you remained this way, both slowly moving in unison, pleasure growing with each passing moment, before finally peaking.

Both of you were silent, merely releasing sharp breaths that mingled together. You went slack, the
Dwarf collapsing on top of you, trying to catch his breath.

After catching your own, you brought your arms around him again, hugging him close. "Thank you," you murmured.

Kili raised himself up, and pressed your foreheads together once more, fingers running down your cheek, before cupping your jaw tenderly. "No one will hurt you, Ghivashel. Never again."

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact: the dream at the beginning was one I actually had, and the classroom was my homeroom/french class from back in the eighth grade. Weird, eh? Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

I want to have steamy, passionate sex with Boromir and Aragorn in the woods—and-Aragorn, holding me from behind while my neck is assaulted with bearded kisses. Boromir in front of me, ravishing my mouth with gentle yet forceful passion. Both of them sandwiching me in between their hard but warm chests, the evidence of their arousal pressed against me from in front and behind.

Chapter Notes

Yo! It was only after I finished writing this that I realized this wasn't in the woods, but at the same time, it technically is, since they're in Lorien, so uh, close enough? Thank you to all readers so far! And please remember, if you left me a request that I accepted, I'll get to it eventually.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had been a difficult few days. Few weeks, really, if your Fellowship was being honest, and that was one reason you found yourselves relieved to have been able to stop on your rough journey, and rest in a safe place. Only two of your group had been to Lorien before, but the rest of you appreciated its serene beauty all the same—a serenity and beauty that felt completely different when compared to Rivendell.

You yourself, spent a lot of your time alone, wandering around in silence, admiring the tall trees and silver lights. Not only had you never been to Lothlorien before, your presence in Middle-earth itself was something rather new. You weren't quite sure how it had happened, or even why, but you had fallen asleep in your bed one night, and then woken up on a large hill just outside of the Shire the next morning.

Baffled and a little frightened, you had begun to walk, unsure of what else you could do, and had run into Gandalf, who had been on his way to see Bilbo for his birthday party. You two had spoken for a while, him questioning you, having noted not only your confusion, but your odd clothing as well, and once assured you really weren't an enemy of any sort, had brought you along with him, promising to help you.

And so, you had ended up at Bag End, had met Bilbo and Frodo, had gone to the party and met Sam, and Merry, and Pippin, and had watched as Bilbo had vanished, and as Gandalf had left mere minutes later. You had stayed at Bag End with Frodo, trying to adjust to everything—to being in Middle-earth. You had learned, along with the young Hobbit, about the One Ring, when Gandalf had come back to explain things, and had left the Shire with both Frodo and Sam, and Merry and Pippin too, the old Wizard having informed you it was best if you didn't remain behind. Having no reason to complain, you had complied almost without thought. Honestly speaking, you hadn't really wanted to be left behind alone in the Shire, while everyone you knew went off someplace else.
But what should have been a simple three day journey to Bree, had been anything but. Those Black Riders were beyond terrifying, and their pursuit did nothing to ease your small group's tension or fear. Unfortunately, things hadn't really gotten much better even when you had finally managed to reach Bree.

The Riders hadn't left you be at all, but at least Strider's presence had made things just a little bit easier. He knew what was happening, understood what was happening, and worked hard to ensure your group's safety. His confidence and attention had spurred you on too, and you had tried your best to remain by his side, helping and watching over the Hobbits.

Your own confidence had dropped when Frodo had been attacked, and taken away by Arwen, and you had been extremely relieved to reach the safety of Rivendell...only to end up joining the Fellowship of the Ring just a few days later, because you refused to remain behind while your little friends and Strider-Aragorn, put their lives at risk.

Your staying back wouldn't accomplish much of anything. You were willing to learn to fight, and Aragorn was willing to teach you, and even Gandalf had told you that you exploring more of Middle-earth could reveal a way for you to go home, if it was even possible to do.

Admittedly, you sometimes regretted it. There was so much happening, and even when nothing was, you were too tense to even relax. You were sure Aragorn had realized it too, because he often walked beside you at the back of the group, or sat with you by the fire, or kept watch with you at night, sometimes speaking to you, other times listening, and sometimes just remaining as silent as you were.

What had begun as a friendship between you, turned into another thing entirely, and you had comforted and consoled one another after...after what had happened in Moria, but you both knew that there was something else you needed, something that was missing. You had no idea what that might be, or even why it seemed to be missing in the first place, and wondered if what you were feeling wasn't just homesickness...

You sighed, and gave your head a little shake, realizing that you had paused in your walking, and leaned up against one of the massive trees. Shaking your head again, you pulled yourself away from the tree, stretched, and resumed walking.

You were humming softly under your breath, when you wandered into a clearing near a small spring, and your humming stopped altogether when you realized you had just happened upon Aragorn and Boromir, who were seated on a fallen log, and appeared to be in the midst of what looked to be a rather serious discussion.

When they looked up at you, you blinked, noticing you were staring, and then stepped back. "I'm sorry, I didn't realize you guys were here," you spoke immediately. Not wanting to disturb them further than you already had, but hoping they hadn't been arguing, since they didn't always seem to get along, you turned to leave them be.

"No, stay, meleth nín," Aragorn called to you abruptly. (my love)

You stared, then shrugged, figuring they wanted your opinion on something-on whatever they had just been discussing a moment ago. It wouldn't be the first time. They knew you were always happy to help. "Alright?" But you remained where you were, until the Ranger held his large hand out to you. Now you walked over to him, accepting it with a smile. A smile that vanished as soon as you were yanked in for a kiss. You moaned, your free hand immediately coming to grasp Aragorn's shoulder, as you stepped into the space between his long legs.
When you eventually broke apart, both Aragorn and Boromir stood, and it was now that you even remembered the Gondorian warrior was here too. But you didn't have the time to be embarrassed, because your lover turned you to face the second man, even as he moved in to stand behind you.

"Kiss him," he spoke lowly.

You blinked, completely caught off guard by the words. "Wha-?"

"Kiss him, (Y/N)," said Aragorn, his hard chest pressed to your back. "Tonight, you will have us both." His large hands slowly moved down to grip your hips as he spoke heatedly into your ear. "Is this not what you have been desiring? Go on, Kitten. Kiss him."

This is what you had been wanting? This is what you felt had been missing? It was baffling, insane, unexpected, and somehow...perfect. Because yes, this really was something you had been thinking of, something you had been fantasizing over, lusting over, even if it was something that only happened once. You looked up at Boromir and found that he was peering back down at you, though he was making no move to approach or touch you, waiting for you to decided what to do first.

So you didn't argue, and kissed Boromir lightly, just so they knew this was something you were indeed accepting.

The men wasted no more time. Aragorn held you from behind, pressing bearded kisses and little nips to your neck, which had you whimpering breathlessly, while Boromir stood in front of you, all but ravishing your mouth with a passion that was somehow both gentle, yet forceful at the same time. You were sandwiched between them. Sandwiched between their hard bodies, between their warm chests, and you could feel clear evidence of their arousal from both in front of you, and behind.

It was already intoxicating.

Stepping back, the men slowly stripped out of their layers of clothing, before helping you to do the same. While Aragorn wasn't seeing anything new, Boromir was, and he groaned at the sight of you, calloused fingers, warm warrior's hands immediately running across your skin, trailing over the rises and dips, tracing them gently and curiously.

"You are beautiful," he murmured, before dropping to his knees and putting his mouth on you.

You moaned, your head falling back, your fingers tangling in Boromir's hair. And then you gasped when you felt Aragorn press into you from behind, and oh, you could feel him against your lower back, hard and hot. His lips latched onto your neck, and he pressed hungry, heated kisses along your shoulder, his own long fingers sliding down your body.

Boromir wasn't gentle, using his lips, his tongue, his teeth, sucking and biting, while his other hand squeezed and toyed with your other breast, unwilling for it to go neglected. Aragorn's own fingers had found their way between your thighs, meanwhile, and stroked over you firmly.

"Tell me what you want, (Y/N)," Aragorn spoke, nipping your earlobe. "Tell us what you desire."

You knew, without a doubt, that this was his way of asking how far you were willing to go, because they would take this no further than you wanted. You knew that. But as much as you knew that, you also knew that you wanted this. Wanted it all.

"Everything," you replied, breath hitching as Boromir sucked on a nipple harshly. "I-ah! I want everything!"

You had barely finished, when you found yourself on your back on the grass, Boromir hovering
over you. He kissed you like a man starving, before trailing bearded kisses and nips along your throat, down to your chest, his tongue dipping into your belly button, which had you gasping, though you had absolutely no idea why.

He continued his hot path downwards, his coarse facial hair scratchy against you. "You are so wet," he muttered against your mound, clearly pleased. His tongue ran along you, tasting you, and he hummed in approval. He eased a finger into you, long, thick, and calloused, and quickly followed with a second, at which point he groaned—the sound one of disbelief, tinged with lust.

Aragorn lowered down to kiss you, his own large, and equally calloused hands kneading your breasts. You wrapped your arms around him, even as you arched into the other man. Boromir responded by simply setting his free hand over you, and pushed your hips back down, his tongue on your clit, laving.

Reaching out, you took Aragorn in hand, smiling slightly at the grunt that left him— you loved hearing his reactions to what you did to him. You closed your fingers around him, or at least tried to, and pumped the hard length, already prepared to have him fill you.

Perhaps he seemed to know that, for he suddenly signalled Boromir, who nodded before lowering himself down on his back in the grass. Aragorn then helped you move to straddle the broader man. You took his thick cock in hand, and guided him to your entrance, lowering down on him. All three of you groaned now, two from the feel, and one from the sight.

Forcing himself not to thrust up into the tight heat enveloping him, Boromir gripped your hips tightly. "Aragorn, be quick." This was beyond torture!

"Lean forward, meleth," said the Ranger softly, slicking up his fingers—a man was always prepared for the unexpected. With one hand on your back, he readied you with the other one, easing first one finger, then two, and then, once you asked, a third into you. "Ready?" he asked a few long minutes later. And when you nodded frantically, he coated himself with the oil, and pushed into you carefully. (love)

You dropped your head down onto Boromir, whose fingers were digging into your hips, and he groaned in relief when you finally gave them permission to move. Neither man hesitated, and began to thrust, quickly finding a steady rhythm to fall into, that had your lips parting, and releasing a steady stream of moans.

"Oh god!" you gasped. You were so full, and were trapped between them, able to feel the heat coming off their hard, strong bodies. It was sweaty, and sticky, and absolutely delicious. "Oh god, more! Please, mo—" Your words were stilled by the sudden, fierce kiss by the man beneath you. Behind you, Aragorn gripped your hip in one of his hands, the other one gently running up and down your spine in a soothing motion.

"Faster?" he inquired.

"Faster," you agreed.

They sped up, and your climax hit you completely out of nowhere, surprising all three of you at its unexpectedness. You cried out loudly, and both men couldn't help but groan as they felt your walls tighten around them. They continued their thrusts, neither of them in sync anymore, unable to keep the same pace, though you hardly seemed to mind.

It only took a moment more before they stiffened as well, one after the other, and you moaned again when you felt them spill inside you. Breathless, you collapsed on top of Boromir, unable to keep
yourself up any longer, and Aragorn only just managed to pull out of you and move off to the side, before dropping to the grass. The moment he had done that, you yourself rolled off of Boromir, and lay between the two men, your arms spread out over both of them, all three of you breathing heavily, and covered with a thin sheen of sweat.

"Hah, well," you said finally, once you had eventually caught your breath, "that was fun. Thank you for that."

Boromir chuckled softly, the sound barely audible. "I feel I should be thanking you."

You just laughed, unable to deny that, and watched through half lidded eyes as Boromir pushed himself to his feet, dressed, and with a final thank you, left you and the Ranger alone. Now you rolled over, nuzzling close to Aragorn, your hand over his heart.

"La fael," you whispered. (thank you)

He said nothing at first, and simply kissed the crown of your head, bringing his arms around you. Finally, he said, "There is no reason for you to be thanking either of us. You and I both know this was what you wanted. You and I both know that this is what I too wanted."

You grinned. "True. ...So, any chance for a second go?"

Now it was Aragorn who laughed. "You are utterly insatiable, Kitten."

Chapter End Notes

I actually had this written up a handful of months ago, but I wasn't particularly fond of how it had turned out, and I've been attempting to edit it since then. I'm still not happy with it at all, if I'm being honest, but I suppose it's better than nothing. I may replace this with a better version eventually, if I ever manage to write it though. Comments? Kudos?
The Company of Thorin Oakenshield was seated around the fire you had started at camp. You had left Rivendell a couple of days ago, and were trying to make your way to the Misty Mountains, though it was going to take some days yet. For now, your journey had come to a stop for the night, so you could eat and rest, much to the relief of a certain number of you-yourself included.

While you ate, the group, as always, told a few stories. It was a good way to pass time and, more of than not, the stories were pretty interesting too. You always learned something new about Middle-earth, and all who lived here. Out of everyone in the Company, you were probably the one who told the least amount of stories, opting to listen instead of tell, most of the time.

The majority of the tales you all told had something to do with your pasts, and were of things that had once either happened to you or someone you knew. If your group wasn't telling stories like that, then they would be fairy tales, things that had taken place in the distant past, and sometimes, things you all pretended had once happened to you.

But much to your surprise, tonight's general story topic was something you hadn't at all expected to ever come up: ghost stories. Well, wasn't that interesting?

You listened with interest as Nori told his tale first. He was followed by Gloin, then Balin, then Ori, then Fili and Kili-who told one together, then Bofur, and then, surprisingly, Thorin. But while all their stories were pretty interesting, you didn't find any of them to be particularly frightening (probably because of all the horror movie exposure back in your own world) and, well, what was the point of a ghost story if it wasn't scary?

"What about you, lassie?" voiced Bofur, after the last story had finished being recounted. "Have any ghost tales for us?"

You appeared caught of guard by the sudden inquiry. "Hmm, I think I might have something," you replied rather hesitantly.

"Tell us!"
The Dwarves exchanged smirks, clearly under the impression that since you looked so unsure, there was no way you were going to be able to tell a good, scary story. Not one better than theirs, at any rate. They doubted you had it in you.

They were wrong.

Sitting upon your prepared bedroll, you looked as innocent as ever. But on the inside? On the inside, you were all but cackling. The Company had absolutely no idea what they were getting themselves into.

Scary stories were your specialty.

"Now, this story," you began, "is something that happened to a friend of mine-(F/N). It begins on a bright, clear, happy Friday afternoon."

The Dwarves continued smirking. This wasn't scary at all! Unfortunately for them, you had only just begun...

"-so (F/N) said goodbye to her friend, and the two parted ways, heading home. As she walked, she began getting the feeling that she was being watched. When she looked around, she didn't see anything, but she grew uneasy and sped up, now eager to get home as quickly as she possibly could-

"The Dwarves' smirks still didn't fade. Bilbo however, began to feel as uneasy as '(F/N)'. He was beginning to get a very bad feeling about this.

"-she unlocked the door, pushed it open, and suddenly felt a sharp pain at the back of her head. Attacked from behind, she was knocked unconscious."

Now, the smirks began to fade slightly.

"-but she wasn't alone. There were eight others in this strange house with her, and like her, none of them seemed to have any idea how or why any of this had happened-"

Okay, this was a little weird. They listened closely, as your story, which had begun fairly cheerily, began taking a darker turn.

"-the man, the one with the curly hair, was dead. (F/N) was horrified when she realized that this man's arms had been torn off. Torn right from their sockets, blood splattered all over the walls and floor and the d-"

A much darker turn.

"-and now the long haired woman was nowhere to be found either. As you can imagine, the five of them grew quite concerned, since she was now the fourth of their group to go missing, and the first three had been brutally killed-"

Brutally was an understatement, thought Bilbo, utterly horrified. The Dwarves seemed to be in agreement. No one was smirking now, that was for sure.

"-turned the corner. And there she was. They didn't have to look hard to know she was dead. In fact, it took them longer to recognize her, than it did to figure out how she had died. With great speed and strength, she had been thrown against that same wall from before, and splattered everywhere. The smell was horrific. The sight was even worse-"
"Oh, Mahal..."

Most of the Dwarves looked disgusted. Every smirk, every smile was gone, and didn't seem like they would be reappearing any time soon. Though, they could hardly be blamed for that.

"-finally realized that continuing to split up, even for a moment, probably wasn't a good idea, seeing as every time they did, someone died. But, while that was all fine and dandy, it brought forth another problem too. If the deaths stopped, did that mean one of them was the killer? Was one of them doing all this? (F/N) didn't-"

No one could look away. No one could stop listening. The story was terrifying, disgusting, and intriguing, all at once.

"-believed, at least until there was another attack, this one right in front of them. The last woman in the group, besides (F/N), suddenly rose into the air. She just floated there in front of them, and they stared up at her in shock. This wasn't normal, and was only about to get worse-"

Oh no. How could this possibly get any worse!?

"-she began to scream, scream as if she was in intense pain. But no one could see anything wrong with her, other than the fact that she was floating in the air. The men, all taller than (F/N), tried to get that woman down, but every single time they got close to reaching her, she would end up even higher in the air, until she was pressed right up against the ceiling. She only screamed louder."

And half of the Dwarves and Bilbo only shivered harder.

"-human body can't take that much pressure. Her bones snapped, one by one, and she burst open at the seams, her insides spilling out everywhere. Then she fell to the floor like a discarded doll, and never moved again-"

Bilbo pushed himself closer to the fire, desperately seeking its warmth, feeling very cold all of a sudden. Ori did the same.

"-it couldn't have been any of them. None of them were strong enough to do what had happened to those five, not to mention that woman had been killed right in front of them. The remaining four were more confused than ever-"

So were those listening, but they couldn't even bring themselves to ask you to stop. They were enthralled by the gruesome tale.

"-loud, booming footsteps, that echoed throughout the house-"

Enthralled by each and every word.

"-snarling, growling, cackling. No matter where the four went in that house, no matter which room they entered, that was all they heard. The shadows on the walls were unbelievably tall, shaped bizarrely, with huge-"

Now everyone had gotten as close to the fire as they safely could. But still, you went on, the tale become yet darker, though it surely shouldn't have been possible.

"-couldn't believe it. His eyes had gone dark, pitch black, with not even any white in sight. But how could this be possible? Out of everyone in the group, he had been the kindest, the most supportive, and now, he was revealing that he was the one behind everything that had-"
Jaws had dropped at this revelation. No one had seen this twist coming!

"-watched him go down, and now (F/N) knew she was alone. Alone with this-this dark, this evil... creature. This was bad, very bad, but she didn't know what to do. She was positive that she would be fine if she could just get out of the house, but that was another thing that was easier said than done."

Aware the tale was nearing its end, the Company leaned forward as one, unaware they had even done it, none of them wanting to miss even a single word.

"-ran faster than she had ever run before in her entire life, but the dark being had no trouble at all in keeping up with her, and chased her through the house. Determined to try the door once more, just in case, (F/N) had only just reached it, panting heavily, when she found herself-

Bilbo sneezed. Everyone jolted, and then glared, annoyed with themselves at their reactions, and for having let the story get to them like this. You paid it no mind, and continued recounting. You weren't done just yet, and were enjoying it immensely.

"-immobilized. The being had been toying with her by chasing her. He approached her slowly, chuckling softly. (F/N) was the only one left. No one was going to be able to help her-save her, and she knew it. She was completely at its mercy-

At this point, the Company had stopped moving, and even stopped breathing. They sat, still as statues, holding their breath, as if the dark being was standing before them, instead of (F/N).

"-goodbye. (F/N)'s screams faded into the darkness. All eight of them were dead, and the dark being, stained with (F/N)'s blood, smirked. There were multiple snicks as all the doors and windows not only unlocked, but opened-the final taunt. Finally, after so many long hours, there were means of escape. Unfortunately, there was no one left to use them. With a low, dark chuckle, the malicious being walked out into the rain, and vanished in the thick fog."

Not a word was said. Everyone just stared.

"The end." You simply smiled now, as sweet and innocently as always...

If a few of them had night terrors after hearing that ghost tale, well, they were going to take that secret with them to their graves. They would never admit you had succeeded in frightening them quite that much.

They watched in awe as you hummed a cheery tune as you brushed your hair, before you settled down to sleep. And from that moment on, no one in the Company of Thorin Oakenshield underestimated you ever, ever again.

Chapter End Notes

The next one should be a Fili fill! I already have it written up-just need to edit it, so hopefully it'll be up soon. Anyway, comments? Kudos?
Fili/Reader(1)

Chapter Summary

Imagine Fili or Kili covering you with their blanket because you were shivering in your sleep (Version Fili).

Chapter Notes

This imagine may sound familiar to you, and that's because I already wrote it! The only difference is that one was the Kili version, which was much shorter. Since this imagine listed 'Fili or Kili', I figured I'd just do both!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fili was exhausted. Spending hours upon hours attempting to search for the Arkenstone was really starting to get to him. Days had gone by, so many of them, but no one had found the Stone yet. And going by how large the treasury was, it didn't seem like anyone was getting any closer to finding it either. It seemed like such an impossible task to many of them.

But Thorin didn't seem to care about any of that. He kept them at it all day, every day, though he himself didn't join in, instead choosing to stand in the balcony above them, calling orders out at the rest of them.

He hated if they stopped searching, even for a moment, so most of them tried to catch a break whenever they could, going as far as to sneak out of the treasury, if they had to. It didn't always work either.

Thorin's behaviour was getting worse too, worryingly so. He was...obsessed with the Arkenstone and the treasure. The worse Thorin got, the more scared Kili became. Fili was rather concerned and frightened himself, but he was the Crown Prince, which meant he had to keep himself together at all times. He had to. It wasn't a matter of choice. Not for him.

But that was easier said than done. He doubted there was anyone here more tense than him right now. ...Well, except maybe Bilbo, he thought with a wry smirk.

Yawning widely, he walked into the large dining hall-one of many. Since it was big and fairly close to the treasury, this was the room they had been resting and sleeping in; Thorin hadn't given them all the chance to explore yet. Just another addition to the already long list of things that Fili was going to have to look into himself, if his uncle didn't.

Groaning, already dreading the future work, the Dwarf walked further into the room, and then froze. No, he was wrong. He wasn't the worst off at all. Or at least, wasn't the only one badly off. There was someone else here who was suffering just as much.

"(Y/N)..." Sighing softly, he approached you quietly. Your bedroll was set up in one of the corners of the room, and you were curled up on it, clearly fast asleep. And then he saw that you were
shivering.

Fili glanced around. Where was your blanket? He knew you had one, but it was nowhere in sight—oh wait, there it was, over Bilbo. You must have given it to him when you noticed that he was cold—with him being a Hobbit and all, even though it would obviously leave you feeling cold yourself.

Fili couldn't help but smile. Yes, that was definitely his (Y/N).

Aware he wasn't going to be getting any sleep himself—Thorin would notice he was missing soon, the Dwarf moved over to his own bedroll, which was still set up from earlier, and picked up his blanket.

Walking back over to you, he knelt down beside you, and carefully draped the blanket over your shivering form, before running his fingers through your hair, smoothing the (H/C) strands back off your face.

It took mere seconds for you to wake, even though that hadn't been his intention. You blinked up at him blearily for a moment, (E/C) eyes filled with sleep. You continued to blink like that, and then seemed to see something on his face—in his eyes, that he didn't realize was there, for you moved now.

Reaching out, you took his arm, pulled him down so he was sitting, and then shifted and settled your head down on his lap, bringing the blanket the Dwarf had placed over you with you, making sure it was still covering you completely, because you really were pretty cold right now. ...And maybe it was also because you liked the way it smelled.

With Bilbo asleep in the same room, the two of you made sure to keep your voices down as you spoke, not wanting to accidentally wake the little Hobbit up.

"How long can you stay?" you asked sleepily, eyes falling shut when Fili's fingers returned to your hair.

"Not long," Fili replied quietly. "Uncle will soon realize I've left."

But you, observant as always, immediately understood what he wasn't saying. You took his free hand, and twined your fingers together. "We'll get through this," you told him firmly.

"(Y/N)..."

You only needed to glance at his face to know what he was thinking. You turned into him, burying your face in his clothed stomach, bringing your arms around him, hugging him as close as you could from your position.

"You're not alone, Fi," you murmured against him. "You keep worrying about things, but you're forgetting that you don't have to do everything by yourself. I'm here too. Let me help you too, love..." you trailed off.

At first, Fili sat there, frozen in surprise. He hadn't expected those words, which was kind of idiotic, knowing you the way he did. He wanted to smack himself for having forgotten that you, no doubt, would be concerned about him, probably just as much as he was worried about his brother. Then he realized you had stopped speaking, and looked down, only to look closer and note that you seemed to have fallen back asleep.

Smiling fondly, he tightened the blanket around you, smoothed your hair back again, and ducked down to press a gentle kiss to your forehead.

"Gamut nanun, Ghivashel." (goodnight/treasure of all treasures)
Was it any wonder he loved you?

Chapter End Notes

This one ended up a lot more serious than I was originally planning, but I like how it turned out. It was also kind of hard to write in the second person, seeing as most of it was in Fili's point of view, so forgive me if I missed something here when editing, or if it sounds a little odd. Anyway, the next fill should either be one of Thorin or Thranduil, not sure which. I've started writing both, and while the Thranduil one will likely be shorter, I have much more written for the Thorin one so far, so it's hard to say which one will be finished first. Comments? Kudos?
Thorin/Hobbit!Reader(2)

Chapter Summary

Imagine being Bilbo's younger sister, and falling in love with Thorin-and-Imagine being in the middle of a battlefield when Thorin lifts you off the ground with one arm around your waist and Orcrist in the other hand to kiss you for the first time-and-Imagine Thorin looking at you softly when he thinks nobody is watching.

Chapter Notes

Yo! Apologies for the wait. Depression's a bitch. Some things to make note of here. Reader will be the adopted sister of Bilbo, but will use the surname 'Baggins'. The date of the Fell Winter has been changed to ten years in the future. And both the cause and dates of deaths of Bilbo's parents has been changed. None of that is majorly important, or will be mentioned often, if even more than once, but I just thought I'd mention it to avoid any confusion or questions. It isn't anything you need to remember for other oneshots or anything like that. Also, as the reader is a Hobbit, they will have some Hobbit-like tendencies, such as smoking. Anyway, thank you to all readers so far!

When you had woken up on a bright morning at the end of an annoyingly dry April in the Shire, you had no reason to believe anything particularly odd was going to happen, least of all to you or your older brother, Bilbo.

You had simply freshened up, helped Bilbo prepare breakfast, eaten it, then gotten ready for the day and left Bag End to run some errands. But much to your surprise, when you had returned home laden with groceries, you found Bilbo inside, looking rather ruffled.

You put everything away in their pantries, growing a little concerned when your brother didn't help you like he usually did. That wasn't like him at all.

"Bilbo?" you voiced curiously, approaching him once you had finished. "Is everything all right? Are you ill?"

"Yes, no, everything's just fine," he assured you quickly. "You brought what I asked, didn't you? We'll make lunch now, as you've missed a meal already-a nice stew perhaps. And I was thinking about fish for tomorrow's dinner. What do you think?" Bilbo, glancing around oddly, said very quickly as he moved through the room.

Not even given the chance to answer, you watched him go, frowning. Bilbo was never like this-not unless he became nervous and frazzled. What had gotten him so worked up, you wondered worryingly?

You didn't get your answer until the next day...
The next day began just as the previous had—sunny and warm. But unlike yesterday morning, you immediately noticed that your older brother was still oddly frazzled. You asked him more than once if something was wrong, but every time you did, he assured you that all was fine. You knew he was lying, but you couldn't understand why. Whatever had caused this had happened when you had been running errands, you were sure, but you just couldn't figure it out.

Having promised your friend Primula that you would drop by for lunch and tea, you, with no answer for your brother's odd behaviour, pushed your concerns aside and began with the errands you had to do for today, wanting to make sure you were finished on time...

As noon approached and you completed your work, Bilbo, looking oddly relieved at the prospect of you leaving the home you shared, wished you a good day and saw you off. You couldn't help but wonder whether your brother had begun courting someone and had asked them over for a meal, a very big step in Hobbit courting.

Bilbo had never shown much of an interest in anyone, you knew, beyond a few tumbles in the hay, which you were guilty of yourself, so this was an interesting prospect indeed, you thought with a smile...

Luncheon came and went and afternoon tea soon did too, and before you knew it darkness had fallen. You and Primula had spent hours chatting cheerfully and neither of you had noticed how late it had gotten until your stomachs had begun to rumble—you had missed supper!

With dinner approaching and aware Bilbo would no doubt be concerned you hadn't returned yet, you bid your friend a good night and began making your way back to Bag End.

It was a nice night out, clear and a little breezy. And yet the closer you got to your home, the more you began to feel like something was going to happen. But what that was, you had no idea...

Bag End itself looked normal, you noted as you approached it. But still, something seemed...off. You found yourself speeding up. As you pushed open the gate, your brow furrowed when you began to hear voices. Were those...coming from inside? When you reached the door, you had your answer.

Frowning and feeling quite confused, you opened the round, green door. (E/C) eyes widened. Why were there so many cloaks hanging? And were—were those weapons? How many people had your brother invited over!?

Utterly baffled, you stepped inside and shut the door behind you. It was quite unlike Bilbo to have so many people over at night like this, especially without informing you about it beforehand. Was this why he had been so frazzled and ruffled since yesterday?

Seeking answers, you followed the sound of the many obviously male voices and had only just turned the corner, when you ran into something so hard it had you stumbling back. When an arm came around you, a large hand moving to your back to steady you, you belatedly realized you had run into another person and not an object, as you had been assuming.

You looked up and blinked. This was no Hobbit, was the first thought that went through your mind. He was too tall, too broad, his chestnut coloured hair was long and wavy, his chin and jaw covered with a dark stubble, and his clothes—a Dwarf. Realizing you were staring, you pulled yourself free and only just opened your mouth to speak, when you were interrupted before you could even manage to say a word.

"Who are you?"
You blinked again, your surprise quickly turning to offence. Your apology for bumping into him died on your tongue, and something else entirely escaped you. "Excuse me? I live here!" you exclaimed rather indignantly.

The Dwarf, whoever he was, stared at you for a moment and then grinned. "Well why didn't you just say so!?" And then he grabbed your hand and dragged you along with him. "Master Boggins, your wife's home!" he called cheerfully.

...What?

"M-my what!?!"

You were pulled into the room with the largest table, and your eyes widened. Sweet Yavanna, those were a lot of Dwarves! You counted even as you stared, and came up with thirteen, including the one you had bumped into. But there was someone else in here too, a tall, old man, who was hunched over due to the low ceiling. He looked vaguely familiar, but you couldn't put your finger on who he was. Standing amongst them all, was a very confused, and surprised Bilbo.

"(Y/N)!?" he exclaimed, both looking and sounding as if he had never seen you before.

"This is your wife?" wondered a young, blond haired Dwarf who had twin braids in his mustache. He looked you up and down, and grinned. "Lucky you. She's very pretty, isn't she, brother?"

Brother?

The Dwarf who had led you grinned in return, and looked over at Bilbo. "Why didn't you tell us you have a wife, Mister Boggins?"

"Baggins," Bilbo corrected, "and she isn't my."

A third Dwarf, this one with a large mustache and a grey hat, laughed heartily. "No need to get shy there! Gloin and Bombur are married too!"

Bilbo flushed. "But she-"

The interruptions kept happening, and while both you and your brother certainly learned a whole lot, neither of you was actually given the chance to properly explain much of anything, which became quite annoying after a while. Finally, tired and hungry, you snapped.

"Enough!"

The Dwarves fell silent immediately and stared at you with wide eyes filled with surprise, no doubt caught off guard by your sudden outburst.

"Thank you. Now, you all seem to have reached a premature conclusion-and a wrong one too, I might add. Bilbo and I are not married. Neither are we courting," you added when you noticed them open their mouths. "He is my brother." When all they did was stare, you introduced yourself with a little curtsy. "(Y/N) Baggins, at your service."

As the Dwarves remained silent, Bilbo released a sigh of relief, no doubt pleased this issue had been resolved, and the old man suddenly began to laugh. The sound abruptly caused something to stir in your memory, and your head snapped up.

"Gandalf!?"
His laughter faded, and he peered down at you, smiling gently. "I'm pleased to hear you remember me! And quicker than your brother as well!"

You were the one laughing now. "I doubt we were even tweens the last time you visited the Shire! What brings you back now?" you asked curiously.

"You and Bilbo, actually," he replied.

But though his tone had been light enough, the air in the room had changed, becoming thicker, heavier. Surprised and a little unnerved, you looked to your brother and saw that he was as disturbed as you were, and it was he who spoke first, questioning what the old Wizard meant by that.

And then the tale came out. The tale of Erebor, of the treasure, of Smaug. The tale of how the surviving Dwarves, poor and homeless, took whatever work they could, wherever they could, doing what they had to in order to provide for their families.

But it was time for a change. It was time to take Erebor back. Time to take their home back. But to do this, they needed, for some reason, a burglar-Bilbo. You were wondering where you fit into all this, but had your answer quick enough. They needed a second healer. With so many of them travelling together, it wasn't practical to have only one.

You knew that Bilbo was telling himself that he didn't want to have anything to do with this, but he was lying to himself. It was just hesitation and fear of the unknown that was bothering him. You weren't really feeling the same. You had always been rather curious and adventurous, even as a fauntling and unlike your brother, hadn't ever grown out of it. You wanted to do this, wanted to go on this journey. But more than that...

Bilbo walked out of the room, contract in his hands, leaving everyone staring after him. Gandalf watched him go in silence, then took his pipe out of his mouth and peered down at you.

"He has changed," he told you, "and I cannot say for the better. He is nothing like the Bilbo Baggins I have memory of."

You inclined your head. "It was the Fell Winter that did it," you replied softly.

"Fell Winter?" repeated one of the Dwarves-Nori, was it?

It was Gandalf who answered, which you were thankful for. "Yes, the Fell Winter of 2921 and 2922.* It was abnormally cold that year, and the Bruinen froze over completely. That was when the Orcs and Wargs invaded, using the frozen river to get in the village. Many Hobbits perished, some killed by the enemy, others from the cold, some from illness, and still others from starvation. It was a dark period of time for Hobbits. Bilbo's parents* were killed by Orcs during this time as well."

The Dwarves listened to this in shocked silence, clearly not having expected to hear such a horrid thing about such a seemingly peaceful place. But one of them, the one who looked oldest, had picked up on something odd, and voiced his thoughts out loud.

"Gandalf, you said it was Master Baggins' parents who fell?"

"I did indeed, Balin."

The tallest Dwarf-Dwalin, frowned. "Then the lass...?"

"Had different parents, yes," you answered yourself. You were hardly surprised that this had come up. "Bilbo is not my brother by blood. My own parents were killed by wolves when I was very
"young," you explained. "Bilbo and his parents found me after-after some time, and took me in, raising me like their daughter. They were my parents as much as my blood ones were, and Bilbo and I grew up as brother and sister."

But now your brow creased. "And then mother and father died during the Fell Winter, and we have been alone ever since. It changed my brother, that-that incident." You sighed and gave your head a little shake, pushing those thoughts back. "Let me go speak to him. Please excuse me."

You left the room, hearing but ignoring the whispers that broke out behind you. Instead you found your brother in the next room, pacing over the rug, eyes constantly scanning over the contract. He paused when you entered.

"You're going to sign it." It was clear what he was talking about.

"Yes, I am," you replied simply.

"Even if I don't?"

"Yes."

Bilbo frowned slightly. "Why?"

"Because..." you bit her lip, hesitating. "Because I-I want to," you replied after a moment. "I-I just-

But Bilbo didn't need any further explanation. He sighed in exasperation, and gazed at you fondly. He wasn't surprised by your answer at all. You had always been kind and compassionate that way. He sighed again, looked down at the contract once more, and had only just opened his mouth to speak, when the singing started.

The voice was very low, the song slow, and almost immediately you felt a strange saddening sense of nostalgia, and you had no idea why. You hardly dared to breathe, and rubbed your arms, not even noticing the goosebumps that had broken out across your skin, or the shiver that danced down your spine. You knew who was singing-only one of the Dwarves had a voice like this. For some reason, you wanted to see his face. What kind of expression was he wearing?

As silence fell, Bilbo saw your eyes fall shut, a single tear streaking down your (S/C) cheek, and felt his heart ache. He was sure he knew what his answer was going to be now-what it had to be...

With plans to depart in the morning, the Dwarves took up on various couches and armchairs, some even on the floor, and fell asleep almost immediately. Bilbo nodded off in his own bed, his brow furrowed, and you saw Gandalf off, the old Wizard telling you he had some errands to run, but promising he would be back at sunrise.

Left the only one awake, you hunted down some blankets and draped these over the sleeping Dwarves.

Satisfied that they would have some warmth, you made yourself some tea, grabbed some biscuits, and went outside, sitting down on the bench in the garden. It was late, but as you had missed both supper and dinner, you were starving.

It was still nice out, a little chilly, but the tea was warming you. You sat there in silence, eating and drinking, admiring the silence of the night. And, still not tired when you finished, you pulled out your pipe and began to smoke.
"May I join you?"

You jumped, and then coughed, choking on the smoke. "O-oh! Master Thorin! Of course, please." Regaining your breath, you shifted aside, adjusting the skirt of your frock under you, so the Dwarf could take a seat beside you.

He did so. "Forgive me, I did not mean to frighten you."

You shook your head. "It's quite all right. Please don't worry about it. I was lost in thought and didn't hear you come out."

Silence fell. Thorin pulled out his own pipe, the leaf he was smoking different than yours, but their scents mingled together pleasantly. Neither of you said a word, and the more time that passed, the deeper the silence became, and you found yourself more and more aware of the Dwarf beside you.

He was sitting very close to you on the small bench, his strong, muscled arm touching your much smaller, thinner one, sending a jolt through you every time he moved. His long, dark and silver hair shifted with him, and you felt a cool bead touch you more than once.

The scent of him, something dark and heady, enveloped you even over the smell of your burning leaves. His breaths were slow and deep as he inhaled and then exhaled smoke. The hand holding his pipe was large, the fingers thick and adorned with large rings, and-

You were suddenly gazing into bright, blue eyes. Then you realized you had been caught staring (which you hadn't even noticed you'd been doing), and looked away quickly, feeling your cheeks heat in embarrassment. Having turned your head, you didn't notice the tiny, amused smile that appeared on Thorin's face.

The night passed peacefully...

As the days went on, Thorin's Company, consisting of thirteen Dwarves, two Hobbits, and one Wizard (who denied being part of their Company), travelled furthered and further away from the Shire. It wasn't an easy journey but, still fairly excited, you didn't mind just yet.

You rode on a pony with the others, glad your allergies weren't as bad as your older brother's, and enjoyed getting to know all the Dwarves. You spent a lot of time exchanging notes and remedies with Oin—the other healer; traded recipes with Bombur; discussed history with Balin; told jokes and played around with Fili, Kili, and Bofur; listened to Nori's many and likely embellished stories; answered Ori's many questions; talked about the many teas you had tried with Dori; and listened to Gloin's prideful tales about his wife and son.

There were three Dwarves, however, that you had little interaction with.

An old head wound had Bifur unable to communicate in anything other than Khuzdul, which made talking to him kind of awkward, since you couldn't understand one another. Dwalin was rather frightening with all that glaring he did, and didn't speak much as it was. And Thorin...

Thorin had hardly said a word to you since you had left Bag End. And you found that while Thorin's behaviour seemed normal to everyone else, it...it hurt.

You didn't understand it at all! The two of you had gotten along just fine when you had been smoking together the other night, so what had changed? And to make matters even more confusing, you had noticed that Thorin had the tendency to stare at you when he thought you weren't looking, and often had you sleep between his nephews, as if he had assigned them to guard you.
No, you didn't understand any of this at all...

Trolls. Three huge Trolls were standing over the Dwarves and Hobbits, who had been bound and shoved into sacks-a few of the Dwarves had even been tied to a spit! Since there apparently hadn't been enough sacks, some of the others had been forced to share, and you, much to your embarrassment, were stuck in one of these sacks with none other than Thorin Oakenshield himself.

...Oh bother.

You tried your hardest to keep your body weight off of him, but it really was such a strain, and you didn't even know if Thorin noticed. But you could only find yourself thankful that your sack had been thrown in such a way that had resulted in you being on top. This would have been a lot more awkward otherwise.

Not that it wasn't awkward enough as it was. Even though you were trying to keep yourself off him, Thorin's body was hard under you-hard and big, and the heat that was coming off of him was making you dizzy all on its own...

When Bilbo began speaking to the Trolls, you immediately knew your brother was playing for time, and were pleased for the distraction-a distraction that, unfortunately, only lasted mere seconds.

"Stop squirming!" Thorin hissed suddenly. Accompanying these words were the Dwarf's big, firm, strong hands clamping down on your hips, pinning you in place on top of him, and wait-when did he get his hands free? "Keep still," he spoke, his voice low and thick.

You froze, feeling your entire body heat, a sharp squeak escaping you when one of Thorin's hands left your hip, moving up your back and to your (H/C) hair. You were no innocent fauntling or tween. You knew what the problem here was. You simply thought it might be best to ignore it-especially considering the way the uncrowned king was avoiding your gaze.

Instead, you put your effort in helping your dear brother stall for time...

You were very relieved when the Company reached Rivendell. Not just because you, like Bilbo, had always wanted to come here, but because of the break it gave you all in your journey. You had to admit, thanks to those Orcs and Wargs that had been killed by the Elves, the thrill of adventure had faded somewhat.

But you weren't willing to give up and go home quite yet. It would take far more to frighten you off. Still, you really were happy to be here in Rivendell, even though the Dwarves clearly weren't. Well, at least Bilbo was pleased...

You spent the first few days with various Elves, all of whom seemed content and eager to answer your many questions and teach you more of their tongue. Even Lord Elrond took some time to give you a lesson or two, which was simply amazing. Evenings, however, you always tried to spend with the Dwarves in the little area they were using, conversing, laughing, and joking with the Dwarves that had warmed up to your presence.

And even here, you could feel Thorin's eyes on you. He didn't speak, just watched, and only when he clearly assumed you couldn't see, or wouldn't see, or wouldn't notice. But you did. He wasn't particularly subtle, but no one else seemed to notice it. How strange.

Thorin's gaze was heavy on your skin, you noticed absently as you laughed at something Bofur had said. The intensity in his eyes had caused goosebumps to break out over your (S/C) skin, and you
were glad no one was sitting near enough to notice them.

The situation wasn't made any better when Thorin joined you for a smoke later that same night, once everyone else had fallen asleep.

That was another thing you noticed he often did — come smoke with you when you could be alone, even though he still barely said a thing to you. He was distancing himself from you, you knew, or at least attempting to, though you didn't understand why...

It wasn't until you all were in Beorn's Halls a number of weeks later that Thorin broke that silence of his. Temporarily, though. He and you were sitting in the garden alone, and you were changing the Dwarf's bandages, making sure his wounds were properly healing. That White Warg had treated him like a toy, and you could only thank Yavanna that Thorin hadn't been hurt worse.

Right now he sat on the grass with his tunic off, with you settled before him, your tiny, warm hands on his chest as you dressed his wounds. The two of you were quiet for some time, which wasn't odd, seeing as Thorin was quiet in general, and you were focused on your task.

"How often do your skills as a healer come of use in the Shire?"

You jolted in place, caught off guard by the sudden words, but relaxed quickly enough and glanced up at the Dwarf's face with a wry smile. "About as often as you are thinking, I would assume," you replied plainly. "Most of the injured I see to are fauntlings — children, who played a little too rough, or someone injured while farming, or punched for harassing a barmaid, or the likes."

Thorin regarded you closely, though you kept your eyes on the bandages you were binding around his chest. "Does your learning of such a skill have to do with what happened to your parents, blood or otherwise?"

You froze in place. This was not a question you had expected to hear—not even one that you had been asked before. "...Yes," you answered quietly. "In truth, I know that there was nothing I could have done for them, ability as a healer or not. I was very young when I lost my blood parents — young enough that I have few memories of them."

"You use the name 'Baggins'."

"I do. I was raised as one, after all. There was nothing special about my family, and I was told that whatever they had left behind had been stolen before it could be accounted for, let alone brought to me." You gave him another wry smile. "Not all Hobbits are kind, polite, and well spoken. Some — some can be quite cruel, as those in any race."

Thorin appeared as if he had no idea what to say. You couldn't blame him. You didn't even know why you had said half of what you had. This wasn't something you spoke of on a whim like this. What had gotten into you today?

When you finished bandaging Thorin's chest, and looked up to tell him he could put his tunic back on, you found that he was looking at you again. But this time, his blue eyes were soft, the expression on his face surprisingly... tender.

Just what was going on in that mind of his...?

You hated Mirkwood. No, hate wasn't a strong enough word. You loathed this forest. You knew both Beorn and Gandalf had warned you all of this place, but this was far worse than anything you
had been expecting.

You hadn't been afraid of the dark since you'd been very young, but the darkness in this place terrified you. Days were horrible enough on their own, but nights were so much worse. You knew that as the days passed, you weren't the only one beginning to feel as if you were losing your mind. You all were.

You lit no fires at night, thanks to the moths and bats, hardly slept, barely spoke, and six days after crossing the Enchanted River, ran out of food. Nothing wholesome grew, the plants all odd colours and poisonous. The only animals you came across were strange black squirrels. After many failed attempts, Kili managed to shoot one and Bombur cooked it up. But it was disgusting, foul, rotted from the inside. You didn't try it again...

Nearly three weeks had passed, though none of you were aware of it, too far gone to keep track of the days. The Company had stopped for the night to rest, but you found yourself unable to sleep, despite your exhaustion.

Every time you would manage to nod off, you would have terrifying dreams that would have you waking abruptly, panting and shaking with fear. You didn't know how many times this had happened tonight, before someone finally took notice of your increased restlessness.

A large hand landed on your arm, making you practically jump out of your skin. You whipped around, but it wasn't like you could see who it was. You couldn't even see your own hands in front of your faces when the darkness of night settled in this place.

"Shh, it's me, (Y/N). Calm yourself."

You relaxed infinitely, recognizing the voice immediately. "T-Thorin...?" You turned and leaned into him without thought. "Thorin..."

He brought his arms around you instantly, drawing you in close, no doubt because it was so dark you couldn't see his face. "Shh, I have you."

You shut your eyes tight, though it made no difference, and buried your face into Thorin's chest, trying to focus on his touch, his scent, his voice, and nothing else. You didn't sleep again that night.

Thorin didn't either...

One of the last things you had ever expected to happen to you, was to be imprisoned by Elves. And yet, here you were, locked alone in a cell in King Thranduil's Halls. The Dwarves were locked up too, all thirteen of them. The only one from you who was free (aside from Gandalf, who had left you before you had entered Mirkwood), was Bilbo.

You didn't know what had happened to your brother, didn't know how he had managed to get away, didn't know where he was, didn't even know if he was alive or dead-though you hoped to Yavanna it was the former.

Your (E/C) eyes strayed to Thorin, who was locked in the cell across yours. He had slumped to the ground, and was glaring at the wall as if it had offended him. He had argued with the Elf-King, who was just as stubborn as he was, and the results of that were to be expected.

It didn't look like you were ever going to get out of here...
By Mahal, again!? Thorin thought incredulously. It was bad enough that they were locked in these damned cells, so why did that Elf have to keep coming down here too?

Thorin sat on the dirt floor of his cell, eyes narrowed and focused on the cell directly across his own. The cell you had been locked in alone. Except you weren't alone right now. The Elf had come to speak to you again-teach you more of his tongue.

Thorin didn't know whether to be amused or disgusted by the Elf Prince. What he did know, however, was that if this-this Legolas continued making you smile and laugh like that, he was going to throttle someone.

You were beyond relieved when Bilbo finally revealed himself, and then terrified when you put his plan into action. You really didn't like water-most Hobbits didn't. Bilbo wasn't particularly fond of water either, but he was right in claiming you had to escape now.

This could very well be your only chance. You couldn't let the opportunity slip past you. Not here. Not when you had come this far...

As it turned out, the escape wasn't as bad as you had been expecting. No, it had been far worse. Worse enough that it was a miracle you had all survived. And even that had been a very-no extremely close call.

Kili had been struck by a Morgul arrow, only surviving because Legolas* had healed him. Legolas had saved Kili's life.

And now you were in Esgaroth, being aided, albeit reluctantly, by Bard the Bowman. He had brought you to his house, where he lived with his three children, mainly because Kili, though healed, required proper rest.

You weren't willing to allow Kili to be left behind, and had threatened to punch Thorin in the face if he even entertained the notion. Dwalin had been quite amused to hear that, though he hadn't said anything.

Besides, Kili only needed a few days of rest, and you still had enough days until Durin's Day before you really had to worry...

While Bard didn't seem to care much for the Dwarves, he didn't appear to mind having you and Bilbo around. Perhaps that was simply because you weren't Dwarves. You couldn't really blame him for that.

After being welcomed by the Master of Lake-Town, the Company gathered and prepared what you needed, so that you would be ready to go the moment Kili could.

And about a week after you had arrived in Esgaroth, you found yourself sitting on the dock behind Bard's house on a chilly evening. It wasn't quite late enough to sleep just yet, but the house really just had too many bodies in it right now, and you needed the fresh air.

It was quiet out here, surprisingly so, but you didn't mind that at all. Preferred it, in fact. You would have loved to have a smoke, but you had lost your pipe and leaf pouch weeks-possibly months ago.

Oh well. You were content enough to enjoy the peace while you had it, even when Thorin ended up joining you again, sitting with you in silence, for you knew it wasn't going to last. It never did...
You had made it to Erebor, found and opened the secret door, and heard of Smaug's death after the fearsome dragon had flown off to Lake-Town (you tried not to think of how many people had died thanks to you all).

Things should have been better, now that you had succeeded in your quest. But they weren't. Not in the slightest.

Thorin had changed. Changed so much. Changed too much. It was the Goldsickness, you knew. The name had been brought up more than once in your journey—it was something you had been warned of more than once.

Thorin had brushed these warnings aside, always claiming there was no reason to worry. That he wouldn't be affected by it like his grandfather or father had been. He was stronger than that, stronger than them, he had claimed.

But now Thorin had succumbed to the Goldsickness as well, and it had changed everything for all of you.

Perhaps that was how you found yourself in King Thranduil's tent in Dale, crying in your brother's arms as the homesickness hit you full force for the first time on this long journey.

Bilbo had confessed that he had been the one to give Bard the Arkenstone, which had resulted in him essentially being kicked out of Erebor. But with the way the Dwarf King had treated Bilbo, the other twelve Dwarves, Fili and Kili in particular, had decided that it would be best if you left too-for your safety. You would be safer with your brother, and Gandalf, and Bard, and even Thranduil. And though it pained you to admit it, and even more to leave, you really couldn't help but agree.

And so you had left too, following the others to Dale, only to break down crying once you had reached the relative privacy of King Thranduil's tent. Bilbo had taken hold of you immediately, drawing you into his arms and comforting you in the same way he used to do when you had been a child and first brought in by your new family.

The others in the tent remained silent as they watched Bilbo soothe you, though they seemed unsure of what to say themselves. Bilbo himself just seemed surprised the homesickness hadn't hit you earlier.

You were rather surprised yourself, if you were being honest...

It was a battle—no, a war. There were armies, five of them, all of them fighting. And amongst all this chaos, you found yourself alone. You were certainly no fighter, but even you were taking part in this battle. You had no choice. If you didn't, you would end up dead. Naturally, you wished to avoid such a terrible outcome.

But more than that, you couldn't possibly sit around doing nothing, while those you cared about risked their lives. Not just your brother Bilbo, but the Dwarves, and Gandalf, and Bard, and Legolas, and even King Thranduil.

So you fought too—fought hard, remembering everything the Dwarves had taught you. The method you used didn't matter to you in the slightest, so long as it kept you and the Men, Elves, and Dwarves around you safe.

"(Y/N)!"
Recognizing the voice instantly, and having missed it immensely, you killed the Orc in front of you, and whipped around. "Thorin!?" You saw a flash of blue, and suddenly you were off your feet, causing you to release a cry of surprise.

You were in the middle of a battlefield, death and destruction all around you, but somehow, you and Thorin had found one another. With a strong arm, Thorin had lifted you right up off the ground, holding you up by the waist. Though he still had a tight grip on Orcrist with his other hand, Thorin's blue eyes were locked on your (E/C) pair.

Despite your surrounding, and despite the obvious fact that you were both filthy and exhausted, Thorin was looking at you as if seeing—actually seeing you for the first time. He looked at you as if he had never seen anything—or anyone more beautiful than the way he was seeing you now.

"Thorin...?"

His gaze intensified, and then he closed the distance between you, and kissed you for the first time, heat exploding in both your bellies at the soft touch. You shouldn't have been doing this—not now, not here. But you were. You cupped Thorin's cheeks and deepened the kiss, swallowing the Dwarf's groan.

And it was beyond perfect.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry if it sounds rushed after a certain point. I just wanted to get it done, and once I'd written seven and a half pages, I was like, "Dude, they're still in the fucking Shire! Get on with it!" So yeah, I did that, but it sounded way too rushed, and though I tried to fix that, it still sounds a bit off. Good news though, I'm nearly finished writing the next oneshot—a Thranduil one, so hopefully that'll be up soon. Comments? Kudos?
Imagine being scared of thunderstorms and Thranduil comforts you by whispering sweet nothings in your ear and stroking your hair—and imagine falling asleep in Thranduil’s arms.

Yo! This one's not all that long, and my muse behaved, so I managed to get it done pretty quickly. I would have posted this two days ago, but I had a pretty bad fever that day, and was stuck in bed with a fucking terrible migraine yesterday, so updating wasn't exactly a priority. Anyway, thank you to all readers so far! Also, I'm not used to writing Thranduil's character, so I hope this turned out okay.

Did this really have to happen? Tonight of all nights too? You were in bed—had only just settled in after what had been a long, exhausting day, and all you wanted to do was sleep. Unfortunately, it appeared as if that sleep was going to be eluding you tonight. It was thundering out.

You hated night time thunderstorms. They scared you—always had, even back home in your own world.

You still didn't know how it had happened. How you had ended up here.

Having finished your obligations for the day, you were free earlier than usual, and had decided to go for a walk in the nearby park. It had been a nice day in April—not too hot or too cold.

Everything had been perfectly normal. Well, at first. As you had reached the end of the path, one you knew quite well, there had been a bright flash of light, and then...well, you had found yourself lost in the middle of absolutely nowhere.

You had eventually learned that you were in the Shire, had met Gandalf, Bilbo, and a whole host of Dwarves, and then, before you knew it, had been roped in taking part in their ‘quest’ with him.

You had gone with them, travelling across Middle-earth with them, going through intense trial after trial, and meeting many fascinating people.

One of those people had been King Thranduil.

When you and the Dwarves had been locked up in the cells in his kingdom (Bilbo hidden with the use of his weird Magic Ring), Thranduil had taken an interest in you, perhaps because you had been the only woman in your group—a human woman, at that, and one who definitely wasn't from anywhere around here.
He had come to you in the cell you had been locked in, and then had begun asking you questions, more about yourself than the quest. After spending some time talking to you through the bars, he had ended up entering the cell and continued on from there, much to the displeasure of the Dwarves, who not only hated Elves but had grown rather protective over you as well.

And after reclaiming Erebor, after Smaug's defeat, after the end of the Battle of Five Armies, after Thorin, Fili, and Kili had begun to fully heal, you had been unsure of what to do.

The Dwarves finally had their home back, and Bilbo was finally going back to his own, but your own home was nowhere near here, wasn't in Middle-earth at all. And you had no way of going back, weren't even sure if it was possible. So where did you go now? Where would you live now? What would you do now?

The Dwarves had been adamant that you remain with them in the mountain, but you couldn't. There were just...too many bad memories there (Smaug, the Goldsickness, Bilbo's banishment, the war). No, this wasn't a place you could live, regardless of how much you loved the Dwarves.

And that was when Thranduil had approached you. He had invited you back to his kingdom, asked you to stay with him for a while, for as long as you wanted, really. With no reason to refuse, and curious to learn more about the Elf-King, you had agreed, and had simply never left.

Three years had gone by since then...

You jolted at a bright flash of lightning, and then sighed. You didn't mind thunderstorms during the day-just at night, especially when you were trying to sleep. It was an irrational fear, you knew, but you still couldn't help it.

You curled up on your side. It didn't at all help matters that you were alone right now. Argh, why today!? You grabbed a pillow and brought it to your chest, all but cuddling it, noticing you were trembling, but unable to stop doing so either.

You were never going to get any sleep...

"(Y/N)?"

"Gah!" You jolted up in bed and without thought, threw the pillow you had been gripping at the tall, slender shadow that had come up behind you and called out your name. There was a low chuckle, the pillow caught easily, and now you knew who this was. "Thranduil!? Why do you keep sneaking up on me like that!? What if I had thrown my dagger at you instead of a pillow? I could really have hurt you!"

Thranduil chuckled again, and then knelt down on the large bed, drawing closer to you. "You would not have harmed me, little one. You know that as well as I do."

You huffed, exasperated, and then gasped sharply as there was another bright flash of lightning, automatically reaching out to the Elf-King. He met you half way, catching and pulling you close. He soothed you gently, running his fingers up and down your back. He was well acquainted with your odd fear of thunderstorms at this point, so he knew exactly what was wrong.

"I thought you weren't going to be coming to bed tonight?" you spoke quietly, trying to keep yourself distracted. The less you focused on the thunder, the better.

"Hmm, the incident was settled quickly," Thranduil replied, dragging his long fingers through your (H/L) (H/C) hair. "I would not have it any other way. Not tonight."
You understood what he wasn't saying, and felt yourself flush. Your lover had been busy, but then had noticed the storm. Remembering your fear, Thranduil had finished things quickly, simply so he could return to you for the night.

"What has you so pleased, little one?"

"Huh?"

"You're smiling."

Were you? You hadn't noticed at all, though you supposed you couldn't help yourself. How could you, when Thranduil was showing you his soft side again? He generally kept that side of him hidden under an icy facade, only revealing it during rare, private moments. You supposed you couldn't blame him, though you wished he would open up a little more often around you. Still, you greatly treasured these moments.

Your smile only widened, and you pressed yourself against the Elf's chest, enjoying the warmth he gave off. "You're too good to me," you murmured, nuzzling him.

"Am I indeed?" He was smiling now too-it was audible in his voice. He released you for a moment, so he could shrug out of his robes and undress partially. He joined you in the bed again after that, laying down and wasting no time before he pulled you into his arms, holding you close.

You cuddled up as close to him as you possibly could, squeezing your eyes shut as there was another loud rumble of thunder. Thranduil stroked your hair in answer, whispering comforting words to you in an effort to soothe and calm you. And even when he stopped speaking, he went on stroking your hair. Obviously he remembered you saying how much you liked it when he did that.

Regardless, you were beyond glad Thranduil had gone through the trouble of finishing things quickly just for you. With him here-with him holding you close, enveloping you in his warmth and wintery scent, you couldn't focus on the storm now even if you wanted to.

"Sleep now, precious girl. You needn't fear the wrath of the storm while I am here with you..."

Chapter End Notes

And that's this one. The next one should be a Legolas fill, a pretty long one too, judging by how much I've written so far. If it takes too long to write, I might end up posting a Bard fill first, which I've also started writing. And if that one takes too long as well, then I may post a Kili fill, which I already have finished and am keeping as a backup for now. Anyway, comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine Legolas having had dreams of you before he even saw you-and-Imagine Legolas’ face when he first lays eyes on you-and-Imagine Legolas telling you that he loves you-and-Imagine Legolas kissing you lightly on the forehead-and-Imagine being able to visit your favourite character every night in your dreams.

Chapter Notes

Yo! I actually meant to put this up yesterday, but was so focused on writing the next fill that I never got around to it. Now, that last imagine in the summary there is one you will be seeing multiple times, since it doesn't specify a character. I don't know when or anything, but I just thought I'd mention it. Thank you to all readers so far! And an extra thanks to those of you leaving such kind comments!

You were dreaming again, you realized immediately. You were in a beautiful clearing, lush greenery, grass, trees, bushes, colourful flowers, and even a spring with clean, cool water. That in itself was enough to tell you that this was a dream, but there was more to it than that.

You weren't alone. With you was a (Creature? Being? Race?) male you now knew was an Elf. You hadn't known that until he had explained it to you, something he'd really only had to do because Elves didn't exactly exist in your world. Well, other than in fiction, but that didn't count, did it?.

It had been quite confusing at first, but then you had woken up and dismissed the strange conversation you had just had with an even odder stranger as nothing but an odd dream. Nothing weird about that, right? Bizarre dreams weren't exactly rare, after all. You'd had plenty of them over the course of your life.

But then it had happened again. And again. And again. And again. You hadn't understood it at all at first. You weren't a lucid dreamer. You knew what they were, of course, but had never actually had one yourself. Until now, you thought.

One dream would have been fine, understandable even, hardly surprising, but they had just kept happening. And because these dreams kept happening, because you kept ending up in this clearing with that Elf, the two of you simply made the best out of the strange situation, and began to speak to one another.

You learned his name was Legolas, learned he was a prince, learned he was from a place called Middle-earth, and eventually learned his language too. You returned the information as well, of course, telling him about yourself, just as he told you about himself. You told him your name, told him where you lived, told him about your life. And you just talked.

These dreams (Encounters?) went on fairly frequently for a couple of years, taking place at least two
or three times a week, and you and Legolas quickly became close friends. Neither of you knew or understood why this was happening, weren't even sure the other actually even existed, but neither of you were complaining. You took solace in the dreams-in one another. There was a peaceful comfort that existed between the two of you, one you both cherished more than anything.

And today was just another one of those days.

Legolas was seated on the ground, leaning back against the trunk of a large tree, your head in his lap as you lay on the grass. You had been in this dream for some time now, certainly longer than usual, and for once had run out of things to talk about, at least for now. But the silence between you was comfortable, peaceful even, so neither of you particularly minded.

It didn't come as a surprise to either of you when the image of the clearing around you began to shimmer. Your time today appeared to be up.

Legolas broke the silence first. "It seems we must part again."

You nodded, despite the Elf's words having been incredibly obvious, sat up, then faced him. "F...fu..." Your brow furrowed as you tried to remember one of the many phrases he had taught you over your visits. "Ah! Fuin vaer, Legolas." (good night)

Legolas chuckled, seeming both amused and pleased, and leaned in to press a gentle kiss to your forehead. "Losto vae, (Y/N)." (sleep well)

There was no time to say anything more, before the 'dream' came to an end...

Three days went by with no dreams. After a very busy, cloudy day, you finally made it home. You were craving some chocolate, wanted something particularly unhealthy to drink, and were desperate for a bath. Unfortunately for you, you didn't get to do any of those things. No, instead, you found yourself losing consciousness and then regaining it-

"Where am I, and why am I outside?"

"You're in the Shire, but I'm afraid I can't tell you why you're outside," replied a voice.

You sat up quickly, surprised because you hadn't actually been expecting an answer, and looked at the person who had spoken, only to spot something you had never expected to see. Ever. "A-are you a Hobbit?" you questioned before you could stop yourself. Legolas, of course, was the one who had told you about them, and this person in front of you definitely fit that description.

Said person blinked. "Yes?" Clearly he had not been expecting such a...random question. You couldn't blame him. "Um, are you lost?" he inquired half a moment later.

"...If I'm really in the Shire, then yes, I'm very definitely lost."

"You're in the Shire, but I'm afraid I can't tell you why you're outside," replied a voice.

You sat up quickly, surprised because you hadn't actually been expecting an answer, and looked at the person who had spoken, only to spot something you had never expected to see. Ever. "A-are you a Hobbit?" you questioned before you could stop yourself. Legolas, of course, was the one who had told you about them, and this person in front of you definitely fit that description.

Said person blinked. "Yes?" Clearly he had not been expecting such a...random question. You couldn't blame him. "Um, are you lost?" he inquired half a moment later.

"...If I'm really in the Shire, then yes, I'm very definitely lost."

And so the Hobbit, who introduced himself as Frodo, took you home with him where he lived with his uncle Bilbo (who you actually knew of, thanks to Legolas), hoping he might be able to help you.

Much to your dismay, however, he couldn't. Luckily, Bilbo felt bad enough for you that he let you stay with him and Frodo at Bag End, so at least you had somewhere to live.

You hoped you would have another one of those 'dreams', so that you could tell Legolas that you had somehow ended up in Middle-earth. Perhaps he would be able to come to you. Perhaps you two would finally be able to meet in person.
But as the days turned to weeks, and the weeks to months, you didn't have even a single one of those dream encounters. You didn't end up in that clearing again, didn't see Legolas again. And it worried you, it really did. You'd been having these dreams for nearly three years now. So why had they stopped so suddenly?

Had...something happened to Legolas? Or had the 'dreams' stopped because you were now in Middle-earth? It was hard to know-impossible, really, though you hoped it was the latter, and that the Elf was alright and safe...

You lived in the Shire for six months before you left your new, peaceful home with Frodo, Sam, Merry, and Pippin. Frodo had told you all about Bilbo's adventure and his ring (some of which you already knew), but finding out the Magic Ring was really the One Ring (and what that actually entailed), was beyond unexpected and shocking. Your required journey to Bree was as terrifying as it was dangerous, and your dread at discovering Gandalf wasn't where he promised you he would be was honestly just as bad.

When you encountered Strider, you, at first, were a little suspicious. Legolas had told you about Strider, as the two were close friends. But though his appearance seemed to match what you recalled being told, how could you be sure this man really was Strider?

While the Hobbits slept fitfully after the Nazgul attack at the Prancing Pony, you got the answer you had been looking for, and surprisingly, it was Strider himself who gave it to you.

The two of you were keeping watch, neither of you willing to sleep, albeit for different reasons, when Strider, apologizing for being blunt, asked if you were from somewhere other than Middle-earth. You weren't particularly surprised by the question. You stood out a fair bit, some ways more obvious than others. But the Ranger didn't stop there.

"I only ask because you have many resemblances to a woman I have been told much about. Not just in face, but in name, and behaviour as well."

You blinked, somewhat startled by the words, but relaxed quickly enough, kind of embarrassed that Legolas had been telling people about you. Still, you wanted to make sure. "The person who told you this, was it Legolas?"

Strider shot you a rare looking grin. "It was, yes. Am I right then? You are (Y/N) from (City name)?"

"That depends. Are you Aragorn who was raised in Rivendell?" And when the man began to chuckle, you couldn't help but join in.

Both of you now had the answer on whether or not the other could be trusted...

You found a good friend in Strider (as he insisted on being called at present), and your trust in him helped calm the Hobbits somewhat, which helped your situation a little, so they didn't really question the man when he informed you all he was taking you to Rivendell.

Your journey there was even worse than your journey to Bree. The Nazgul managed to track you down, managed to attack Frodo. The injury was bad-horrible. You knew a bit of what to expect, as Legolas had told you about when he had healed the youngest Dwarf Prince of a similar wound. That one had been bad. This one was much worse.

But then Arwen arrived and took Frodo away with her, which despite the danger was likely the best
thing that could have happened. And a few days later, the rest of you, thankfully, managed to reach Rivendell as well.

Once told Frodo was healing and asleep, you bathed, ate, and then got some rest yourselves. You all desperately needed it.

The night before the Council of Elrond, you, unable to sleep, wandered up to a tall hill—a fantastic place for stargazing, and settled down on the grass, adjusting the skirt of the dress you were borrowing under you.

It was a little chilly out, which wasn't surprising considering it was the end of October, but you didn't really mind. It actually felt kind of nice. And though you had been trying to avoid it, it didn't take you very long to fall into your tumultuous thoughts.

You had been in this world, in Middle-earth for just over half a year now, and you still had no idea how or why it had happened. Were you ever going to be able to go back home? Honestly speaking, there really was no way of knowing. It wasn't as if you disliked this place or anything like that. Middle-earth was just so...different. It wasn't a place that was easy to get used to, especially coming from a world as modern and convenient as yours. Would you learn the truth behind your arrival in this world one day? You hoped so.

Ugh. You dropped your head to your drawn knees and released a groan of displeasure. Maybe it would be best if you just headed to bed. Thinking about all this was making your head hurt.

"What brings a young maiden up here on her own on such a dark and lovely night?"

You froze, and then pinched yourself sharply. You were awake. But that voice—! You grinned. You knew that voice! You turned. "Na vedui. I've been waiting for this, Ernilen." (at last/my prince)

Blue eyes wide, Legolas knelt down before you and cupped your face in his large hands, clearly in disbelief. "Iston i nif gin." (I know your face)

You couldn't keep the smile off your face. "I would hope so! We've only been friends were what?—three years?"

Legolas' expression lightened even further, and his thumbs stroked over your cheekbones. "(Y/N)..." he all but whispered, sounding almost...awed. "How is this possible? How have you managed to come here?"

"I really don't know," you replied with a shake of your head as Legolas took your hands in his. "It just kind of...happened." And you explained everything to him.

The Elf listened to you patiently, his eyes on yours, grip on your hands tight. It was only once you were finished that he spoke. "I'm afraid I have no answers for you. It is certainly a very strange situation—one that should be impossible." With zero hesitation, he pulled you into his arms. "It is...selfish of me to say this, perhaps, but I truly am pleased to have you here with me, little one."

It was pretty selfish of you too, but you found that you couldn't help but agree...

"Are you sure you are willing to take such a risk?"

You and Legolas were seated on your bed in the room you were staying in. The Council of Elrond had come to an end a little while ago, and the Fellowship of the Ring had been chosen
You had chosen to become a member of the Fellowship. Legolas knew and understood that doing this was, ultimately, your choice. But he couldn't help but be worried. How could he not?

"I am. I want to do this, Legolas. I want to help. I know it isn't safe for me, but that doesn't mean that it's safe for the Hobbits, or Gandalf, or Gimli, or Boromir, or Aragorn. And it certainly doesn't mean that it will be safe for you, Legolas."

The Elf blinked, clearly caught off guard by your words. Then he sighed deeply and ran his long fingers through your hair. "You have reason," he spoke quietly. "Our journey will not be safe, not for anyone, and if the Hobbits will be taking part, then I suppose there truly is no reason why you should not." He sighed again, then gently pressed his lips to your forehead. And as he did this, he told himself that he would teach you to fight, teach you to defend yourself. And at the same time, he promised herself-vowed to himself that he was going to do everything in his power to make sure you stayed safe on their journey-stayed alive...

Weeks later, Legolas found that he was glad that he had taught you how to fight. Your journey had been even worse than you all had been expecting, and not just because of the constant battles. It had been horrible to lose Gandalf, and a great relief to get him back. But Boromir...Boromir was gone, and wasn't ever coming back.

For a while, you had all been separated, some going one way, others another, and some yet going in a completely different direction. And then, just a few weeks later, though it felt like far longer, those who remained of the Fellowship of the Ring were finally able to reunite.

You were in Gondor, the war having ended, Sauron having been defeated. Frodo was safe, unconscious, but healing. The Hobbits stayed at Frodo's side as often as they could, talking amongst themselves and exchanging information. Aragorn spent a lot of his time with Gandalf and Lord Elrond, preparing to be crowned king. Gimli was content to remain with any and all of you, so long as he could indulge in food and drink. And of course, as was expected, you and Legolas spent most of your time alone together, just the two of you.

Today was no different.

The two of you were in one of Gondor's many bedroom chambers, seated on the bed. There was no point in trying to remember or figure out whose room this had initially been. You were sharing it now—had been for days at this point. You were speaking quietly, discussing your chances for going back home to your own world, and where you could go and stay if it turned out you really couldn't leave Middle-earth at all, something that was entirely possible, as far as you all knew.

"I could go back to the Shire, but the Hobbits there, the other ones, not our four, didn't like me very much," you were saying. "Aragorn's told me I could just stay here, which I'm definitely considering. I mean, he's here, and I'd also love to talk to Faramir more. Even Lord Elrond has told me I can stay in Rivendell, but I just..." you trailed off, shrugging helplessly.

Legolas was quiet for a moment, his eyes on you, seemingly in thought, considering something. And then, after what appeared to be a moment of debate, he spoke. "Tolo ar nin." When you just blinked, he smiled and repeated himself confidently. "Tolo ar nin, (Y/N)." (come with me)

You stared, unsure of why those words had surprised you so much when you certainly should have been expecting them. "But—but I thought you weren't going home yet?" you said with a frown.
"I'm not," the Elf agreed. "Not yet. I still have much I wish to do, much I wish to see, and there is also a promise I made to Gimli that I wish to keep. And I would be very happy to have you with me."

"Are you sure you won't just get tired of me?" you questioned, head cocked curiously. "You know I'm not always the best travel companion."

But Legolas shook his head. "How could I ever tire of the one I love?"

"...Eh?"

Legolas smiled again, and gently took your hands in his larger, softer ones. "Le melin, (Y/N). I have been meaning to say those words to you for well over a year now." (I love you)

"A-are you serious?"

His smile widened. "O ýr." (of course)

And now you couldn't help the grin that stretched across your face. You moved in closer, all but crawling onto the Elf's lap. "A le melin, Legolas," you replied softly. "Guess I've been meaning to tell you that for a while too." (And I love you)

Legolas laughed lightly, bringing his arms around you to hold you in place against him, you happily returning the gentle, warm, comforting embrace. You didn't need a place to call home. You just needed Legolas.

Chapter End Notes

The next fill will be a Lindir one. I'm positive about that because I've already finished writing it. I just have to edit it a couple of times. Comments? Kudos?
Imagine cutting your finger on a thorn while walking through Rivendell and Lindir freaking out and taking care of it even though it was only a scratch-and-Imagine Lindir helping to raise you as a little girl after Lord Elrond decided to adopt you into his family. But now that you're older he finds himself developing romantic feelings for you.

Couple of things to make note of here, just to make things easier and less confusing. This is mainly written in Lindir's pov, so hopefully it doesn't sound odd, especially since I'm not used to writing his character in the first place. The timeline this takes place in is a bit vague as well, though Aragorn (who will be referred to as Estel throughout) is already an adult. Other than that, nothing is particularly specified, so you can fill in the blanks or follow whichever timeline (movies or books) as you wish. Thank you to all readers so far!

He hadn't liked you at first. Not really.

The day had started off average, if a little boring. With Lord Elrond and his warriors off on a hunt, there wasn't much for Lindir, the Lord's attendant to do. It was a bit strange, but he supposed he didn't really mind the free time.

But just two hours after coming to this conclusion, Lindir's life ended up changing forever. Lord Elrond and the other warriors returned (quicker than expected) and Lindir, as always, hurried over to aid his Lord as he dismounted his horse. But as he approached, the young Elf spotted something a little odd.

Lord Elrond was carrying a child. A young child of Man, a girl who couldn't have been any older than two years old. You were still and quiet, laying fast asleep in the Lord's arms.

"My Lord? Who-?"

Lord Elrond asked for another Elf to take care of his horse, then gestured for Lindir to follow him as he began to walk to his own rooms. "I do not know her name," he spoke calmly. "We discovered a small village in the process of being destroyed."

"By the Orcs?"

Lord Elrond inclined his head. "We killed the Orcs, but the village folk had been slaughtered. We searched the huts, but there were no survivors. None save for her."

"She is injured?"
"She is, but I have not had the chance to see to her yet. I only hope she has not been poisoned by an Orc blade."

Lindir had seen that before. The race of Men often had a difficult time recovering from that. But he said nothing, instead helping his Lord lay you down, undress you, clean you, heal you, redress you, and then properly settle you in the bed.

And then Lindir found himself alone in the room with you, his Lord having requested he stay while he himself tended to other urgent business.

Silently, Lindir lowered down to the edge of the bed, his eyes on you, though you were still fast asleep. They didn't know your name, but you were very small, your skin (S/C), and your hair (H/C). Lindir had not seen such a small child for years now, not since Estel had come to Imladris. But even then, even compared to how small Estel had been, you were just so...tiny.

Lindir didn't like you. You were so talkative, were constantly asking questions, and could never seem to sit still, not even for a moment. Even Estel hadn't been that bad! Lord Elrond had, of course, assured him that you were just going through a phase. That as you grew just a little older, your behaviour would change. He had told him that most children that age, regardless of their race, behaved that way. He told him that Elladan, Elrohir, and Arwen had all been like that, that Lindir himself had been just as bad (which Lindir could not believe at all).

So Lindir tried to be patient. Tried to answer your many questions, and at the same time, tried to teach you how to conduct yourself. But it was harder than it sounded. You were still so young, barely four years old now, and had little inclination to actually listen to him, much to Lindir's despair, as it was now part of his duties to see to you, now that Lord Elrond had taken you into his family, treating you as a daughter.

Naturally, Lindir wasn't the only one taking care of and spending time with you. Lord Elrond spent what time he could with you, and both of you seemed to enjoy when he read to you. You were always guaranteed to be laughing when you were with Elladan and Elrohir, and you simply adored Arwen, who felt the exact same way about you. Estel was no longer a constant presence in Imladris, but visited often enough, and you hardly left his side when he returned, always climbing his long, lean body, or crawling all over him.

On one hand, Lindir was content to see you so happy, but on the other hand, it...bothered him that you were always so eager to get away from him to be with others. But you were just a little girl, he told himself. It wasn't as if you understood, right?

A little while after you turned six, just four short years after you had been brought to Imladris, Lindir found that Lord Elrond had been right. While still very inquisitive, you were far more quiet and complacent than you had been merely two years ago. You listened a little more to Lindir now too, much to his relief...

Today found Elrond, Lindir, and you in the Lord's study, the Elves discussing a possible future Orc hunt, while you were trying to read a book of fairy stories. And then there was a knock on the door, and whoever was outside was called in. The door opened, and the moment it had-

"Estel!" You leapt out of your seat and all but tackled him as he walked in, causing Lindir to suppress a smile at the sight.

Estel caught you easily, and lifted you up so you were face to face. "Hello, Kitten. Did you miss
"Yeah! Mae tollen na mar," you greeted cheerfully, kissing him on the cheek. (welcome home)

Smiling, Estel moved to the chair you had been occupying until recently, and sat down, setting you on his lap. "Manen le?" (how are you)

"Im meren," you replied promptly. (I'm happy)

"Oh?"

You grinned, nuzzling his scruffy jaw. "Because you're back!"

"Speaking of," Lord Elrond cut in with a slight frown. "When did you return?"

"An hour ago. I wanted to...bathe first."

Before anyone could say anything, you looked up at Estel in accusation. "Liar! You were kissing Arwen again, weren't you!?"

And as Lord Elrond blinked in surprise, and Estel stared, clearly trying not to laugh, Lindir choked on his saliva and struggled not to cough. By the Valar, you were bold!

The years continued to pass and Lindir observed you grow, change, and mature. You weren't as loud and rowdy anymore, but your curiosity still hadn't faded. No one expected it to either. But there was a particular change Lindir was going through himself. He didn't know what this change was, didn't understand it, had absolutely no idea how to put it into words. So he didn't. He never said a word about it, preferring to keep it to himself.

When you were sixteen, Arwen took you with her to Lothlorien to visit Lady Galadriel and Lord Celeborn, who you hadn't yet had the chance to meet. You weren't gone for long-just a year, yet Lindir found that year passing at the rate of a century.

He had spent so much of the last fourteen years with you, and now that you were gone and his duties temporarily absolved, he just...didn't know what to do. He missed you. Immensely. But he didn't tell anyone that either.

And then, as planned, you and Arwen returned a year later. Lindir was happy to have you back, very happy until he learned that while you had been gone, you had developed feelings for another Elf-for Haldir, Lorien's Marchwarden.

Lindir was jealous. He realized it immediately, but this too he kept to himself. He must not have done a very good job at hiding it, because it wasn't long before Estel approached him, causally assuring him that what you felt for Haldir was nothing but a passing fancy. It was normal for girls of your age, he said, and soon enough someone else would catch your eye.

Estel was right. Barely six months later, whatever you had felt for Haldir was gone, replaced with a fancy for a particular Dwarf (much to Lindir's horror), who had been passing with his Company.

Lindir was very relieved when that specific fancy faded...

Time continued to pass and things continued to change. Middle-earth was becoming darker. It could be felt almost everywhere, and the shadow of darkness would pass over Imladris at times as well. But Lindir hardly noticed, because he had you, had his sun, who shined brightly in the darkness,
You were a young woman now, intelligent and strong. And Lindir was in love with you, he admitted to himself. But he didn't tell you-couldn't tell you.

Estel's visits were becoming more and more infrequent, and Elladan and Elrohir were spending more time slaying Orcs than they did at home. And with Lord Elrond and Arwen both growing more solemn as the days went by, you and Lindir spent much of your time together.

To Lindir it was both torture and relief. Torture that he couldn't bring himself to tell you the truth, and relief that you seemed to enjoy spending time with him regardless of what you both did or said.

What you were doing today was no different than usual. The weather was nice, so you were walking through Imladris' gardens, talking casually of nothing of importance. You didn't want to discuss the growing darkness. Not today.

So you just walked and talked, and as you did so, you gently ran a hand over the flowers you walked past, enjoying the feel of the soft petals against your fingertips. Everything was going perfectly fine, until you snatched your hand away from the rose bush with a sharp gasp of pain.

Lindir turned to you instantly, brow drawn in concern. "Lady (Y/N)?"

You looked up at him, smiling reassuringly. "Just a scratch," you told him, showing him a bloodied finger. "I wasn't paying attention to the thorns on the roses."

But Lindir frowned and shook his head, all but grabbing your hand. "No, we must clean and bind this quickly." He practically dragged you along with him as he made his way back inside.

"It's just a scratch, Lindir!" you protested. "It isn't-!"

"Even small wounds can become infected. Your father should have taught you that."

"He did, I know, but even ada wouldn't-"

Lindir sat you down into a chair, lowered to his knees before you, took your hand again, and began tending to the injury. You watched him in silence. You knew why he was so panicked. This happened every single time you got hurt. It was because you were mortal. Mortal and of the race of Man. There were so many ways you could die, ways Elves never even had to think about, let alone consider. But there was more to it than that, you thought. More to it in a way you understood, you hoped. So you just watched.

Lindir finished binding the small scratch a mere moment later, but he didn't pull away. Instead, he raised the (S/C) hand, and pressed a gentle kiss to the bandaged finger. He didn't even realize he had done it, so habitual that it was.

Kissing a wound to make it feel better was one of the very, very few things you were able to remember of your actual parents. It was something they had always done for you, you had once claimed not long after you had been brought to Imladris, and so Lord Elrond had begun to do it too. And not just the Lord, but Elladan, Elrohir, Arwen, Estel, and even Lindir himself did so.

Of course, when you had grown older, you had learned that kissing the wound didn't really help in the healing much at all, and though it certainly would not have mattered very much if they stopped, none of them did. All for one very simple reason: it never failed to make you smile.

And that was exactly what happened when Lindir did this now. You smiled, and the sight lightened warding it away.
his heart. Satisfied, he made to pull away, but was stopped almost immediately.

"Lindir."

He paused as he was, still down before you, still holding your hand. He looked up but his words caught in his throat. You were still smiling, expression soft and almost serene. The sun was shining in through the window behind you, making your (H/C) hair gleam brightly.

You reached out with your free hand, and brushed his hair back behind his ear, before cupping his cheek. "Lindir... Le melin, Lindir." (I love you)

Lindir blinked, startled by the words. He couldn't speak, but you didn't seem to mind.

"It's been a few years since I realized it," you continued softly. You smiled again. "I didn't really understand it until Arwen explained it all to me, but I wasn't ready to tell you then. I guess I was ready now? I didn't really plan to say it, honestly. It kind of slipped out."

Lindir blinked again and before he knew it, had pulled you into a tight embrace. "Le melin, (Y/N)," he said to you gently. "I too have wished to tell you for years." Now he laughed lightly, unable to help himself, feeling almost giddy with relief. "I find I cannot even bring myself to be surprised that it is you who first garnered the courage to say those words."

"Well, that's all right," you replied, bringing your arms around him so you could hold him as tightly as he was you. "We've both said them now."

That was true. You knew of one another's feelings, had no reason to hide them, but even then there were going to be problems. Too many to count, too many to consider. You had one another now, but for how long?

"You'll stay with me, right?" you inquired, your voice just barely audible.

"Yes, of course I will," Lindir replied instantly. He had no inclination to leave you. Not ever.

"Gwestol?" (promise)

"Gweston, Anor nin." (I promise, my sun)

Chapter End Notes

So, the next fill will be a Kili one, followed by a Fili one, and then a Haldir one. All of those are already written and just need to be edited. Not sure what'll be after that. I've been working on a Thorin fill, a Bard fill, and an Elrond and Lindir fill, and also should be starting a Dwalin one today, so I'm not sure which one will come after the Haldir fill. Anyway, comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine Kili loving to play with your hair while you are both falling asleep-and-Imagine waking up in the morning laying on Kili's chest and telling him good morning with a kiss.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You and Kili were in bed. You were exhausted, Thorin pushing everyone like crazy to look for the Arkenstone. It had taken you nearly an hour to convince the king to let you take a break, before you had gotten frustrated and simply stormed out of the treasury, followed by your lover not long after. You were both surprised Thorin hadn't come after you, actually.

But you were alone now, settled in bed, and far too tired to even speak to one another. You were curled up against Kili, your head on his chest, while the Dwarf slowly dragged his thick fingers through your hair, the motion, along with the sound of his heartbeat lulling you to sleep. Just as it always did. You had lost track of how many times Kili had played with your hair while you were trying to sleep. He just said he liked how soft it was.

Smiling slightly, your eyes fell shut as you finally managed to fall asleep...

You were the first to wake the next morning. The first thing you noticed was that it was very warm, especially for the end of October. The second thing you noticed, was that there were arms around you. Frowning, you opened your eyes, and then blinked, spotting dark hair. There was a male in bed with you, and he, like you, was completely naked, one of your legs between his.

For a moment, you were quite confused, your brain still working a little slow. You tried to sit up, but were only able to roll over, and it was only when you saw the face of your bedmate, that you remembered.

The frown on your face vanished, and your expression softened. It was Kíli. The memories from the previous day came flooding back, and you smiled slightly, freeing your arms and bringing a hand up.

He twitched, but didn't wake, and your smile widened, and you lowered yourself to press soft kisses to his skin, following the path your fingers had taken mere moments before. You kissed his forehead, his nose, his cheek, the underside of his jaw, and finally, his lips.

You saw them curl into a slight smile. Clearly he was awakening. A fact that was proven when he spoke, his voice low and hoarse, sending heat pooling into your belly.
"Who can resist a siren's call such as this?"

You laughed lightly. "I am far from a siren, dear Kíli."

He chuckled lowly. "On the contrary." His fingers swept down your back, where he gripped your hips. Bucking up, he smirked. "Good morning."

Feeling the hard heat against you, you smiled cheekily. "Indeed." Reaching down, you took him in your hand, shifted your hips, and then mewedled as he slid into you. Kíli groaned too, and you rose up, dragging your fingers down his chest, until they came to rest on his abdomen.

You rose up, and then sank back down, setting a quick rhythm right away. Kíli’s hands gripped your hips, and he egged you on, bucking up, chestnut eyes locked on your form.

Now this was a damn good way to start off a day.

Chapter End Notes

So, I think my hand slipped when I was writing this... Anyway, the next one will be a Fili fill, then a Haldir one, and then a Dwalin one. Not sure about after that thought. Comments? Kudos?
The Company of Thorin Oakenshield was in Lake-Town. You had been here for some days now, unable, and in some cases, unwilling to leave just yet because of the terrible injury poor Kili had received. Even though Legolas has done what he could to heal the wound, Kili still wasn't in any condition to continue on to Erebor. Luckily, he was healing quickly.

You were very pleased with that. You were a member of the Company as well, had been since the beginning, and were actually being courted by one of the Dwarves—Kili's older brother, actually. Everything between you two had come as a surprise to pretty much everyone, and there had been some problems initially, before settling down, accepting the situation.

Today the thirteen Dwarves, Bilbo, and you yourself were gathered in the sitting room of Bard's house (the man aiding you all somewhat reluctantly). Everyone was conscious and healthy, and with the weather outside being rather poor, none of you had any desire to go out in the pouring rain and get soaked.

You really couldn't remember the last time all of you had been able to gather like this, just talking about this and that, your minds, for once, not on your quest or homes. It was actually genuinely fun.

You were sitting between Fili and Bilbo, leaning against your Dwarf as you laughed at a crude joke told by Bofur, which was quickly followed by one from Nori, and then Dwalin.

You just kept laughing, and ended up choking on air, prompting Fili, who was chortling just as hard, to thump you on the back roughly, which just had everyone laughing even harder.

As afternoon turned to evening, you found yourselves chatting with those beside you, having quieter conversations in smaller groups. You yourself were listening to Fili, who was telling you a tale of something that had happened in Ered Luin when he'd been young.

But though the story was really very interesting, you were only half listening, your eyes locked on the Dwarf's mustache braids, which moved as he spoke.

You'd had a weird fascination for them from the moment you had first seen them months ago, and ever since then, even though the two of you were courting, you had been fighting the urge to bat at them. It was the motion and the beads, you knew, but you really just couldn't help it. You kept trying to ignore the urge, but...
"So then, he picked him up," Fili was saying, "and threw him," he went on, the braids at his mouth swinging as he made a hauling then throwing motion, "all the way across the-lass?"

Poke.

Fili blinked, surprised. "Er, (Y/N)?"

Poke poke.

"Lass?"

Poke poke poke.

The others stared now too, their own conversations dying out as they noticed the strange situation of you, who had always been so fierce, curiously poking one of Fili's mustache braids.

Poke poke. Poke poke.

You looked utterly mesmerised, and Fili couldn't help but grin at the sight of you. You looked like a child who had just discovered a new toy. Frankly, it was endearing and utterly adorable.

Fili certainly didn't mind at all, and let you have your fill, and it was only when you stopped poking and started batting, that Fili reacted. In a single, swift movement, he hauled you up onto his lap.

"Having fun, lass?"

You grinned, still playing with those braids that had so caught your attention. "Yep!"

Fili chuckled, touching his forehead to yours, blue eyes twinkling with amusement. "You're so easily entertained, aren't you? You're like a kitten." His smile grew. "My adorable little kitten."

Poke poke. Poke poke poke.

Chapter End Notes

Alright, next one will be Haldir, then Dwalin, then Bard, and then maybe Thorin, if the one I'm currently writing keeps going as well as it is. Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine getting caught in a rainstorm with Haldir—and Imagine Haldir hugging you in the rain—and Imagine Haldir running his thumb across your lower lip before kissing you.

Chapter Notes

Yo! You know what I like about you guys? You're polite. You don't demand things from me. You don't complain that I'm doing too many fills of a certain character, and not enough of another. And even if you do want more of a particular character, you're still kind about it. And I love that, I seriously do, so thank you to all readers so far!

You and Haldir were out on a 'walk'. That was what the Elf was calling it. In your opinion, this was more of a hunt. You wouldn't be armed and looking around the way you were if you were merely on a walk. It was all Haldir's doing, but you understood.

The two of you had been courting for at least two years now, something that had surprised most, considering who you both were. In fact, the only ones who hadn't been surprised by it were those who had been in the Fellowship of the Ring, which you had been a part of, and Lady Galadriel—who seemed to know most of everything.

You and Haldir had gotten surprisingly close when the Fellowship had stayed in Lothlorien, and you had basically ended up saving Haldir's life during the battle at Helm's Deep. After the war had come to an end-after Sauron had been defeated, Haldir had approached you and asked for you to return to Lorien with him. So you had, and now just over two years had gone by. But things weren't exactly peachy.

Haldir was almost always working, and even when he wasn't, he would be talking about it. He wasn't exactly the...warmest Elf out there, instead being rather cool and aloof. You didn't really mind, of course. You had fallen in love with him for a reason, after all. You didn't expect him to change, didn't even want him to.

But honestly? Sometimes you just got lonely. Sometimes you just missed spending time with him. Missed talking to him, missed laughing with him, missed being with him. You had confessed that to Rumil, one of Haldir's brothers, just yesterday. He must have told Haldir what you had said, because literally the next morning, Haldir had asked you if you wanted to go on a walk with him, just the two of you.

...And then he had told you to bring your sword with you.

So no, this wasn't a walk at all. But you found that while this wasn't exactly what you had been hoping for, this was just so typically...Haldir, that you found yourself more amused than upset by it. He was trying, at least, and that was good. And you were finally alone together, so that was a very
nice bonus.

You were both quiet as you walked through the trees, clouds darkening and thickening overhead. It looked like it was about to rain. And sure enough, just as you mentioned that very thing to your lover, a downpour began, startling you both.

You blinked, and then started to laugh. It was raining so hard that even though it had barely even been a minute, the two of you were already completely drenched. "By the Valar, it's been a weird day!" Still smiling, you turned to Haldir, pushing wet hair out of your eyes. "We should find some sort of shelter. The rain doesn't look as if it will be stopping any time soon." You turned, and then paused. Haldir had taken hold of your hand. You turned back to him, brow furrowed slightly in confusion. "Haldir?"

He didn't say anything at first, just looked at you, expression undecipherable. But as soon as you opened your mouth to question him, he pulled you forward, enveloping you in a tight embrace right there in the rain.

"Haldir...?" You sucked in a sharp breath when the embrace tightened. You brought your own arms around him now, fingers delving into his wet hair. You were beginning to feel a little concerned now. "Man presta le, meleth nín?" you inquired softly. (what troubles you, my love)

He didn't release you, but he did speak, his voice quiet in your ear. "You are...upset with me, I understand. I have been...neglecting you recently, and you must believe that that was not my intention. Please, (Y/N), please forgive me for leaving you alone the way I have been." He was not the best with words, you both knew that, but he sounded genuinely regretful.

"Oh, Haldir..." You ran your fingers through his wet, tangled hair, the two of you still standing out in the rain. It was when he said things like this that you began to feel somewhat selfish. "I'm not upset, Haldir," you told him gently. "I was in a bad mood yesterday, and was feeling very...disgruntled, which is why I said what I did to Rumil. I don't blame you for anything, Haldir. I know how hard you've worked over the centuries to keep this place safe-and how hard you still work to do that. How can I possibly fault you for that? Pän mae, Haldir." (all is well)

Haldir tightened the embrace as he held you close for just another moment, before releasing you from the hug, though he didn't let you go. One of his hands lowered to your waist, where you could feel the heat of his hand on your chilled skin, even through your wet tunic. His other hand came up to your jaw, stroking tenderly.

Eyes soft, Haldir smiled just slightly. "You are too forgiving, (Y/N). Too forgiving, and too kind." Gently, he ran his thumb over your bottom lip. "I adore you, Aduial nín. I truly do." His eyes flickered down to your lips. (my twilight)

You smiled cheekily. "Are you going to kiss me to make up to me now?"

Haldir chuckled, thumb once more passing over your lower lip, and then kissed you softly, pulling you in close. "Le melin, (Y/N). Please, do not ever doubt that." (I love you)
started writing yet. I don't know for sure. Comments? Kudos?
At this very moment, you couldn't decide whether you loved Dwalin, or hated him. Right now the two of you were in your house, a modest place in rebuilt Dale. There was some work that needed to be done around the small building, work you yourself were, unfortunately, incapable of handling on your own. That was why you had asked Dwalin to come over and give you a hand when he had some free time.

The two of you had only known one another for a couple of years now, just since the Battle of Five Armies. You had been in the battle too, regardless of what anyone had to say about it, and had ended up saving Dwalin's life. It had been pure chance, really, that you had come upon him just as he was about to be attacked, only to slay the foul, offending Orc.

But apparently, saving a Dwarf's life led to them owing that person a debt of sorts. It was a thing in their culture that they had great respect for and basically always followed...whether or not the other person wanted it. You didn't like the whole debt thing though, didn't want him to bind himself to you that way, where he had to feel he was obligated to repay you. You had assured Dwalin that he really didn't have to do anything, had told him that everything was alright and he truly didn't owe you for what had happened during that battle.

But you had underestimated the Dwarf's persistence. He always came around to help you, whether you asked for him to or not, and it didn't take long for the large, gruff, intimidating, silent Dwarf to become a common and regular sight in and around your home. And what was more, you didn't actually mind his presence.

The two of you had begun to talk, and soon after, you had discovered that Dwalin was a lot more gentle and tender than you had expected or given him credit for being. And then he had started...flirting with you. You hadn't minded at all, had even reciprocated, and soon enough he had begun courting you, much to your pleasure.

And that was what had led to today. You were trying to fold the laundry you had washed yesterday and let dry overnight. 'Trying' was the key word there, because you were utterly failing at it right now. You were too distracted to focus, but it wasn't your fault at all.

No, it was all Dwalin's fault. It was Dwalin's fault because for some reason, he had decided that it was a good idea to work without a shirt on, leaving his bare chest and all those strong muscles and
ink not just exposed, but fully within view. Your view.

How could it possibly be your fault that you were enjoying the view too much to concentrate? You tried to look away, of course, tried to continue working, tried to tell yourself that you had more self-control, but it didn't work. That was Dwalin's fault too.

Every time you actually did manage to refocus on what you were supposed to be doing, Dwalin would always walk past you (far closer than necessary) always making sure to brush up against you in an entirely inappropriate manner, fully succeeding in distracting you all over again. At first, you thought Dwalin didn't really realize what he was doing, that he just didn't notice and was doing it without thought.

Just as you reached that conclusion, Dwalin came up behind you. Pressing his bare chest to your clothed back, he wrapped his thick, muscled arms around you, and in a voice that sounded far too amused to be genuinely curious, inquired-

"How's the folding going, azbadu men?" (my lady)

...That jerk knew exactly what he'd been doing! "You tease!"

Dwalin chuckled lowly. "Tease? Whatever do yeh mean, azyungal?" (love of loves)

You were not falling for it. He'd been teasing you all afternoon and clearly wasn't showing signs of stopping any time soon. Well fine. Two could play that game, you thought, a smirk crossing your face. Dwalin had no idea what he had gotten himself into.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, next is Bard, then Thorin, and I still don't know about what'll come after that. Maybe Aragorn, maybe Thranduil, I'm still trying to decide. Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine Bard cutting his hand by accident while cleaning up and you taking care of him while he watches with a smile on his face.

Chapter Notes

Yo! Thank you to all readers so far!

You were curled up in an armchair in a small sitting room, reading a book by the light of the candle beside you. You'd had a very busy day, watching the young children of your dear friend Bard, and had tucked them into bed a little while ago, where they had fallen asleep almost instantly.

You had been good friends with Bard's wife, having grown up with the woman. You had helped her a great deal after Bain and Sigrid had been born, especially as Bard had spent little time at home, so busy working to provide for his family. With two little children, his wife had really needed the extra help. Since you didn't have a family of your own, and had a decent amount of coin saved up, you had chosen to help your friend.

And then little Tilda had been born, and you had watched in sorrow as your friend had never recovered from the strain and then passed, leaving her husband and three children. So you had helped the man, coming as often as you could, helping as often as you could, doing whatever you could to make things even a little easier for Bard.

It had been five years since all this had happened.

Bard had a very long day today, required to leave before sunrise and return after sunset. While Bain and Sigrid could handle themselves and Tilda for a few hours at a time, he didn't like leaving them alone for that long, and had asked you to watch them for the day, which you had agreed to without complaint.

And now darkness had long fallen, the three little ones were fast asleep, and you were reading as you waited for your friend to return home, so you could head back to your own place and sleep too...

Another hour went by before the door opened. You glanced up from your book and watched Bard walk in, quietly shutting the door behind him. Looking rather stiff, he pulled his jacket off, draping it over the back of a chair, before moving around said chair and collapsing into it.

Setting your book down, you silently went to go make some tea, and when you returned with a cup of it, you discovered that Bard hadn't moved, though his eyes had fallen shut. He wasn't asleep-his breathing told you that much, so you approached him.
He looked up at you when you neared, and smiled at you tiredly. "The children?"

"Fast asleep," you assured him.

"How were they?"

"Tilda was a bit of a handful," you replied, passing the cup over and encouraging him to drink, "but I think she was simply having a bad day. I'm sure she'll be fine when she wakes. Bain did the shopping, and Sigrid helped me with the cleaning, so everything went well enough."

Bard nodded, sipping the tea you had brought him, nearly groaning as it warmed him from the inside. He curled both hands around the cup, then hissed in pain and pulled the left one back.

"Bard?" You were by his side in an instant.

He quickly waved you off. "It's just a scrape from cleaning at work," he assured you. "Nothing to worry about."

You raised a brow, setting a hand on your hip. "If it really is nothing, then you wouldn't have reacted in what is very clearly pain." And before the man could say anything, you held out a hand.

"(Y/N), it really isn't-"

"Bard. Let me see it."

The man sighed a placed his left hand in the one you were holding out. You curled your fingers around his hand to keep it steady so you could get a better look at it. Your eyes widened immediately.

"If this is just a scrape, I'm just a little girl," you found yourself saying. There was a long, and rather deep cut running along the length of the man's palm. Though it didn't appear to be bleeding, it clearly had been earlier, because there was dried blood around the cut. You sighed a released the hand. "I'll be right back. Stay here. Don't get up." Leaving Bard where he was, you went to grab the items you needed, and then returned to the man, kneeling down before him and taking his hand again.

Neither of you spoke while you tended to the wound on Bard's hand. So focused on cleaning and binding the cut, you didn't notice Bard was watching you.

He remained as he was, seated and still in the armchair, his eyes on you. He wasn't at all surprised that you had been so adamant to tend to the injury. You had been taking care of him as much as you had his children over the years. You had done so much for them, had sacrificed so much for them, for him, but as he thought about it now, had they—had he ever said or done anything to repay you?

Bard didn't realize his gaze had softened. Even today you had done so much. You had come here at his sudden asking at sunrise, and had been here all day, looking after the children. And even though you surely must have been exhausted (he knew they were often a handful), you were still carefully tending to him.

Had he ever thanked you before for all that you did? He didn't think so. He certainly owed you that thanks, owed you much more than that, really.

"There we are," you spoke suddenly. You sat back on your haunches, and smiled up at Bard. "You're lucky that cut wasn't any deeper, or else it would have needed more than what I know. It should heal fine, so long as it doesn't get infected. Try to do as little with that hand as possible until it
heals, all right? I'll change the bandages again tomorrow night."

"Thank you."

You smiled and stood, dusting off your knees. "Don't mention it." You turned, intending on putting things away and washing your hands. But you didn't get very far before Bard pulled you back towards him, wrapping his arms around you, your back to his firm chest.

"Thank you, (Y/N)," he repeated, quieter this time.

You blinked, feeling both amused and confused. "All I did was take care of a cut on your hand," you spoke in bemusement.

Bard shook his head and tightened his grasp. "No," he disagreed. "It was much more than that."

He was going to repay you one day, he promised himself.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, next is Thorin, and then probably Thranduil, though I'm not positive about that one just yet. It'll be a smut fill-the Thranduil one, so it'll probably take some time to write, unless I get lucky. Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine Thorin falling in love with you whereas you are a very young she-dwarf and he's quite older than you-and-Imagine Thorin cupping your face gently between his hands and revealing to you his worries that he is too old for you.

Chapter Notes

Yo! Thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sometimes, he hated himself. It wasn't a constant thing, instead being rather on and off, but as he watched you now as they all sat around the fire at camp on the journey to Erebor, he couldn't help but feel that dark, coiling sensation in his gut again.

It hadn't been all that long, but Thorin couldn't possibly forget when and how things had begun and changed...

Thorin had known you since you had been but a mere babe. You had been born in Ered Luin, just two and a half years after Kili. With your mother having been such close friends with his sister Dis, even back in Erebor before the attack, you had essentially grown up with Fili and Kili.

You had been an adorable little thing as a child, with your (S/C) skin, (H/C) hair, and (E/C) eyes. You laughed a lot, smiled even more, and often got into all sorts of mischief with the lads.

You had still been young, very young, when you had lost your father. And unfortunately, it was Thorin who had been forced to deliver the terrible news, because your father had died to save his life on a trade mission gone wrong. But even worse than that, your mother had followed not long after. Dis had pretty much taken you in at that point, raising you like her own daughter.

Years had gone by since that incident...

One day, not long after you turned seventy two, you ended up joining Thorin on a hunt. He couldn't go alone for something like this. You, admittedly, were not his first choice, mainly due to your age, but there was no one else suitable around, everyone off on their own missions. The food supply had chosen a bad time to run low, making this a rather urgent issue that needed to be resolved, especially as winter was to arrive soon.

But you were not without skill. Thorin and Dwalin had trained you for battle the same way they had Fili and Kili, mainly at your own insistence. You could handle yourself, and Thorin trusted you enough to know that.
So the two of you set out alone early one chilly morning, heading to the nearby forests that was your usual hunting grounds. Your first day was unsurprisingly unproductive. Your second day was just as disappointing, unfortunately. This was definitely not looking good. At all.

As dusk approached, signalling the end to your second unproductive day, you came across a stream and mutually decided it was a good place to set up camp for the night. After making sure the area was clear, Thorin sent you off to the stream so you could bathe, while he prepared camp. With no reason to argue, you did just that.

While you were gone, Thorin busied himself by searching nearby for some wood for the fire. He was not particularly pleased with how these past two days had gone. This area was generally teeming with game, so it was certainly strange that he and you hadn't been able to find a thing—not even a sign of something. Strange and ominous. He didn't like it one bit.

He shouldn't have allowed himself to lose his focus.

It was already far too late when he heard the rustling in the foliage behind him. Too late to pull out a weapon, too late to attack, too late to even turn. All he had time to do was brace himself.

He heard the sickening sound of metal sinking into flesh, followed by a grunt. ...That wasn't him who had just been attacked. He whipped around. "(Y-N/...?)"

You yanked your sword out of the dead Orc's gut, and looked up, (E/C) eyes filled with concern. "Thorin! Are you all right!? Are you hurt!?!"

Thorin opened his mouth to answer, but the words caught in his throat, and he quickly looked away, feeling his cheeks heat. You were naked. He shrugged out of his coat, and handed it over hurriedly.

It wasn't until you awkwardly cleared your throat that Thorin allowed himself to raise his head again, and-oh, this really wasn't any better. You were standing before him, one small hand holding the coat closed, while the other retained a tight grip on the hilt of your sword. No, this was doing nothing to cover all that smooth, (S/C) skin, or the swell of your breasts that were now mostly hidden.

Thorin swallowed hard, then forced himself to raise his eyes and look at your face instead. "How did you know?" he questioned, gesturing at the Orc that now lay at your feet.

You blinked, as if caught off guard by the question, but found yourself answering regardless. "It got quiet," you said. "The birds, the bugs even. Everything went quiet. I thought it was because of you, at first. That was why I began to bathe. But the sounds didn't start up again. I remembered what you and Mr Dwalin used to say, and got worried. Then I saw it-the Orc."

Thorin nodded once as he listened, actually feeling somewhat proud. He kicked the Orc onto its back, stooping down to make sure it was indeed dead. It was. As he straightened back up, he picked up the tunic that was sitting on the ground. "We will stay together now," he spoke abruptly. "If there was one Orc, I don't doubt there will be more."

You just nodded. Glancing around cautiously, you turned and began making your way back to the stream. Thorin gathered your belongings, then followed after you. You returned to the stream, dropping Thorin's coat as you resumed bathing. Thorin meanwhile, set up the new camp before approaching the water's edge himself, keeping his back to you.

Blue eyes locked on the tunic held in his grasp, he dunked it into the water, attempting to clean off the filthy Orc blood that was staining it. He already knew how it had happened. When you had realized something was wrong, you hadn't bothered redressing before going to check. Instead, you
had simply grabbed your tunic and held it over you to cover you. But then you had dropped it so you could get a proper grip on your sword when you had killed that Orc. And when you had done that, the foul creature’s blood had stained the fallen shirt—your favourite one, he remembered, because Dis had had it made for you specially.

You had saved his life, Thorin realized abruptly as he washed the shirt. He had been doubting your skill as a warrior for years, had been doubting you just a few hours ago. And now you had saved his life because he had let his guard drop while you hadn’t—just as you had been taught.

And it was this incident that started it all...

Thorin had been almost hyper-aware of you ever since. He would find whatever excuse he could to get you alone with him, whether it was to talk, train, or work. He did this for months, and it wasn’t until you turned seventy five that Thorin figured out what was wrong with him—though it took him a few drinks and a very awkward and embarrassing conversation with Dis and Dwalin.

Love.

Thorin was in love. With you. In love with a lass younger than his sister-sons. In love with a lass young enough to be his own daughter.

No. No, it wasn’t right. He didn’t know if you felt anything even remotely similar—couldn’t bring himself to look any closer. Besides, even if you did feel the same way, no matter how slightly, he was too old for you, too jaded.

So Thorin did the next best thing—he ignored the feelings. Or tried to, at any rate. His gaze would stray, and so would his mind, and he would curse himself each time. Trying to ignore you wasn’t working. Not at all. And you weren’t helping matters either.

You always seemed to be around. Thorin knew you would be. Dis treated you like a daughter, Fili and Kili thought of you as a younger sister. It made sense that you would be around. Thorin hadn’t ever had a problem until now.

Because now even the most innocent things you did drew his eyes to you. Every little thing you did filled him with such confusing emotions.

When you smiled, it lifted his heart. When you went off on missions or hunts, he grew concerned. When you returned, he would be immensely relieved. When you came back successful or unscathed, he felt such pride. And when he saw you laughing and joking with the lads...

You wondered how much more it would take. Thorin was incredibly oblivious when it came to women. Your feelings for him had started out innocent enough, but as you had grown older, those feelings had changed too, developing into more.

And you had thought Thorin felt the same way about you as you did him, because over the past few years, ever since you had gone on that hunting trip together, you’d realized that he always seemed to be watching you. You hadn’t ever minded, really. You’d liked it, actually. Still did. But whenever you hinted you’d be open to more than what you had together, Thorin never seemed to notice. It was bloody exasperating!

When Thorin had begun recruiting Dwarves to take with him in a quest to reclaim Erebor, you had all but jumped at the chance to join. How could you not? Fili and Kili were going. Thorin was going, and even though it upset and worried Dis, you knew you had to do this.
But you found yourself somewhat disappointed that even on the quest, nothing between you and Thorin changed. Well, not *obviously* at least. Though he didn't speak to you more than he needed to, you quickly noticed that even now, he would be watching you. Beyond that, at times Thorin kept close to you, and at other times had you stay close to Fili and Kili and Mr Dwalin.

It was as if he couldn't make up his mind on whether or not he wanted to be near you. ...Why was he *so* confusing!? You were beginning to wonder if just telling him how you felt would help.

But more than that...you had no idea whether you were going to live through this journey or not. If you were going to die, or if Thorin was going to die, then you wanted him to know the truth before whatever happened, happened.

Thorin really hated himself right now. He and the rest of his Company had set up camp, resting for the night. The journey so far had been eventful, yes, but not exactly fruitful. And you had saved his life yet again, though he doubted you even realized it. You appeared fairly cheerful, despite the attack from earlier that day, and were seated with his sister-sons, brushing Kili's hair and laughing at something Fili had said.

But that was good. The sight was a good one. Or so he tried to tell himself-convince himself. It wasn't working.

And matters, in his opinion, were made even worse when just a week later, as the Company took refuge in Beorn's Halls, you approached him when he was alone one evening...and told him that you were in love with him.

...Why was Mahal testing him like this?

"(Y/N)..." Standing across you, the light, evening breeze blowing around you and tousling your hair, Thorin had no idea what to do say-how to explain. He returned the feelings, of course, had been in love with you for a while now, but...

Reaching out, he gently cupped your face in his rough hands. "(Y/N)... You cannot feel for me what you do."

You blinked, startled. "W-what? But I *do* know how I feel. I'm not lying!"

"I know you aren't lying. I'm not accusing you of that."

"But then...?"

Thorin sighed inwardly. This was more difficult than he had been expecting it to be. "You are young, (Y/N). Very young. There is still so much time for you to find someone more worthy of your love."

"More-worthy?" You were utterly baffled. How on Arda could Thorin believe that he of all people was not worthy enough for you to love? That just-just didn't make any sense!

But Thorin seemed to understand what you were thinking. He sighed again, audibly this time, but softly. "I am too old for you, (Y/N)," he told you bluntly. "Too old, and too hard. You deserve someone younger, someone happier, someone who will be there for you throughout the rest of your life, and always keep you safe from harm. You would be better off with Fili or Kili. They have more to offer you than I do."

With each phrase, more tears pooled into your eyes, as you listened to Thorin speak in silence. And
as the uncrowned king finished saying his piece, those tears finally fell. You understood what Thorin was saying, understood why he was saying it too, but understanding it wasn't making it hurt any less to hear it.

"But-" Your voice cracked, though you made no attempt to clear it, simply trying to swallow around the lump in your throat. "But I don't want Fili or Kili!" you protested vehemently. "I want you, Thorin!"

"(Y/N)-"

"No!" You shook your head forcefully. "I'm not a child, Thorin. I'm old enough to know what I want."

Thorin's gaze softened. "You are not understanding."

But you did understand. "If you don't feel the same way, then just say it. Just tell me, Thorin."

Because if he told you this was something that couldn't happen, that this was something he couldn't do, then you would understand and back off. It would hurt, but you would do it. He just had to say it, prove it, with full conviction that you could not be together.

This was the moment, he told himself. This was the moment to tell you he didn't have any feelings for you. This was the moment to make this right. He would reject you now, and you would be able to find someone better suited for you.

Someone else you could laugh and talk with. Someone else you could seek comfort from. Someone else who would care for and protect you. Someone else who would touch you, hold you, kiss you. Someone else who would marry you. Someone else who would make you theirs. Someone else you would make yours. Someone else...

He couldn't do it, Thorin realized abruptly, gazing into earnest (E/C) eyes. He couldn't allow someone else to do all of that. Couldn't, because he simply didn't want to see you with someone else. Didn't want you to be with someone else. Didn't want you to be with anyone other than him.

He couldn't do this, he told himself again. He just couldn't, and you knew it too, if the expression on your face had anything to say about it. Once again cupping your cheeks, he leaned in, touching his forehead to yours, and sighed deeply.

"Tell me, Thorin," you spoke again, voice soft and almost desperate, your hands on his forearms, gripping him lightly.

Thorin's eyes fell shut. "I cannot," he finally said-finally admitted.

"You can't tell me you don't love me?"

"...No."

"Then why do you keep fighting it?" you questioned quietly. "Why do you keep denying it?"

"I..." But Thorin didn't really have an answer to that. He should just let you go, but he didn't want to. Thorin wanted to be selfish. "(Y/N)..." Finally, Thorin made up his mind. He was tired of fighting. In the end, there really was only one answer.

"Thorin?"

He kissed you.
Okay, next one... Hmm. I've started writing a Thranduil fill, and have thoughts for an Aragorn one that is one I thought of myself, rather than found like all the others. But I'm not sure which fill will be posted next, or even when. Comments? Kudos?
Thranduil/Reader(2)

Chapter Summary

Imagine Thranduil pushing you against a wall and kissing you-and-I desperately want to straddle Thranduil while he's sitting on his throne. Imagine him kissing all over my breasts and saying dirty things in my ear. (So, there wasn't much dirty talk, but meh.)

Chapter Notes

Yo! Sorry about the wait, guys. I've been really sick recently, but I'm getting better now-still have to take antibiotics for a couple of days, but at least I can do stuff again. This fill was actually supposed to have more smut in it, but I just couldn't manage to write it. Everything just came off as cringy and weird, so I took that out. There's still some, sort of, but yeah... Anyway, thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It started out teasingly. A sultry glance here, a tender caress there, a cheeky grope around a corner or under a table.

You knew Thranduil was stressed. There had been so much happening recently, none of it particularly good, and while Thranduil appeared as unbothered and as unflappable as ever, you could see through that facade now and knew he was actually having a rather though time.

You tried to do whatever you could to help him, but there was much needing to be done that you weren't exactly...qualified for. So you started to help in a different way...

When you two had, by chance, passed one another in one of Mirkwood's many corridors, you had grabbed the Elf-King by the sleeve and tugged him downward. You didn't give him the chance to speak before you kissed him firmly. Then you had simply released him and walked away before he could even react. When you saw one another later that night, Thranduil, for the first time in what was surely weeks, had smiled.

And that was how all of it started.

Every day for the next few weeks, you made sure to do something like that at least once a day if you had the chance. Of course, you were a lot more discrete if others happened to be nearby, but as Thranduil never told you to stop, you took that to mean he didn't really mind what you were doing.

Good, because you had no inclination to stop.

But as the days began to pass, things began to change. What had started off as a one way attempt to comfort soon turned into two way teasing. And all this teasing soon brought forth an odd tension between you and Thranduil.
This tension built, and built, and built, until-

Just like most days, the two of you happened to come across each other in a corridor. Since you appeared to be alone with no one else in sight, you smirked inwardly, already aware of what you wanted to do. You continued walking towards one another, neither of you faltering, neither of your expressions even changing. But just as you were about to reach out, Thranduil acted first.

He grabbed you by the arm, spun you around, and then used his long, hard body to pin you to the nearest wall, where he kissed you absolutely senseless. Hands caught between your bodies, pressed against the Elf's chest, you could only hold on as your knees buckled under you. And then Thranduil was gone before you could even make sense of what had happened. It took you a moment, but once you were sure you were alone, you found yourself laughing.

You certainly hadn't expected Thranduil to do what he had, but you didn't mind in the slightest. It showed you that he was feeling at least a little bit better, and that was definitely a good thing. He had been far too quiet recently. It was nice to see this side of him again.

And things progressed from there.

This was when the sneaky touches started, the glances, the caresses, the gropes. It was all fun and teasing. And while you were enjoying what Thranduil was doing, you only continued because you knew it was making him happy.

But your own needs were quickly growing. Very specific needs. Needs you required a certain Elf-King for, though you didn't really want to bother him with that right now, considering how stressed he already was...

It was late at night about a month later. You were laying in the massive bed you and Thranduil shared in the King's rooms. But you were alone right now, the other side of the bed empty and cold, as it usually was nowadays. You were used to it, and it didn't really bother you because you understood that he was busy, but even then...

Tonight, despite the lateness of the hour, you found that you couldn't sleep. You tried, of course, but sleep wouldn't come to you no matter what you tried, so eventually, you simply gave up. Deciding to track down your King, you slid out of bed and pulled a short robe on over what little you were, or in this case weren't, wearing, and then left the room.

The corridor was empty for the most part, so you were able to reach Thranduil's study without hindrance. Unfortunately, it was empty. Huh, that was unexpected. This was where he always went during late nights. ...Unless something more urgent had come up, in which case-

You turned and made your way to the throne room. If he wasn't there either, then you figured you would just find Legolas instead, and ask him if he knew where his father was. Fortunately for you, you spotted Thranduil the moment you entered the large room. The Elf-King was alone, and was seated up on his throne. Even with a single glance, you could see that he was tired.

"(Y/N)? Why are you not in bed, meleth?" (love)

You shrugged vaguely. "I couldn't sleep," you replied as you climbed up the stairs to the throne. And when you made it up to him, you wasted no time before sliding onto his lap, straddling him.

"Hmmm, I missed you," you murmured, wrapping your arms around his neck and nuzzling him.

Thranduil's large hands came to your hips almost without thought, and he chuckled softly. "I find I missed you as well, darling." He pressed a gentle kiss to your brow, then pulled back slightly. "Why
on Arda have you been walking around in that robe?" he questioned curiously with a raised brow.

You smirked. "Why don't you find out?" you returned slyly, taking one of his hands and guiding it lower, gasping sharply at the touch.

Thranduil's icy blue eyes flashed. He stroked firmly, and pulled you closer to him. "Such a naughty girl," he whispered into your ear. With his free hand, he loosened your robe, exposing the swell of your breasts. "You have been testing my patience for far too long now. How long did you plan on teasing me for, Little Bird?" He peppered kisses along your neck. "Shall I make you sing for me?"

The only sound that left you was a barely audible whimper, fingers digging into the Elf's shoulder while you threw your head back in pleasure. Thranduil nipped at your throat, then tutted, as if disappointed.

"Come now, you can do better than that." He pressed his thumb to your clit and this time, you cried out in surprise. "Ah, much better." Tugging at the tie of your robe, Thranduil watched as it fell open, revealing everything to his already hungry gaze.

When Thranduil cupped both of your breasts, you arched into the touch with a pleased hum, your own fingers searching for folds that would lead to bare skin. It was entirely unfair that he could touch skin and you couldn't. But you didn't have the chance to think on it for long.

Splaying one of his hands across your back, Thranduil lowered his head, trailing his lips down from your jaw, to your neck, pausing to nip at your collarbone before lowering further to your chest. His kisses ran all over your breasts, some of them light and teasing, some heavy and heated.

With his mouth busy, Thranduil brought his free hand back between your thighs. You raised yourself up slightly, wrapping your arms around the Elf's neck, gasping when his thumb brushed over your clit, then moaning when he slid two of his long, slender fingers inside you.

"Thran-ah!"

Thranduil pulled away from your chest to look you in the face instead. "Are you enjoying this, Little Bird? My hands on you? My mouth on you?"

You nodded, dragging your fingers through his hair. "Very-oh! Very much!" you replied breathlessly, rocking your hips along with the strokes of his fingers.

Thranduil chuckled lowly, and pressed a kiss to the base of your throat. "Good, because we have yet to even begin. I will have you begging for me long before dawn, precious girl."

...Well, so much for sleeping tonight. Oh, who were you kidding? You could sleep in the morning. This was far more enjoyable than that!

Chapter End Notes

So, the next fill should be Fili. After that...I'm not quite sure. I've started writing a Haldir fill, an Elrond fill, and an Aragorn fill, so I suppose it'll just depend on which one of those I end up finishing first. Comments? Kudos?
Fili/Reader(3)

Chapter Summary

Imagine Fili not believing in love at first sight until he meets you and can't stop thinking about you—and-Imagine lying down on the grass next to Fili and looking up at the stars.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had always been a stupid idea, in Fili's opinion. So many believed in the concept of love at first sight—even his mother and younger brother, but Fili didn't—couldn't do the same. He didn't understand it. It made no sense to him that someone could look at a person they had never seen before, a person they knew basically literally nothing about, and simply decide right there on the spot that they loved them.

Many had tried to explain it to him, but he really just couldn't understand it. And he had tried to, he really had. But whatever others were feeling about this entire thing only continued to elude him.

Fili was sure that regardless of how others attempted to convince him, or regardless of what they told him, he would continue to find this 'love at first sight' thing to be completely and utterly asinine.

He was wrong. He was wrong, because before he knew it, it happened to him, and it was all your fault...

Fili saw you for the first time—met you for the first time in Rivendell, but he had already known of you for a few weeks by that point.

When he and the rest of the Company had gone to Bilbo's house to recruit him as a burglar for their quest, Gandalf had told them about you. According to the old Wizard, you were from from some bizarre world of the future, and weren't sure how you had ended up in Middle-earth at all. Gandalf wanted you to join them on their journey though, because he thought it might lead you to a way you could go home. Thorin hadn't been at all pleased, but he had conceded eventually. It wasn't exactly easy to argue with Gandalf, after all.

And as they made their way from the Shire to Rivendell, Gandalf had told them all more about you. You had sounded interesting enough, and Fili had to admit he was curious to meet you himself, like most everyone in the Company was.

When they reached the valley of Rivendell, the Dwarves were taken to a place where they could freshen up, Gandalf informing them that he was going to find you so they could properly meet you. It didn't take very long.
They all gathered again once they were clean, and that was when Gandalf approached them once more, this time with a woman in tow.

You were pretty, Fili thought, more than just that too. Your skin was (S/C), your hair and eyes were (H/C) and (E/C), and you certainly looked very stunning in that (D/C) coloured dress. You were polite and well-spoken, he noticed as you confidently introduced yourself to Thorin. And then you turned your head, and your eyes met, and Fili didn't know or understand how, but that was it—he was in love.

Even as he spoke to you, became friends with you as they continued on their journey to Erebor, it still made no sense to him. At first he told himself it was just lust. He was a young Dwarf, and you were a very attractive woman, and he was confusing lust for love, just like Kili always did.

But that wasn't it. It made so much more sense than whatever the truth was, but it wasn't lust. Well, not entirely, at any rate. It was love, and it bothered him so much that he couldn't understand why he already loved you, even though he barely even knew you. It was so frustrating!

He tried to ignore it as well. He figured if he just didn't think about it, the strange feelings would go away. But it didn't work. It didn't work because he couldn't manage to bring himself to stop thinking about you at all, no matter how hard he tried.

Every single thing you said and did drew his attention to you. You were kind, and polite, and strong, and every member of the Company seemed to seek you out for a different reason. They all seemed to like you, even Thorin and Dwalin, which was obviously odd. Fili didn't know what to think. All of this was just...so strange.

Wanting some time alone, but away from his thoughts, Fili made his way out to Beorn's back garden one evening while the others prepared for dinner. Pleased to be alone for a little while, he lowered down to the grass, placing his hands behind his head so he could look up at the sky, losing himself in a reverie...

"Fili?"

Completely caught off guard by the voice, the Dwarf jolted where he lay and looked up, blue eyes wide. "Mahal, woman! Don't sneak up on me like that!"

"Er, sorry." With a light laugh, you moved to lie down beside him on the grass. "What are you doing out here all by yourself?" you asked him curiously.

He shrugged somewhat awkwardly, unsure of how to answer. He hardly wanted to be rude, but it wasn't as if he could simply tell you that he was in love with you. And maybe you realized he didn't really want to speak, because you did so yourself just a moment later.

"Do you see that star there?" you asked, pointing up at the dark sky. "That bright one right there? In my world, we call that one—"

And Fili listened as you named the stars, and told him the stories behind so many of them. You didn't even seem to mind that he wasn't speaking. He didn't really even want to say anything right now. He was perfectly content to simply listen to you. He liked your voice...

"Fi?"

"Hmm?" he voiced tiredly.
You giggled lightly. "You can't fall asleep out here, silly. You don't want to be eaten by Beorn, do you?" You rolled over onto your side so you could look at him properly, and poked him in the side, giggling again when he squirmed.

"Hey, no poking, lass," Fili protested, grabbing your offending hand. Then he took hold of your other one as well when you used that one to poke him too, tugging you forward towards him.

Without the use of either of your hands, you ended up falling right on top of the Dwarf who grunted in surprise, though he didn't release you. You didn't ask him to either. Instead, you smiled at him gently, touching your forehead to his.

"Are you feeling any better?" you inquired. When he only blinked at you in confusion, you added, "You were in a bad mood earlier, weren't you? That's why you weren't speaking."

Fili's eyes widened. You had noticed that? For some reason, it didn't really surprise him that you had realized what he had been feeling. You had always been perceptive like that. But the fact that you had used telling him about the stars as a means to distract him...

Before he realized he was doing it, Fili released both of your hands to cup your cheeks. You immediately placed your hands on his chest to brace yourself so you wouldn't fall further and bash your heads together, and it was only when you called his name in confusion that he spoke.

"I think I love you, (Y/N), and I don't understand why."

You blinked. "Er-"

"No, that's a lie," Fili amended, thumbs stroking your cheekbones slowly. "I think I've known for a while. I think I just didn't want to admit it." He wasn't even sure what he was saying, honestly. The words were just spilling out.

Reaching up slightly, you stroked his jaw lightly and smiled gently. "You know, I think I'm falling in love with you too."

Fili grinned, unable to help himself, not to mention feeling somewhat relieved. Maybe what he had initially been feeling for you was as strange as love at first sight, but that didn't mean he couldn't continue falling in love with you.

That, made far more sense to him.

Chapter End Notes

The next one will be a Boromir fill, then an Elrond one. I'm still in the middle of a Haldir fill and an Aragorn one, and the latter of those seems like it's going to be quite long. Anyway, comments? Kudos?
Imagine playing Truth or Dare with the Fellowship and someone daring you to bite Boromir's ear.

Yo! Hope this is alright. I'm not really used to writing Boromir's character. Thank you to all readers so far!

It was Pippin who started it, unsurprisingly. The Fellowship was just a day away from Caradhras, and had come to a stop for the night. Gandalf had gone off to look ahead with a promise to be back in a couple of hours, so the rest of you were left alone as you ate the dinner Sam had prepared for you all, just as he always did.

Everyone seemed fine to simply chat with those sitting closest to them, but it didn't take long for Pippin to grow bored. It was then that he proposed a game.

"Truth or Dare?" you echoed in surprise, a little caught off guard. That particular sequence of words wasn't something you had expected to hear in this place, let alone by a Hobbit. "That's a thing here? Weird. That game exists in my world as well."

"Have you played it before?" Aragorn asked curiously. Clearly, he hadn't heard of it before, though he was hardly the only one.

"More than once!"

"What happened when you played?"

You smirked in remembrance, but tried your hardest not to laugh. "Trust me, you don't want to know!"

Your answer had everyone else's curiosity growing, and after an explanation of the game's rules, the Fellowship began to play.

Everything was very simple at first, all the truths and dares basic and light-hearted as those who hadn't played before attempted to get a handle on things. But the game wasn't exactly complicated, so it didn't take them long to get used to it.

After what must have been half an hour, it was once more your turn to pick truth or dare. Having chosen truth during your previous turn, you decided to go for dare this time around. But the sudden smile that crossed Merry's face when you declared your choice had you questioning that decision. This couldn't be good.
Merry leaned into Pippin, the two whispering to one another, clearly plotting something. Then, as one, they turned back to you and smirked, clearly amused with what they had come up with.

"I dare you to bite Boromir's ear!" Merry announced firmly.

You stared, and Boromir started, even as Gimli chortled loudly from around his pipe.

"Well, (Y/N)?" voiced Frodo, looking rather amused himself.

"What is this, some sort of conspiracy?" you muttered, not exactly annoyed.

"Are you scared, lass?" questioned Gimli with a grin of his own.

"Of course not!" you protested adamantly.

"Well? Get to it, then!"

"Fine!" Honestly, they were acting like Merry had dared you to do something...more than just bite the man's ear. It wasn't like it was going to be that hard. ...Right?

"You appear to be stalling, (Y/N)," Legolas pointed out most unhelpfully.

"Am not!" you retorted with a scowl. Deciding it would be best not to waste any more time, you got to your feet, carefully made your way around the fire, and lowered to your knees in front of Boromir.

"(Y/N)?" he voiced in confusion.

You pressed a finger to his lips to silence him, then using his broad shoulders to brace yourself, leaned in even closer. You had never been this close to him before, you realized absently. You found that you weren't protesting against the nearness either.

Boromir seemed to be unsure of what to do. You were pressed so close to him-close enough that he could feel your hot breath on his neck. It wasn't a feeling he was inclined to object to, he quickly discovered. Without realizing it, his strong arms came around you, bringing you impossibly closer.

You weren't able to stop the smile that crossed your face when you felt that. Dropping your head, you bit down. It wasn't a hard bite at all, but Boromir still gasped sharply at the sudden jolt of pain, which had Merry, Pippin, Frodo, and Gimli all cheering, because it meant you had completed the dare.

Laughing lightly, you made to move back, though you weren't able to go very far. Boromir hadn't released you yet. If anything, his grip had only tightened. You looked at him, eyes searching his, and found you quite liked what you saw there.

"(Y/N), it's your turn!" Merry reminded you. "Who are you going to ask?"

"...Boromir?"

"Yes?" he replied, one of his large, strong hands lowering down to your waist.

"Truth or dare?" you questioned, your own hands moving to his firm chest.

"Dare."

"Kiss me."
Boromir's eyes flashed. "With pleasure."

Chapter End Notes

Next one will be Elrond, but I'm still not sure about what'll happen after that one. I haven't finished either of the other two I started writing, so I can't say. Comments? Kudos?
Elrond/Reader(3)

Chapter Summary

Imagine being able to visit your favourite character every night through your dreams-and-Imagine talking to Elrond through your dreams-and-Imagine escaping from orcs; you are injured and tired when you stumble across Rivendell. Elrond encounters you and nourishes you back to health-and-I wish I could be Elrond's comfort. I'd caress his face with my hands and soothe my fingers through his hair while I have my forehead against his, staring deeply into his eyes. I'd lay his head against my chest and just hold him close to my heart.

Chapter Notes

Yo! I just found this in my drafts folder. I guess I accidentally left it in there instead of moving it to my imagine fill folder, and it got lost among everything else. Whoops?
Well, thank you to all readers so far!

The first time you had had the dream, you hadn't thought much of it. It had been strange, certainly, but nothing more than a rare lucid dream fuelled by too much of an interest in the fantasy genre.

That was the only way you could explain the encounter you'd had with the Elf-Lord calling himself Elrond, on top of a tall, grassy hill, underneath a bright starlit sky. What could that be if not a dream? A good dream, yes, but still just that-a dream.

But then it had happened again. Just a week later you had found yourself on that hill again, where you were quickly joined by Elrond once more. You'd been quite surprised, but you hadn't been the only one. Elrond had been rather surprised himself-confused too, and was under the impression that there was a deeper reason behind all this.

That was when you had learned about Middle-earth, and about who exactly the Elf was. This had really opened up a discussion between the two of you, where you had told one another all about your own worlds and lives-which had you realizing just how...different even the most basic things were for you both.

You still had no idea what to think about any of this. A large part of you was still inclined to believe these were nothing more than strange dreams, because that made sense to you logically. But...was your mind really capable of creating all of this on its own, especially in this much detail? You didn't find that to be all too likely, if you were being honest with yourself. At least, not quite this fast. So then, what was actually going on?

Neither you nor Elrond had the answer, but the 'dreams' continued to occur on a fairly regular basis of at least two or three nights a week. And you both simply made the best of it.

You chatted, and discussed, and explained, and soon enough, became friends. And the dreams
showed no signs of stopping. Before long, an entire year had passed, then two, then three, then four, and then, eventually five years had gone by since the dreams had started, and they still kept happening.

Well, at least until the 'incident'. You weren't sure how it happened, let alone why, but one day, when you decided to take an afternoon nap, the place you woke up in most definitely wasn't the couch in your living room.

No, when you woke, it was on the cold, hard floor of a metal cage. That was seriously not a good discovery, and was only made worse when you realized that the...things holding you captive weren't human at all. You didn't know what they were-didn't care to find out either. All you knew was that you absolutely had to get away from here before you ended up getting killed, or worse.

You didn't get that chance until about two weeks later, although by that point you had already completely lost track of time. But that didn't matter right now. There were more important matters at hand.

The creatures began to argue that night, which wasn't at all unusual. What was unusual, was that this time the argument escalated into a fight, and a rather bad one at that.

At first, you simply watched them in horror, kind of glad you were in the cage, instead of out there. But then an axe strike missed its target, and came crashing down on the cage's large lock, which led you to decide that now was probably your only chance for an escape, risky thought it was.

So, taking advantage of the chaos, you did just that and escaped, running out into the trees. You knew you weren't in the best of shape, weakened by hunger, and pain, and exhaustion, but you also knew that the creatures couldn't travel by day, which meant you would be alright if you could just get some distance between you and them now. You didn't even know if they would bother chasing after you, but you didn't really want to risk it. The further away you got from this place, the better.

You ran. You ran, and ran, and ran, and finally came across the most beautiful place you had ever seen before, though you didn't have much time to admire it, because it was then that your body finally gave out on you, and you lost consciousness...

All Elrond wanted was a walk. It had been days since he had last had the chance to properly rest, and with the way things were going, it didn't appear as if he was going to be getting that chance anytime soon. And that was why he simply settled for a walk that evening near dusk.

But even then people continued to approach him, seeking something or another. To counter that, he made his way a bit further out than he usually did when simply out on a walk. He was far away enough that he was left alone, yet not quite so far out that it was dangerous.

He was enjoying the silence and the breeze, when he suddenly noticed something out in the distance. It looked like a body on the ground. It wasn't odd to find injured travellers in Imladris, though they generally made it a bit further in before collapsing. Unless they were dead.

Cautious for a trap, he hurried forward, lowering down beside the body of a woman, judging by the bare arms and legs. You were laying face down, but he could already see what a part of the problem was. Carefully, gently, he turned you over, and then froze.

Your face... This-this was you! He was sure of it! He had known you for five years now, though he had never truly had the chance to meet you in person before. But how on Arda had you ended up here in Middle-earth!?
No, now was not the moment to think on this. You were alive, but he could see injuries. Nothing looked too severe, so he carefully picked you up before calling for aid...

Nearly two hours later, Elrond found himself alone with you. You were still unconscious, laying in a bed in a room just down the hall from his own. You had been cleaned and healed, but the Elf wasn't quite prepared to leave you alone just yet, so he sat in a chair at your bedside.

This was definitely you—he was sure of it. Not only was your face the same, but your hair, your height, that little, barely noticeable scar on your finger—they were all the same. Even the clothing you had been wearing (he'd had one of the maids change you), torn and dirtied though they had been, were familiar to him. And those were not things anyone in Middle-earth even wore, simply because such clothing didn't even exist here.

But how had you arrived here from your own world? How had you ended up in the hands of Orcs? He knew you had been, because your wrists and ankles showed clear signs of being bound, and Orcs always tied their knots in a very specific manner. And if you truly had been captured, how had you managed to escape?

What in the world had happened to you?

You woke in the middle of a nightmare. You were back in the cage, being poked and prodded through the bars. But you didn't feel restricted, and in your panic and fear, you cried out and flailed, eyes flying open, but not actually seeing.

"(Y/N)! Echuio, henig!" (wake up, child)

Startled, you jolted back, and would have fallen right off the bed if it weren't for the arm that came around your waist, pulling you back into place. You would have struggled, but the touch was gentle, and the voice concerned, which was incredibly unlike those strange creatures.

"Tolo hi, (Y/N). Tolo ad-n nin." (come now, come back to me)

That voice...it sounded familiar—a good familiar. You began to calm, the nightmare starting to fade away. The person talking seemed to notice that too, because he continued speaking calmly.

"Good, lasta. Av-’osto." (listen, don't be afraid)

Cautiously, you finally looked up, immediately spotting the person attempting to calm you down. You blinked, recognizing him right away, even though it only confused you further. "E-Elrond?"

He nodded encouragingly, running a large hand up and down your arm soothingly. "Yes it is me. You are safe now, (Y/N). I promise it."

You peered around the room. It was a nice one, but it didn't look at all familiar to you. "Where...?"

"You are in Middle-earth, (Y/N). The Valley of Imladris, if you wish for a more specific answer."

Your eyes widened. "W-what? But-but how is that possible!?"

Elrond frowned slightly. "You do not know how you came to be here?"

"No! I fell asleep on my couch at home, and then woke up in a cage!"
"A-a cage? Then I was correct in assuming it was Orcs."

"Orcs? Is-is that what those creatures were?" Elrond had told you about them before, in some of your dream encounters, but for some reason, you hadn't been able to put two and two together until now. "How...how do I go home?" you asked instead.

The Elf-Lord bowed his head. "I cannot say..."

Months went by, and you were finally beginning to get used to being in Rivendell-in Middle-earth. Some of the other Elves had been a bit cautious around you at first, clearly unsure of what to think of you. It was so incredibly obvious that you weren't from around here, and you often said or did things that confused them greatly, though it quickly became clear that it wasn't on purpose. It also helped them that you already had a close relationship with Lord Elrond. That would not be possible if you could not be trusted.

The proof of that closeness had been demonstrated almost immediately. Elrond had hardly left your side when you had been injured and weakened by hunger and exhaustion. Though he could have asked anyone for aid, he instead took it upon himself to heal and nourish you back to health—seeing to your wounds, and ensuring you ate and slept.

And that didn't really change even after you were back up to health. You two continued spending much of your time together, so much so that it was actually strange when the two of you weren't together. And now, months later, many were forced to admit that you were actually a rather welcome presence in Imladris.

But at this point, it had actually been about two weeks since you had even seen Elrond. He was busy, you knew—he most always was, but this was definitely a bit much. He had become such a constant presence in your life the past few years (thanks to those strange dreams you no longer had) that going even just this long without seeing him was beyond strange.

You already missed him, and he was still in Rivendell!

The days continued to pass, and Elrond remained busy. Right now, you couldn't even remember the last time you had seen him. You understood that he had a lot to do, considering who he was, but it sucked to realize how few were actually inclined to help him. You tried your best, of course, but honestly, you didn't understand half of what the Elf-Lord did, which made it hard for you to do much at all...

One dark night about a year after you arrived in Rivendell, found you wandering towards Elrond's study. The door was slightly ajar, so you poked your head in, only to see Elrond reclining on the couch, his head tipped back and his eyes shut.

Not used to seeing him in such a state, and feeling somewhat concerned, you stepped into the room, shutting the door behind you quietly. "Elrond?"

Eyes opening, the Elf smiled slightly. "Aduial vaer, (Y/N). Will you come join me?" (good evening)

"Of course." Moving across the room, you sat down beside him on the couch. "Are you alright?" you asked him a moment later.

"I am merely taking a break."

You blinked, and then frowned. The fact that he had only said that in answer told you enough. He was definitely not alright. "Busy day?"
Elrond chuckled lightly. "Busy month would be more accurate, I believe." Eyes closing again, he sighed softly and pinched the bridge of his nose.

You weren't sure what made you do it. Maybe it was just concern for a close friend (or more than a friend), or maybe it was the sheer exhaustion visible on his face, but you found yourself moving suddenly.

You shifted closer and reached out, cupping his face in your hands gently, shushing him when he opened his mouth to speak. Sitting close enough that you were practically on his lap, you touched your forehead to Elrond's, and began to run your fingers through his hair soothingly.

Elrond remained tense for a moment, staring at you, but then closed his eyes once more, relaxing. "(Y/N)-"

"Shh, it's alright. We're the only ones in here," you assured him. "Just rest for a little while."

Wrapping your arms around him, you brought his head down to your chest, hugging him close. He had done this for you more than once, both in the dreams you used to have, and over the past year. You were repaying the favour, yes, but really, it was the least you could do. And if it made him look any less exhausted, then it was definitely worth it. Besides, it wasn't as if you actually minded doing this.

Elrond only seemed to relax further, readjusting your positions on the couch to make sure you both remained comfortable, but keeping his head where it was, resting on your chest.

For a long while, neither of you spoke. You simply lay where you were, Elrond resting, while you continued gently stroking his hair, his weight pleasant and warm. You quite liked the way he felt on top of you.

You didn't notice it, but Elrond suddenly began to smile. "Your heartbeat has quickened," he spoke quietly.

You bit back a laugh, smoothing his hair. "Yes, I suppose it has." And with good reason too, though you knew the Elf-Lord managing to actually get some rest was far more important.

"(Y/N)..."

"Shh, sleep. Just for a little while..."

Chapter End Notes

Next one's probably going to be Dwalin, because I just have to edit a fill for him. After that I'm aiming for Aragorn. Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine Dwalin comforting you after a nightmare—and imagine waking up with Dwalin's strong arms around you and caressing his tattoos.

Chapter Notes

Yo! A few of you have been asking for sequels, so I figured I'd address this here where everyone who doesn't skip AN's can see it. I understand that you guys would like to see part two's for some of these fills, and honestly, I'd like to write them too, but those sequels are not a priority right now. I still have a very long list of fills to write, still close to 200ish, and I'd like to get through those first, before focusing on sequels. I WILL write them, just not yet. Anyway, thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The nightmare didn't come as a surprise to you, or anyone else for that matter. You were all in the dark forest of Mirkwood—most of you were having nightmares more often than you weren't, and you all knew the forest itself was to blame for it.

No one really ever even noticed the nightmares anymore. Didn't notice much of anything, honestly. Days and nights had blended into one another, and at this point, you didn't even know how long you had been in here for. It could have been days, could have been weeks, could easily have been months.

Some of you still had enough sense to know that you were lost, others not so much. Half of the time it didn't even matter how many times you stopped to eat or rest. It was as if you were experiencing a single, extremely long day. All of you were just so...out of touch with your reality—with reality in general.

You weren't really much of an exception to all this. You had managed to keep more of your sanity than some of the others, but even you had been affected by the strange...darkness of this forest. And you knew the forest was the reason you kept having these nightmares. It had to have been. There was no other reason for them.

Night after night you would wake abruptly, panting and trembling and scared, having suffered through another one of those horrible, dark dreams. And no one ever seemed to notice, not that you could blame them. You doubted you noticed half the time they had nightmares.

And tonight, unfortunately, ended up like all the other nights, with you waking abruptly, a sharp gasp escaping your lips as you bolted up in your bedroll. Sitting where you were and struggling to calm your breathing, you pushed hair out of your eyes and raised a shaky hand to your mouth, biting back a sob. It was more out of frustration than anything else. Night, after night, after goddamn night. You weren't sure you were going to be able to handle this for much longer. It was starting to become too much to handle.
"(Y/N)?"

Another gasp left you, this time in surprise, and you couldn't stop yourself from flinching when a hand landed on your shoulder. You whipped around in alarm, and a second hand came to your other shoulder, steadying you before you could tumble over.

"Calm yerself, (Y/N). Yer all right."

You recognized the voice before anything else, and already began to relax, shoulders sagging. "D-Dwalin..."

"Aye, it's me. Yeh have another dark dream?" he asked quietly, one of his hands moving from your shoulder to your forearm.

You nodded, and then realized he probably wasn't going to be able to see it thanks to the bizarre darkness of the forest (you guys didn't like lighting fires in this place), and answered verbally instead. You heard Dwalin sigh softly when you did, and when you felt him pull you in towards him, you went willingly, burying your face in his neck, your hands on his firm chest, gripping his tunic tightly.

Dwalin didn't say anything more, just held you close and stroked your hair gently with his thick fingers, trying to give you some semblance of comfort.

You didn't realize it, but the gruff warrior had been aware of your nightmares from the very beginning. He was almost hypersensitive to everything involving you, and had been since the very first time he had met you just a few short months ago.

He didn't know why, didn't understand why, but he was strangely drawn to you. There was a sense of protection there—protection and longing. He felt he knew what it was, but at the same time, it continued to confuse him.

He hadn't wanted anyone, least of all you, to find out about any of this, so he had simply kept it to himself, and planned to do so until the very end. But then your nightmares had started.

Though fully aware of them, he hadn't paid them too much attention in the beginning. You weren't the only one suffering through these. Even he had had a few since they had entered the forest.

But...why were you having so many? Almost every night he would wake to the sound of you gasping awake in fear. And because he nearly always ended up waking himself, he also knew that you rarely fell asleep again after.

He could see the way the dreams were affecting you too. Every day you grew more and more pale, trudging along after them dutifully despite your exhaustion, only to have another dream at night and repeat the process all over again.

Seeing that exhaustion, along with your frustration growing, Dwalin realized he couldn't take it anymore. He couldn't just...watch you go through this any longer. So when you once again woke with a gasp that night, Dwalin didn't bother fighting against the urge, and pulled you into his arms.

And now he held you, unsure of what more he could say to you to chase off the fear you were feeling. But as it turned out, you didn't even need more words, because a moment later, Dwalin realized that you had fallen back asleep.

He smiled into the darkness, but instead of setting you back down onto your bedroll, he lowered you both down onto his own instead. He didn't particularly feel like releasing you. Not tonight.
Bah, it was fine. He was always the first to wake anyway. No one would see anything. He could indulge himself just this once. Besides, if it meant you would be able to sleep until morning, then risking getting caught holding you would be worth it...

You woke slowly. You were warm, and comfortable, and-why was your bedroll moving? With a low groan, you forced your eyes open, staring up at thick, dark leaves that blocked out the sky almost entirely. Well, at least that told you where you were. Still in Mirkwood. Ugh.

You made to move, only to be gripped tightly. You blinked, looked down, and blinked again. Those were arms around you-Dwalin's arms specifically, going by all the tattoos. ...Why were his arms bare? Where was his jacket? Oh, wait, it was draped over you. But then why had the Dwarf rolled up the sleeves of his tunic? Had he been hot? Weird. This place was always so cold.

Still, you couldn't help but smile. You remembered the way Dwalin had attempted (and succeeded) to comfort you when you had woken from another nightmare just a few short hours ago. You hadn't expected him to hug you or anything, considering who he was, but you certainly weren't complaining. In fact, you were quite pleased he had.

He was still asleep, you noticed, glancing at his face. Good. You weren't really in the mood to get up right now. Relaxing in his embrace, you freed one of your arms from his grasp, and gently ran your fingers over the tattoos on one of his arms, tracing over them lightly.

You'd always been curious about his tattoos. Maybe Dwalin would let you trace over some of the other ones too. You hardly minded where some of them were possibly located. Perhaps you would even find a hidden piercing or two along the way.

"Wanna move those pretty fingers a little lower, lass?" Dwalin spoke in a low, teasing tone in your ear, his own hands moving to your hips, gripping you tightly.

You grinned, nightmares completely forgotten.

Chapter End Notes

Next will be Aragorn, and then Fili and Kili. Not sure about what'll be after that, but I'd like for it to be a smut fill. I haven't decided which character though. Comments? Kudos?
Aragorn/Reader(3)

Chapter Summary

Imagine helping Aragorn deal with a migraine. (I accidentally forgot to write the imagine down with the fill, and then deleted it off my list, but this was the gist of it, I believe)

Chapter Notes

Yo! Thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aragorn had been experiencing these strange head pains since he had been a child. It wasn't something that happened often, fortunately, but when it did, there were times when he was all but incapable of functioning. He hated it anyway.

Today, unfortunately, ended up being one of those days. He was laying on his back in bed in Rivendell, a forearm over his eyes, glad this was happening now, rather than while he had been leading the Hobbits and you here from Bree. That would have been horrible timing, he knew, especially considering what had happen-

No, he couldn't think. It only made his head hurt worse.

It was strange though. He had been dealing with these pains for nearly eighty years now, and still the severity of the pain continued to catch him off guard at times. He hated that as well.

"Aragorn?"

He couldn't stop the groan of pain that escaped him upon hearing that voice. "Not so loud," he all but pleaded.

You blinked, surprised. The door had been open so you had poked your head in curiously, though you hadn't expected to see him prone in bed and clearly in pain. "Sorry," you spoke softly, shutting the door gently before moving further into the room. "Are you alright?" you asked him worriedly.

You hadn't known him for long, just since you and the Hobbits had encountered him in Bree about a month ago, but even you knew that this was rather odd for him.

"It is my head," Aragorn replied after a moment of what appeared to be contemplation. "It...aches greatly."

You frowned, coming to a stop beside the bed and peering down at him in concern. "Your head hurts? Like-like a headache?"

"Yes, but worse. Far worse."

"You don't have a concussion or something, do you?"
"No, this pain is something that happens at times-has been since I was a child."

"Oh." It didn't take you long to understand, and you clicked your tongue in sympathy, even as your frown deepened. "A migraine then, probably. That's what we call them in my world. ...Too bad I don't have any pain killers." You knew about migraines all too well. You were prone to them yourself, and had been for as long as you could remember. They sucked. A lot. "Well," you spoke, keeping your voice soft, "you're not going to feel better like this then."

You moved to the large window where bright sunlight was pouring through, and promptly pulled the curtains shut, blocking out a good amount of the light. It wasn't as dark as you would have preferred, but it was certainly better than before. You returned to the bed then, and carefully settled down beside the Dunedan.

"Where does it hurt?" you asked softly. "What part of your head?" When he showed you, you moved his arm away and brought your own hands to his head, running your fingers through his hair, before beginning to knead. You weren't particularly gentle either, the motions firm. Gentle kneading could barely even be felt over the pain of a migraine. You knew that first hand.

It took a few minutes, long minutes at that, but Aragorn soon began to relax, the pinch in his brow starting to fade, much to your relief. Migraines were such a pain to deal with-literally. It was always a good thing when they finally began to go away.

You eased in your motions a little now, pausing in the kneading occasionally to run your fingers through the man's hair. He seemed to have fallen asleep. That was good too. Sometimes sleep helped migraines, well, when it wasn't the thing causing them in the first place.

Eventually, you stopped kneading altogether, and simply stroked his hair, the motions oddly soothing, even to you...

Aragorn woke slowly, feeling oddly comfortable. The first thing he noticed was that the room was mostly dark—night must have already fallen. How long had he been asleep? Then he noticed his head had finally stopped hurting—thank the Valar. And then he found that you were laying half on top of him in a rather uncomfortable position, fast asleep.

With no desire to really get out of bed right now, Aragorn positioned you so you were laying more comfortably, your head resting on his chest now. You had helped him deal with the pain in his head—had even remained with him as he slept to ensure that pain went away and didn't return.

Besides simple kindness, what that told the man was that you most definitely had personal experience with this particular severe pain. Perhaps you suffered them yourself.

That thought saddened him. The pain of these was so great that it crippled even _him_. The thought of you being in such agony left his heart aching. Was it any wonder you had known what to do to aid him?

"...Aragorn?"

He blinked, startled out of his thoughts and looked down. "Ah, did I wake you?"

You shook your head and braced yourself on his chest so you could properly look at him. "How are you feeling?" you asked him, eyes searching his face carefully for signs of pain. "Does your head still hurt?"

"No, the pain has faded." And the smile you gave him in answer, so sweet, and gentle, and
understanding, finally had him asking before he could stop himself. "Have you dealt with such pain yourself?"

You appeared caught off guard by the question at first, but nodded quickly enough, confirming his thoughts. "They're called migraines in my world, as I think I may have said earlier, and I've been getting them since I was a child as well, much like yourself. We have medicine that sometimes helps with the pain, but I've taken it so much that it doesn't help half the time," you explained with an unconcerned shrug. "But the pain is just something you get used to eventually, you know?"

Aragorn frowned, a hand coming to rest on your back, long fingers absently stroking up and down your spine. He understood exactly what you meant. The pain certainly *was* terrible, and some days were definitely better than others, but while it always bothered and hurt, it was, at times, just another part of the day.

"Fortunately," you continued a moment later, a rather coy smile on your face, "when I got a little older, I learned of something else that can help counter the pain. And this, luckily, mostly always works. Well, works often enough."

Aragorn raised a brow, curious. "Oh? What aid might that be?"

You grinned. "Orgasms."

The Dunedan choked, beyond startled by the answer, and could only stare, grey eyes wide, the hand on your back frozen in place.

"Yep, orgasms." You giggled mischievously. "You should come to me the next time you have a migraine. I'll show you how it works," you said with a cheeky wink.

...Head pains were the least of his concerns right now, because an entirely different part of him had just begun to ache...

Chapter End Notes

Migraines really are just the worst, aren't they? I seriously hate them. Anyway, I have the next few already written-they just need to be edited. So, next will be Fili and Kili, then Thranduil, then Elrond, then Haldir, then maybe Kili, and then maybe Aragorn again, and then possibly Boromir. I'm not sure about those last three just yet.
Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine Fili and Kili finding cuts on your wrists.

Chapter Notes

Not exactly a happy one, but this has been a shit year so far, even compared to the usual. Thank you to all readers so far!

It was funny, in an entirely unfunny sort of way, that you had come to rely on something like...this. You had always told yourself you would never go this far, that you would never do this, had actually always thought it to be kind of odd. But look at you now.

You smiled wryly, staring at the fresh wounds on your already scarred wrists. The sight was as amazing as it was disgusting. You didn't like that you had to do this-despised it in fact, but stopping seemed almost impossible. And you did want to stop, you really did. But you couldn't.

You had become dependent on this. Addicted.

A laugh left you, a dry, hollow laugh that held no humour, even as you blinked back tears, angry at yourself for failing yet again to cope with your emotions with a more normal, healthier method.

Breathing harshly through your nose, you cleaned your dagger with the water from the stream you were supposed to have been bathing in. You replaced the blade, made sure your fresh cuts had stopped bleeding, and then pulled the sleeves of your tunic back down to cover them, and got to your feet.

You took a deep breath, pushed the emotions back under the mask where you thought they belonged, then walked back to camp where the Company of Thorin Oakenshield, on their way to Erebor, had set up for the night. The Dwarves and Bilbo were there waiting for you to return, some of them eating, some smoking, most chatting amongst themselves.

"Hey," you greeted casually.

"There you are! You took your time, lass!" Bofur exclaimed, replacing his hat on his head.

You shrugged and smiled, appearing somewhat embarrassed. "Sorry, lost track of time. You know me, I like my baths, cold water or not." You were lying, blatantly lying. But they weren't going to notice anything odd. You had been like this for a long time now, long before you had ended up in Middle-earth, however that may have happened. You had become a pretty good actor by now.

Bofur merely laughed, shaking his head in amusement, but handed you a bowl of stew. "Here, eat while it's still warm."
You nodded, accepting the bowl and spoon. You weren't hungry, not at all—were actually feeling a little nauseous, but forced yourself to eat anyway. Even though you weren't hungry, you knew you needed the energy. You couldn't slow the others down by being too weak to go on. You refrained to be a burden on them.

So you ate slowly, nodding as Bofur continued speaking. You didn't really feel like talking right now, but you didn't want to be rude, so listening was okay, you figured, was good, actually. Bofur probably noticed you didn't want to talk, so he simply told you a story, as if to keep you busy as you ate. You appreciated that. You didn't really want to think right now either.

Bofur seemed to have timed his tale with your slow speed of eating, because he finished telling his story just as you finally finished your stew. Smiling encouragingly, the Dwarf was the one to take the dishes away from you, telling you to get some rest, before he moved away to let you be.

Alone, with no one directly beside you, you released a tired sigh and lowered to lay down on the bedroll you had prepared before heading to the stream to 'bathe', staring up at the cloudless, starlit sky, listening to the crackle of the nearby fire. You could still hear some of the others, but they were quieter now, since a few of them settled down to sleep as well.

But like nearly every night, your mind quickly began to wander. That was bad. It always was. You sat up immediately, cutting those thoughts off before they could go further, then dragged your fingers through your hair, aggravated.

And then a hand took hold of your own, lowering your arm, the same thing happening to your other arm barely a second after. You froze the instant this happened. You knew, right away, what was wrong, and why your hands had been taken and lowered to eye level.

"(Y/N)..."

"Lass-(Y/N)..."

Your eyes fell shut in resignation. You hadn't been careful enough. You hadn't realized time had passed, that the Dwarves had moved around, that two of them had settled down close to you. Close enough that when your sleeves lowered when you raised your arms to run your fingers through your hair, they saw.

With no other choice, you opened your eyes and met the worried gazes of Fili and Kili. Unable to look at them, you dropped your own gaze to their hands, each holding your own. Fili had your left hand, Kili your right.

You opened your mouth to speak, and then closed it, unsure of what to say. You had always known someone would find out one day, but knowing that wasn't making this any easier. Not for any of the three of you.

And then the tears came, pooling in your eyes, blurring your vision. Neither of the Dwarves had said anything more, but the silence was only making you feel worse. You didn't know what to say, didn't know what to do.

"I-" But you choked on your own words, unable to continue.

It was Fili who acted first, pulling you into an embrace, a startled breath leaving you as Kili followed suit. You remained there like that, all three of you sandwiched together, with you pressed in between them.

The tears now escaped you, along with sobs you struggled to muffle. And the two Dwarves simply
held you through all this, stroking your hair, your arms, your back—wherever they could reach.

Fili and Kili knew what you had been doing to yourself, but didn't know why or for how long, and honestly weren't sure if they even wanted to ask. They saw scars, mixed in with the fresh cuts, so they knew you had been doing this for a long while now. A long while. That only made them feel even worse. They didn't know what to say to you. This was something they had never experienced before, neither of them, and had no idea what comfort they could offer you besides a hug.

So that was why they held you now, held you close, held you tight. They didn't want to let you go. You didn't want them to either.

"We have to clean and bind these properly," Fili said eventually, though he made sure to keep his voice down. "I know they're shallow, but that doesn't mean they can't get infected, especially out here." He didn't move until you nodded, at which point he got up to gather some of Oin's supplies.

While he did this, his younger brother only held you closer. You gripped him just as close, face buried in his neck, waiting for Fili to return. You still didn't speak, couldn't speak.

The Dwarves didn't seem to mind though. Fili came back and together, he and Kili tended to the fresh wounds on your arms. They were both so careful, so gentle. You didn't deserve their care. You bit down on your bottom lip, averting your gaze. You didn't want to start crying again, and you knew you would if you watched them do this.

You weren't sure what you had thought would happen if someone found out what you did to yourself—hadn't ever expected it would be positive in any way. How could it be? And yet...

"There," Fili spoke with a gentle smile, thumb slowly stroking over the bandage he had just finished tying, "all done. No risk for infection now."

"Thank you," you whispered, your voice barely audible.

Kili, who had been mostly silent thus far, finally spoke now too, once more wrapping his arms around you so he could hold you close again. "Are you...feeling better now?" he asked you somewhat hesitantly. "Right now, I mean," he added quickly, as if realizing his question could have been taken the wrong way.

You smiled slightly, unable to help yourself, actually kind of amused by the sudden panic in the young Dwarf's voice. "I'm okay now," you assured them both. "Right now, I mean," you echoed.

Kili released a shaky laugh, and then pressed his face to your hair. Fili moved in closer on your other side, forehead resting on your shoulder. You relaxed now too, eyes closing, breathing easing.

You were never going to be able to thank them enough for this. For taking you seriously. For helping you. For simply being there.

For caring.

Chapter End Notes

So next will be Thranduil, then Elrond, then Haldir, and then possibly Aragorn, then Boromir. After that I've started writing a Lindir one, but I'm not sure when that will be finished or put up. Anyway, comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine being short for an Elf and getting teased relentlessly about it until Thranduil sees you getting picked on and stands up for you.

Chapter Notes

Yo! Thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Not this nonsense again. You were a member of the Captain's Guard in Mirkwood, a fierce warrior who had killed many foes and helped protect this kingdom-just like the other Elves in the guard, and yet... No one ever took you seriously.

It didn't seem to matter how many centuries you had been in the guard for, or how many foes you had killed, or how many lives you had saved, it was always the same thing, with no one taking you seriously. Not what you said, and not what you did. And it was all because of one very simple reason.

You were short. Not even by an inch or four, but by well over a foot. Elves were a tall and fair race, and while you were certainly fair, you were not at all tall. You were about the height of a tall Dwarf (though there was no Dwarf blood in your family), or an older child of Man (there were no Men in your bloodline either-just Elf), easily able to pass as an Elfling, despite the fact that you hadn't been one for many centuries now.

Your height, or lack thereof, didn't actually affect very much in your life in general. There were a few inconveniences, certainly, but you were still a strong and skilled warrior. You had worked hard to earn your position in the Captain's Guard, and joining the King's Guard had always been your goal. It wasn't an easy one to have.

Because you were short enough to pass as an Elfling (and were often mistaken as one from behind), you were, irritatingly enough, also often treated as an Elfling as well. People did not tend to take children seriously, and because you were treated as a child due to your height, you were never taken seriously either.

It was frustrating when what you said went ignored, or when what you did was overlooked. It was even more irritating when others looked down on you-literally, or spoke to you in a condescending manner, as if you weren't smart enough to understand them, as if you truly were just a mere Elfling-even if you were actually older than them.

But the worst thing, in your opinion, was the deliberate teasing. When someone who knew exactly who you were, said or did something to belittle you due to your height, while entirely aware of what they were doing.
And these idiotic pranks they played on you were just annoyingly childish. The most common of these pranks was to steal your belongings and place them on high shelves that you couldn't possibly reach. It was incredibly embarrassing being a warrior like you were, only to have to ask for the assistance of a passing Elf to take things off high shelves for you.

And you were sure that was why they did it too—because it obviously embarrassed you, flustered you. Because it gave them just one more reason to tell you that you weren't really an Elf like the rest of them, even though you obviously were.

You tried to stop caring, nearly succeed too, until today's incident. Someone had taken your sword and gear, and blatantly placed them on the highest shelf in the armoury—placed them on a shelf high enough that even Elves of an average height would have trouble reaching them all the way up there.

What made this very bad? The Captain's Guard was to gather, fully armed, for the King's appraisal. This was not a meeting a person could arrive for unprepared—doing so could very well mean instant dismissal off the guard, and King Thranduil was not an Elf to argue with.

You were, at this point, not only unprepared, but also a few short minutes away from being late. That was just as bad.

What could you do?

You caught up with the rest of the guard just as the King approached. You hurriedly took your place and bowed your head like the others, trying to calm your breathing. You had practically run all the way across the kingdom to make it here on time.

King Thranduil walked down the line of warriors slowly, examining you all in silence, only to stop in front of you and regard you closely. You were not surprised, but it didn't stop your heart from leaping into your throat, or the pit that grew in your stomach.

"You..."

"(Y/N), my Lord."

"Yes, (Y/N)... Your sword and armour are not what they normally are." It was an observation and question rolled into one.

"No, my Lord. They are not." Unable to claim your own belongings off the shelf, but unwilling to go entirely unprepared, you had simply grabbed whatever you could out of the armoury. It was obvious, even at a glance, that you had not come here properly ready. But you hadn't had any other choice.

"I had heard tell that you are a skilled warrior, yet you come here strangely unprepared for your role, despite my clear and simple instructions. This only makes me doubt your supposed skill."

"Forgive me, my Lord. I have no excuse." Blaming others was likely only going to cause him to doubt you more, and telling him the truth would only make it all worse. So you said nothing more, keeping your head bowed and your eyes on the King's boots.

He stood there for another moment, and you could feel his gaze on you, assessing you—judging you, considering you. And then he finally moved away, and things continued on as initially planned. But you did not feel relieved. Not at all. Not even when you were eventually dismissed along with the others.
They spoke around you as you all walked off, discussing what they had been told, and about the mission they were to go on soon. But even then you felt no relief. Breaking away from the others, you returned to the armoury to attempt to gather your equipment once more. You were in no rush now, which greatly helped...

Thranduil was...confused.

Mirkwood had three separate guards. There was the Mirkwood Guard, the Captain's Guard, and the King's guard.

The Mirkwood Guard's duties lay specifically within the kingdom's walls and outside its doors. They guarded the kingdom itself, and aided those within it. The Captain's Guard were those sent out of the kingdom and into the forest of Mirkwood, or beyond. The King's Guard were, as it sounded, the King's personal guard. If he left the kingdom, they went with him. Their duties were to protect him and his own kin, unless he said otherwise. If he wanted to travel to the other end of Middle-earth, then they were to accompany him throughout the entire journey.

The leaders of the three guards were the ones who chose the members of their guard—meaning the Chief, the Captain, and the King.

If one was a member of the Mirkwood Guard, but the Captain saw potential in them, they would be moved or promoted up into the Captain's Guard. This was considered an honour. The same thing applied with the King's Guard, but was considered far more difficult, as it was the King himself who had to allow one into his personal guard. There was no higher honour, and Thranduil knew this.

Every few centuries, Thranduil had the Captain's Guard brought before him so that he could assess them personally and see if he found any of them skilled enough to become part of his own guard.

He always conducted this in the same manner. He would ask for them to come dressed and armed for battle. It was never a surprise. He gave them a very specific date and time so that they would be prepared. This would be his initial assessment of them. A week or two later, they would then accompany him and a couple of members of his guard through Mirkwood. The forest was a dangerous place where there would always be battle. At least, now it was. This would give him the chance to see their skill himself. After returning to the kingdom, he would deliberate on who he could potentially see in his guard, and assess them for a further few weeks, before making his final decision.

Every member of all three guards was aware of this. It was not a secret. They also knew that if he heard high praise for one of them, he would be keeping a closer eye on them, already considering them more than he would be others.

And this was why Thranduil was confused. Your name was one he had heard more than once. Both the Chief and the Captain had high praise for you. You had taught yourself your skills as a warrior (unlike many of the others who had been taught), quickly catching the Chief's attention, and joining the Mirkwood Guard, where you had done your duties well and without incident.

Centuries later, after a lot of hard, diligent work on your part, a sudden attack very close to the kingdom had occurred, and you, who had been guarding the front doors at the time, had ended up aiding the Captain's Guard in battle. You had, in fact, saved the Captain's life. It wasn't long after this that you had joined the second guard instead, where you had been for a very long time now, working even harder than before.

Your goal, Thranduil had heard, was to one day join the King's Guard, his guard-ambitious, yet
attainable. And yet, you had come, not only very nearly late, but also ill prepared for an assessment you had certainly known of ahead of time. That did not make you seem like you were approaching a goal. It only made you appear unreliable and unwilling—a far cry from what he had been told by the Chief and Captain.

But there was something else strange. While you had been standing there in that line, your eyes downcast, Thranduil had noticed something. Other Elves in that line, Elves also wishing to join the King's Guard, had appeared pleased with him berating you. Pleased that you had not been prepared for the assessment, which in most cases would have dismissed you from his attention entirely.

But it hadn't. It hadn't because the strange reaction of those few others had piqued his curiosity.

So, after he sent them off, he began to follow them, wanting to see where you were going to go. And just a few minutes later, he stood in the shadows of the armoury, watching a distasteful scene unfold...

"The King did not appear pleased that you came so ill equipped," spoke a tall, fair haired Elf.

"Armour suited for Men and a poorly made, dull sword," his friend, a dark eyed Elf, added. "You keep your own equipment in far better condition."

"It truly is such a shame that they have somehow ended up...out of reach."

"Who in the world could have left them so high up there, I wonder?"

"Certainly not (Y/N), though I confess I find it all to be for the best. Elflings do not belong in the guard-least of all the King's personal guard."

"No," Thranduil agreed, stepping forward out of the shadows, "they do not." All three bowed immediately, but he regarded the two males coldly. "Petty jealousy is a trait even most Elflings do not have." They did not speak, so he continued. "Stealing her equipment and placing them in a location where she cannot possibly access them on her own, simply so you have a better chance than her at gaining my attention is appalling behaviour at the hands of anyone, least of all members of the Captain's Guard. Elflings do not belong in my guard, and yet I find that even they appear to have more respect than the both of you. Treating a member of your own guard such as this is despicable."

His words were cold and harsh, and he meant each and every one. These two disgusted him. Guard members were meant to trust one another—had to in order to work together. It was clear now that these two not only had no trust for you, but had no respect for you either. All because they thought you incompetent due to your height, yet were jealous that your skills surpassed their own.

And you were very short, yes, adorably so, in the King's opinion. Everyone in the kingdom knew who you were, most calling you, 'The short Elf', if they did not know your name. But what did your height matter in comparison to your skill? He asked them this, the two of them, but they had no answer. He was not expecting one.

"Get out of my sight."

They did so hurriedly, bowing before quickly leaving the room. But the door had hardly shut behind them when it was you yourself who spoke.

"You should not dismiss them from the guard."

Surprised at the firm words, Thranduil looked down, a brow raised. "And why should I not after
You met his gaze boldly. "They are good, skilled warriors, and work very well with the rest of the guard. Dismissing them will only cause the rest of the Captain's Guard to suffer. It will be difficult to fill their shoes so quickly, especially if you remove others to place them in your own guard."

You were a kind girl, Thranduil realized suddenly. Kind and forgiving. "You wish for them to go unpunished despite what they have done? If I had not witnessed this, you would have been dismissed from my attention entirely, and would never even be considered in joining my guard. Your centuries upon centuries of work would have been for naught."

You looked away now, again averting your gaze, growing hesitant once more. "I...I am not saying they should not be punished, just that...that taking them off the Captain's Guard will be punishing the rest of the guard as well, and that is unfair to the rest of them. They have done nothing wrong."

That was...fair, Thranduil accepted. "Does this behaviour happen often?"

"...No, my Lord, not so often. It is mostly comments-things that are said to me."

You were lying, the King knew immediately. Lying out of embarrassment, or something else? He leaned down close, and raised your head by the chin. "Are you ashamed of your height?"

You blinked, startled, but you kept your eyes on his again now. "I am not ashamed of something I have no control over. It was not my choice to be this height. It was not the choice of my parents. It is something that happened, and likely still would have happened regardless of whether something in my life changed or not. I am not ashamed of my height, but..."

"But?"

"My height means there is much I am unable to do-much that I have trouble with."

"That may be so," Thranduil spoke, "yet you have still succeeded in becoming a warrior just as, if not more skilled than your...taller peers. Your height has not affected that skill, it has not affected your intelligence, or your loyalty, or your kindness, or your beauty."

Your (E/C) eyes widened. "Aran nin..." (my king)

"You will come prepared for your mission in two weeks time," he told you. "If, at the time you are to gather with the rest of the Captain's Guard, this has happened again, you are to come to me directly so the matter can be dealt with. I wish to see your skills with my own eyes, and I will not allow anything to impede upon that."

You ducked your head, cheeks heating, but he raised it again just as quickly, making sure your eyes remained trained on him.

"No, do not bow your head to me. Not right now. Right now, at this moment, you are equal to me. That is something else your height has not hindered upon."

You struggled to swallow around the lump in your throat. Being treated as an equal was just another thing you had never really had before. And now the King himself was... "Thank you," you whispered, barely able to make your voice loud enough to be heard.

Reaching out, Thranduil gently brushed your hair back behind your ear. "Your height does not change who you are, (Y/N). It never has, and it never will, and the Elf you have become is something to be proud of."
I didn't mean for this one to end up this long, but height, or rather, a lack thereof, is something I'm still trying to come to terms with, especially since I found out I'm a couple of inches shorter than I thought I was. It's not horrible or anything, and sometimes I don't really mind it (4'11" is hardly the worst height to be), but it's still a bit frustrating to know I didn't even make it to five feet tall. Anyway, comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine trying to capture Rivendell at sunset in a painting. Elrond looks appreciatively over your work, then renders you speechless by confessing that the sunset simply pales against your beauty.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all readers so far!

Rivendell was always so beautiful, regardless of the time of day or the weather. You absolutely loved it here. You had been to many places in Middle-earth, had seen many stunning locations, but there was something special about the Valley of Imladris that always drew you back here.

Honestly? You no longer wished to leave this place...

This evening at dusk found you in the same place you had been spending this time of day for the past week or so; in one of the many balconies in Rivendell. Imladris had the most gorgeous sunsets you had ever seen, and you had decided that you wanted to attempt to capture said sunset in a painting.

It was much harder than you had thought it would be.

You had been trying for the past week now, but your painting never quite turned out right. And since the sunset only lasted so long each day, you would be left with no choice but to try again the next evening.

That was what you were doing right now. Or trying to. There was just...something about the sunset here that made it so hard to mimic onto a canvas.

But you were doing alright this time, you realized further into your painting. You only had a few moments left before the sunset passed, but this time, unlike the previous days, it seemed to be going far better. That was good...

It was a few minutes later that you released a pleased sigh and finally set down your brush, examining your completed painting closely.

"Have you finally finished, (Y/N)?"

Glancing round, you nodded as Lord Elrond approached. He always seemed pleased when you came by to visit, and had happily given you access to the balcony of his personal study, which had the best view of the sunset in all of Rivendell. "It's done for sure this time," you stated with a light laugh. "I'm definitely satisfied with it."

"Oh?" The Lord came to a stop behind you, looking down at the painting from over your shoulder.
"You have done a wonderful job, Ithil nin. Your painting has captured the beauty of the sunset perfectly." (my moon)

You smiled, pleased. "Hannon le, Hir nin. There really is something about Imladris that makes the sunsets here more beautiful than anywhere else." (thank you, my lord)

The man smiled gently. "The sunset is truly stunning, and yet I find that it simply pales against your beauty."

Startled, your eyes widened, not having expecting those words at all. "I-" You looked up at him, unsure of what to say, utterly speechless.

Lord Elrond chuckled softly, clearly amused by your reaction. "That beauty only increases when you grow flustered like this, you know."

Of course, all that did was make you even more embarrassed!

Chapter End Notes

Haha, I liked writing this one. It was cute. Comments? Kudos?
Haldir/Reader(4)

Chapter Summary

Imagine Haldir warming your fingers on a cold day-and-Imagine taking a long warm bath with your favourite Tolkien character.

Chapter Notes

Yo! Sorry about the wait. I've been playing a lot of Skyrim recently. I've put a little over a hundred hours in now, I think. Anyway, that last imagine there, the one about the bath, is one you'll see more than once because it doesn't state a specific character. Just thought I'd mention it. Thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If there was one thing you knew about Haldir, it was that he liked to train. If there was another thing you knew, it was that he was practically immune to the cold. It was actually kind of strange how low temperatures had to be before he even began to feel chilly.

You were not at all the same. You didn't really mind training, though it wasn't something you were inclined to do each and every day of your life, and certainly not for so many hours at a time. And even if you had a fairly decent tolerance to the cold, you couldn't exactly ignore it either.

Unfortunately for you, it was really rather cold today, and you were stuck training outside upon Haldir's firm insistence, because he hadn't had the chance to do so yesterday for many complicated reasons. Needless to say, you were not very happy right now.

You tried to tell yourself that it was fine, that having the chance to be alone with your beloved Haldir made braving the cold completely worth it. It did help, but only a little. It probably would have helped more if your fingers weren't frozen, or if your ears weren't aching.

Stupid cold.

Haldir didn't notice at first, more focused on correcting your stance. You didn't like to complain, especially because you and Haldir didn't often have much time alone together, so you kept your discomfort to yourself and shifted as he instructed. You didn't want to ruin these few short moments you managed to have together.

But Haldir was nothing if not observant. It may have taken a bit, but before long he paused abruptly and frowned, brow furrowing slightly as he eyed you closely. "(Y/N)? Are you cold?"

"Just-just a little. I'm fine," you answered quickly.

The Elf's frown only deepened and he stepped forward towards you, taking your hands. Eyes widening when he felt just how cold they were, he quickly enveloped them in his larger, warmer ones. "Why do you lie? You are frozen."
You shrugged somewhat awkwardly, watching as Haldir rubbed and blew on your icy hands in an attempt to warm them. "I just-I like spending time with you," you replied in a mumble.

Haldir's head snapped up, eyes wide with surprise before they softened. "You should have simply told me you were cold, Aduial nin. I am capable of spending time with you inside. We needn't remain out here. It will only make you ill." (my twilight)

You felt yourself flush. "S-sorry..."

Here, Haldir shook his head, smiling gently. "Do not apologize, (Y/N). There is no need for it." He raised your hands up and kissed your cold fingers. "Shall we go inside?"

You did just that, not only returning inside, but preparing a hot bath as well because, according to Haldir, you needed to warm up more than just your fingers. The last thing he wanted was for you to get sick. That always seemed to be a great concern of his when it came to you.

Haldir himself was the first to get in the bath, you joining him a moment later, releasing a hiss as you sank into the hot water. You settled down in the space between the Elf's legs, leaning back against his chest as his arms came around you, enveloping you further in sweet scented warmth.

You were both quiet for some time, allowing the heat and steam of the water to warm you both. It was a relief to you, and also felt quite nice. Nice, because you were only now realizing that you and Haldir didn't actually have to be doing something to enjoy spending time together.

Just sitting in the bath with him, the heat of the water, the scent of the oils, the strength and warmth of Haldir's chest against your back, his arms around you, his fingers skimming up and down your thigh, it was all so simple, and so perfect.

"Are you warm now, meleth nin?" Haldir inquired a while later. (my love)

You smiled slyly. "Almost. There's still one more place I think needs to be warmed up."

From behind you, Haldir hummed in your ear, the fingers on your thigh moving higher. "Then allow me to aid you, Aduial nin." (my twilight)

Yes, this really was just perfect, wasn't it?

Chapter End Notes

So, next will probably be Aragorn, and then Boromir, and then maybe Kili, but I'm not positive just yet. Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine having an intimate night with a stranger, only to find out later that he was actually Aragorn.

Chapter Notes

Yo! Apologies for the wait. I had this one ready to go a while ago, but things have been a bit...difficult over the past two or three weeks. I've been having troubles with my eyes, and am blind in one of them thanks to a cataract. Seriously, I'm literally on five different eye drops right now, plus an ointment. It's not fun. Anyway, thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Finally making it to Bree was such a relief. You had been on the road for months now, hadn't had the chance to sleep on a proper bed for weeks, and the less that was said about your bathing habits recently, the better.

You made your way directly to the Prancing Pony where you quickly rented a room, and immediately headed up to the wash room so you could bathe. It took a while to get all the grime and dirt off—was a bit of a struggle actually, but you felt so much better afterwards, already so refreshed.

With that necessity taken care of, you made your way back downstairs to deal with another: hunger. You ordered yourself some stew (hearty and warm), settled down at one of the tables that gave you a good view of the other tables (for safety), and tucked in to your meal.

You didn't pay much attention to the other patrons as you ate, too focused on curbing your hunger with a proper warm meal in a safe place. In fact, it wasn't until you finished eating and started slowly sipping your drink, that you actually began to look around.

Most around appeared to be Men, you noted with no surprise. There were three Dwarves seated at the table in the far corner of the room, heads bowed together—and was that a Hobbit over there at the bar? Probably a Took. Hobbits rarely came here these days, even the ones who lived nearby. How curious. And over there in the corner opposite you was—oh.

Your eyes met the eyes of another—a keen, grey gaze, heavy and intense, locked on you. Your breath caught in your chest, and there was a jolt in your gut, as if you had just been punched. But you didn't look away, meeting the gaze head on.

And it was now that you finally noticed the person's appearance—a man, clearly somewhat older. Tanned skin, dark hair on his head and face, his clothing just as dark and weather stained. He was an attractive man, that much was obvious, even from all the way across the room. And it was clear that he was appraising you the same way you were him.
You didn't mind—were actually kind of pleased with the way his eyes lingered on you. The man tipped his mug at you then, a small, subtle motion that you returned. And then he downed his drink, stood, and made his way up the stairs. An invitation that you could either accept or refuse with no consequences.

You took a moment to finish your own drink, and then followed suit, moving across the room and walking up the staircase. You turned to the right once you reached the landing, and were only half way down the corridor before you were grabbed and pulled into a nearby room.

You didn't fight it. The door shut behind you and you were nearly slammed up against it, chapped lips on yours almost instantly, tasting of mead. Pinned to the door, you returned the hot, hungry kiss, arching up into it. Your response only seemed to embolden the man. He deepened the kiss, pushing you further into the wood, where you could feel his hardening length pressing against you.

His clear sign of arousal only increased your own, an eager moan escaping you as you reached up, tangling your fingers in his surprisingly soft hair. You broke the kiss and threw your head back, gasping for breath, but the man only took advantage of that, pressing heated kisses to your exposed throat and nipping at the delicate skin with his teeth, each nip sending a jolt of pleasure through your body.

The twinge of pain had you moaning louder, tugging at the man's hair, trying to get him in even closer. But he did the opposite, pulling away from you to unclasp his cloak. You did the same, your hands shaking, lips tingling, chest heaving.

Cloak, and tunic, and trousers, and—the man didn't wait. The instant the last of your clothing had hit the floor, his lips were on yours again, just heated, just as hungry, tinged with desperation.

You were no different. Life on the road got very lonely after a while, especially when alone. A soft bed, warm food, and a proper bath were not the only desires that developed after some time. It was hardly rare for two strangers on the road or at an inn to spend a heated night together to warm up and sate that built desire.

Your hands gripped the man's shoulders, one of his own hands on your breast, the other on your hip, a knee between your thighs. You pressed down against it, rolling your hips as you nipped at his jaw, and he guided your motions until you stopped him suddenly. The expression on his face was one of confusion, which lightened into realization when you gave him a sly wink and lowered to your knees before him.

He was hard and heavy in your hand, pulsing in your grasp. The man leaned over you, bracing an arm against the door behind you, while the fingers of his hand came into your hair, carefully guiding you when you took him past your lips.

A low, ragged groan left the man, who had been mostly silent thus far, the sound oddly satisfying to you. You liked hearing that he was enjoying himself as much as you were. He was being careful though, keeping his hips as still as he could, his grasp on your hair light, guiding instead of forcing.

How kind of him. He obviously didn't want to hurt you, and was taking his larger size (in every way) into consideration, so that was nice. Pulling back, you pressed your tongue to the underside of his cock, tracing the thick vein back up to the swollen head where you sucked, using your hand on the rest of him. His hips jerked forward, hand in your hair flexing, tightening its grip, though you were hardly about to complain.

He shuddered harshly, and a moment later, hauled you back up to your feet. Before you knew it, you were deposited onto the bed, the man crawling over you, his body long and lean. He kissed you
again, not caring about the taste of himself on your tongue.

You were once more the one to break the kiss, but the man simply dragged his lips down your throat, paused to nip at your collarbone, and took one of your hardened nipples in his mouth. His hand, large, warm, and calloused, moved to your other breast, as if to ensure it wouldn't go neglected. He lingered there for a long moment, lapping and sucking and nipping and scraping, his hand squeezing and kneading and pinching and soothing. And then he moved lower, pressing scruffy kisses to your (S/C) skin, trailing all the way down until he was situated between your already slick thighs.

Your breath hitched at the first touch of his tongue, and when you looked down, found that he was gazing back up at you, watching your reactions. But his eyes-oh Eru his eyes, so dark, so intense. You dropped your head back down, shuddering, filled with pleasure that was only continuing to grow. Threading your fingers through his hair, you bit your lip, hips arching up until he pinned them back down with a strong forearm.

His lips, his tongue, his teeth-the man didn't take very long at all to figure out exactly what you liked, and you struggled not to make too much noise (the inn's walls were hardly thick). The man only seemed to enjoy your attempts to remain silent. You could feel him smirking against your skin. How cheeky.

Of course, he ended up getting sounds out of you when he carefully eased one of his long fingers into you, quickly followed by another when a needy keen escaped you. That talented tongue of his on your clit, he curled his fingers inside you. You gasped sharply, your entire body jerking again and again, swamped with pleasure. The man slowed his movements, but didn't stop, working you through your orgasm.

Once you calmed, he pulled his fingers free, and this time trailed kisses up your body until your lips met again, the kiss just as hot, just as hungry, just as desperate as your first one, your desire not yet sated. You both knew this-could feel it. But even then-

"More?" the man inquired, his voice low and thick with lust.

You nodded, understanding why he was asking, and pleased with his concern. "More," you agreed, running your fingers over the scars on his firm chest.

He shifted a little lower, reached between your bodies, and lined himself up with your entrance. Here, he paused, grey eyes searching your (E/C) ones. "Are you certain?"

His concern was strangely touching, especially for an encounter that was only going to last a single night. But you didn't question it, instead raising your hips and reaching up to wrap your arms around his neck. "I want you inside me."

He didn't wait any longer. He pushed into you, stretching you open and filling you exactly the way you wanted him to. He kept the pace slow at first, filling you with long, slow strokes. You were the one to encourage him to go faster by bringing your legs around his hips, pulling him down closer to you, your heels digging into his arse.

The man caught on to your hint and increased the pace of his thrusts as you both needed. He pressed his face to your neck, laving and nipping at your sweaty skin as your nails dug into his back.

It didn't take either of you very long to reach completion, both of you already hovering over the edge. Again the man reached down between you, this time finding your clit. You only gripped him harder, eyes squeezing shut, and teeth sinking into his shoulder to muffle your cry of pleasure.
The man was right behind you, bracing himself on the bed, stifling his own groan in your neck, his hips surging forward, burying himself in you to the hilt as he spilled himself inside you.

You remained still for a moment before he carefully pulled out of you and rolled away to lay beside you instead. And while normally you would leave the room and return to your own now, you were far too tired to move, and the man, fortunately, didn't ask for you to...

You woke at almost the same moment in the morning, greeting one another quietly, washing up from the previous night's activities, before heading down to have breakfast together.

You were both planning on leaving Bree directly after, but were going to be travelling in opposite directions. Even stranger, you were going to be going to the area the man had just come from, and he where you had. Because of that, you spent breakfast informing the other of what you could expect on your respective journeys.

Conversation between you flowed well, even if you had barely spoken last night. You both thought the other to be intelligent and well spoken, so that certainly helped matters.

After breakfast you returned to your own rooms to finish getting ready and gathering your belongings, before meeting up again just outside the Prancing Pony. You made your way through Bree together, and paused outside the town's gate, turning to face one another once more.

"Stay safe, my Lady," the man spoke with a small smile.

"You as well, my Lord," you returned with a smile of your own.

And that was that. You inclined your heads at one another in a final gesture of farewell, and then turned, heading your separate ways...

Three years went by and much happened, not all of it good, and yet, you never did forget that strangely intimate night you had spent with that keen eyed man. During your travels you had learned that he was a well known, and extremely skilled Ranger known as Strider in the area you had met him in, but you knew little more.

And you were curious about him-had been since that night, but there seemed to be much mystery around him, and no one really appeared to know much of anything about him. You had always been curious to meet him again, but were hardly going to be upset if you didn't. You only hoped he remained safe and alive, especially in these ever darkening days.

You had no way of knowing that he was hoping the same for you right now as well...

Gandalf wanted you to meet him in Rivendell. You had known the old Wizard since you had been a child, and the two of you often ended up helping one another out. But despite Gandalf's kind disposition, he never really did things without a good reason...even if he didn't often explain those reasons.

So while you didn't actually know why you were supposed to go to Rivendell, you made your way there anyway. Besides, you liked being in Imladris. It always felt like a second home to you...

It was Lindir who met you when you finally arrived, both of you making small talk as he led you to Lord Elrond's study, where Gandalf apparently was. You did know the way there yourself, but Lindir was a friend of yours, so you hardly minded his presence.
Greetings were exchanged when you reached the Lord's study, and it wasn't long after that that you finally found out why exactly you had been asked to come here.

"...You want me to join this...Fellowship of the Ring?"

Yes, that was exactly what Gandalf wanted, claiming your skills in both battle and healing would be very helpful to them, especially as they were going to have four mostly defenceless Hobbits with them. And though you were given time to think on it, you accepted readily. How could you possibly refuse after hearing what the Wizard had to say about poor Frodo?

So with that, you were taken to meet the other eight members of the Fellowship, and it was here that you were met with an unexpected surprise. You masked that surprise quickly and introduced yourself to the group, memorizing names as the four Hobbits, the Dwarf, the Elf, and the two Men followed suit.

Frodo, Sam, Merry, Pippin, Gimli, Legolas, Boromir, and...Aragorn.

Finally, after three years, you had a proper name to go with the face (and more) of the stranger you had once spent such an intimate night with at the Prancing Pony. And what a name it was. You needed no explanation of just who this man was. His name alone was information enough about his heritage.

After their greetings, the group began to separate once more, but the man-Aragorn, remained behind, and soon he and you were left alone in a small clearing, surrounded by trees with leaves that swayed gently in the autumn breeze.

"I am glad to see that you are well," Aragorn said with a small smile. "It has been some time."

You smiled in return. "It has, yes, and I'm pleased you appear to be just as well." Then you smirked slightly. "Though I do wish you had told me your name the last time we met." Your smirk turned sly. "I would have so enjoyed screaming it."

Aragorn’s eyes widened in surprise, and then darkened. Then he chuckled, his voice low. "I had forgotten how bold you were." He stepped in close to you, enough so that you had to tilt your head back to look him in the face. "The Fellowship is not to depart for some weeks yet. I believe this should give me ample time to make you scream my name, should you so desire, darling (Y/N)."

This looked to be the start of something quite wonderful indeed. No, not the start-the continuation, and you were both going to love every moment of it.

Chapter End Notes

So, next should be Boromir, then Kili, and after that maybe either Legolas or Lindir, and the one after that should be whoever wasn't previously chosen from those same last two. Comments? Kudos?
It had been building for hours. The Fellowship of the Ring had been suddenly attacked at your camp at dawn, Orcs coming at you completely out of nowhere. It was strangely terrifying to be sleeping one moment, only to wake abruptly with an armed Orc looming over you.

You reacted without thought, crying out and rolling over out of the way. Your cry was what got everyone else's attention, waking them all up where they acted quickly. The Orcs were swiftly dispatched, breakfast prepared and eaten, and camp packed up. You all left right after, deciding not to linger here any longer, and continued on your path.

The rest of the day was simple enough. You walked a great deal, pausing once for lunch and a rest before going on again. You didn't even think about the Orc attack until you were laying in your bedroll at camp that night.

The memory of the morning's attack came back to you abruptly. Strangely though, with the memory came panic as well. You knew you were panicking because you could feel yourself trembling, not to mention your breathing had changed, becoming quick and shallow and unsteady.

You knew this was happening, knew why as well-it was a very late reaction to the morning's attack. And you knew it didn't really make any sense, but even then your fear was too great for you to calm yourself, and that was only scaring you even more.

So you lay there in your bedroll, shaking, panting, and crying, trying to keep as quiet as possible because even despite your strange fear, you didn't actually want to disturb any of the others.

"(Y/N)?"

Your breath hitched in surprise and your eyes widened when a large hand came to sit on your quivering shoulder from behind you. You would have known who it was immediately even without the call of your name. The touch alone was enough.

"Boromir..." The name left you in a shaky whisper, but your tears continued to fall, the fear still there-still great.

The man's hand remained where it was on your shoulder. "What's wrong? Are you injured? Ill?"
There was clear concern in his voice. With ample reason as well. His bedroll was beside yours, and while it hadn't been strange when you had rolled over onto your side, turning your back to him, it had been strange when he'd noticed that you had begun to cry.

But you didn't answer him, unable to focus enough to form the right words, and simply shook your head. You heard Boromir sigh, but instead of releasing you and turning away, he brought his strong arms around you, pressing his chest to your back.

"Shh, shh, (Y/N), you're safe," he murmured into your hair.

If anything, you only began to cry harder. Boromir simply tightened his hold on you, continuing to whisper words of comfort into your hair, trying to calm you down. You gripped the man's arms which held you close to him, only to turn over in his grasp a moment later and bury your face in his chest.

"You're safe, (Y/N). I'm here," Boromir repeated over and over, obviously desperate to calm you but unsure of exactly how to do it. "Please, (Y/N), shh... You're all right, you're safe, I'm here, shh..."

It took a few more minutes, but you finally began to calm. The shaking stopped and your muffled sobs eased away, leaving you in silence. But despite the fact that you had managed to calm down, Boromir made no move to release you. He only held you even tighter, face still pressed against your hair. He continued murmuring to you, tone gentle and soothing.

"You're safe, you're safe, I'm here."

"Thank you," you whispered against his chest, unsure of whether you were embarrassed or relieved. Either way, you were glad you weren't feeling scared anymore. Boromir had taken care of that completely.

Boromir simply pressed a kiss to your hair. "I will always be here, (Y/N)"

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Kudos?
Chapter Summary

Imagine Fili/Kili proposing to you.

Chapter Notes

Yo! Sorry about the wait. I believe I promised either Legolas or Lindir. Unfortunately, that didn't happen. I DID write a Lindir fill, but I'm not really happy with it, because it ended up going in an entirely different direction than I originally planned, and I'd like to see if there's anything I can change around in it. So here's a fill I wrote ages ago, but never posted. Thank you to all readers so far!

The Company was in Esgaroth, and had been there for the past few days. Kili, who had been injured during their escape from King Thranduil's Halls, was finally healed enough to continue on, so Thorin, who hadn't at all been pleased by the long stop, had told everyone that they were to leave at dawn the next morning. That night, once the others were resting up, you were in a bedroom with Kili, who had been courting you since early summer.

Neither of you were asleep yet though, both of you speaking quietly about how you were doing-injury wise, that is. While you knew he was okay, he was worried that you were still hurt, and you were trying to convince him you were perfectly fine, after the minor wounds you had sustained during your escape. They'd mostly just been scraps and bruises anyway, and those were healing away without any trouble.

You were quiet for some time, both seated side by side on the bed, fingers entwined. You were lost in your thoughts about tomorrow, but Kili was staring down at your joined hands. He was thinking about something too, thinking hard, at that. Finally, he came to a decision.

"(Y/N)."

"Hmm?"

"Marry me."

"...Eh?" You froze, shocked, and slowly shifted on the bed to look at the Dwarf. He was gazing back at you, chestnut coloured eyes intense. "You...what?"

His lips curled up into a small smile, and though he knew you had heard him just fine the first time, repeated himself anyway. "Marry me."

"Kili..." You had absolutely no idea what to say to that. "Kili, are you-"

He shook his head as if to silence you, released your hand, and cupped your cheeks gently. "You
mean everything to me, Amrâlimê," he said softly. "I care for you to the deepest part of my soul. I will always be with you, always protect you, no matter what happens to us." (my love)

You felt horrible about this. "Kili...I may never-" But he cut you off before you could finish, eyes intent.

"Do not ever think that there is anything that will make me question my love for you in any way," he said firmly, stroking his thumbs over your cheekbones, "because nothing in Middle-earth, not even Mahal himself will ever cause me to do so. It doesn't matter where you've come from. It doesn't matter that you might go back. It doesn't matter that you may never come back."

"Kili..."

He leaned in and touched his forehead to yours, his voice lowering to a whisper. "I love you will all that I am, and my heart belongs to you. It always has. My life is with you."

"...You're not going to give up, are you?"

He smiled now. "Never. I'm a Dwarf."

You huffed out a laugh, half amused, half exasperated. You knew Kili was aware of why you were so hesitant—that it was wholly possible that you would return to your own world, and never be able to return here to Middle-earth. That was why you had been so pleased to learn courting didn't always lead to marriage. It would be much less difficult to go home, if it ever came to that, if you weren't married—if leaving was something you had no choice with, just like how you'd had no choice in coming here.

But now that he was saying all this, you didn't know how to answer. You weren't sure what was best here. You weren't wife material, and were the furthest one could get from royalty, and this Dwarf was a Durin of all clans!

You breathed out deeply, noting Kili was still watching you, eyes displaying his fear of rejection. Seeing that hurt you, so now you smiled. "Alright," you said softly.

Kili blinked. "All-you mean...?"

"Yes."

"You'll marry me?"

"Yes, Kili. I'll marry you."

For half a second, he was silent, as if in disbelief. But then he released an ecstatic whoop and kissed you soundly, beyond pleased that you had agreed. In this moment, nothing else mattered, nothing but you. He kissed you again and again, unable-unwilling to stop, because he knew, deep inside, that he may not survive what was to come. None of them might. Not even you.

He guided you down gently, until your back was on the bed. Parting your legs, he moved between them and leaned forward, lips touching yours once more. He took one of your hands in his again, and trailed the fingers belonging to the other down your soft cheek.

"Anlêkhizu zurkur ûrzud, Azyungal," he murmured, eyes roaming over your face. "You have from the very beginning." (You shine like the sun, love of loves)

You smiled and bit back a chuckle. "Who knew Dwarves were so poetic?"
Kili cracked an amused grin. "I hope you aren't about to compare me to an Elf?"

Your smile grew. "Of course not." You wrapped your arms around his neck and arched into him to touch your lips to his ear. "Why would I do that, darling Dwarf of mine?" You nipped his earlobe, causing him to pull back with a surprised hiss.

He blinked and stared down at you, before laughing softly. "Id-ash." He leaned back in, and pressed your foreheads together like before. "Mêni aktub 'imbakh kulhu mahindidi mêni igriy e," he murmured. (tease/you have no idea what you do to me)

Surprised you had even understood that, you blinked, then grinned. "Oh, but I think I do, Azaghâl men," you replied cheekily. "I can feel it." You shifted your leg, brushing your thigh against the growing bulge in his breeches. "Yes, I'm quite sure I know what I do." (my warrior)

He chuckled as he rose, moving to undress, watching as you did the same, your clothes tossed over the side of the bed without care. You would pick them up in the morning, and you knew you were not going to be disturbed. Not this night.

Again you returned to the bed, and Kili's fingers trailed down your (S/C) skin, his lips following their path to taste you, each touch, each caress soft and slow. You sighed softly, your own hands roaming through the Dwarf's hair and down his back, over the strong muscles hidden under his skin.

One of his hands closed around a breast, his mouth closing around the other, and you moaned softly as a shudder ran through you at the sudden heat that enveloped you, only to have him switch to the other as his fingers slid down your body and between your thighs. He groaned when he found you.

"Men eleneku menu o bepap opetu ezirak," he murmured against the skin of your breast, a thick finger sliding into you. (I desire you more than an endless vein of mithril)

You blinked and dragged your fingers through his hair. "I'm afraid I don't know what that means, Amrâlimê," you told him gently. (my love)

But Kili simply smiled and trailed kisses down your body, until he met his hand, his lips quickly closing around your clit. You gasped and tangled your fingers in his hair, hips arching into him. He retaliated by setting an arm over you, holding you down.

"Kili! Kili, please!"

Understanding what you wanted, Kili rose again, took his thick length in hand, and positioned himself at your entrance, slowly, carefully pushing in.

He groaned as he sank into your heat, and you moaned at the feel of being stretched and filled. Reaching out, you grasped his wrists, shifting your hips as you encouraged him to move. He did so after a moment, setting a slow, but steady rhythm, his eyes locked with yours.

Kili dropped down to his forearms without warning, and kissed you with a sudden passion that caught you off guard, though you knew you probably shouldn't have been.

"Menu tessu, Ghivashel," he whispered against your lips. "From the very beginning. Forever." (You are everything, treasure of all treasures)

"I don't think I know what 'menu tessu' means either, love," you pointed out.

But Kili just smiled at you again. "Men lananubukhs menu, (Y/N)." (I love you)
Well, at least you understood *that*. Wrapping your arms around him tightly, you spoke in turn, voice just as soft and loving as his had been. "Men lananubukhs menu, Kili..."

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I wrote this like, a year or two ago, so it really isn't quite as good as it would be if I did now. I might go back to it one day and redo it. So, if you don't get either Lindir or Legolas next time, you'll get either Aragorn or Dwalin-I've finished fills for both of those, and just have to edit them. Comments? Kudos?
Dwalin accidentally catches sight of you in the bath, and for the first time starts to feel self-conscious about his battle-won scars and hands calloused and rough when he glimpses your smooth, perfect skin.

Chapter Notes

Yo! This one was actually a request by an anon going by 'An!n'. I was going through my list when trying to decide which fill to do next, and was run over by a plot bunny with an entire beginning for this one, which is why it got filled so soon (because when it's me, three or four months really IS soon). I hope it's alright. I never really write for other people, sooo... Anyway, thank you to all readers so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

His scars and callouses had never bothered him before. He knew they weren’t something that really could have been avoided-not unless he stayed out of battle, but why would he do that? He knew his were worse and more plentiful than the other dwarves' too, but he had never really thought about it. They were there, and that was it; that was all he had thought of them.

And then he met you. Gandalf had insisted you join their company, and no matter how much Thorin had protested, well, that argument hadn’t really gone anywhere and you joined them, just as Gandalf, for whatever reason, had wanted.

Dwalin had been unsure of what to think about it-about you. He was cautious, and spent more time than he probably needed observing you. He wondered if he was imagining you observing him in return. He didn’t particularly mind it, honestly.

He minded it even less when he realized you were admiring his ink. He was happy to show them off to you, and told you the stories behind them with pride. He never once mentioned any of his scars. There were days when he didn’t even remember they were there.

Even when you asked him about some of the scars, it didn’t bother him. He explained the battles he had been in, explained the circumstances behind certain scars. He didn’t mind you asking about any of them any more than he did with his ink.

His scars were just his scars. That was all. He never saw any reason to think about them any further than that. He had never once been bothered or upset by his scars, and saw no reason why he ever would be. They were no different than his ink, in his mind.

He was on watch that night, when he saw you sneak away, He didn’t bother calling after you, not wanting to wake any of the others for no reason, after what had been a long and trying day, and was sure you were just going to the nearby river anyway.
Most of the rest of them had bathed earlier, but he wasn't surprised that you had decided to wait until everyone else was sleeping before going yourself. It was the same reason (or at least similar) he hadn't bathed yet either. He didn't really mind washing in front of the others, but even he sometimes wanted to be alone. Today just happened to be one of those days, and he figured you were feeling the same.

Dwalin refocused on his watch and, after a while, woke his brother to replace him, his own turn at the duty coming to an end. Once Balin was seated by the fire, Dwalin grabbed his soap cake and a washcloth, and quietly made his way down to the riverbank.

And then he stopped. You were still at the river...in the river, bathing. He hadn't even realized you were still here, and had assumed you had already returned to your bedroll. But accidentally finding you bathing wasn't what had caused him to stop—this was something that happened to everyone at times, because they couldn't really be guaranteed absolute privacy when travelling in such a large group.

Dwalin stood there, frozen, staring at all the exposed skin he could now see—skin that had always been mostly hidden from sight, up until now. The skin was (S/C), but that wasn't what had caught his attention. Your skin looked smooth. Smooth, and flawless, and—and perfect.

Dwalin had never once had any problems with his many scars and callouses before, but now, as he looked at you, so perfect and beautiful, he couldn't help but feel bothered. He was so marred and rough in comparison to you.

How...could you even stand to look at him?

He had feelings for you—feelings he had mostly been ignoring so far. That was why he had been so pleased to have your attention on him, and proud to tell you about his ink and scars. But now he wondered if he deserved that at all—desired you. He didn't have you, of course, never had, but now that he had seen you, he couldn't help but feel like he would never even have the chance. You seemed so innocent, he felt like you deserved someone less...marked.

Oh yes, he was bothered now, very bothered. Now that he had these thoughts in mind, he couldn't stop them. He couldn't stop the thoughts, and he couldn't stop comparing himself to the others—the younger ones who had few to no scars at all.

How would you ever be able to see anything in someone like him?

"Dwalin?"

Head snapping up, Dwalin found you standing before him. He wasn't surprised. You always came to talk to him. He couldn't understand why. Why were you wasting your time with him? This was time you should have been spending with one of the younger dwarves—even the hobbit. So why were you here, standing by him instead?

"Dwalin? What's...what's wrong?"

"Nothin'," he said gruffly.

"You're lying." You sat down beside him. "Why are you lying to me?"

"'M not." When he heard you sigh, Dwalin glanced at you out of the corner of his eye. You were staring at your hands, clenched in your lap, a frown on your face. He didn't like seeing you frowning. "Lass?"
"Why... Why've you suddenly started doubting yourself?" you asked quietly.

He froze. How had...how had you noticed that? No one else had-not even his brother, but you...
Were you really that observant? But more than that, he didn't know what to say. Because you were
right. He was doubting himself, more than you were maybe realizing. But how could he possibly tell
you that his doubt had been born from seeing your beautiful skin?

You were going to think even less of him than you probably already did, and he didn't want that at
all. So what could he say to explain? As he thought, he stared down at his hands-at the scars and
callouses on his hands.

"Are you bothered by them? Your-your scars? You've been staring at them a lot recently." Dwalin
said nothing, so you continued, your voice a strange mixture of hesitant but resolute. "You really
shouldn't let them bother you. The scars...they're important, aren't they? Like your ink? They should
be something to be proud of, right? That's what you told me before, isn't it?"

Dwalin looked away, tensing. "I lied, lass."

"No, you didn't. You just said it before you suddenly started doubting yourself. Whatever happened
to make you start thinking like this, started after you told me that warriors need to feel pride in their
scars because they remind you of everything you've not only gone through, but also survived. That's
what you've told me, Dwalin. More than once. I've heard you say it to Fili, and Kili, and Ori as well.
So why do you suddenly not believe that anymore?"

Dwalin didn't answer. He couldn't bring himself to. He couldn't even look at you. But because he
wasn't looking at you, he didn't notice you reach out until you took one of his hands in both of your
own. He tensed again, but still didn't look over.

"You have a lot of scars, Dwalin, that's true, but doesn't that just make clear all the hardships you've
gone through? You've suffered so much, and maybe you didn't come out unscathed, but you're still
alive, aren't you? Isn't that in itself something to be proud of? And sure, you have more scars than the
others, but it isn't like there's anything wrong with that."

You paused, hesitated, then added, "Maybe I'm completely wrong with everything I've just said.
Maybe you don't have any problem at all, though I don't think that's true. In any case though, I'm
sorry for being nosy and butting in, but for whatever it may be worth, I like you just as you are,
scars, callouses, and ink included."

Though he still didn't look up, Dwalin's eyes widened, and he was sure his heart had just leapt into
his throat. "A-aye," he managed to choke out.

You seemed to choose to leave him be at that point, because you patted his shoulder and walked off
quietly, and finally, Dwalin raised his head, watching you go.

You were right, he knew. Everything you had said was correct. He knew that. You were the reason
he had first begun doubting himself (he hadn't been this self-conscious since he had first lost his hair),
but now your words were running through his mind over and over again.

You liked him as he was, you had said. You liked his scars, and his callouses—liked him. And you
had said that like it was nothing, like it was something he should have known all along. Maybe he
should have. Maybe he even had, until his self-doubt had taken over. The self-doubt he was
suddenly realizing he could no longer feel.

He stood abruptly, drawing a few pairs of eyes to himself, though he ignored them. Blood was
rushing in his ears. Without thinking, he followed after you, finding you not too far in the trees, collecting wood for the fire. He wasn't particularly quiet in his approach, immediately alerting you to his presence.

"Oh, Dwalin? Is something wro-mmph!" Dropping the wood you were holding, you grabbed the dwarf by the tunic, melting into the kiss you had suddenly been pulled into.

Dwalin held you tight, and kissed you hard, unwilling to let you go now that he had you. That was your fault too. He didn't mind. He was happy to have you, and going by the way you were returning the almost brutal kiss, it was clear you wanted this just as much as he did.

Right now, he couldn't even remember why he had starting doubting himself in the first place. But when you broke the kiss to laugh breathlessly, he couldn't help but smile. He'd been a fool, hadn't he? He touched his forehead to yours.

You smiled slightly, and stroked his beard. "Feeling better?"

Dwalin chuckled, kissing you again, gently this time. "Aye," he murmured against your lips, "yeh've managed to get me to think straight again."

"Oh, good. I'm glad to hear it." Your hands lowered to the dwarf's belt. "Take me to bed? I want to see what else you've been hiding from me, be they scars or ink. Or something else entirely," you added with a grin.

Dwalin's eyes narrowed, and the smirk he gave you was positively dangerous. "Aye, with pleasure."

Chapter End Notes

Same thing as last time. Next one will either be Legolas or Lindir (hopefully), and if it isn't, it might be Aragorn. Comments? Kudos?
Imagine Boromir rushing home from battle with injuries and not caring about them, just to see your smile again-and-Imagine Boromir burying his face in your hair.

Yo! I didn't mean to fill another Boromir one so soon, but this and an Aragorn one are the only ones I've been able to fill over the past few months, so here you go. Thank you to all readers so far!

He'd been away from home for so long-too long, but finally, after three harrowing long months, he was back.

It was late, the middle of the night, and Boromir decided to take advantage of the fact that his father and brother were no doubt asleep. He would greet them in the morning. Right now, there was someone else he wanted to see.

He made his way through the kingdom swiftly, making no move to stop or talk to anyone else. Some of the guards and soldiers called out to him, telling him to see to his injuries first, but Boromir ignored them. His injuries could wait. They were just small cuts and bruises-nothing so severe that they had to be cleaned and patched up immediately. At least he thought so.

Boromir could feel his heart pounding in his chest as he reached the door, and it only beat faster when he pushed the door open. He stepped inside. The room was dark, but the curtains over the large window had been pulled back, and the light streaming in from the moon illuminated just enough for him to see.

There you were. Boromir felt the always disconcerting sensation of his heart skipping a beat, and he swallowed around the lump that was already forming in his throat.

Not wanting to wake you, Boromir approached the bed as quietly as he could. You remained fast asleep, oblivious to his presence, and he reached out with a trembling hand, smoothing your hair back.

Three months wasn't that long, not really, but it felt as if a lifetime had passed since he had last seen you. He had dreamed of you-dreamed of seeing you again, of being with you again.

He was going to get scolded for it he was sure but, unable to contain it any longer, Boromir slipped onto the bed, dirtied armour and all, and pulled his beloved into his arms.

"Couldn't you have at least waited long enough to clean off first?" a half muffled, sleepy voice asked.
"No." Eyes burning, Boromir only tightened his grip on you, burying his face in your sweet scented hair, inhaling slowly.

"Boromir-"

"I missed you," he admitted, his voice thick. He didn't know what had made this time so different, but being away from you had been agonizing.

"Oh..." You shifted, prying your arms free so you could embrace him in turn, your fingers sliding through his slightly matted hair. "I missed you too. You were gone for so long. I-I was scared you weren't going to come back this time."

Boromir wasn't surprised to hear that. He'd been worrying about the very same thing—he always was. But he shook his head and pulled back, cupping your face in his large hands. "No matter where in Middle Earth my father sends me, no matter how long I am gone for, I will always return to you. You know that."

You smiled, gently touching a scabbed cut on his cheek. "I do," you said, "but that doesn't mean I can't worry for you."

Boromir pressed his face to your hair. "I love you."

"Oh, I've missed hearing you say that. I love you too."

He'd missed holding you too, he realized. Just having you in his arms again, whether you were speaking or not, he had missed it. He'd missed your voice as well, and your scent, and your touch—he had missed all of it.

"Boromir?"

"Hmm?"

"You smell."

A startled laugh escaped him before he could stop it. "Was now really the moment to mention that?" he asked you, bemused.

"It got you to smile, didn't it? I'd say that's a mission accomplished."

Boromir shook his head, exasperated and amused. "Silly woman," he muttered, pressing his lips to your cheek.

"I live to please." You kissed him softly. "Welcome home, my love."

Chapter End Notes

I won't make promises about who'll be next, because I can never manage to keep them! Comments? Kudos?
Imagine being able to visit your favourite character every night in your dreams-and-I just want Thorin to gently touch my face, look into my eyes and then kiss me.

Yo! I actually started writing this one months ago, but I never finished it for some reason. I found it again the other day and fixed it up and gave it an ending, so here you go. Thank you to all readers so far!

It started off as a dream-a literal dream, for that matter. After a busy day, Thorin, exhausted, had finally retired to bed, only to have a strange dream where he found himself standing in the balcony of his old bedrooms in Erebor.

That hadn't been all that strange on its own, as Erebor was a place he often dreamed of, so finding himself there in the dream was really very normal. What *did* make it strange was that he wasn't alone, as he normally tended to be in these dreams.

Standing with him was a rather confused looking woman. You straightened up, peering around wide eyed, until those (E/C) eyes of yours landed on him. The two of you stared at one another in silence for a moment, both of you caught off guard by the others' appearance. Thorin had certainly never seen you before.

"Where...am I?"

Thorin blinked and answered before he even realized it, informing you of exactly where you were. And that was how it all started.

That single dream turned into multiple dreams, taking place every few nights. Thorin and the woman-(Y/N), you called yourself, always seemed to appear in the same place in all of the dreams-the balcony of his old rooms in Erebor.

But it was more than that. Thorin learned that you were not from Middle earth. Not at all. You told him all about your own world, which sounded so different and...impossible in comparison to his own. But at the same time, he found that he couldn't really doubt you. The clothing you always appeared to be wearing, and your mannerisms, and way of speaking... It was all too clear that you were unlike any woman in Middle earth, regardless of race.

Why you both were having these odd dreams though, and why you seemed to be dreaming about Middle earth, Erebor, and Thorin specifically, neither of you knew. But you got along surprisingly well.
Maybe it was because you didn't know one another, and lived in entirely different realities, you both opened up to the other surprisingly quickly. The fact that you were able to tell the other all about the lives you had lived so far, about your hardships, and struggles, and successes, it was almost...therapeutic, in a weird way.

And you enjoyed the dreams, both of you, though neither of you told anyone about them for fear of coming across as if you were losing your minds. Neither of you were in the position to risk something like that.

The dreams continued for a long time, three years, in fact. They took place on a consistent basis for all three years, regardless of what was happening in your lives, until they stopped abruptly.

When two weeks had passed with no dreams of meeting you, Thorin began to feel almost...empty. He had enjoyed speaking with you very much, and even going just this long without it after the past three years...it was just too strange and unwelcoming.

It was two months later when he found out why the dreams had stopped. You had arrived in Middle earth.

Despite what others said to him, Thorin knew that his quest to reclaim Erebor wasn't hopeless. It was dangerous, yes indeed, but not hopeless. He had to have hope, even if others didn't. Because if he, the rightful but uncrowned king, didn't have hope that their rightful home could be reclaimed, then he knew no one else ever would.

So he gathered the few that were willing to join him, kin, friends, anyone who was loyal to him, and in the end he had twelve warriors...though perhaps it was a bit much to call them all warriors.

And then, from Ered Luin, they travelled to the Shire. They required a burglar and Gandalf the Grey had said they would find one there. Thorin didn't trust Gandalf entirely, but they really did need a burglar, and so he supposed this was as good a place as any to start their search for one. It was on the way too, at any rate.

At least, those were his thoughts until he actually saw the place.

The residents here—the hobbits...no, there was no way any one of them could possibly be any sort of burglar. Those thoughts were only solidified when he met Bilbo Baggins, the one Gandalf had suggested.

Though he thought little of the hobbit, Thorin was in no position to stop him from joining their Company after he had signed the contract the next morning. He didn't want him there, not at all, not someone so...soft and inexperienced, but Master Baggins had signed the contract, so now he was here to stay until the end, whatever his end would be in this journey.

And so they continued on, the thirteen dwarves and the single hobbit and the wizard. They travelled east from the Shire, crossing the river and the marshes, passing the hills, entering the forest.

It was here that they faced their first true problem in the name of three trolls. Thorin thought it to be very lucky that they managed to get away from that particular situation mostly unharmed.

Unfortunately, it wasn't long before they encountered another problem. This time they were chased by wargs and orcs. It was even luckier that they managed to escape that without any grave injuries. Some of them had received scrapes and bruises, and Thorin had to thank Mahal for that being the worst of it.
And then the wizard led them to Rivendell. Thorin was angry at first, and would surely have remained furious if it wasn't for a certain someone he ended up meeting there.

"(Y/N)...?"

The woman turned to him, the expression on your face akin to the one that had been there when you had met for the first time in your strange dreams. But this time a smile broke out across your face when you saw him, rather than confusion.

"Thorin!" You ran up to him and embraced him, releasing him before he could even understand what had happened. "Oh, wow, it's so great to finally meet you in person!"

"I-I, yes, h-how... How have you...?"

You smiled again, wryly this time. "How have I come to be here in Middle earth?"

"Yes," he said with an incline of his head.

Here, your smile faded. "I don't know, honestly. I was at home, and then everything went dark, and then I was out there," you said, waving a hand off to the east. "The elves from here were tracking down some orcs, and they found me and brought me here." When Thorin scowled, you smiled once more, reassuringly this time. "Lord Elrond took care of me personally, and they've all been very kind to me."

"I see..." Thorin really didn't know what to say. It felt like it had been so long now since he had last seen you, as the dreams had seemingly stopped. But...what if this was just a dream as well? How could you possibly be standing here before him right now? And why now, when he had such an important task ahead of him?

"Are you..." You bit your lip, hesitating, and glanced around. "Are you on your way to Erebor?"

Surprised, Thorin said, "Yes, how...did you know?"

"You...you always tend to get this really peculiar look in your eyes when you start thinking about it-Erebor, I mean. It was there just now too, and since you're here in Rivendell with a bunch of other dwarves, and Gandalf too, it just...it just seems like this isn't just some road trip with the boys, you know?"

'Road trip with the boys'? Thorin wasn't quite sure what that meant, and despite being a little curious, decided maybe now wasn't the best time to get into the peculiarities of your strange world. Instead, he inclined his head, agreeing with what you had said. "Yes, we are heading east to Erebor."

"That's what I thought." You huffed out a breath, and looked around again. You were clearly debating with yourself, but didn't seem sure how to say what was on your mind. Finally, you muttered out a, "Fuck it," and raised your voice, looking him in the eyes. "I'm going with you."

Thorin froze, and then balked. "Absolutely not! You cannot-"

"Why?"

"Because-because you-"

You silenced him by placing your hand over his mouth. "I think you were just about to say something really stupid," you said pleasantly. "Figured I'd stop you before you do."
Thorin glared at you. You just grinned. Rolling his eyes, Thorin removed your hand from his mouth, though he didn't release it. "It will be dangerous, (Y/N). It already has been, and this journey has barely even begun."

"Fair point," you conceded. "But if it's dangerous for me, then that means it's dangerous for you too."

"But-"

"And I've seen that poor hobbit you guys are dragging along with you! It'll be dangerous for him too!"

"You're still as stubborn as ever."

Your grin widened. "About as stubborn as a dwarf?"

Thorin's glare only hardened. He looked down at the hand he was holding. Solid and warm, a presence that couldn't be denied. One that couldn't be faked. One that wasn't a dream. This really was your hand. You really were standing here in front of him. This was no dream. Not this time.

"Thorin?" Your smile had vanished, and you were looking at him in concern now. "If you're really that upset about it, then I'll stay behind, but-"

Thorin shook his head. "I-" He paused, hesitating, unsure of what to say. The problem was that he wanted you with him. He didn't want to leave you behind-what if you returned to your world while he was gone and he never saw you again? If you travelled with them, with him, then at least you would be together, but...but it was so dangerous. How could he do that? How could he allow that? "You...would follow me?"

With your free hand, you cupped his bearded cheek. "Naturally. You know that, right? Didn't you promise me that I would get to see Erebor for real someday? That you would show me everything about your home?"

"I'll not be able to guarantee your safety. I cannot even guarantee my own."

"I know," you said with a nod. "Isn't that all the more reason for me to join you? If something were to happen to either of us, at least we'll have been able to spend some time together first. Real time."

Exhaling slowly, Thorin leaned in and touched your foreheads together. You were right. It was dangerous, and there was no denying that, and maybe it was foolish and childish of you to think this way, but you were right. No matter what happened, at least you would have the chance to be together properly. To speak properly. To see properly. To touch properly. To love properly.

"Thorin..."

"Come with me?"

You smiled softly, encouragingly. "To the very end."

Pulling back slightly, Thorin cupped your face in his hands. "To the very end," he echoed.

And you sealed your new promise with a gentle kiss. A kiss that would be the first real kiss of many that would come.
Chapter End Notes

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